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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

The Coronation

On Thursday, June 22, the solemn and splendid ceremony of the Coronation of King George V. and Queen Mary was carried out in Westminster Abbey amid every circumstance calculated to make a profound and lasting impression on those who participated in the consecration of the King and Queen to the service of their people, and to stir the loyalty of the enormous crowds who watched the Royal Progress to and from the venerable Abbey. This moving event had long been the single thought of the people throughout the British Empire—probably, indeed, to a greater degree than any previous Coronation, because for the first time in our history we have a Sovereign who when Heir Apparent made himself personally acquainted with his vast Oversea Dominions. Besides the thousands of privileged spectators who witnessed an ancient and unique ritual carried out on a sumptuous scale, and the hundreds of thousands in the streets of the metropolis, who remained out all night to have a glimpse of the only institution that stirs the popular imagination, the distant millions were equally present in spirit, and the invisible homage of a mighty Empire overshadowed the obeisance of the illustrious congregation and the plaudits of the London multitude. The newspapers have with one accord recognised for many weeks that the public were interested in one topic and one topic alone, and the resources of British journalism were exhausted to supply every detail of the

ceremony, which had thus become thoroughly familiar to paper readers long before the appointed time; while busy brilliant pens have devoted themselves to describing every inc of the great day which passed off without a hitch. In excessive zeal a somewhat exaggerated idea had been encou by the Press of the perilous crush of spectators, which the effect of driving tens of thousands of apprehensive Lond out of town, and of alarming many intending visitors at the moment, while the formidable wooden fortifications enc the Coronation route, and the colossal expanse of costly wo stands were somewhat overdone. Though happily the pop Royal Progress through the less fashionable parts of London on following day (June 23), with its wonderful suggestion of Imp resources, which was a most welcome and attractive innova in Coronation procedure, afforded opportunities for seeing th Majesties, which completely effaced any feeling that officia had made the actual Coronation Day too much of "a rich m show," and unnecessarily hard on poorer people, who had alternative of paying a prohibitive price for a seat, standing twelve hours on end in the streets, or not seeing the King Queen. We have no desire to criticise the authorities, who bo tremendous burden of responsibility, and bore it successfully; the management of the troops and the conduct of the police beyond all praise. It was doubtless known at Scotland that the Coronation would attract in the train of so much Fo Royalty very undesirable characters, which rendered extra sp precautions necessary, though it seemed somewhat curio many an Englishman, as also to our Overseas visitors, to se most attractive and open portion of London temporarily into a miniature Berlin by a Government of the people, people, for the people.

The Monarchy

THE King and Queen are most at home among their peopl whom in one short year they have acquired such a remar hold, and every public appearance of their Maj and their delightful family has but served to inc their popularity, which is destined to grow f strength to strength as they become personally known in different portions of the United Kingdom, and later on in the

when they are crowned at Delhi, and ultimately visit the Overseas Dominions, which are held together by the golden link of the Crown no less than by "the crimson thread of kinship." It is universally acknowledged that in the words of the famous old Whig tag, "the influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing," though no one nowadays, except a few cranks, would care to complete it by adding "and ought to be diminished." If we live in critical and perilous times, we are indeed a fortunate and blessed people in possessing a King and Queen who combine in such a remarkable degree the qualities that we like to regard as peculiarly British, steadfastness, honesty of purpose, sense of duty, courage, common sense, wisdom and patriotism; while the Prince of Wales, who wins all hearts wherever he goes, is a worthy son of his father and mother, than which there could be no higher praise. The Press of all persuasions has dealt so copiously with every aspect of the Coronation, and with every incident preceding it and succeeding it, that we feel it would be idle to attempt any review of the events of a month which has already become part of our history. But there were some wonderful moments, as, for instance, the sudden burst of sunshine amid the lowering clouds on both days (June 22 and 23) at the very moment King George and Queen Mary left Buckingham Palace, which were interpreted, even by the least superstitious, as a happy augury for the new reign. Then again, in the noble Abbey the homage of the Prince of Wales to the King and the King's fatherly greeting to a beloved son on the threshold of manhood, just entering upon the cares and responsibilities as Heir Apparent —himself recently the centre of a splendid ceremony when he was initiated Knight of the Garter—deeply moved the vast audience. Of the dignity, and simple unassuming reverence with which the King and Queen bore themselves throughout a long and fatiguing ceremony, in which the idea of physical constraint and even suffering is associated with that of service and sacrifice, it would be as impossible to praise, as their forethought and consideration for every one connected with the great ceremony and the subsequent pageants. If the British people have much to preoccupy them, they have much to be thankful for. When sincerity and sympathy occupy the throne there should not be much amiss with the State. By merely calling our monarchy

"constitutional," we cannot kill its mighty and beneficent influence.

Impressive Moments

The most impressive episode in the Abbey was when the Archbishop of Canterbury placed the traditional Crown of Edward the Confessor on the anointed King's head, after which he spoke this prayer: "God crown you with a crown of glory and righteousness that by the Ministry of this our benediction having a right faith, and manifold fruit of good works, you may obtain the crown of an everlasting Kingdom by the gift of Him Whose Kingdom endureth for ever." Then the drums and trumpets gave the signal, and the cry of "God save the King" rose from all parts of the Abbey, while the distant guns boomed. Marvellously appropriate were the beautiful words of the ensuing "Confortare": "Be strong and play the man! Keep the commandments of the Lord thy God and walk in His ways." No less appropriate was the moving prayer of the Archbishop of Canterbury after the anointing and crowning of the Queen, when he put the Sceptre into her Majesty's right hand, and the Ivory Rod with the Dove in her left hand, saying, "O Lord the Giver of all perfection; grant unto this Thy servant Mary, our Queen, that by the powerful and mild influence of her piety and virtue, she may adorn the high dignity which she hath attained, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen." After taking the Communion the crowned King and Queen went back to Buckingham Palace through Whitehall, Charing Cross, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, past Hyde Park Corner amidst unbroken enthusiasm. Not the least dramatic moment of the day occurred on their return to Buckingham Palace, when the King and Queen appeared on the balcony, still wearing their robes and crowns, to show themselves to an enraptured people.

Imperial Pageant

The State Procession through London on the following day was no less striking, and made a special appeal to the nation. Our eminent foreign guests played the part of interested spectators of a moving panorama of the British Empire. There were three processions; the first being termed the "Colonial" procession (officialism being still about a quarter of a century behind the times) headed by the Dominion Premiers, escorted by the magnificent specimens of

manhood who had crossed the seas to honour the King. Then came a brilliant Indian procession, consisting of contingents of the Indian Army, and Imperial Service troops, accompanying the great Indian Princes who had come to render homage to their Emperor, for example, the Gaekwar of Baroda, the Maharaja Holkar of Indore, his Highness the Aga Khan (who honours this number of the *National Review* by contributing a thoughtful and weighty article on Indian education), the Begum of Bhopal, the Maharaja of Patiala, &c. Finally came the Royal procession, with a wonderful retinue of all arms. Popular enthusiasm was indescribable, especially in popular places, where people are not afraid to let themselves go. As on the previous day the proceedings ended by an ovation to the King and Queen, who appeared on the balcony of Buckingham Palace, once by themselves, and again with their family—it happened to be the Prince of Wales' seventeenth birthday. It was noted as not the least striking feature of these two days, that although Lord Kitchener has served his country in distant fields, and is hardly known by sight to Londoners except through illustrated papers, picture post-cards, &c., that after the Royal Family he was one of the most popular figures. The "man in the street" was delighted that Lord Kitchener should be in command of the sixty thousand troops participating in the Coronation, and immensely admired the masterly skill of his dispositions. But he seemed also to be expressing the view that it is sheer madness of any Government to surrender to any railway company what was meant for the British Army, and what is peculiarly needed by the British Army. Surely, this is not the moment for petty jealousies to rob the State of a great servant. Another feature striking the spectator is the peculiarly unsatisfied look on the face of every German officer riding through the streets of London. He seems to be haunted by Blucher's famous *mot*: "What a magnificent place to sack."

Coronation and Imperial Conference

THE Coronation has already rendered one conspicuous service to the Empire; it has saved the sixth Imperial Conference from being a fiasco, a fact which could not otherwise have been concealed under the orgy of oratory to which it gave rise both at the Sessions proper and at the innumerable functions in connection with the Cabinet of Cabinets. Indeed, we doubt whether there

would have been another Conference but for the overpowering interest of the Coronation, which diverted attention from the futile discussions of pinchbeck politicians, and brought home to them, or at any rate to the communities they represent, their own insignificance as compared with the greatness of the common Crown, which completely dwarfed all the political intrigues of which this particular gathering has been the arena. To the so-called "Imperial" Government this year's Conference was simply welcome as an opportunity for dishing their political opponents in these islands, by eliminating Preference from the agenda. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, an exceedingly reluctant attendant, kept his eye firmly fixed on the provincial voter in Quebec, and played the obstructive to every suggestion calculated to consolidate the Dominions. But as he has had his answer from Mr. Borden, the Leader of the Canadian Opposition, we need say nothing more for the moment of his extraordinary performance. General Botha has too many favours to solicit from the Asquith Cabinet to do anything beyond saying "Ditto" to them. Mr. Fisher, the Australian Premier, lost a great opportunity in the discussion of the Declaration of London, but unfortunately he did not know his subject, and allowed himself to be hocussed and bamboozled by Sir Edward Grey, who made a great parade of taking the Overseas Premiers into the confidence of the British Government upon foreign policy, and pledged himself to consult them before concluding future treaties affecting their Dominions, but Liberal Imperial promises are very cheap. And men who will swallow the Declaration of London, upon which we publish the remonstrance of a hundred Admirals at the end of this number, can be fobbed off with anything.

Play of Forces

WE can infer the inner "atmosphere" of the Cabinet of Cabinets from the startling suggestion of Mr. Fisher, that the British Imperial Conference shall be turned into an International Conference attended by foreign Powers, who doubtless would be invited to determine the precise strength of the British Navy, the fiscal policy of the different Dominions, and generally to direct us in the way we should go. We wonder whether this fatuity emanated from the sentimentalist at the Foreign Office, or the snake in the grass at the Colonial Office. Can we be surprised at Sir Joseph Ward's

unconcealed anxiety for the future of the Empire, when the Cabinet of Cabinets exudes cosmopolitan slime? Possibly Mr. Fisher is a humorist, in which case he ought to have filed an affidavit affirming "This is my joke." As there may be similar bad jokes in store for us, we shall await the full report of the Conference before making further comment, contenting ourselves here with registering the profound regret of every patriotic Britisher at the substitution of Cosmopolitans for Imperialists of the type of Mr. Deakin and Dr. Jameson, whose brilliant abilities and splendid enthusiasm saved the Conference of four years ago from present disasters, and completely routed the pedants and pachyderms who vainly endeavoured to withstand them with the grotesque gospel of Cobdenism. Cobden was an open enemy of Empire, which he avowedly hoped to dissolve by means of Free Trade. Messrs. Asquith and Co. are carrying on the good work, and expect to find willing instruments in some of the Dominion Premiers, but they will fail as Cobden failed, for the simple reason that the Crown has become a mighty unifying influence, which overshadows the political controversies of the various sets of provincial partisans, and makes an appeal to the peoples of the Empire on behalf of the centripetal forces and against the centrifugal forces which derive their inspiration from factious politicians and alien influences.

Parliament Bill

In order that our readers may be able to understand the grave constitutional crisis which is likely to be upon us by the time these pages are in the reader's hands, we reproduce *in extenso* the so-called Parliament Bill which the Radical caucus—that probably does not even represent a majority of those who for one cause or another voted Radical at the last General Election—is endeavouring to force down the throat of the nation at large, and of the fifteen millions of overseas Britons, who are vitally affected without ever having been consulted upon it.

A BILL INTITULED

An Act to make provision with respect to the powers of the House of Lords in relation to those of the House of Commons, and to limit the duration of Parliament.

Whereas it is expedient that provision should be made for regulating the relations between the two Houses of Parliament:

And whereas it is intended to substitute for the House of Lords as it at

present exists a Second Chamber constituted on a popular instead of hereditary basis, but such substitution cannot be immediately brought into operation:

And whereas provision will require hereafter to be made by Parliament in a measure effecting such substitution for limiting and defining the powers of the new Second Chamber, but it is expedient to make such provision as in this Act appears for restricting the existing powers of the House of Lords:

Be it therefore enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:—

1.—(1) If a Money Bill, having been passed by the House of Commons, and sent up to the House of Lords at least one month before the end of the session, is not passed by the House of Lords without amendment within one month after it is so sent up to that House, the Bill shall, unless the House of Commons direct to the contrary, be presented to His Majesty and become an Act of Parliament on the Royal Assent being signified, notwithstanding that the House of Lords have not consented to the Bill.

(2) A Money Bill means a public Bill which in the opinion of the Speaker of the House of Commons contains only provisions dealing with all or any of the following subjects, namely, the imposition, repeal, remission, alteration, or regulation of taxation; the imposition for the payment of debt or other financial purposes of charges on the Consolidated Fund, or on money provided by Parliament, or the variation or repeal of any such charges; supply; the appropriation, receipt, custody, issue or audit of accounts of public money; the raising or guarantee of any loan or the repayment thereof; or subordinate matters incidental to those subjects or any of them. In this subsection the expressions "taxation," "public money," and "loan" respectively do not include any taxation, money, or loan raised by local authorities or bodies for local purposes.

(3) There shall be endorsed on every Money Bill when it is sent up to the House of Lords and when it is presented to His Majesty for assent the certificate of the Speaker of the House of Commons signed by him that it is a Money Bill.

2.—(1) If any Public Bill other than a Money Bill is passed by the House of Commons in three successive sessions (whether of the same Parliament or not), and, having been sent up to the House of Lords at least one month before the end of the session, is rejected by the House of Lords in each of those sessions, that Bill shall, on its rejection for the third time by the House of Lords, unless the House of Commons direct to the contrary, be presented to His Majesty and become an Act of Parliament on the Royal Assent being signified thereto, notwithstanding that the House of Lords have not consented to the Bill: Provided that this provision shall not take effect unless two years have elapsed between the date of the second reading in the first of those sessions of the Bill in the House of Commons and the date on which it passes the House of Commons in the third of those sessions.

(2) When a Bill is presented to His Majesty for assent in pursuance of the provisions of this section, there shall be endorsed on the Bill the certificate of the Speaker of the House of Commons signed by him that the provisions of this section have been duly complied with.

(3) A Bill shall be deemed to be rejected by the House of Lords if it is not passed by the House of Lords either without amendment or with such amendments only as may be agreed to by both Houses.

(4) A Bill shall be deemed to be the same Bill as a former Bill sent up to the House of Lords in the preceding session if, when it is sent up to the House of Lords, it is identical with the former Bill or contains only such alterations as are certified by the Speaker of the House of Commons to be necessary owing to the time which has elapsed since the date of the former Bill, or to represent any amendments which have been made by the House of Lords in the former Bill in the preceding session and any amendments which are certified by the Speaker to have been made by the House of Lords in the third session and agreed to by the House of Commons shall be inserted in the Bill as presented for Royal Assent in pursuance of this section:

Provided that the House of Commons may, if they think fit, on the passage of such a Bill through the House in the second or third session, suggest any further amendments without inserting the amendments in the Bill, and any such suggested amendments shall be considered by the House of Lords, and if agreed to by that House, shall be treated as amendments made by the House of Lords and agreed to by the House of Commons; but the exercise of this power by the House of Commons shall not affect the operation of this section in the event of the Bill being rejected by the House of Lords.

3. Any certificate of the Speaker of the House of Commons given under this Act shall be conclusive for all purposes, and shall not be questioned in any court of law.

4. Nothing in this Act shall diminish or qualify the existing rights and privileges of the House of Commons.

5. Five years shall be substituted for seven years as the time fixed for the maximum duration of Parliament under the Septennial Act, 1715.

6. This Act may be cited as the Parliament Act, 1911.

Public Apathy

THE foregoing text was "brought from the Commons May 15th, 1911," and "ordered to be printed 16th May, 1911" in other words it was the measure as passed through the House of Commons by an unprecedented use of the gag and guillotine, or "kangaroo" if they so prefer to call it, and a conspiracy of silence on the part of the rank and file of the Coalition, whose natural loquacity was restrained by the promise of Moses in the person of the Premier to lead his followers into the Promised Land, where every Radical might do what he pleased with his opponents and his opponents' property. No substantial amendment was carried or even considered, and the Bill that left the House of Commons was to all intents and purposes the Bill that had entered it, as may be gathered by comparing the present text with the original printed in previous numbers of the *National Review*. Mr. Asquith has

been extravagantly lauded by the Cocoa Press for the manner in which he steered this "great measure" through the House of Commons, but little skill is required in a steersman working under the constant application of the boot of his "boss." In Mr. John Redmond's own words, the single duty of the British Premier was "to toe the line" chalked out by the Leader of the Irish Molly Maguires in conjunction with the American Dynamitard—Patrick Ford—who have been joint leaders of the Radical-Nonconformist-Labour combination during the last year and a half. Not the least remarkable feature of this measure, which threatens every institution in the country, is the extraordinary apathy with which it has hitherto been regarded by the people at large. To be successful a revolution must at least be taken seriously. There can be no doubt as to the revolutionary character of the Parliament Pill, but equally incontestable is the general indifference of the community, which flatly refuses to regard it as serious. To our mind this apathy spells doom. There is no driving force behind the Demagogues. But Ministers and their journalistic hacks, and the Tapers and Tadpoles of the Party, profess to regard this calm as an indication that their *chef d'œuvre* is a *chose jugée* in the mind of the masses, who are quietly but confidently awaiting the moment when this monstrosity shall become an Act of Parliament. Of Ministers and the hungry horde of jackals who followed them for what they can get we can believe anything. They are "not in politics for their health" to use an expressive Americanism. But we cannot believe that our countrymen have sunk so low as to take their marching orders from their avowed enemies at home and abroad, and we interpret the apathy, in which there is not a symptom of revolutionary temper, largely to the fact that the public are sick to death of politics and politicians, and have been preoccupied by the impressive events of the last two months, during which the politicians have been forgotten.

Mr. Asquith's Attitude

THIS indifference cannot, however, continue. The Radical Caucus cannot and will not be allowed to attain their object, which is nothing less than the installation of a despotism of Demagogues amid a sleeping people. It is time for Englishmen to rouse themselves, as also for Scotsmen, Welshmen, and Irishmen, otherwise,

before we have time to turn round, we shall find that the cabal of briefless barristers, speculative solicitors, renegade peers, and political adventurers who, to our shame, now constitute "his Majesty's Ministers" have appropriated to themselves all the powers hitherto distributed under the British Constitution between King, Lords, and Commons. Nothing was more striking throughout such Debates as were permitted on the Parliament Bill in the House of Commons, than Mr. Asquith's studied contempt towards the Crown, though on purely ceremonial occasions he is prepared to compete with any courtier in rolling off decorous phrases. Equally striking were the grotesque pretensions he put forward on behalf of the House of Commons, which under his scheme—or rather Patrick Ford's scheme—would exercise the arbitrary powers of a French revolutionary assembly, while in the third place he missed no opportunity of denouncing the moderate use of its moderate powers which has characterised the conduct of the House of Lords during the Radical tenure of office. We should imagine that in composing recent speeches the Prime Minister must have enlisted the services of the Lord-Advocate of Scotland, who can pack more falsehood and folly into a smaller compass than any of his colleagues—which is saying a great deal. Mr. Asquith added the needed touch of humour to his performances by making his brother-in-law a hereditary Peer. Sir Edward Tennant's principal claim to fame was his summary rejection in January 1910 by the discriminating Borough of Salisbury. As our readers are aware, it is a stock Radical grievance that Unionists defeated at the polls occasionally enter the Upper House on succeeding their fathers. Mr. Asquith has found a better way. He deliberately creates hereditary peerages for rejected Radical candidates. He even accompanies Mr. George's denunciation of dukes by the manufacture of marquesses. It is funny without being vulgar.

Unionists' Attitude

THERE may be another explanation of the popular attitude towards the Parliament Bill, which has been a subject of condemnation by arm-chair politicians, who declare that a community which tolerates incipient Robespierres and Marats must be in a hopelessly decadent condition. The enthusiasm and indignation of the

nation at successive Home Rule crises is contrasted with the present apathy, and unfavourable inferences are drawn by those who, it must be said, have done mighty little to arouse the country to present perils. Where are our Leaders? What are the electors to make of the perfunctory sham fight of Mr. Balfour and his colleagues in the House of Commons against a measure which they admit to be, and which on the face of it is, the most revolutionary Bill introduced by a so-called responsible Government into the British legislature for two hundred and fifty years. Outsiders are nauseated by the glorification of the Leader of the Opposition by the Opposition Press, and of the fulsome tributes to his Parliamentary powers. They ask themselves: "What is the use of all these marvellous Parliamentary powers if they are never strenuously employed?" still more are they concerned by the fact that while the Camarilla of the Cabinet invariably fight with the buttons off their foils, the polite and polished gentry of the Front Opposition Bench almost invariably fight—if it can be called fighting—with the buttons on. It is doubtless a delightful exhibition to Mr. Balfour's immediate entourage and to the —— ——, which divides its ecstasies between the German Emperor and the Leader of the Opposition—but the effects of the one-sided kid-glove business, to vary the metaphor, on the rank and file of the Unionist Party in the House of Commons, who are expected to take the insults and outrages of their opponents "lying down" in the interests of "good form," has been demoralising and depressing beyond measure, while the sentiments of every Unionist worth his salt in the constituencies cannot be expressed in language which any Speaker would countenance. Wherever two or three of them have been gathered together since the beginning of the Session, they have asked: "What is the matter with our Front Bench?" or "Can't the Back Benches do something on their own account?" and no one is able to answer these elementary questions. That there is something wrong with our Party is common ground. The dry rot apparently spreads from the top, though the younger and more active portion of the Party cannot be altogether exonerated from acquiescing in the ineptitude and slackness of the leadership, whose failure to drive home any attack against an exceptionally vulnerable Government, which has frequent-

been heralded with a great flourish of trumpets, almost suggests a suspicion of collusion between the two Front Benches for purposes unexplained because shameful to the Parties.

Balfourism

At any rate the fact remains and is admitted, even by ardent Balfourians, that the Unionist Leader has not fought the Parliament Bill as it should have been fought, as he would have fought it some years ago when Mr. Chamberlain sat by his side to keep him up to the mark, and as the Party would have fought it under any other leadership—even the leadership of a much less clever man. Has Mr. Balfour meant business? Does he mean business? Is it fair to a great Party, which has followed him with the most servile adulation ever accorded to any man, to ostensibly occupy the leadership, to refuse to lead, and apparently to restrain other men from seriously fighting a Bill which will destroy the nation and the Empire unless it is itself destroyed? The Parliament Bill means Jacobin government, and Jacobin government has always spelt civil war and foreign war. Mr. Balfour has said as hard things and as true things of this measure as any one. Moreover he knows that Germany is awaiting the moment to pounce on this country. What does it all mean? We have sought far and near for the solution of the enigma, but without an atom of success. The warmer the admirer of the Leader of the Opposition, the more utterly incapable of explaining. It is alleged by some who ought to know that Mr. Balfour is heartily sick of the whole business, and would gladly hand a thankless task over to somebody else—so long as he had not to make the invidious selection—and betake himself from politics to philosophy, upon which he is once more engaged with youthful zest. There is only one comment to be made: "Is Mr. Balfour acting altogether fairly by the Unionist Party and the nation in retaining a position in which he is not doing himself or anybody else justice? Would not the Constitutional Party do better under a man of inferior intellectual attainments, whose heart was in his work, and who was animated by an unconquerable zeal and determination to destroy the Demagogues?"

THE difficulties confronting the Cabinet are infinitely greater than those confronting the Opposition, and directly leading Unionists grasp the situation, and count the cards in their own hands, instead of allowing themselves to be bluffed by their opponents, there will be a complete political transformation. But so long as we tamely follow leaders—who have forgotten the inspiring motto of Lord Randolph Churchill, who if not a statesman was at any rate a fearless politician: "It is the duty of an Opposition to oppose"—who make things easy for the Government in order that there may be no risk of forming a Unionist administration which would necessarily involve the discarding of many old friends, and the adoption and advocacy of a constructive policy; so long shall we wander in that wilderness which parties abhor, and so long—and this is far more serious—will the British Empire remain under the auspices of self-seekers who utilise every opportunity that arises, and make opportunities when none come naturally to hand, to weaken the ties binding us with the Dominions and *vice-versâ*, to lower our prestige all over the world by sentimental twaddle upon peace at any price, who endanger our security by letting down the Navy below the margin of safety, and then cripple our sea-power by inviting our potential enemies to prescribe the rules under which we are to fight—so long as we make ourselves ridiculous by hailing with glee every vote-catching device of Mr. George to perpetuate the present Coalition, so long as we do all those things which we ought not to do, and leave undone those things which we ought to do, the Unionist Party will remain where it is and the Demagogues where they are. The chief Ministerial asset is to be found on the Opposition Front Bench, whence its paralytic influence spreads over the Unionist Back Benches, and even across the corridor into "another place." In order to understand the coming crisis it is necessary to bear these unpleasant things in mind.

Does Scuttling Pay

THE House of Commons has done with the Parliament Bill, upon which, as we have seen, no impression whatsoever was made by the Opposition, and although we are told by Members of Parliament that modern rules of procedure make serious opposition almost impossible, the old

Blundering

saying, "Where there is a will there is a way," applies as much to politics as to anything else. One has only to re-read the virile, incisive, irresistible Unionist attack on the Home Rule Bill of 1893—which, dangerous as it was, was nothing like so dangerous as the Parliament Bill, which involves a great many other things besides Home Rule—and compare it with the mollusc-like movements of the present Session, in order to appreciate what a great falling off was there, and as we have to be frank in order to fight to any purpose, it must be admitted that the circumstances under which the Parliament Bill left the House of Commons on May 15 were more favourable than those attending Mr. Gladstone's last Home Rule Bill. Both measures had this common denominator, they were made in Nationalist Ireland. They constituted a bargain between time-serving British politicians eager for Irish votes and Irish Separatists seeking to dismember the United Kingdom. If there was slackness in the House of Commons in meeting the Parliament Bill there has been grave mismanagement in the House of Lords, which dawdled for several years over its own reform, the need for which Lord Newton had had the foresight to recognise shortly after the General Election of 1906 and before there was any serious conflict between the two Houses. It is therefore hardly fair of Peers, who to-day are tumbling over one another in their passion to be reformed out of existence, to fall foul of Lord Newton as *fons et origo mali,* his sole offence having been "an intelligent anticipation of events before they occur," which, according to the mighty, is the attribute of the humble profession to which we belong. After pooh-poohing reform until the crisis burst, there was a stampede of "reformers" which bore every appearance of a panic, and just as two or three years ago any peer who favoured reform was regarded as a crank, so to-day any peer objecting to be hustled into reform is likewise regarded askance. The policy of official Unionism in the Upper House has been of a piece with the official policy in the Commons. Delay followed delay, and just as the Referendum was pitch-forked at the people last December, four days before the opening polls, so the Lansdowne Reform Bill was actually presented to the Peers on the very day that the Parliament Bill left the Commons. Blind leaders of the blind! It would be impossible to imagine a more ill-timed step than to produce a measure—

epitomised in our last number—calculated to excite the utmost distrust and resentment at the moment the Unionist ranks should be closed for fighting the iniquitous Parliament Bill.

A House of Mandarins

THE Debate, to which Lord Lansdowne's measure—for turning the House of Lords into a house of mandarins—gave rise, was anything but impressive. Some of our readers may be disposed to observe that as the *National Review* has consistently advocated House of Lords reform, it is somewhat captious to criticise Lord Lansdowne's action. To this we answer that apart from the absurdities of the Bill, there are times and seasons for all things. We vainly urged the Peers not to dawdle over Lord Rosebery's Committee, which owed its existence to the initiative of Lord Newton four years ago, but to produce an alternative scheme to the Veto policy embodied in the Campbell-Bannerman Resolutions—which, be it remembered, saw the light two years before the "rejection" of the Budget, a crushing answer by the way to much Ministerial vituperation of the Upper House. Unfortunately the dawdlers, as usual, carried the day in the Councils of our Party. Precious years elapsed, and now, when it was most inopportune, when the Parliament Bill—which had been public property for a whole year—was knocking at their doors, our mandarins suddenly realised in their fatal phrase that "Something must be done," and they did a very foolish thing. *Inter arma silent leges.* The moment your enemy has covered you with his six-shooter is not the moment to display your moderation and magnanimity. It is the moment for action. Lord Lansdowne's Bill might conceivably have been of use two years ago, a year ago, or even six months ago, but after the Parliament Bill had passed the House of Commons, it could only serve to make confusion worse confounded. Let us say at once that late as it is the situation can be saved, and must be saved. To pull down the white flag, which has long floated over the Unionist Front Benches is the first duty of the Party. Upon that there is not a dissentient voice, but the situation cannot be saved, unless and until we realise the precise position of the House of Lords—upon whose steadfast resistance to the base and blackguardly campaign of the coalesced forces of

American dynamite, Irish sedition, and Radical snobbery, jobbery, and robbery—everything depends. We pass lightly over the Debate on the "House of Lords Reconstitution Bill" (*i.e.* Lord Lansdowne's Bill), which was discussed on Second Reading on May 15. It was met by Lord Morley of Blackburn, the quondam Radical and temporary titular leader of the Hereditary House, of which he has been a lifelong vilifier, with that mixture of unctuous humility, spurious moderation and apology for his own existence which marks the mushroom Radical peer, especially mushroom Viscounts, such as Lords Morley and Haldane, whose obsequious attitude to older creations is worthy of the enterprising snapshotter. Their speeches chiefly consist of the words "noble lords," which they roll like sweet morsels under the tongue.

The Newly Created's Tribute

HERE is a typical specimen of the newly created Radical Peer's adulation of the assembly which he now adorns, and which his Party Caucus is working overtime to humiliate and destroy, because they refuse to worship at the same political shrine as Messrs. Asquith, George, Churchill, Redmond, and Patrick Ford. In deprecating Lord Lansdowne's proposed reconstitution of the House, the wealthy Radical politician now disguised as Lord St. Davids, said:

But I want your lordships, if you will bear with me for a few minutes, to consider what the position is to-day compared with the position it must be in supposing this Bill, or any other Bill for its reconstitution, were passed. There is one thing to-day that the House of Lords is certainly not—that is, a paid body. Another thing is *we are in no way local* [our italics]. Members of Parliament represent some particular district, usually the district of the county where they live. We do not represent here the district we live in, any more than any other district. Then we are not in any way stringently subject to Party Whips.* Noble lords who have been, as I have, in the House of Commons, will know what the difference is here (*i.e.* in the Lords)

* Unionists who have been bluffed by the threatened swamping of the peerage by cocoa coronets should take note of this suggestive observation. There is reason to believe that his Majesty's Ministers are fully conscious of the difficulty of wholesale Peer-making, and that the much vaunted "guarantees" are simply kept on tap to hocus Radical stalwarts and Unionist funksticks. They are pure myth.

and there (i.e. the Commons) as to that state of things. Again, a very large and influential part is taken in the proceedings of this House by what you may call the more casual attendance. I mean that a very large part of the work is done, not by noble lords who attend here almost every day or every week, but by noble lords who are experts on particular subjects. I do not like to mention names, but you will all have such instances in your minds. A part is taken by noble lords, experts in some particular subject, who do not come here very frequently perhaps, although when they do come they take a leading and influential and most admirable part in our proceedings. That is distinctly a feature of this House.

It would be difficult to imag ne a meaner career than that of gentlemen of fortune who attach themselves to the Radical Party, echo all the Radical shibboleths, stimulate the execration of one class against another in order to creep into the peerage, and then having gained the object of their ambition turn round and fawn upon the "noble lords" with whom your Radical snob only asks to be allowed to associate. Compare this tribute of a Radical Member of the House of Lords to the House of Lords with the base and blackguardly attacks of Messrs. George, Churchill, Harcourt, and the rest of them, and you will get a fair measure of the ethics of the Radical Party. Lord Willoughby de Broke, whose brilliant political career is watched with the deepest interest by all who hope for better days for the Unionist Party, pounced on the "noble lord" of St. Davids in most effective fashion:

I do not know exactly what sort of House of Lords Lord St. Davids really does want. I think he has a strong preference for the House of Lords as it is at the present moment. I am very glad that he finds it such a pleasant place. His principal objection to altering the House of Lords was that the new peers would have to be paid when they came here. That is an objection which I can quite understand the noble Lord opposite and his friends view with a considerable amount of alarm.

LORD ST. DAVIDS: I am afraid the noble Lord is misrepresenting me. I was not thinking of whether it was or was not desirable that they should be paid. I was trying to point out that you were creating under this Bill a class of poor peers, and that if they came here and expected payment and received payment you would then have attendance in this House much more compulsory than it was before.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE: The point I was going to make was not with regard to a poor class of peer, but that if you are going to create a body of five hundred paid peers it will make a very serious inroad on the national Exchequer. That is what I could not help thinking the noble Lord had at the back of his mind when he looked with such horror upon the possibility of those who were elevated to the peerage in future demanding a salary. I have heard it said

that in some cases the boot was on the other leg, and people have been unkind enough to suggest that you were not paid to come up to the House of Lords, but that you actually paid in order to get into it. The noble lord and his friends opposite have created so many peers lately that any suggestion I may have to make about that is entirely superfluous. They are admirable judges of this sort of transaction.

Lord Bathurst's Protest

We would respectfully suggest to other Unionist Peers who allow themselves to be humbugged by the Loreburns and the Morleys, even if they reject the slimy oratory of Viscount Haldane of Cloan or Cloanden, that Lord Willoughby de Broke's treatment of the noble Lord of St. Davids is both pertinent and salutary. He was followed in a debate which did not show the House of Lords at its best, as circumstances forbade, by an excellent speech from Lord Bathurst, whose honesty and consistency caused not a few Peers to regret that they were shackled to the Front Bench. Lord Bathurst protested "with all my strength against the course which the noble Marquess, who leads the Opposition, is asking you to take in giving this Bill a second reading." Up to now the Peers had never made any serious mistake, as nothing more had been heard of the Bills which they had rejected, such as Education and Licensing, and their judgment had been confirmed by the electors on the Home Rule Bill. There was no reason to reform the House of Lords, there was no popular feeling against the House of Lords; it was idle to suggest that the Budget of 1909 had anything to do with the present political agitation, for had they passed it on the first occasion a similar attack would have been engineered for Party purposes against them. While their avowed enemies were on the warpath Conservative candidates proceeded to put great pressure on the Unionist Leaders to adopt the present policy, and they succumbed—hence this Bill. "The scheme of reform you have seen to-night, and I can only compare the way the Leaders of the Opposition seized on this scheme of House of Lords Reform, with what happened when Mr. Balfour produced his scheme of the Referendum. He produced it on the eve of the election, and every candidate, whatever he thought of the scheme, had to put it before the electors on the chance of getting a few more votes, and so winning the election." Lord Bathurst ended his

speech on a note too rarely heard either in the House of Commons or in the House of Lords, where the life and soul is crushed out of individuals by the relentless Party system which reduces them to mere automatons, set in motion by the Whips. Any Unionist critic of Mr. Balfour or Lord Lansdowne is supposed to be animated by personal resentment, but you may have the greatest possible liking for an individual, the utmost admiration for his intellectual or other qualities, while convinced that he is driving the Party to which you belong to irremediable disaster. Lord Bathurst is not a man given to personal animosities, and he simply expressed what many other Peers were thinking.

We all know the great influence which the noble Marquess has in this House. We acknowledge him to be a very great Leader; we acknowledge that he has rarely made a mistake; we remember his many triumphs and the skill and tact he has shown in leading his party through many a difficult pass. There are a great many noble lords who would be most unwilling to vote against him. They consider that he is a safe man to follow, and that they cannot go wrong in voting as he directs them to do. But my Lords, the noble Marquess in introducing this measure, which in my opinion will destroy the Constitution and abolish this historical House for no adequate reason, except as a tactical measure for securing the support of some voters, while at the same time appeasing those who desire, not reform, but single-chamber Government, is taking a responsibility upon himself which I, for my part, think a most dangerous one and cannot support.

Duke of Northumberland's Speech

THE Lord Chancellor made his usual unctuous and vindictive speech, which for some mysterious reason invariably delights the House of Lords (which contains several simple-minded men), Lord Ampthill contributed a loyal defence of his Chief's measure, while the Duke of Northumberland raised the discussion to a high level in a speech which unfortunately was ignored by the Press, though undoubtedly one of the best speeches delivered in Parliament this year. It was altogether off the usual Party track, and though it was what the Cocoa Press calls "reactionary," there were many passages worth thinking over. Though critical of the Lansdowne Bill, the Duke of Northumberland generally welcomed its appearance, "as an effort to solve a problem," though "it would require much modification in Committee, and in some respects was in advance

of public opinion." In a passage, which should be taken to heart by every Unionist Member of either branch of the legislature, especially those who by virtue of sitting on Front Benches arrogate to themselves the title of "statesmen," the Duke of Northumberland said:

What I am now going to say I say with some hesitation, but I think I am known to your lordships sufficiently well, after all the years I have sat in this House, to be allowed without offence to say something unpalatable. If this House has a fault it is that it is prone to act in a panic; it is prone to think that the country is more against it than it really is; it is prone to think, if I might humbly suggest, that the passing waves of feeling are to be taken as indications of the permanent feeling of the country. I will add one caution more. When I say passing waves I often think that politicians do not sufficiently remember how long life is. Waves of feeling now are counted by months. Waves of feeling really should be counted by years, and as I showed at the beginning of my speech, it is not at once that we see the evils which ensue from a particular line of policy. . . . So, my lords, we should remember that we have to act in the way we think best for the country, taking into review a long period of its history. And while on the one hand we should be perfectly willing to sacrifice ourselves, if it is merely a question of our seats or the right to express our opinions in this House, we should not act in a panic or be frightened by the big words which proceed from the Government benches.

The Duke of Northumberland's peroration was inspired with the true spirit of patriotism as apart from mere partisanship.

In the present situation we should consider as this House throughout its history has always done, independently and with the intelligence and training which it has, what really is best for the country. For that we ought to endeavour to bring measures forward, and then, whether we succeed or whether we fail, we shall at any rate have the feeling that we have striven to do our duty, that we have not bent to a popular cry leading us to do things which we do not honestly think to be the best for the country in the long run, and if this House is to be abolished it will fall with the respect of the nation.

We venture to predict that if the House of Lords fights the battle of the nation against the greedy, grasping ambitions of the Tammany Hall politicians—who now hold the House of Commons in their grip and seek to turn it into an unlimited autocracy at the expense of the nation—in the spirit animating the Duke of Northumberland's appeal, not only will the House of Lords secure the respect and gratitude of the people, but the anarchists will perish under the ruins of their own schemes.

We own to finding the set speeches of professional statesmen who are overwhelmed with a sense of their own importance as amongst the most tedious reading in the world. In the first place they usually deem it beneath their dignity to let off their audience under the hour, during which they pour forth stale, flat, and unprofitable commonplace, or alternatively they make a brilliant display of pyrotechnics, which invariably end in a fizzle, and in almost all cases, especially in the case of Lord Rosebery, are universally understood to mean less than nothing at all. The ex-Premier is at all times prepared to sound a Reveille or to head a retreat. There are, however, some Front Benchers who remain a perennial joy to whatever assembly they adorn, and the Peers would be indeed ungrateful if they failed to respond to the rumour that "Carrington is speaking." Our readers may be unaware of the fact that Lord Carrington, though a passionate platform democrat, is a Knight of the Garter besides being Lord Great Chamberlain. He is also President of the Board of Agriculture for no ascertainable reason, his knowledge of agriculture being nil. He is supposed to have done something for Small Holdings, though no one can say what. As the Knighthood of the Garter and the Presidency of the Board of Agriculture are insufficient to occupy a man of Lord Carrington's gigantic intellect and industry, he is also understood to be President of the Board of Fisheries, it being considered that turnips and soles should be under the same Department. He is at his best when addressing his Peers, and it is rather hard on the public that the principal gems of his oratory are deliberately suppressed by reporters, especially Radical reporters. He contributed an illuminating speech to the debate on Lord Lansdowne's Reconstitution Bill, in the course of which this Knight of the Garter delighted his audience by observing: "I hope the House will do me the justice to believe that I am not such a consummate ass as to pretend that in any way I understand women. In the course of a somewhat long life I never knew but one man who said he did. He told me he did, and he came to the most hopeless grief it is possible to conceive." The relevance of this observation to the state of agriculture or fisheries was not immediately apparent, but the House of Lords rose to the occasion, and for several

Lord Carrington in Form

minutes rocked with uncontrollable laughter. Why, we should like to know, are these gems buried in the Official Report? Why are they concealed by the popular Press from a public on the look-out for cheap entertainment?

A Scheme for Mr. F. E. Smith

LORD CARRINGTON, the colleague of the Georges, the Ures, the Churchills, the Asquiths, &c. &c., who earn their bread-and-butter, to say nothing of their motor-cars, their footmen, their champagne, &c., by vituperating the hereditary enemies of the people, is appalled by the suggestion that there shall be one hereditary enemy the less under any conceivable scheme of reform. "Perish everything, so long as I remain a peer and can transmit a peerage," is the Carrington motto. His peroration was fully worthy of the rest of his speech. "In spite of the Rosebery Resolution, in spite of the Lansdowne Resolution, our sons are still on the steps of the throne, our wives still in the peeresses' gallery; and in spite of this magnificent voluntary act of self-renunciation [*i.e.* by Lord Lansdowne's Bill], in spite of the effort to bring about a hereditary holocaust, still we see, with the greatest pleasure, the noble Marquess restored to health, sitting in his old place surrounded by his supporters and his friends—himself the most perfect up-to-date ideal British personification of the *marquis malgré lui*." We trust that in the coming conflict Unionist speakers will display these gems before great democratic audiences, to whom the House of Lords is held up to execration by Lord Carrington's colleagues, and unless we are much mistaken by Lord Carrington himself, who on the platform can be as vulgar as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, though he reserves his fun for his peers who regard him as a harmless buffoon. Elsewhere he takes himself seriously and poses as a "man of the people," who is eager to sacrifice every privilege of which he is such a tenacious upholder in the Upper House. If the Unionist Party did its duty by the Marquess of Crewe, the Earl of Carrington, the Lord St. Davids, and the rest of the Radical snobocracy, if all the fraudulent humbugs who wend their way to the House of Lords were systematically exposed to the public by the Press, the great Southsea Bubble would scarcely last a month. We suggest that it would be a highly appro-

priate subject for the brilliant platform talents of the Rt. Hon. F. E. Smith, and would be an infinitely more salutary employment than hobnobbing with the Home Secretary.

Good Advice to Commoners

THE Duke of Bedford as usual contributed a thoughtful and suggestive speech which lost nothing by its brevity. He doubted whether in the position into which things had drifted Lord Lansdowne's Bill provided the basis of a settlement.

> I do not think that this Bill goes far enough, either to have any chance of acceptance by a majority in the country, or to secure to supporters of Double-Chamber Government a position in which they can make any real stand. What I do wish to see is the creation of a Second Chamber strong enough in the confidence of the nation to exercise all the powers of the existing House of Lords, and I do not believe the creation of such an assembly to be possible, save on a purely elected basis. I attach no great importance to retaining a shred of the hereditary principle, and that partly in order to secure the subordination of the reformed Second Chamber to the House of Commons. Moreover the retention of that shred of the hereditary principle necessitates an invidious form of selection, which to me is more objectionable than the frank surrender of all hereditary rights in favour of an elected Second Chamber. I am not alarmed at the prospect of an elected Second Chamber claiming co-ordinate rights with the House of Commons, provided always that the differences between the two Houses are referred for settlement to the judgment of the Constituency.

The problem could not be more admirably stated. Lord Raglan, who candidly accepted the *Daily Mail's* statement that he was "a backwoodsman," described Lord Lansdowne's Bill as "the apotheosis of the Conservative Agents' policy," from which the Unionist Party had suffered most bitterly. "I believe nobody knows less about the feelings of the country than the average Member of Parliament, whether Liberal or Conservative, because he sees the feelings of the people of the country, not through his own eyes, but through the eyes of his agent and his committee, who are, of course, extreme men, and naturally have a wild desire to snatch a few votes from the other side. Therefore they say to the Member, 'You say something pleasant about Female Suffrage, and you will pinch ten votes from the other side.' The thing is done; but you never get the ten votes, and you only disgust your own supporters." Unionist Members wildly grabbing at every fad might advantageously take note. He went on to say that the Lansdowne Bill "repre-

sents the Conservative Agents' policy carried to extremes. I have only one thing to say in conclusion. I have the strongest possible objection to being executed. I do not consider it is the height of political wisdom to respond to such an invitation as this on the part of our opponents. 'Will you come out into the street and let me cut your throat?' If I am to be executed I shall mount the tumbril with fortitude, but I shall not order the tumbril myself, nor shall I make an assignation with Monsieur de Paris."

A New Humorist

We purposely refrain from quoting the speeches of Peers who, under the momentary influence of panic, against which, as we have seen, they were wisely warned by the Duke of Northumberland, gave indications of desiring to order their own tumbril, because we are convinced, indeed we know, that in the prolonged pause which has since ensued the Peers have pulled themselves together, and several regret and would gladly withdraw their pusillanimous speeches. Lord Halifax, who is far more courageous than some of his juniors, who fondly imagine that if they say ditto to the Unionist Mandarins to-day they may themselves become Unionist Mandarins to-morrow—one of the most foolish delusions that ever entered the mind of men, for the simple reason that there will be no distribution of "spoils" in our generation should the Unionist Party adopt "scuttle" as its policy and the white flag as its emblem—cordially endorsed the Duke of Northumberland's sentiments, inquiring what could be predicated of public opinion except this, "that what it is to-day it will not be to-morrow. Is there anything in the world more changeable or more uncertain than public opinion? That being the case, I hope that when we come to consider the details, either now or later, of such a Bill as is now before your lordships' House, we shall consider much less the advice of political organisers, and what may be thought advantageous at the next election, and a great deal more what may assist in the formation of a really strong second chamber, and what we believe to be for the real and permanent interest of this country." It is easy to see that Lord Halifax was not cast for the Front Bench. There is a nobleman of the name of Lord

Saye and Sele who receives far less than his deserts from the newspapers, which one might have imagined would be at any rate attracted by such a picturesque designation. Many may Saye, but few can Sele. He is a humorist of the front rank, even if he falls short of the impossible standard set by Lord Carrington. Lord Newton had declared that the Unionist Peers had burnt their boats, which we trust may be interpreted as signifying that Lord Newton is prepared, as his boat is burnt and there is nothing left to him, to fight to the death against the Parliament Bill, which would not merely burn Lord Newton's boat, but everybody else's boat, and would bring civil war within measurable distance. However, Lord Saye and Sele—though whether the observation was inspired by the wit of Lord Saye or the humour of Lord Sele we shall never know—pursued a different line of argument in his historic apostrophe to the Unionist Peerage. "You have burnt your house-boat, and now you are running up and down the bank trying to let riverside lodgings, varying the monotony with an occasional dive into the flames to try and save your valuables, some antique, some modern, but most inherited from your fathers. But, lastly, we come to the most pathetic picture of all. In the middle of the house-boat, in solitary grandeur, sits my noble friend, Lord Willoughby de Broke, awaiting the end, painting pictures of what might have been and feeding the flames chiefly with members of His Majesty's Government. My Lords, I [*i.e.* Saye and Sele] must point the moral. With all possible respect to the noble Marquess, the Leader of the Opposition, this Bill is moulded on the policy of Ananias."

Duke of Somerset's Protest

THE Duke of Somerset made a manly, vigorous speech in keeping with his character. Indeed, when one reads such utterances one wonders why there should be any suspicion of dry-rot in the House of Lords. He gave an accurate and lucid account of the genesis of the Constitutional crisis. "The Government, as every one knows, have sold themselves body and soul to the Nationalists and the Labour Party, and the former have exacted Home Rule and the consequent breaking-up of the Union as their reward for keeping the Government in power. To carry

Home Rule, the Government saw that they must first wreck our ancient Constitution of King, Peers, and Commons, as this House, they knew, would never betray the country and pass a Bill for Home Rule for Ireland, and so they have brought forward their Parliament Bill for that purpose." But the Duke of Somerset declared that because utterly unprincipled party politicians such as those now occupying the Treasury Bench had by gross misrepresentation raised a cry against the House of Lords amongst a certain section of the voters, "I cannot see why our party should become their accomplices, and by destroying this House desert the millions of loyal people in this country who have always looked up to it, as at present constituted, as the only safeguard they had against ill-considered legislation by the House of Commons and tyrannical and unjust measures of a Government such as the present." The country was tired of revolutionary projects and desired to get to work on measures safeguarding the Empire and the United Kingdom, "and give the working classes the chance of bettering themselves and remaining secure in their employment and the fruits of their labour. Why should we be a party to Constitutional changes which will destroy all security? The Government have no object in view in the Constitutional changes they contemplate but plunder. If we make these changes easier by accepting this Bill, our action will be followed by further attacks on property of all kinds, which the man of small means will find will ruin him as well as those who are better off." Viscount Haldane of Cloan purred like a cat for about an hour, but happily, though the House of Lords is easily imposed on by obsequious Radicals, especially the self-righteous occupant of the Woolsack, the War Minister's interminable dissertations have hitherto fallen flat; and when he wound up a honeyed harangue by pretending that the present Cabinet, "desire to restore tranquillity and to set people's minds free to address themselves to other questions than that of the Constitution," as also "to repair and render stable the fabric of the Constitution, which has been seriously shaken, and who knows but that both sides may not yet co-operate in carrying out a work of this great magnitude. The future will disclose its secrets"—you could have heard a pin drop.

AFTER a brief speech from Lord Lansdowne defending a measure which it must be admitted had received a moderate reception, though as a personal compliment to him it was allowed a Second Reading, the Upper House turned off the following day to the more important business of discussing the Second Reading of the Parliament Bill, of which the full provisions are reproduced on a preceding page, to which we would particularly direct our readers' attention.

Enter Parliament Bill

It is, as Mr. George has admitted in candid conversation with foreign correspondents, a revolutionary measure, though Viscount Humbug had had the effrontery to tell the House of Lords it was designed to restore the fabric of a Constitution shattered by anarchists of the Lansdowne type, and it was in the same spirit of the "anti-scrape" Society, that another Radical Viscount, Morley of Blackburn, Lord President of the Council, moved the Second Reading of the Parliament Bill in the House of Lords on May 23. "Without the least desire to be in any degree offensive," to borrow the inimitable phrase with which Lord Newton invariably preludes his cruellest comments, we must confess to having rarely read a more misleading speech, parts of which were penetrated with Uritis. The inaccuracies were so palpable that they can hardly have deceived Lords Saye or Sele. For instance, the statement that "after the rejection of the Budget in November 1909, his Majesty's Government propounded their policy, which was this—formally, definitely, and by statute to abolish the power of this House to intervene in finance, and in legislation outside of and beyond finance to take away from this House the power of absolute Veto." Every one knows that the Radicals swept in, in 1906, vowing vengeance against the House of Lords and challenging its existence, a policy judiciously mingled with the ennoblement of wealthy Radical toadies, who exchanged cheques against titles. The Campbell-Bannerman Veto Resolutions embodying Radical hatred of the House of Lords were passed by the House of Commons in 1907, *i.e.* two years before the People's Budget was submitted to the people, thanks to the House of Lords. Lord Morley is a very superior person, of considerable literary powers, and his party make much capital out of the fact that, unlike the ordinary Radical,

he is a highly cultivated man with a strongly developed historic sense, though we know from his writings that to him the world began in 1789.

Fiction.

SUCH was Lord Morley's account of the progress of the Parliament Bill through the Commons. "The Third Reading of this Bill was passed by a majority of 121, after three months of full discussion, in which many earnest and skilful disputants took part, and in which the two distinguished men who lead the great parties in the other House, according to all accounts, which I am sure must have reached your lordships from every quarter—these two men of unsurpassed parliamentary character and experience were at their very best and fought their very hardest. That is the history so far as it concerns us, of this Bill." It is nothing of the kind, it is a travesty of the facts by a prejudiced partisan, as all those who have the misfortune to read Parliamentary debates are only too well aware. The one accurate statement in the recital is that owing to the gross over-misrepresentation of Ireland and the subsidy of a penurious Party by Patrick Ford, the Third Reading was carried by a majority of 121. So far from there being three months of full discussion by many earnest and skilful disputants, even Lord Morley knows that, apart from the appointed official speakers on his own side, the Radical Party remained as mum as mice, and no attempt was at any time made to answer the points of the Opposition, while the "Kangaroo" worked with unexampled activity. As to the deadly duel between those two unsurpassed Parliamentarians, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour, the one merely repeated what he had been told to say by Mr. John Redmond, who had his marching orders from Mr. Patrick Ford; while Mr. Balfour's "onslaught" on the Parliament Bill is admitted on all hands to be the feeblest performance throughout his political career. On one occasion, which was typical of his whole attitude, he burst forth into such ecstasies over the House of Commons as a place governed by argument, that Mr. Asquith at once jumped up to say, "I could not have done it better myself." Lord Hugh Cecil, on the occasion in question, diverted nearly 100 Unionists from the Mandarins' lobby, and, as we have already suggested, this so-called duel between these great

men resembled a put-up job. Whenever the Government could have been put in a real hole, some Good Samaritan on the Opposition Front Bench came to the rescue, with the effect, if not the object, of invigorating his Majesty's Ministers and disheartening his Majesty's Opposition, who seem to be regarded by some of our Mandarins as a mere branch of the Government. However, another story had to be told in the House of Lords, and told it was.

An Epitome

FAIRNESS compels us to add that Lord Morley enlightened the House of Lords by a succinct and valuable summary of some of the chief provisions of the Parliament Bill, which stated shortly "that a Money Bill, passed by the House of Commons should become an Act of Parliament, on the Royal Assent being signified, notwithstanding that the House of Lords shall not have assented thereto. The question whether a Bill is or is not a Money Bill is to be decided by the Speaker of the House of Commons. That is the first clause." It certainly is, and note what it means, viz., that a majority of one member, who may have been elected by a majority of one elector who may have been bought by a pot of beer, could pass a law raising the income tax to 10*s*. or 20*s*. in the pound; or, on the principles of the great George Insurance Act, could equally deduct 1*s*., 2*s*., or 5*s*. a week from the wages of every working man to be used for "national" purposes by a Socialistic State. By the same token the Speaker for the time being could pronounce a Home Rule Bill, a Right to Work Bill, or, indeed, any Bill whatsoever, a "Money Bill" for it instantly to become law. And we must remember that under the new régime Lowthers and Peels would necessarily be replaced by Ramsay MacDonalds, saintly Snowdens, or knightly Byleses, prepared to go the whole hog, and against whose *ipse dixit* there would be no possibility of appeal. We should be grateful to Lord Morley for giving us a glimpse of a corner of the truth, the only subject in which the present Cabinet have shown themselves to be economists. Then he tells us that

The second clause proposes to enact that any public Bill other than a Money Bill passed by the House of Commons in three successive sessions, whether or not in the same Parliament, having been sent up to the House of Lords and there rejected in each of those three sessions, shall be presented to His Majesty

and become an Act of Parliament on the Royal Assent being signified, notwithstanding that this House (i.e. the House of Lords) shall not have assented to it. That is, of course, the centre of the constitutional conflict in which we are engaged. The other important clauses are that nothing in this Bill is to diminish the privileges of the House of Commons, and that five years shall be substituted for seven years as the duration of a Parliament. That is an epitome of the Bill, and it is so important that noble lords should clearly understand what it is that we propose that I have ventured to give it.

We do most earnestly beg that Peers and other persons will give their serious and utmost attention both to Lord Morley's epitome and to the provisions of the Bill, which it is quite obvious many persons engaged in the controversy have never mastered. They have not a moment to lose.

Intimidating the Crown

LORD MORLEY'S ingenuous epitome bears out everything which has been said in these pages month by month, and with interminable iteration ever since the General Election, upon this Bill. Lord Morley and his colleagues constitute a caucus, who masquerade as his Majesty's Ministers and outwardly treat the Monarchy with respect; they could not well do otherwise, because it is our most popular institution, and the symbol of the unity of Empire, which Lord Morley and Co. are endeavouring to destroy. During the debates in the House of Commons Mr. Asquith the titular chief of the present conspiracy was, as our readers are aware, conspicuously contemptuous in his attitude towards the Crown. He never wearied of declaring that the Royal Veto was as dead as would be the Veto of the Second Chamber under this preposterous Parliament Bill. The procedure is simplicity itself, and we should be grateful to the smaller fry of the Radical Party for, so to speak, giving the show away and letting us into their secrets. A remarkable article published elsewhere is entitled "George V. or Asquith I.?" The contents bear out the title. The policy is a policy of intimidating the Crown, such as darkened the closing weeks of King Edward VII.'s reign. The *Contemporary Review*, an organ of light and leading in Nonconformist circles, whose editor deigned to accept a knighthood from the Sovereign, was withdrawn from circulation at the time of the late King's death owing to a very disagreeable article about the dying Sovereign. It is highly significant that this same organ should

have published in its Coronation issue (June 1911) some highly offensive observations concerning George V. from the pen of Mr. Harold Spender (brother of the editor of the *Westminster Gazette*), who enjoys the confidence of Mr. Lloyd George, and who has occasionally disclosed some of that foolish person's thoughts to the world at large. Note what Mr. Harold Spender has to say of the position of his Majesty—compare it with the insolent speeches of Mr. Asquith, examine the Parliament Bill, and there is no room for any doubt that one of the main objects of the Camarilla is to threaten and humiliate our newly crowned King, who is to be told that unless he consents to ennoble the wealthy bounders (who in return for a coronet are prepared to finance the Demagogues), he will range "the democracy" against the Crown, and endanger his dynasty.

Star Chamber.

THIS conflict we must always bear in mind is not a struggle between peers and people, but between the people and the dominant caucus of the Commons, who are striving to pass a Bill permanently depriving the people of all control over their own affairs. As Lord Morley does well to remind us, anything which can be called a Money Bill by the nominee of the party caucus for the time being, becomes law without even any formal delay, while any Bill, other than a Money Bill, approved by the dominant caucus in three successive sessions, will become law, however repugnant to the other elements in the Constitution, *i.e.* the Crown and the House of Lords, however revolting to the people, however harmful to the interests of the nation and the Empire. We agree with him that this is the centre of the constitutional conflict. Shall the House of Commons, many of whose members are returned by unspeakable methods, while many others are returned simply because they are traitors to King and country, be a law unto themselves for all time? Shall we, in the name of Democracy, set up in our midst an institution compared to which the Star Chamber would be a joke? What could restrain the despotism devised by the Parliament Bill, of which we have had one previous experience in our history, constituted of the Georges, Churchills, the Harcourts, the Ures, and the other unconscionable adventurers by whom we are now afflicted, how

could they be brought to book except by the rising of an outraged people—in other words civil war? They gave us a vision of the new régime the moment the Bill had passed the House of Commons, and it was announced that these friends of the people would vote themselves £400 a year out of the taxpayers' pocket, and as *l'appetit vient en mangeant* there would be nothing to prevent a future House of Commons from voting themselves £4000 a year, or £40,000 a year, just as there would be nothing to prevent the House of Commons from perpetuating itself as did the Long Parliament. Note the craft and cunning by which the payment of members was not introduced as a separate Act of Parliament, which would be dealt with like ordinary legislation, but as part of the finance of the year—a dodge which Parliamentary experts regard as a peculiarly dirty trick, though entirely in keeping with the character of its author.

Challenge to Lord Morley

Lord Morley had the hardihood to tell the House of Lords, "I am astonished to see that distinguished men, who, I venture to think, ought to have known better, say that this is a single-chamber conspiracy." Lord Morley would have been more luminous had he explained to his hearers what is a single-chamber conspiracy, if this is not, and if he will only be at pains to re-read his own epitome of his own Bill, he will see that it is nothing else but a single-chamber conspiracy, because it concentrates the whole political power of the Constitution in a single chamber, for which reason it is enthusiastically supported by advanced Radicals and the Labour Party who have the candour and honesty to declare themselves single-chamber men, while those colossal frauds the ex-Vice-Presidents of the Liberal League, Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Viscount Haldane, continue bleating about a second chamber which they have no power of creating even if they ever had the will. Does Lord Morley deny that under this Bill a majority of the House of Commons, however small, could in two years abolish the Monarchy? If the answer be No, he has not read the Bill or his own epitome of it; if the answer be Yes, it is single-chamber government. Again, does Lord Morley deny that under this Bill the House of Commons would be able to abolish the House of Lords in

two years? If the answer be No, we repeat that he is not acquainted either with his Bill or his epitome; if Yes, what is that but single-chamber government? Does Lord Morley deny that under the Parliament Bill the House of Commons could follow the example of the Long Parliament, repeal the Quinquennial Act, and pass a Perpetuity Bill, installing itself indefinitely, filling up vacancies by nominations instead of by-elections? Is that not single-chamber government? Can Lord Morley mention any measure which, under the Parliament Bill, could not be passed by the House of Commons without the co-operation of any other body, always assuming with the Premier that the King's veto is dead? What is this but undiluted single-chamber government? How then can Lord Morley object to his conduct and that of his colleagues being described as "a single-chamber conspiracy"?

Irrelevant Precedents

LORD MORLEY ended by the hint of a national settlement upon which Radical peers are wont to dilate, though Radical commoners and journalists will have nothing to say to it, unless the settlement consist of unconditional surrender by the Unionists, who are to join their opponents in selling the Crown and the United Kingdom to John Redmond and Patrick Ford. Surely it was with his tongue in his cheek that the Lord President of the Council declared: "To-night and during the course of this Bill, it is for noble Lords to consider what will be a course *leading to extremities* [our italics]. The Bill is there and the Bill stands." There was the usual reference to irrelevant examples. "I do submit that the Duke of Wellington when he gave way on the Reform Bill of 1832, won universal approval; he saved the country from a great disaster." But the Duke of Wellington submitted to an unmistakable and overwhelming British majority; he did not sell out to a handful of perjured Irish rebels subsidised by foreign enemies. There is all the difference in the world between timely concession in the interests of the nation and abject submission to political partisans. If the Duke of Wellington "saved the country from a great disaster," Lord Lansdowne's surrender would merely save impecunious Ministers from loss of salary. Lord Morley added: "Coming down to our own day nobody can

forget the services which were rendered by Lord Cairns and the then Lord Archbishop of Canterbury in connection with the Irish Church. Their wise and prudent counsel—and courage—avoided a great danger." This is more questionable. What gain accrued either to Ireland or the United Kingdom by the disestablishment of the Irish Church and the scandalous squandering of its revenue, for which there is little to show to-day? The act was in accordance with the spirit of the age, but that is all that can be said for it. "Then later, in 1884–1885, it was the prudence and wisdom of men like the late Lord Salisbury that avoided a great disaster." Unless our memory is at fault Lord Salisbury's "prudence and wisdom" were denounced in all the moods and tenses by Lord Morley, whose copious supply of vituperative adjectives was wholly unequal to meet the demand. Moreover, let us not forget that if "prudence and wisdom" were shown by Lord Salisbury similar qualities were forthcoming on the other side. It was no one-sided settlement. The House of Lords secured re-distribution and prevented the jerrymandering of Mr. Gladstone and his friends. Lord Morley concluded as follows: "So now, my lords, I hope on this occasion we shall avoid, or you will avoid, a course which will land the country, which may land the country, in circumstances of great difficulty and perhaps grave confusion." There is nothing like brass.

A Chance for Lord Morley

Que messieurs les assassins commencent. Why should not Lord Morley and his colleagues display some of the qualities which to-day they admire in the Duke of Wellington, Lord Cairns, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Salisbury, and which were shown in 1832 by Lord Grey, who had no idea of swamping the peerage, smashing the Constitution and making an "obedient automaton" of his Sovereign; in the bargain on Reform and Redistribution a quarter of a century ago even so vehement a partisan as Mr. Gladstone recognised that a national settlement is not an exclusively Party settlement, but consists in mutual concessions for the common good. The House of Lords has gone very far—many of us think too far—in "conciliation," while Lord Morley and Co. abate not a jot or tittle of their claim to set up Costa Rica Government in this country. The human element plays a

large part in all controversies, and it is perhaps natural that Lord Morley's colleagues should take Costa Rica or Tammany Hall for their models, as there are no systems under which the Georges, the Churchills, the Ures, to say nothing of Mr. Asquith himself, would be more fitted to shine. Upon Lord Midleton devolved the duty of replying to Lord Morley, which he discharged in a telling speech, exposing the unreality, the insincerities, the misrepresentations, and the hypocrisies of the President of the Council, though his speech was open to the criticism that while an excellent Parliamentary performance, it was somewhat wanting in positive and practical value. But then, as Mr. Balfour sets the fashion of treating his "right hon. friends on the other other side of the House" as serious statesmen, animated by public spirit, and willing to listen to reasonable argument, we cannot be surprised that his lieutenants should follow suit. Lord Midleton's reasons for reading the Parliament Bill a second time were wholly inadequate. "If we took the other course and rejected this Bill summarily, we would create at once an issue of the first magnitude. We would arouse the extremest feelings." It is the immediate duty of the Unionist Party to arouse the utmost feelings against Tammany Hall Government, and the longer we continue to "take it lying down" the worse for Unionism, the worse for the nation, the worse for the British Empire.

Week-End Politics

FEW things are more nauseating than the terror of our Front Benches lest "feelings" be aroused at a time when every institution in the country is threatened by a Cabinet of needy, greedy anarchists. It is this attitude which marks the Mandarin from the Man, and accounts for the frightful slump in the prestige of the former, who seems to be animated by the amiable idea that he must say nothing and do nothing which might conceivably disturb pleasant social relations with political opponents. Unionists generally are heartily sick of week-end politics, which merely result in disarming our own Party, while the other side remain as truculent as ever, and can scarcely conceal their contempt for their opponents, whom they are now bedewing with so-called Coronation honours, which are simply Party political honours. As we have recognised, Lord Midleton

can hardly be blamed for adopting the tone of his Leader, but to pretend at this time of day that in treating the Parliament Bill as it deserves "We (*i.e.* the House of Lords) would close the door to the wiser counsels which we yet believe will prevail on the opposite side of the House"—exhibits "we" as incredible simpletons. Such action "would make all negotiation impossible, &c. &c." Then followed the surprising statement: "Another reason (for surrender) is that this Bill is brought before us as a temporary Bill, and as such we mean to deal with it. We do not accept the idea that this Bill can permanently remain on the Statute Book." Ministers have never pretended for a single second that the Parliament Bill is a temporary measure, on the contrary its attraction in their eyes is that it is a permanent settlement, in the interests of the Radical Party, whose tenure of office would be indefinite. Were the Lords to pass it in anything like its present shape they might call it "temporary," but no one else would, for the simple reason that there would be no prospect of repealing it. To give it its proper name, the Parliament Bill is simply a Measure to Perpetuate the Dominance of the Radical Caucus; and if the House of Peers, under the influence of panic-mongers like Lord Rosebery and plenty of others who can be mentioned, degenerates into a mere House of Fears and swallows this Bill on the advice of Unionist Leaders, how do the Fears or the Unionist Party propose to reverse a settlement, for which Lord Lansdowne and all the Fears who followed him would be just as responsible as the Loreburns, the Morleys, the Haldanes, and other salaried hacks.

Illusion

LET no man, whether peer or commoner, hug the delusion that the Parliament Bill can ever be repealed—except as the result of a successful civil war—if once placed on the Statute Book in its present form. It is simply misleading the people to describe it as "a temporary measure," to be passed under protest, and to be reversed at leisure, and heavy will be the responsibility of Unionist leaders if, under cover of a shower of brave speeches and strong amendments, craven counsels prevail and collusion triumphs in the Upper House as in the Lower House. It is idle at this hour to talk of "negotiating" with the Government, still more to talk of negotiating

"on something like equality." There are times for speeches, for temporising, for negotiation, and even for a strategic withdrawal in order to take up a better position, but there are also times for fighting. We live in such times, and if Unionist Leaders refuse to give a fighting lead to the rank and file, they will find themselves in the ignominious position of being forced to follow the rank and file. Lord Willoughby de Broke made another characteristically courageous and stimulating speech in the debate on the Parliament Bill, and it is to men of his kidney that the live part of the Unionist Party looks for guidance at this crisis. He understands the value of initiative, carries the war into his enemy's country, and heartens up his own side by his pugnacious and uncompromising speeches, which are enlivened by brilliant wit and caustic humour. He accurately described the contest as "a struggle between the Cabinet and that vast body of opinion which still realises what free government means in a free country. The only argument you (*i.e.* the Radicals) can produce in favour of this Bill is the argument of necessity, which Pitt used to observe very truly was the argument of tyrants and the creed of slaves. You may adopt the argument of tyrants if you desire to do so, but we on our side do not wish to adopt the creed of slaves." There are numerous bidders for the reversion of the Unionist Leadership—far more than the public have any idea of. They are one and all inexpressibly shocked at the conduct of the *National Review* in expressing the views they privately entertain. They nevertheless hold "watching briefs" on their own behalf, and keep a careful eye on the operations of possible competitors. We claim to be sufficiently acquainted with the Party at large, which is not the hole-and-corner affair these competitive cliques imagine, to be able to warn eminent persons that the leadership is not in the gift of any faction, nor will it fall into the lap of the over-astute, the excessively brilliant, or the mere time-server, with his ear glued to the ground. Rather will it go to the man who takes his political life in both hands, and regardless of the frowns of his friends, the scowls of his colleagues, the buckets of cold water of leading journals, and the sneers of superior persons, gives the country the lead which has so long been lacking. The opportunity is golden. Where is the man?

We cannot deluge our readers with further speeches, as we have already devoted an excessive amount of space to describing the tone and temper of the House of Lords when they last met. Peers, like other people, are a variable quantity, and the atmosphere of the Upper House in the month of July will show a great improvement on the May panic, and the majority will be found prepared to do their duty, not merely by proposing amendments, but by insisting on amendments to the Parliament Bill which will preserve Double-Chamber Government in this country, and prevent measures from being passed behind the backs and against the will of the people. Sooner than surrender this fundamental position they would prefer a large creation of Peers, though such creation is a mere figment of apprehensive imagination. It is part of the great Radical bluff by which Ministers have imposed on their Unionist friends. We are now beginning to see things as they really are. Even on the childish hypothesis of a large creation, the number required to place the Parliament Bill on the Statute Book would not be 500, but 250 at the outside, which would not bring Home Rule one inch nearer than would the passing of the Parliament Bill without a creation. So we should not hasten Home Rule by a single day by challenging the Radicals to do their worst, and Unionists would remain clear of all complicity for an iniquitous Act, and as the Jacobin tyranny developed we should regain the confidence of the country, which would turn to the Party that had fought to the last on behalf of the Democracy against the Demagogues—but never to the Party that had sold the pass. Another set of poltroons pretend that they want to surrender to the Coalition in the supposed interests of the Crown. We would invite these shirkers to specify any single instance in the history of any country when a dynasty has gained by the cowardice of its supporters. We shall next be told that Mr. Ure hit the nail on the head in his recent insult to the Peeresses (effectively commented on by the *Saturday Review*, June 10), when he told an audience at Dereham that the Peeresses were passing the Parliament Bill and taking good care that the backwoodsmen should not upset the cart, because they did not wish to have in their midst a large "infusion of highly respectable people who were not at present of their set." It was worthy of the Lord Cadvocate.

Delusion

Postscript

As we go to press the situation is hourly improving, and the Radicals are suffering from an acute attack of the blues. The apparent success of their bluff a few weeks ago has been their undoing. The Unionist panic is over, and has proved a blessing in disguise. The boot is now on the other leg. The Radicals feel they have been swindled by their leaders, as indeed they have, and are terrified at the prospects of another General Election conducted on the principle "heads I lose, tails I don't win"—all the more odious now that the *douceur* of £400 a year is attached to their seats—so different from their treatment of sweated doctors, sweated women, and other classes of the community. On our side, many politicians who were on the scuttle are ashamed of themselves for their momentary weakness, and allowance can be made for overworked men enfeebled by prolonged strain, while it must always be remembered that Lord Lansdowne was never intended to be a White Flagger, though he occasionally listens to disastrous advice from one or other member of the Committee running our Party in the absence of pronounced leadership. Lord Lansdowne has put down an amendment which knocks the bottom out of the Parliament Bill. So long as it is knocked out the precise line of attack is immaterial; provided it be concentrated and intelligible to the people whose liberties are endangered by every clause of the Parliament Bill, and, needless to say, pressed to the bitter end—a General Election. There is no room for compromise; there can be no further negotiations; there can be no turning back. The White Flaggers have had their day and brought the Unionist Party to the brink of destruction. "No surrender" is our battle-cry, and the Peers must see to it that no malign influences from "another place" are allowed to enfeeble their action. It is "up to them" to destroy the Demagogues. In the Commons one significant and satisfactory change has taken place. Lord Balcarres has become Chief Whip—an important step in the right direction. Some of the old gang are disappearing. The load of depression is being transferred from Unionist members to their opponents. The issue is no longer "Peers *v.* People" but "Demagogues *v.* Democracy."

GEORGE V. OR ASQUITH I.?

"The tumult and the shouting dies; the Captains and the Kings depart"; and that section of the British people which inhabits the British Isles is called upon to turn from the contemplation of the noblest, most ancient, and most splendid of historic and religious rites to the squalid and miserable intrigue the aim of which is the destruction of its political integrity and of its thousand-year old constitution. If hat intrigue succeeds there will never be another Coronation. Of the three estates of the realm, King, Peers, and Commons, the first two, according to the Radical plan, are to perish and become the mere puppets of the third, or rather of the little clique of politicians and adventurers who have obtained a temporary ascendency by dexterous use of the demagogues' most degrading arts. The Sovereign whose coronation has been celebrated with such admiration and respect is to be compelled to betray the Peers who rendered him homage. He is to be made to take from them by a *coup d'état* the powers which are essential for the safety of the commonwealth and the prosperity of the people, in order that an unrestrained single chamber may reign supreme under the arch-demagogue of the hour. We are to parody the constitutions of Costa Rica and Nicaragua. Instead of the legitimate rule of George V., the people of England are to set up Asquith I. as despot, a despot uncontrolled and irresponsible. The Radical party already treat their King with an impertinence which can scarcely be paralleled from the dismal annals of the French Revolution, as can be seen from this illuminating passage by a Radical journalist in the Radical *Contemporary Review* for June:

The moment the result of the General Election was declared the King recognised his position. Another dissolution was out of the question. The Opposition could not furnish him an alternative Cabinet that could face the

House of Commons for a single day. Not the overbearing arrogance of a usurping Minister, but the abject and hopeless impotence of the Opposition reduced the King to the position of *an obedient automaton in the hands of Mr. Asquith.* That he did not like the position may be taken for granted; but there was no help for it. And to do the King justice, whether he liked it or disliked it, he never allowed his personal feelings to appear either in public or private.

After the insolent assumption that Mr. Asquith controls the "obedient automaton," after the patronising reference to the really excellent behaviour of that "automaton," follows this amazing passage: "As for King George, he has no doubts. He knows his duty, and for him to know is to do it." His duty is to do what Mr. Asquith says, what *Reynolds's Newspaper* says, and what Mr. Harold Spender, of the *Contemporary Review,* says. That we should come to this have forty-seven generations of the House of Cerdic given Kings and Queens to sit on the British throne.

Under that great procession of famous Sovereigns and largely by reason of their surpassing qualities as leaders, as soldiers, as statesmen, as patriots, a petty tribe of West Saxons has expanded first to primacy in England; then to primacy in the British Isles; finally, to a position of world-power approached by no Empire in the past. With a remoter past which is lost in the mist of tradition and mythology, for fourteen hundred years this dynasty has handed down the sovereignty from ancestor to descendant till its very continuity, "resting on no mere casual mandate of the polls and implying no party triumph, seems, when contrasted with the temporary passing of Presidents and Premiers, a temporal adumbration of God's unchanging dominion." It is English, British in a deeper and truer sense than any passing government can be, because it is above party —the incarnation of our immortal past, the embodiment in personal form of our aspirations and hopes, the centre and object of our undying loyalty. The men who would lift up temerarious hands against such an institution are traitors to all that Britain and Greater Britain honour and hold dear.

Commanding though the status of the Crown was in the remoter past, its position has grown imperceptibly but immeasurably with the growth of the Empire. The Sovereign has gradually become the sole bond of union between Great Britain

and India and Greater Britain beyond the seas. The self-governing peoples of the Dominions have never recognised the authority of the British Parliament. They have never denied that of the British King. Even in the days of the American War, the thirteen colonies rebelled rather against the dominance of the House of Commons than against the sovereignty of George III. Though Mr. Redmond for his own purposes may to-day pretend that the British Parliament can impose its decisions on the Dominion Parliaments, every one knows that he grossly misrepresents the facts. The British Parliament has no such power, and, if it had, it dare not use it. There is no Imperial Parliament; the phrase is a pretentious misnomer. What binds the self-governing states of the Empire together is their personal allegiance to this most ancient and most royal dynasty in the world.

The living representative of that dynasty is, then, not merely the trustee of the British people in the United Kingdom, charged with the solemn duty of preventing any sacrifice of their future to the present ambitions and cupidities of a handful of politicians. He is also responsible to the peoples of the Dominions and their hereafter. The relative importance of Great Britain and of the parochial squabbles of the United Kingdom is declining with each coronation, with each decade. At the accession of Queen Victoria there were not a million white citizens in Britain beyond the sea, to the population of twenty-six millions in the British Isles. By King Edward's accession, a great transformation had taken place; the Empire could show ten million white citizens to the forty-two of the British Isles. In King George's first year the Dominions possess fifteen million white citizens to the forty-five millions in the British Isles. In seventy years their population has risen from one-twenty-sixth of that of the British Isles to one-third of it. Another generation will see a white population in the Dominions exceeding that in the Motherland.

A Sovereign who stands in such a position, who is trustee not merely for Britain but also for Greater Britain, cannot be made "the automaton" of a single party in a single one of the States of the Empire without inflicting a tremendous blow on the Empire of which he is the personal head and keystone. But

by the Radical Press and the Radical party George V. is now being addressed, admonished, and treated as though he were only the King of Great Britain, or indeed "walking delegate" of the Radical camarilla. It is being ignorantly and insultingly assumed, as we have seen, that he has no will of his own and no reponsibility to posterity and the British Empire; and this though the solemn adjuration of the Coronation service, "Be strong and play the man," is still ringing in the ears of all. The King is to be called upon to name 500 "sweeps" to the Peerage, to vote away the ancient rights of the House of Lords. He is to submit to this summons. And Radical journals are already printing scandalous lists of persons who are to make themselves the accomplices of this outrage on their Sovereign.

We assume that the Lords will not capitulate before the demands of the Government, and that they will refuse to accept the Parliament Bill as it stands. Any other course on their part is unthinkable. They have already given proof of their eagerness for sound and honest reform by passing the second reading of the Reconstitution Bill. Whatever our opinion of that measure, it removes all the abuses of which the Radical party have made such play. It abolishes heredity; it gives England a second chamber equal or superior in calibre to any that exist abroad, though not superior, except in the absence of imaginary abuses, to the present House of Lords, which Sir Wilfrid Laurier, a perfectly dispassionate critic, only five years ago pronounced the "best second chamber in the world." Its only fault is that it weakens unduly the delaying and revising power which a good second chamber should possess. But the Parliament Bill as it stands, unamended, destroys all revising power and leaves the House of Lords a mere house of wax-works. That Lord Rosebery should have advised his fellow peers to pass it is the surest argument for rejecting it. His Lordship is a proverbially bad counsellor, steadfast only in one policy, that of running away the moment fire is opened. You cannot win in this world without combat. If the House is to perish, let it at least go down fighting, and not be allured by any sophistries into raising the white flag. Better death than dishonour. Death, at least, compels the respect of men, while surrender inspires nothing but contempt and detestation.

For let it be clearly understood what the Parliament Bill

implies. It hands over the United Kingdom to the tyranny of a single party, of a single person, Mr. Asquith. Any measure can be passed after brief delay by a majority of a single vote in a single House of Commons. There will be no check upon that majority but armed rebellion. All the machinery for ensuring government by discussion and reason will be swept away. It will not only be the House of Lords that will perish, if this calamitous Bill is accepted, but the integrity of our country and democracy and Parliamentarism itself. The Commons will at the outset have to wait two years before their decrees can become law. But there is nothing whatever to prevent them from getting rid of this provision, when once the so-called veto of the Lords has been destroyed. There is nothing whatever to prevent them from prolonging their term of existence indefinitely, as the Long Parliament did. There is nothing whatever to *prevent them from jerrymandering the constituencies* and remodelling the franchise in such a manner as to render the ascendency of the Radical faction perennial—indeed such a Bill is to be passed this year. There is nothing whatever to prevent them from dipping their hands in the public purse more freely than they have done. Those who heard the wild Radical cheers which greeted Mr. Lloyd George's reference in his Budget speech to the £1500 a year paid to members of a certain foreign parliament may rest assured that the demagogues will not wait long before "helping themselves" on a far more handsome scale than £400 a year. There is nothing whatever to prevent them from taxing to extinction any industry or class that happens to attract their animosity. They have already ruined the licensed trade; to-morrow it may be the turn of the butcher, or the ginger-beer seller, or even the cocoa magnate. They have loaded the land with imposts; to-morrow they may decide first to rob and then to steal the railways. They have already raided the sinking fund; to-morrow they may destroy it altogether. They may, following Mr. Winston Churchill's noble lead, come to the conclusion that an independent judiciary is no longer required; the surrender of the House of Lords would enable them to make of the judges Radical officials, answerable to the majority in the Commons and puppets of that majority. There is nothing to prevent their dismembering this country and restoring the Heptarchy. There is nothing to prevent them

from abolishing the Crown itself and dividing its revenues among Ministers. Before we could concert resistance we might find our more than millenary Monarchy gone and with it the Empire, and a disorderly, predatory, miserable half-dozen republics established in what was once the United Kingdom.

The peril that menaces our country is all the graver because men in their optimism are apt to disregard any but the immediate issues. At the first beginning of the French Revolution who dreamt of the Terror, of the dreadful revolutionary tribunal, of the incessant crashing of the guillotine? Yet when once the balance in the State was destroyed, these disastrous consequences followed as effect from cause. Even if the majority holds its hand awhile, there is immense danger to a people who live by industry and depend on their trade and manufactures for sustenance, from instability in the body politic. Commerce and industry cannot flourish when no one can foretell the future, when revolutions may be accomplished without notice, when the taxes may be raised to any level, when contracts may be shamelessly repudiated. Well was it said by the greatest statesman of the nineteenth century that

A State, the control of which lies in the hands of the greedy of the *novarum rerum cupidi*, and of orators, who have in a higher degree than others the capacity for deceiving the unreasoning masses, will constantly be doomed to a restlessness of development, which so ponderous a mass as the commonwealth of a state cannot follow without injury to its organism. Ponderous masses, and among these the life and development of great nations must be reckoned, can only move with caution, since the road on which they travel to an unknown future has no smooth iron rails. . . . It is in the interests of the great mass itself to wish decisions to take place without dangerous acceleration of the coach of state and without its destruction.

Ministers are stirring forces which they will not be able to restrain, and which will destroy them also after they have destroyed the constitution and prosperity of their country, as surely as Kronos devoured his children.

There is no popular demand for the Parliament Bill. There is not the faintest enthusiasm for it outside the Radical clubs and coteries of wire-pullers. The nation is watching with complete apathy the tactics of the majority which it has placed in power, for the simple reason that it does not clearly understand what they are doing. But the revolutionaries may be reminded that voters who look on indifferent while one chamber

is pulled down in ruin, will probably show equal indifference when the strong man destroys the other chamber, and some Cromwell or Napoleon clears out with the bayonet the assembly of interested attorneys, Socialist cranks, and political agitators which is usurping power. No one can pretend that the House of Commons is popular or commands public sympathy. Face to face with the Crown, its prestige is steadily shrinking, with the deterioration in its personnel, with the manifold signs of its venality, and with the steady development of that odious creature, the professional politician, in the ranks of its members.

For the driving force behind the Parliament Bill we cannot then look to public opinion. It is not some irresistible cry of the British people that Mr. Asquith is humbly obeying in his rôle of wrecker. No; the stimulus comes from Mr. Redmond, who controls seventy votes, and can at any moment place Mr. Asquith in a minority. With Mr. Redmond it depends whether Mr. Asquith and his colleagues shall draw their £5000 a year, or it may be salaries yet larger and more in accordance with their Imperial ideas of their merits. Mr. Redmond is the potentate to whom these gentlemen must bow. They who treat the King —our King—as their "automaton" are themselves the ignoble "automata" of Mr. Redmond. As Tammany Hall is ruled with iron hand by a boss, so this Tammany Hall Government must grovel before the Tipperary Dictator. Mr. Redmond wants Home Rule, as a means of drawing salaries for his patriots and dividing up amongst them the spoil of Protestant Ireland. He knows that no Home Rule Bill of the kind that he needs would for one moment be sanctioned by the British electorate. He knows that any imaginable second chamber would compel the reference of any conceivable Home Rule Bill to the country. Consequently he has issued orders not only that the "veto" of the House of Lords shall be destroyed, but also that no efficient second chamber shall be set up in place of that House. He imposed his own "veto" on Mr. Asquith's timid suggestion of the referendum as a means of deciding between the Houses, and Mr. Asquith meekly obeyed. He imposed a second "veto" on the preamble of the Parliament Bill, which declared for the reconstitution of the second chamber, and Sir Edward Grey and other Ministers swallowed their brave words and ran away like rabbits. The end, aim, and purpose of the Parliament Bill,

then, is the disintegration of the United Kingdom, and the establishment of an independent Parliament on College Green, to give Mr. Redmond and his followers places in an Irish Government.

The Irish people are not behind this Bill. Their enthusiasm for Home Rule has singularly abated. Unless Mr. Redmond can obtain what he asks with brazen effrontery, the grant of some £350,000,000 at England's expense—a demand so preposterous that only an Irish politician with no sense of humour could put it forward—the Irish Parliament will be bankrupt from the outset. If bidden to choose between Old Age Pensions and Home Rule, there is no doubt as to what the answer of the Irish constituencies would be. If invited to pay double the present taxes for the sole benefit of Mr. Redmond and his crew of American-subventioned politicians, the Irish small-holder would decline with thanks and prefer the present situation, under which he can treat the English taxpayer as his inexhaustible milch-cow. Mr. Dillon, in a moment of injudicious candour, revealed the truth. The Home Rule agitation and Mr. Redmond's party depend on foreign gold. "The Nationalist cause in Ireland," he said, "could not live for one six months if it was deprived of the support of the Irish nation across the Atlantic." And this though the Irish people have some sixty millions on deposit in the Irish banks, though they spend some thirteen millions a year on whiskey, three millions on tobacco, and unknown millions on horse-racing. The Irish party in the House of Commons has to beg "good American dollars" for its propaganda from the United States. It can get little or nothing at home; and it is naturally at the beck and call of those who collect the dollars. Now the chief collector is a certain Mr. Patrick Ford, "the grand old veteran," to quote Mr. Redmond, "who, through his newspaper, the *Irish World*, has done more for the last thirty or forty years for Ireland than almost any man alive." Mr. Ford is the manipulator who pulls the strings of the Irish party. Mr. Redmond may compel Mr. Asquith to caper to his tune; but he has himself to dance to Mr. Ford's music. We have, then, this situation. Mr. Ford has reduced Mr. Redmond to the position of an "obedient automaton"; Mr. Redmond, in turn, has reduced Mr. Asquith to the position

of an "obedient automaton"; and our Radical writers tell us that Mr. Asquith has now reduced King George V. to the position of an "obedient automaton." So that it is in the last resort at Mr. Ford's order that the King of Great Britain and of the Dominions is to be insulted.

This Mr. Ford is a homicidal maniac with a special grudge against the British Empire. He is the man who advocated the use of dynamite, and collected funds for the infamous O'Donovan Rossa and the gang of dynamiters that attempted in the eighties of last century to lay London in ruins and only failed through sheer cowardice. He is the man who wrote, "I believe England ought to be plagued with all the plagues of Egypt"; who prayed, "may God send Ireland more men with hearts like Joe Brady" (one of the Phœnix Park assassins). This is the engaging personality who is engineering the attack upon the King and the House of Lords and compelling Mr. Asquith to play so pitiful and disgraceful a rôle. Never before has a British Premier sunk to this depth of dishonour, that he should propose, at the order of a common foreign criminal, to offer constraint to his Sovereign, or that his own followers should believe him capable of such a dereliction both of loyalty and duty.

Preposterous is the only phrase which adequately describes the suggestion that Mr. Asquith, at the dictate of Mr. Patrick Ford, can dare to order his Sovereign to create 500 "sweeps" as peers. The Radical writers who count so confidently on such an order and their King's compliance with it are displaying a more than Radical silliness. They can show no overwhelming majority of the nation on their side. For what are the conditions? The Radical party obtained office by falsehood raised to the highest power. Chinese "slavery," "black bread," and odious appeals to class hatred were the means by which it deluded the people. At the last election its majority, including Labour and Irish members, shrank to 124 in the House of Commons; though if seats went in proportion to votes the majority would be only thirty-eight. To obtain even this majority of thirty-eight Radical misrepresentations of fact were so scandalous that the *Westminster Gazette* entered a hypocritical protest —after the lies had been successfully told and the victory had

been won—against the misguided persons who used mendacity too freely. "Protection means driving the people to offal and black bread," one of Mr. George's gems, was the kind of argument by which a majority was secured. The Peers were shamelessly traduced, and Mr. Churchill, lolling at Woodstock, devised in his cousin's house disgraceful "posters" misrepresenting the order from which he boasts of having sprung. No falsehood was too base or mean to serve. The country was treated to a carnival of mendacity, and even the Almighty was enlisted against the House of Lords by that very Mr. Silvester Horne, whose brother has now been ignobly jobbed into a fat place by the Government.

As the Radical party obtained office by falsehood, so in office it has been untrue to all its promises and professions and to the deepest national interests. It pledged itself to economy and to the restoration of the national credit. Its "economy" has been to raise national expenditure from 122 millions (excluding the national debt charge) to 157 millions, an increase of taxation in six years of thirty-five millions, of which national defence only accounts for nine millions. And in the future there is the certain prospect of an addition of twenty millions to this gigantic expenditure, to meet the cost of the Insurance Bill, which Mr. George has so grotesquely under-estimated. While spending the taxpayer's money with both hands, the Government has raised the salaries of a number of minor Ministers to £5000 a year. It is handing out £250,000 of the hard-earned income of the people to the House of Commons. It has created jobs on a scale never imagined before, and the whole country is being overrun with commissioners, valuers, deputy-valuers, inspectors, sub-inspectors, deputy-inspectors, registrars, sub-registrars, and other bureaucrats, till the day is near at hand in which the late Lord Salisbury's dream will be fulfilled, and there will be more officials and inspectors than workers to inspect. Enormous sums are being filched from the people for the pay of this horde of bureaucrats, the vast majority of whom have been created to provide the Radical party with places. The spoils system is already at work; yet the people who have introduced it in this country for their own emolument and advantage have the audacity to prate to us of their disinterestedness and purity.

The Radical plan of restoring the national credit has been to reduce by four millions the sinking fund, with the result that Consols have fallen from 91, when the present Government took office, to 80 to-day, in a time of profound peace and cheap money. Ministers talk of seventy millions of national debt which they claim to have repaid—though the claim has not yet been made good. But if they have paid off seventy millions of debt involving a burden for interest of two millions a year, they have imposed fresh gigantic liabilities of twenty-six millions a year, apart from the outlay on national defence, or the equivalent of a debt of £1,000,000,000. And this is without making any allowance for National Insurance, the cost of which will be twenty millions to the State and ratepayer, or the equivalent of yet a fresh debt of £800,000,000. No wonder that British securities continue their downward course. The practical results of such insane finance have been shown in the failure of the Birkbeck Bank, which has brought loss to thousands of humble depositors. But what does the Radical party care for the small investor? What is the small investor's vote worth to Mr. George in his schemes of wholesale bribery and corruption?

In national affairs, the Radical party was pledged to maintain the supremacy of the Navy. How has it maintained that supremacy? The armoured ships laid down for the British Navy during the Radical administration number only twenty-six against twenty-two laid down for the German Navy, ten for the United States, seven for Austria, six for Italy, nine for Japan, and ten for France. In addition, two ships have been built by the Dominions, but these cannot be counted for European service. The nation is confronted by the certainty that in 1914 the Powers of the Triple Alliance will possess a stronger fleet of "Dreadnoughts" ready for sea (thirty) than the British Navy in European waters (twenty-nine). The naval supremacy, which was our sword and shield in the past, is as good as gone already. Six short years of Radical rule have destroyed the fruits of generations of effort and self-sacrifice. The British Navy has been betrayed; its strength relatively to its possible antagonists is steadily declining. With docks it is worse off than with ships; Germany is incomparably better equipped on the

North Sea than Britain. As if this state of affairs were not lamentable enough, the British Government has made itself the accomplice of Continental Governments in menacing, by the Declaration of London, the food-supply of our people in time of war. It has also given in sheer lightness of heart the smallest Power the right to destroy British shipping when that Power finds itself at war.

With the army as with the Navy, only worse. The gigantic sham which Lord Haldane created amidst so much blowing of trumpets is collapsing. The Territorial Army is short of recruits and 50,000 officers and men below its established strength, and there is no likelihood of its obtaining them. But your Radical neither cares nor lifts a finger. What is the Empire to him? The regular Army has been reduced by more than 22,000 men at a time when the Continental Powers are increasing their armaments. The development of aircraft has been systematically neglected, and the funds which might have given the nation the aeroplanes and dirigibles that it needs for defence in war have been diverted to bribe the Labour members and the House of Commons with "spending money." In a world which is armed to the teeth Britain remains half armed, with a fraction of her population trained to military service. Not content with cutting down the British Army at home, Ministers now propose to wreck the Indian Native Army by disbanding whole regiments to save money. They have repeated every one of the ghastly blunders of M. Ollivier's Ministry on the eve of the Franco-German War in France. He, too, was so convinced that perennial peace would reign that he disarmed, with the result that France was attacked and defeated by Germany. That act of supreme folly cost France 600 millions of money and 100,000 lives. Pray heaven we may not have to pay a far higher price for Mr. Asquith's invertebrate pacifism.

In Imperial affairs, we have the British Government deliberately encouraging Canada to conclude a reciprocity treaty with the United States, the first effect of which will be to injure British trade by reducing the preference accorded by the Dominion to British goods, and the ultimate effect of which, according to Mr. Taft, who should know, will be to prevent any future realisation of closer fiscal union between the Motherland and

the Dominions, and so to deal a heavy blow at Imperial unity. We have Mr. Bryce, the British Ambassador at Washington, aiding and supporting the American Government in the negotiations, with the one and only aim of injuring the campaign for preference. Greater treachery to the Empire has never been committed. To complete the dismal record, which opened with the Government's "banging, barring, and bolting the door" to Preference at the Imperial Conference of 1907, we have it stifling the Imperial Conference of 1911. A mandarin of the conventional type, without originality, courage, and imagination, whose only virtue is that he is the son of a father who "hated Imperialism," has been set in Mr. Chamberlain's place, worthy successor to that weak pedant, Lord Elgin. Under his feeble guidance the tide of patriotism has ebbed. The states of the Empire, amidst Radical talk of "silken bonds of sentiment," are surely drifting apart. All the work of patient years is being undone, and the historian, when he comes to write the tragic story of the Decline and Fall of the British Empire, will point to Mr. Lewis Harcourt as one of the chief agents in his country's humiliation. For even the most mediocre intellect can destroy Empires, though it takes genius and heroism to build them up.

In domestic affairs we have Mr. Winston Churchill giving us just such an example of Tammany methods as we should expect from an American ward politician. His efficiency as an administrator is revealed by the chaos at Tonypandy, where through sheer moral cowardice he has rendered rioting and assaults of the police endemic. His affection for justice is illustrated by his incessant attacks on the bench of Judges and by the scandalous pranks that he has played in the attempt to obtain the votes of the criminal classes. The "old shepherd" will not speedily be forgotten, or his disgraceful use of the just and reasonable punishment of an habitual criminal to stir up class hatred against the well-to-do. The Houndsditch murders must be in large part laid at his door, for he it was who, in 1904-5, prevented an effective Aliens Act by obstructing the Unionist Government at every point. To secure votes in North-West Manchester, which presently unkindly rejected him, he was ready to promise heaven and earth to a little gang of alien Jews and to use his influence with that weak and unscrupulous

politician, Lord Gladstone. Mr. Churchill is doubly dangerous in that he is a bitter, bad-tempered man. He is a revengeful man who seeks to revenge himself by ruining his political opponents. He is cast for the part of Marat in a future revolutionary government, and be it noted that he was the first Minister who had the insolence to drag the Sovereign into the quarrel of the Radical party by an impertinent speech in the House of Commons. Compared with him Mr. George is a genial and delightful character.

Mr. George's capacity, whether as a financier or as a statesman, has been illustrated by his Insurance Bill, which would be better described as a Bill to bribe Radical voters at the doctors' and the taxpayers' expense. There is an inexhaustible wealth of cant about the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or else he, a politician drawing the ample salary of £5000 a year, would never have dared to accuse the hard-worked and miserably paid doctors of meanness for rebelling against his proposal that they shall henceforth receive from a class of well-to-do patient the princely emolument of one penny a week. It is not, as he pretends, a question of providing the very poorest with medical attendance. The very poorest in the past have been served by the doctors with a splendid charity and Christian mercy which put Mr. Lloyd George to shame. They will in the future for the most part be outside the provisions of the Insurance Bill, as are widows and orphans. The question at issue is whether the artisan or small tradesman earning from £2 to £3 a week shall pay a fair price for medical attendance or shall "sweat" the doctor with the Chancellor of the Exchequer's help. Not philanthropy but the wish to catch votes is behind the Bill, as can be seen from the treatment of women, and especially of domestic servants. They have no votes, and so they are to be made to pay to confer "benefits"—which they are not permitted to share—on Radical electors. The calculations on which the Bill is based are worthy of a promoter of wild-cat companies. Though nowhere is it more necessary to proceed with extreme caution than in the field of insurance, where a trifling error may bring gigantic losses, Mr. Lloyd George insisted on his actuaries taking the figures of an obsolete census, and directed them to act upon palpably inaccurate presumptions—as that medical attendance could be secured for four shillings a year,

and that the sickness rate would not exceed by more than ten per cent. that of a certain Friendly Society. The result is that the actuarial estimates are worthless. The State in the near future will be confronted with the disastrous awakening which has already befallen many of the commercial companies that ventured into Employers' Liability Insurance, but with this additional risk, that whereas those companies framed their estimates on the basis of all the existing material and took all the dangers that could be foreseen into account, Mr. George in his finance has deliberately shut his eyes to unwelcome facts. Just as Mr. Asquith under-estimated the cost of Old Age Pensions, placing it at six millions instead of twelve millions; so Mr. George, in the opinion of experts, is incurring an expenditure which will be nearer twenty millions than the seven millions at which he places it. He is laying an enormous burden on the taxpayer of ten years hence, and speculating wildly on the hope that it may be possible to cut down the outlay on the Navy. Bankruptcy or the surrender of its position at sea are the alternatives with which this negligent and incompetent trustee is confronting the nation.

In foreign relations, the system of ententes which the Unionist party and King Edward VII. created is being slowly dissolved by the palsied hand of Sir Edward Grey, that "lath painted to look like iron." A Government which professes its willingness to surrender national rights at the dictation of foreign tribunals in order to shirk the arbitrament of the sword, and which weakens the national defences, and proclaims its affection for peace at any price, can expect to inspire no admiration or sympathy in the world. Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden, under our very eyes, are being slowly forced into the German net. Russia, by the mysterious Potsdam agreement, has been neutralised by German diplomacy. Sir Edward Grey's iron determination in 1908 to call a congress to deal with the Treaty of Berlin was speedily baffled by the resistance of Germany and Austria. That proved the man. Congresses are the habitual resort of weak and uncertain politicians. It was the favourite device of Napoleon III. when in doubt to call a congress, in the hope that it would make up his mind for him. Sir E. Grey is as uncertain in council and execution as that unhappy French Emperor. His only other contributions to British foreign policy

have been the disgraceful Declaration of London and the absurd arbitration treaty with the United States. He forgets that words cannot affect international relations. There force, and strong personality using that force, reign supreme. But Sir Edward Grey, far from providing the force required, has been the meek accomplice of the Radical party in lowering his country's fighting strength, in reducing its Navy, in weakening its Army, in trusting to treaties instead of to British hearts and hands. After six years of this policy never did the prestige of Britain stand lower. Never was her influence less in the councils of the world.

In India, in Egypt, Radical weakness and incapacity to enforce the law have engendered disorder and rebellion where before there was peace. No man can foretell the future in India; we seem to stand upon the eve of a much graver and greater insurrection than the Indian Mutiny, and this at a time when our entire strength will be taxed to hold our own in Europe. It has often been said that, had Napoleon III. been hostile in 1857, India must have been lost. To-day, Britain is faced in Europe by a far more formidable power than Napoleon III.'s, far better armed, far better organised, with a naval strength incontestably greater than his, and a system of alliances, such as he never possessed, which enables it to strike with deadly effect in the south of Europe against the British communications with India.

But the most discreditable figure, after all, in the Radical camarilla is the Premier, who hides and palliates its excesses, and who is content to be the instrument of a foreign party in destroying the life-work of Pitt and doing violence to his Sovereign. For of Mr. Asquith it can be said without fear of dispute that he sees and knows the better part, yet has chosen through sheer weakness of backbone the worse and more degrading. A true and patriotic statesman would never have unchained the passions of his party or given the extremists their head or sacrificed his King to personal ambition in his desire for the supreme power which he is absolutely unfitted to exercise. Whether we class him among the demagogues, the dupes, or the decoys, his position is equally dishonourable and inglorious. He is one of those "*Eversores Imperii*, destroyers of States, who for base and selfish ends seek to overturn wise constitutions," and who, as the reward of some immediate personal profit, inherit "the execration of the ages."

Such, then, are the persons who are seeking to compel King George V. to destroy the second chamber, as the preliminary to the enthronisation of Mr. Asquith and the dismemberment of the United Kingdom. Such is the record of their party. But their boasts that the King is their "obedient automaton" may be safely dismissed. The Sovereign is the arbiter between the two parties and cannot be the passive instrument of one in a plot against the nation. There is not the slightest foundation for their assertion that they have obtained the "guarantees," and if the Unionist party and its leaders are true to the call of duty, they never will obtain them. They are counting upon the weakness of Mr. Balfour and the Unionist leaders to enable them to carry through a game of "bluff." And it must sorrowfully be admitted that the demeanour of Mr. Balfour and those about him has been such as to give them every possible encouragement. Where the Unionists should have fought every inch of the ground they have retreated, hoisted the white flag, and surrendered. By weak, half-hearted resistance the spirit has been taken out of the Unionist rank and file. Mr. Balfour has not attempted to rouse the nation to the crime that is being committed. He has declared for the maintenance of the excessive powers which the House of Commons under the present Government has usurped. His long membership of that House, where he is treated with remarkable deference, has seemingly blinded him to its defects. He has discouraged the most strenuous and energetic of his followers. No firm, decided pronouncement that the people can understand has come from his lips. "Doubting, hesitating men, they are not fit for your work," said Cromwell in one of those lightning flashes of genius which illuminated his oratory. It is not a "doubting, hesitating" leader that we want in this hour of danger to our present and our future, but a general whose policy will be summed up in the famous order of the American general, "Let your watchword be fight, and let all your orders be fight, fight, fight." Limp leadership at such a time is treason not only to the party but also to the Sovereign.

For if the belief is encouraged that the Unionist party will surrender to mere "bounce." and threats, then the task of the Sovereign is rendered incomparably harder. If the Unionist leaders fail to point out day after day that the Radical party

are aiming at replacing the rule of George V. by the autocracy of Mr. Asquith and doing this to tear up the Union Jack at the order of a foreign accomplice of assassins; if they treat the plot as a mere humdrum incident in the political game, they open the door to the application of every kind of illicit pressure to the Sovereign. It is in their "abject impotence," after all, that the Radical journalists find the true cause of the King's supposed capitulation to the Government. They have allowed the Sovereign to be dragged into the dust and mire of the party conflict without so much as n indignant protest. If the country is apathetic, it is because they have been apathetic. What are we to think of a general who allows himself to be outmanœuvred as Mr. Balfour has been in the matter of the Insurance Bill? Mr. Balfour has agreed to restrict discussion of that measure, despite the fact that in its present form it is quite unworkable, and will need the most prolonged nd careful work in Committee if it is ever to be "licked into" practical form. His concession is at once utilised by the Radical party to force a Plural Voting Bill through Parliament, designed to exclude the Unionist party for ever from office, while maintaining the scandal of the over-representation of Ireland. It is feebleness of this kind which covers the Unionist party with ridicule and leads he electors to believe that it will always "sell the pass." Such half-hearted opposition, if continued, will accomplish what no Radical guile could achieve and convert the farce of the Parliament Bill into grim tragedy. Leaders who display no energy or spirit will arouse none. After all, when Bismarck gave the memorable advice to his King, at the crisis in the fate of Prussia: "Your Majesty is bound to fight. You cannot surrender. You must even at the price of bodily danger go forth to meet coercion," he was ready himself to fight with all his strength and even to face death upon the scaffold for what he believed to be right and true. We do not ask Mr. Balfour to face the headman's axe. But we do ask him to give the call for battle, and to give it with an energy and determination that will prove that he is in earnest. George V. or Asquith I.? Which shall it be, and where is the Englishman who is not on the side of his anointed King?

AN ENGLISHMAN.

A SOLDIER AND A POLITICIAN

Now that some months have elapsed since the appearance of Sir Ian Hamilton's book on Compulsory Service,* it may be worth while to review the position taken up by the author and Lord Haldane in the light of subsequent criticism.

It would not be worth while going over old ground were it not for the fact that some still regard it as the last word on the subject, and it therefore appears to justify an attitude of mind which constitutes a grave national danger.

It is of course not the author's fault that there is a certain air of the mutual admiration society about this pamphlet, because pamphlet it is. Lord Haldane obligingly informs us that the memorandum was written for his private information. Presumably therefore it was not written originally with a view to publication, and the author is to be congratulated on a purity and gracefulness of style almost excessive in the case of so limited an audience. The request of Lord Haldane that Sir Ian would produce his views was however evidently unexpected, for the latter prefaces his remarks by observing that he supposes the choice has fallen upon him owing to the fact that, as Adjutant-General, he has had opportunities of studying the problem at first hand. The picture of the astute Secretary for War revolving in his mind what person he should select to give him a real advertisement for the Voluntary System and the Territorial Army, and then in a moment of inspiration fixing upon the only General Officer in the British Army who professes to have any real faith in either, is so priceless that if the book had no

* *Compulsory Service.* By General Sir Ian Hamilton. John Murray. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Fallacies and Facts: An answer to "Compulsory Service." By Field Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C., K.G. John Murray. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

other merit, it would have been worth publishing on this score alone. It has however several other merits, and this little piece of humbug once over, we find a very interesting and carefully reasoned examination of many possible solutions of the military problem.

His objections to compulsory service are threefold. Firstly, its alleged moral inferiority to voluntary service; secondly, that the British people will not stand the conditions of life under such a system; thirdly, that it will not give us the forces we require for imperial and home defence.

With regard to the first objection, it is worth noting that in order to understand the disadvantages of universal service, we are recommended for evidence to a work of fiction entitled *Jena or Sedan*. One wonders what Sir Ian Hamilton would say if some exponent of compulsion were to recommend him to study *An Englishman's Home* or *The Great War of* 1910 as a serious argument on the other side. *Jena or Sedan* has perhaps greater literary merit and it was written, as he tells us, by a German officer of "high repute." Still, on the whole, we prefer General Von der Goltz, also an officer "of high repute," though we quite understand that Sir Ian does not gather much comfort from a study of such works as *The Conduct of War* and *The Nation in Arms*. It is curious that at a time when the authorities are constantly urging officers to study the works of continental authors on war, they never quote those authors in support of their own arguments. Works of fiction are infinitely preferable to those of Von der Goltz, General Bonnal or Admiral Mahan, or even our own serious thinkers on the subject, such as Colonel Callwell, Colonel Lonsdale Hale and Mr. Spenser Wilkinson.

Lord Haldane is perhaps better than some others in this respect, for he recommended us at the outset of his career as War Secretary to an excellent history, *The People's War in France* by Colonel Hale. He had perhaps not read it very carefully, for the inferences he drew from it were of the most astonishing nature. Still it was a real authority.

But Lord Haldane has however since become slipshod, for he quotes in his preface, as a serious argument against the possibility of an invasion of the British Isles, an article in the *Contemporary Review* written by an "expert seaman" who styles himself "Master Mariner." It would

be so much more impressive were we allowed to know the names of these writers of world-wide reputation whose modesty compels them to adopt a *nom de plume*, but whose evidence nevertheless we are to accept without demur on a question of life and death. "Master Mariner" being an expert seaman may or may not be right about the particular amount of tonnage required to transport a German Army to our shores, but unfortunately his name recalls memories of a really amazing article written in the summer of 1909 in the same Review wherein he emphatically stated and attempted to prove with great elaboration that the Dutch Naval Wars of the seventeenth century were a far better guide for us in dealing with the German danger than any that had occurred since. Not only this, but he laughed at the possibility of an English army ever having to fight on the continent, and devoted a good deal of sarcasm to Colonel Lonsdale Hale for paying any attention to the lessons of the Franco-German War and for wasting time in the study of German strategic railways.

Under these circumstances it is refreshing to hear that in the article quoted by Lord Haldane "Master Mariner" confines himself to the sea. It is eminently his province, but in view of his valuable comparison between a small maritime Republic nearly three hundred years ago and a great military Empire in the twentieth century, we may perhaps be excused for not treating his words as gospel.

But to return to our soldier. It is not surprising that Sir Ian Hamilton has to look to a foreign work of fiction, for the fact remains that no book, English or foreign, has yet been written in support of the voluntary system. "Compulsory service," he says, "tends to produce sealed-pattern citizens, backs straightened, chests broadened, clean, obedient, punctual, but, on the other hand, weakened in their individual initiative."

We are then treated to a sentimental paragraph in which the author says he wishes he could write an epic "entitled perhaps *Delhi or Dorking*, wherein the fortunes of a young recruit are traced from the day he enlisted—hungry, hopeless, unable to get the most poorly paid job—until as one of the new Veteran Reserve he is reviewed by his King, his broad chest glittering with medals, a silken hat on his head, and a pleasant sense of voluntarily performed duty in his heart." There is

he adds, another side to the picture, there is an occasional failure who sinks even lower than his starting-point, but still retains, one characteristic, that he is "always a King's man, always, with rarest exception, a preservative, not a disintegrating element in the population." Without staying to inquire whether the *evolution of a small percentage of the population into King's men, with* silken hats on their heads, and a sense of voluntarily performed duty in their hearts is worth as much as a system which instils the qualities of discipline and self-respect into the whole manhood of a nation, it is necessary to point out that the picture is hardly accurate. It is notorious that the voluntary system in England does not fit men for civil employment, and the greatest difficulty is found in obtaining work for discharged soldiers who, in the opinion of the great majority of employers, are not suitable by long military training for civil work. But even if this were not the case, it is no doubt a subject for congratulation that out of a large number of hungry, hopeless men, the majority are transformed into useful members of the community, but after all the Army is not a philanthropic institution, and to uphold the voluntary system on this score is, to put it mildly, placing the cart before the horse. The author says elsewhere that the good work the Army is doing in this respect is not realised. No doubt, but we might say the same of the Salvation Army. The British Army exists for the security of the British Empire, not in order to transform "hungry hobbledehoys" (Sir Ian's own expression) into respectable citizens.

But more than this, while regretting that Sir Ian has not sufficient leisure for this inspiring epic which as poet, author and soldier he is so well qualified to write, it is unfortunately evident that an element of humbug pervades the whole picture. For while we find this subject-matter for an epic portrayed in glowing terms on page 45, on page 106 we are treated to the voluntary system as it really is, stripped of resounding phrases. The description is illuminating. "The majority of eighteen to nineteen-year-old regular recruits enlist because they have just ceased to be boys and are unable to find regular employment as men. About four-fifths of them come to us because they cannot get a job at fifteen shillings a week." They are "hungry

hobbledehoys." "I know," he says, "that all this is not very glorious but it is true." "Some enlist because they are crossed in love, or have been thrilled by stories of heroes and battles, or by military music; some again because their fathers were old soldiers, but these all told are only one-fifth in the generality of infantry battalions." So that the voluntarily performed duty which gives the Veteran Reservist such a pleasant sense in his heart was really performed because he would have starved if he had not done it. So much for four-fifths. But with regard to the remaining fifth it will be noted that remarkably few join from any real love of soldiering. How many join from a sense of duty or from any desire to serve their country? How could they under such conditions? How many accept the idea of service to the State as it is accepted in continental countries? It is easy to talk of the burden of conscription, but will any one deny that the vast majority accept that service in a spirit infinitely higher than the British citizen in our author's description? Four-fifths starving and out of work, and the remainder from mixed motives of a most uninspiring kind! Elsewhere he speaks of "the stern clangour of the trumpet of duty summoning the British patriot to be paid through the nose." The British conscript, he tells us, would never stand having only one square meal a day like his German cousin. We have no reason to quarrel with his facts or his figures. He speaks with authority, but as a subject for an epic, this picture of the hungry hobbledeboy, who gets paid through the nose, who requires several square meals a day and eventually blossoms into a Veteran Reservist in a silken hat, is somehow lacking in the heroic element. As an agent for reclaiming "wasters" our Army is no doubt an admirable institution. It is this quality apparently which inspires our author's enthusiasm, so while he is about it, he might perhaps favour us with an epic on the Salvation Army or the Y.M.C.A., both dangerous competitors in this respect.

It must be obvious to any one who has thought seriously on the subject that the merits of a voluntary service army, and they are many, rest not in the fact that the service is voluntary, but that it is entered upon as a means of livelihood for a considerable number of years, and that the average man has

no other form of life in view at the time he enlists. Attention is drawn in the book to the necessity of voluntary service for a prolonged campaign and for operations in distant parts of the world. This is of course evident. It is quite true that with a conscript army we should have experienced considerable difficulty in the South African War. But his comparison of the spirit displayed by our army in South Africa and that of the Germans during the latter stages of the Franco-German War is absurd. Probably no war has entailed less hardship than that in South Africa. The conditions cannot be compared to those endured in the campaigns on the Lisaine and the Loire during the winter of 1870–71. But the fact that a voluntary army endures the strain of prolonged operations better than a conscript one has nothing to do with the voluntary nature of the service. If a man enlists because he is starving, he cares no more about fighting than does a conscript, probably far less, but he has engaged for five or seven or ten years, as the case may be, and he knows he must see that time out. For certain forms of warfare the professional long-service soldier is immeasurably superior from the mere fact that he is a professional. He possesses certain military virtues denied to the conscript; the latter always remains something of the amateur. These virtues have most emphatically nothing to do with the fact that the Service is voluntary; not one regular soldier in a thousand really does his duty any better because he is a volunteer. He does it because it is his profession, his horizon does not extend beyond it, and to imagine the soldier under the cold eye of the drill-sergeant encouraged by a sense of having voluntarily placed himself in that uncomfortable situation, is as absurd as that other picture of the old prig in the silken hat preening himself under the eye of his Sovereign on his voluntarily performed duty.

Even the statement that voluntary armies can endure the strain of war better than conscript ones must be taken with reserve. It is hardly borne out by history. The professional armies that came into being after Waterloo showed extremely little power of endurance. A country possessing a national army would never have succumbed as Austria did after Solferino or even after Sadowa, since its resources in men and material would still have been enormous. After all, when we put aside

sentiment, what is the verdict of history upon voluntary armies? Where have they proved superior to compulsory ones? The answer is, only in the imagination of the British public, which dearly loves phrases about liberty, and in the mouths of those who pander to its false ideals.

Of all the schemes examined by our author, two are in his opinion practicable, though one, that of the National Service League, involves unjustifiable expenditure, while the other though it involves a slight increase in the Army Estimates, is according to him objectionable on other grounds. This scheme is as follows: "A home defence Army to be raised on continental conscription lines. The existing Special Reserve and Territorial Force to be abolished. The present voluntary foreign-service Army to be reduced to a bare minimum by forming depots to replace linked battalions and by turning the Indian and Colonial garrisons into twenty-one years service pensionable forces. India, South Africa and the Colonies to pay the full cost of their British garrisons and also of the depots in this country necessary to maintain them."

He informs us previously, by referring to the experiences of continental nations, that it is extremely difficult to combine compulsory service for home defence with voluntary service for foreign or colonial requirements, the only nation that has solved the difficulty in any way satisfactorily being France, but that in that country special inducements are held out by reserving Government posts for old colonial soldiers, and that even so there are growing signs of the unpopularity of the service, and that the undesirability of the system is shown by the jealousy and bad feeling engendered between the Home and Colonial Forces. With regard to the formation of depots and the reduction of the Indian and Colonial Forces to the minimum, this step may be desirable, but there is no comparison between the problem as it exists in France and our own. The conditions of service of French Colonial troops at home are thus described by a French officer: "In naval ports the guard duties are extremely arduous, the troops are as a rule housed in bad quarters, many garrisons are deprived of all resources," and he adds, "that a state of things exists which can be found among no other European troops." As to the conditions of life in French colonies there

is of course no comparison to the comforts of life in India or our own Colonies. As to the bad feeling existing between the home and colonial services, there are a variety of reasons for this, none of which would apply to the scheme outlined above. It is largely because the officers and non-commissioned officers are on an entirely different establishment and footing to those at home, are not interchangeable, and the conditions of service are such that the contempt of the French Army at home for the colonial is not, as Sir Ian Hamilton asserts, unjustified. The inferiority of the Colonial Army Corps in France is so notorious that the possibility is being discussed of bringing home the XIXth Corps from Algeria in case of war with Germany, and replacing them by the Colonial troops at home, whose value for a European war is extremely doubtful. This problem and the possible hostile action of the Italian Navy in such an event is discussed at length in a book entitled *Armée, Marine, Colonies*, by Capitaine Sorb.

The analogy between the French problem and our own therefore breaks down in so far as the conditions of service are concerned, especially as we shall have a long-service army exclusively for India and the Colonies instead of a comparatively short-service army as in France, half of whom serve at home and are there relegated to the position of "maids of all work."

A further obstacle which will, we are told, militate against the successful working of the two systems side by side is the difficulty of inducing men to enlist for foreign service from the Home Army. This opinion is based on the fact that when a three years' system was introduced in 1902, there were not sufficient men who re-engaged to enable us to maintain our foreign garrisons. There is again no comparison between the conditions. In the first place, compulsory service once adopted, there will be an entirely different class of man in the ranks. It is a mistake to suppose that men actuated by love of adventure are satisfied with life in the Army under present conditions. It is just this class of man, thousands of whom the South African War brought to light, who cannot stand the restraint of life in barracks and would go abroad gladly, on the chance of active service, if they were compelled to enlist at all.

Also there is considerable difference between a system by

which men re-engage after three years of monotonous peace service, and a system by which men engage after one year for higher rates of pay in a totally different service where their future is absolutely assured. It may also be noted that in 1904, no less than 40 per cent. of the infantry did re-engage, and a far smaller proportion would be required under a depot system for a long-service army.

It would seem therefore that the balance of probability is against Sir Ian's assumption as to the general difficulties of combining voluntary and compulsory service in our case.

In speaking of a home-defence army he assumes that we shall require the same number as our present Territorial establishment, 315,000. To obtain this number on mobilisation we should require a peace strength of 123,000. He then adds that since, according to this scheme, the present Expeditionary Force is abolished, we must add another 100,000 to this number. In distinguishing however between a conscript home-defence army and an expeditionary force he displays confusion of thought. An army is intended to attack. Such forces as are needed for purely home defence can be provided for by a landwehr and landsturm on the German model. Among all the entirely false conceptions, this of an army of hundreds of thousands for purely passive defence is the most false. He admits himself that in a European war national sentiment will be aroused to such an extent that the country will be in favour of sending the Territorial Army abroad after they have had sufficient training. If this is the case there can be no feeling against the despatch of conscripts. His scheme will therefore give us 223,000 men at peace strength and a war establishment of about 580,000 men. And these are not for home defence or coast defence, but for an immediate offensive on the continent on the outbreak of war. But more than this, we are speaking of a force on continental conscription lines. What are those lines? In Germany this means two years with the colours, four in the active reserve, the remainder until the age of forty-five in the Landwehr and Landsturm. This system, even if considerably modified, would therefore give us an enormous reserve in the last resort for all purposes connected with purely home defence. This aspect of the case has apparently not occurred to our author.

Having cleared the ground of certain misconceptions, we will now examine the specific objections as he summarises them.

"The conscript expeditionary force would be inferior to our present expeditionary force for continental purposes, and would be useless, or nearly so, for Asiatic or African purposes."

It has been shown above that the conscript expeditionary force is a misleading term. The first line troops would be organised and trained for national war in exactly the same manner as those of continental nations. They would be an expeditionary force only in the sense that the first line troops of Germany or France are, and they would be employed in exactly the same manner for continental war. With regard to their alleged inferiority to the present expeditionary force for continental purposes, we can only say that he fails to prove his point. Are they inferior in numbers? The present expeditionary force is organised in six divisions. With the aid of an extra division scraped together somehow or other, we have lately been informed that it numbers 180,000 men. Nobody knows why it consists of this number, which though formidable on paper is not so in reality, for the Government has informed us that 80,000 is the maximum which can be sent abroad on the outbreak of war. According to the scheme proposed by Sir Ian we have 580,000 first line troops as opposed to 180,000. Of this 580,000 we will suppose, for the sake of argument, that we can only spare 300,000 for an immediate offensive on the continent. We still have 300,000 as against 80,000. But perhaps these 80,000 are so superior in quality that they are superior to 300,000 conscripts? He waxes indignant over those who affect to despise six divisions of British regulars. Nobody wishes to despise them, but this "striking force" is not six divisions, it is only a little more than three. Its superiority therefore perhaps rests in its qualities as a voluntary and professional army. Without going over old ground or again referring to his uncomplimentary remarks on its material, there are a few other considerations which deserve attention when discussing this question.

For this expeditionary force is to all intents and purposes only the British Regular Army at home organised in divisions for purposes of war with the necessary staffs. This is a great

step it is true, but it still remains the Regular Army, at home—whose first duty is to provide drafts for India and the Colonies. It is perpetually being drained of its best material for this object and it requires practically the whole of the Regular Reserve to bring it up to war strength. The battalions at home are a training-ground for the battalions abroad. The justification for the Army at home is the Army in India. If anybody wished to see the voluntary professional army system at its best, it is to India he would go and not to England. The Army in India is the true long-service, professional army, always at war strength, organised and equipped for instant war. It consists of men who have been trained together for long periods; the expeditionary force is composed partly of young soldiers who have never been abroad, partly of men who have passed several years in civil life, with a very small proportion of what Sir Ian Hamilton calls "veterans of thirty" still serving as soldiers. The Army at home lacks the homogeneous character of the Army in India or the first line troops of a continental power. This is indeed not surprising; a force whose objects are diverse and which has to provide for absolutely different objects cannot possess the qualities of one organised for one object alone. Clear thinking is absent from this conception of an expeditionary force. It is admitted by Sir Ian that a force enlisted for comparatively short service requires an equal number of troops at home to those abroad in order to keep the latter up to strength. Both France and England are cases in point. It may be remarked in passing that it is just because the French Colonial Army at home loses its best material that it is of such inferior quality. But if we require an equal number at home to maintain our garrisons abroad, the force at home cannot be in anything but name a "striking force" for continental purposes. The expeditionary force, which he calls our right arm, is in reality not one at all, the Army in India is our right arm, on which our best efforts are concentrated. It was the inability of the Home Army to provide an effective force for offensive purposes which led to Mr. Cardwell's reorganisation and formation of the reserve, a hybrid offspring of the professional and conscript army systems. As a means of tiding over a period of small wars it has been comparatively successful. Unfortunately

we are now faced with a danger which has not threatened us for a hundred years, and where makeshifts are of no avail.

There is surely something defective in an organisation which requires half its strength at home to maintain its foreign garrisons, and yet relies on those at home not only to defend these islands, but to act as a right arm on the Continent of Europe. A right arm cannot be effective if it has to perform two entirely different duties.

So far then as the numbers of the present expeditionary force are concerned, their inferiority to a conscript force is enormous, so far as their composition is concerned their superiority is, to say the least, doubtful. As regards readiness for war, in mobilisation arrangements, or in mobility in the field, even our author cannot urge that the comparison would be in favour of the present system. As regards mobility and readiness for instant war, the reduction of certain departmental services and the substitution of civilians for these purposes has resulted in extreme disorganisation of transport on the march as was seen in last year's manœuvres, the official annual remarks on those manœuvres bearing witness to a state of things which would seriously impair the efficiency of any army in the field; and the *Broad Arrow* has very pertinently remarked that it is not officers who are to blame for this, it is due to the fact that the substitution of civilian drivers for soldiers, excellent from the economic point of view, cannot succeed in a country whose inhabitants are not inured to habits of discipline.

On examination, it is hard to see on what the superiority of the present expeditionary force really depends and one is forced to the conclusion that this claim can only rest on the good old-fashioned maxim, "that one Englishman is equal to three foreigners."

Now, as regards the plea that the conscript force would be useless, or nearly so, for Asiatic and African purposes, we have seen that Sir Ian reduces the Colonial Army to the minimum, allowing of no reserve for small wars. Whether this would really be necessary is doubtful, but it may be granted for purposes of argument. We have seen that our proposed Army has a peace strength of 223,000. Is it extravagant to suppose that out of this number one can obtain ten, fifteen or even twenty thousand

men willing to pledge themselves to serve in any part of the world in case of emergency, organised as an expeditionary corps at higher rates of pay? It has been said by some that the era of small wars is over, and while this statement must be accepted with caution, it is true that we are now passing through a period where consolidation rather than conquest is our aim. It is true that there are possibilities however remote which must be taken into account, such as a Mohammedan rising on a large scale in North Africa, or even another Indian Mutiny. It is true that there are circumstances conceivable under which the proposed expeditionary corps would be inadequate, but if we take the worst possibility, a European war at the same time as a serious outbreak in India and Egypt which is, after all, not a remote supposition, there can be no question which system will best provide us with the means to cope with it. At present such a war, involving perhaps a time during which our supremacy at sea was not assured, would render our action ineffective both in the continent and in India. In such a case success will depend as it has always done upon victory in Europe. That is the decisive point. Even if for a time we had to leave our foreign garrisons to look after themselves, it would be an alternative infinitely preferable to failure to support our allies on the continent. Sir Ian Hamilton speaks of the undesirability of calling for volunteers from the Home Army for an Indian campaign. If in the cases we bave supposed such a step should be necessary, it would at any rate be better than the state of things experienced during the South African War.

The next objection is as follows: "Our long-service Overseas Army would be less effective in war than our present type of seven years colour-service Army. It would have no reserves to fall back upon for any serious campaign."

The question of reserves has already been dealt with. He does not explain why "a twenty-one years' service pensionable force" which we accept for purposes of argument, should be inferior to a seven years' one. It would, on the contrary, have all the advantages of the old professional armies at their best.

The next objection is that if we permit India and the Colonies to establish depots under their own jurisdiction, a certain weakening of central authority is bound to ensue. Whether this

would be the case or not we cannot tell, but the British Empire has now reached a stage of development where difficulties of this sort should not prove insuperable.

The last is that the number drawn by the ballot will be so small compared with the able-bodied male population that the conscript on whom the lot fell would feel a sense of hardship inasmuch as his was the exceptional rather than the common lot.

It is estimated that in England the number of men reaching the age of twenty is about 400,000 per annum, and that of these about 213,000 will be physically fit for service. In order to maintain a peace strength of 223,000, we should require, on the German analogy, about 100,000, or half the number available and about one-quarter of the total number liable to service. Let us compare this with the figures in Germany. In the year 1908 the total number of men belonging to the three classes liable to service was 1,198,189. Of these only 221,852 were enrolled in the Active Army. The men aged twenty only numbered 102,723, and although this number does not include a small addition of volunteers, the fact remains that the men aged twenty compulsorily recruited in Germany is exactly the same as would be recruited under a compulsory system in England, and so far from the proportion of men taken being greater in Germany, it is immeasurably less, for their population is more than half as large again as that of Great Britain. These figures are endorsed by the Von L bell annual reports, which state that about one-fifth of the number liable to service were enrolled.

It will be seen that on examination Sir Ian Hamilton's conclusions are not always justified by facts and that the obstacles are often more apparent than real. So far from leaving us weaker than at present, we should have a real "striking force" of half a million, and behind them a nation in arms for home defence, and this at a total cost of only one million and a half above our present expenditure, on the *ex parte* statement of the War Office and allowing for the greater comfort required by the Englishman as compared with the German. With his arguments against the scheme proposed by the National Service League, it is not intended to deal here. The serious objection is, as he points out, that the scheme is based entirely on the requirements of home defence. Putting aside the matter of cost however, he

ignores the fact that it would incidentally free the whole of our expeditionary force on the outbreak of war instead of only a fraction of it, and it would give us a reserve for continental purposes at any rate far more efficient than the Territorial Army, while it would afford us the inestimable moral and physical advantages of national discipline.

Sir Ian Hamilton's analysis of the various schemes, even if we cannot agree with it, is at any rate interesting and carefully argued. When however he strays into the realms of sentiment, apparently inseparably connected with the Territorial Army, the amusement which at the outset we experienced at the *Delhi or Dorking* epic, turns to a sense of weariness.

Having produced various suggestions on behalf of the Territorial Army, we are told "that the cousins and aunts who practically rule England will realise that things are not so desperate bad after all." One doubts if the cousins and aunts will be much reassured when they turn to pages 118 and 119, where we find the following cheering picture of the Territorials in action. If they were to fight to-morrow "they would conduct themselves with more zeal than skill. They would suffer heavy losses. Proportionately the enemy's losses would be slight. If defeated they would go absolutely to pieces for a time—were they in a superiority of three to one, they would fight well enough to give the best of enemies a bellyful!" Things however get better after this: "At the end of six months it would be a very different story. . . . By that time, in my opinion, a twenty-five per cent. superiority in numbers ought to give them a fair fighting chance, and a superiority of half as many again ought to give them a good chance of the victory"; and he adds in a most remarkable passage "especially as we must always bear in mind that after six months' war a Continental Army would not consist so much of first line troops as of Reserves." The idea of a continental nation waiting six months, or even three months, before making up its mind to invade this country, and then doing so with its second line troops will no doubt appeal to those methodical minds referred to above and afford them considerable amusement. Invasion is possible in two contingencies. Firstly the loss of our sea supremacy, secondly the defeat of our allies on the

continent. In both cases, in order to be successful, it would have to be undertaken long before the expiration of three months. A serious raid is only conceivable in case Germany was not at the time engaged with any other Power, and could only be successful if undertaken at a time when the country was unprepared. Therefore the Territorial Army as at present organised could only be of use in the most remote contingencies conceivable.

But if these remote contingencies do occur, and the enemy should consent to wait a few months before attacking us, the following is the encouraging description of the situation. "There will remain some thousands of odds and ends of Regulars . . . a few battalions of Guards, some batteries of Horse Artillery and some battalions of Special Reserve" who will be able to lend a hand to the Territorials and give here and there "some guidance, example, point and coherence." Finally it is assumed "that the Territorials will be handled by some one who understands them. A freshly embodied militia may not be marched off their legs . . . If the enemy would like to have the fate of England staked upon one great battle fought over open ground, a sort of second Battle of Hastings, he must not be indulged." So the cousins and aunts must in that case, just make up their minds to settle down to a war of extermination! There are at present several patriotic and well-meaning individuals striving to rouse people to the duty of learning to shoot in order to come out in defence of their families and their homes, presumably with a view to this kind of war. Unfortunately the evidence of history is that civilisation does not fit nations for these sacrifices. The cousins and aunts are too strong.

After all it is hardly a joking matter. Here is a general officer in the British Army, who, with all history open before him, knowing what invasion means and what the state of the public mind is in such an event, with full knowledge of all the gigantic issues at stake, tells us that for this campaign on which the future of the British race depends, our Territorial Army which exists primarily for such a campaign, must not expect to be trusted to fight in the open, must be gently handled and not marched off their legs. We shall be asked to provide nurses and perambulators for them next.

There is something pathetic about it all. When he comes to the bed-rock of naked fact, Sir Ian Hamilton is too good a soldier to have any delusions as to the real qualities of this kind of army.

Have we not heard it all before ? Odds and ends of Regulars, a few batteries of artillery, and what else ? Territorials, Garde Mobile, the Grand Army of the Potomac—they are all the same. Is not history full of those who have been sacrificed on the altars of lost causes ? What need to tell us that they hope to go into "one historic battle ?" That they "will be delighted when they hear that the invaders have landed." It is not they who will fail ; the Garde Mobile did not fail. It was the generals who flattered them, who told them they were an army. It was the politicians who said that everything was ready down to the last button on the last gaiter !

Of what avail is it to give us facts and figures about the C.I.V. and the Imperial Light Horse in South Africa ? Where is the reverse side to the picture, the regrettable incidents in other corps, and the facts which every man in South Africa knew and preferred not to talk about ?

What crumbs of comfort we can get are confined to the author's judicious praises of Lord Haldane, which should no doubt give us confidence for the future. "Not easily will I forget the evening," he says, "when in the interests of the discipline of the Army, you doubled the powers of commanding officers in a house containing a great Liberal majority." He assumes from this act of heroism that the War Secretary "would not *exclude from consideration an unpopular idea* merely because of its unpopularity." Perhaps not; and Lord Haldane—now by-the-way a despised Peer—may justly congratulate himself on many administrative reforms during his period at the War Office, but we would take it for granted that he did not exclude unpopular ideas were it not for the rather irritating mutual-admiration society-manner in which our attention is drawn to the fact.

No doubt however this method will prove impressive to some, as also the imposing facts about volunteer corps in South Africa. It is easy to present one side of the picture and not the other, and his stirring account of the Battle of Elandslaagte certainly presents one side admirably.

"'Let the little newspaper boys in London proclaim a British victory in the streets to-morrow morning,' was the word, or hortative given," he tells us, and the list of casualties follow showing that the irregular corps suffered nearly as heavily as the Regulars.

And yet those who believe that empires are in reality and finally cemented only by blood and iron, and can only rest secure on that conception of duty embodied in a nation in arms, will hope that when that day of trial comes, they may find Ministers to lead them who do not need advertisements from eminent soldiers, and eminent soldiers who do not need advertisements from Ministers, and that both will do their duty quite regardless of what the newspaper boys are proclaiming in the streets of London.

ANOTHER SOLDIER.

AT PRIOR PARK

Bath has many memories of Henry Fielding—some definite, some doubtful; some of long standing, others of more recent discovery. One of his occasional pieces was an impromptu in the Pump Room to a shadowy "Miss H—land"—a performance which preserves the name of that once popular physician and translator of *Persius*, Dr. Thomas Brewster, who afterwards attended the philosopher Square; a second, entitled *Plain Truth*, is the panegyric of another Cynthia of the minute, Miss Betty Dalston, apparently the sister of a local minor poet. At the then-secluded church of St. Mary, Charlcombe, Fielding married his first wife, Charlotte Cradock of Salisbury; from Bath, ten years later, with loving and lavish ceremonial, he brought her dead body to London for burial in the chancel vault of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.* Around Bath, rather than elsewhere, cluster most of the traditions connected with the composition of his greatest novel, that masterpiece of which a later Bath frequenter, Mr. Samuel Richardson—the wish being father to the thought—fondly predicted that it would prove no more than a fugitive firework. Parts of the book, it is quite possible, may have been written at Salisbury, at Twickenham, at Barnes Common, and half a dozen other places; but a large proportion was undoubtedly penned within sound of the Abbey bells; and if not at Widcombe House or Prior Park, at the modest villa on the Avon at Twerton with the phœnix crest over the door, or at the still humbler retreat in Church Lane, now dignified into a "Lodge," where he so often sought sanctuary with his sister Sarah. From the "little parlour" at Yew Cottage (as it was then called), if anywhere, must have issued that proud invocation to Fame at the beginning of Book

* Godden's *Henry Fielding*, 1910, p. 153.

Thirteen—an invocation which, it may be observed, has enjoyed the peculiar advantage of being heard. But of all the associations that connect Fielding with the "Queen of the West," there is none more lasting and less uncertain than that which links him with Ralph Allen, the "Squire Allworthy" of *Tom Jones*.

As it is rather with Ralph Allen's residence and friends, than with himself and his biography, that we are here concerned, it can hardly be needful to deal at length with the oft-told story of the circumstances which raised him from obscurity to opulence. But, remembering the useful caveat of his friend Pope that

> Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
> And things unknown propos'd as if forgot,

no harm can be done by "reminding" the reader briefly of the leading facts of his career. He was the son of John Allen, landlord of the "Duke William" or "Old Duke" Inn at St. Blazey in Cornwall. His grandmother kept the post-office at St. Columb, not many miles away; and being employed here as a boy, his alertness and intelligence attracted the notice of the district surveyor, in consequence of which he was transferred to the Bath Post Office. He had inborn gifts for organisation; and his foot once on the ladder, his ascent was assured. The timely discovery of a projected English rising in connection with Mar's rebellion, procured him at once the favour of the Ministry, the patronage of General (afterwards Marshal) Wade, then stationed at Bath, and, in due course, the office of Bath Postmaster. In this capacity he set about the much-needed task of reforming the very rudimentary postal service. In those days—the days of the first George—except over certain radial routes to and from the capitals of the three kingdoms, there was practically no transmission of mails, and bye or lateral communication between county and county or town and town, was of the most dilatory and circuitous description. Although a Post Office Act of 1711 had afforded scope for what are known as "cross-posts," nothing much had been done.* Nine years later, Allen, being

* "A *bye* or *way* letter would be a letter passing between any two towns on the Bath Road and stopping short of London—as, for instance, between Bath and Hungerford, between Hungerford and Newbury, between Newbury and Reading, and so on; while a *cross-post* letter would be a letter crossing from the Bath Road to some other—as, for instance, a letter between Bath and Oxford." (Joyce's *History of the Post Office*, 1893, p. 147.)

then no more than six and twenty, took up the work. He obtained a concession from the Government empowering him to establish better methods, and in effect to rearrange, in these respects, the entire letter-carrying machinery of England and Wales. For this he had to pay a heavy annual "consideration"; and his first essays were necessarily made at a loss. But in the end his energy and resource triumphed over every obstacle; and although, on subsequent renewal of the contract, the rental was raised, his profits eventually became so considerable as to make him a rich man. By the simultaneous exploitation of the valuable oolite quarries at Hampton and Combe Downs near Bath, he not only materially increased his already ample means, but added to the architectural beauty of the town, while his generous use of his wealth earned him the merited reputation of a public benefactor. He died in June 1764, aged seventy-one, and is buried under a beautiful mausoleum in Claverton churchyard. He was twice married, his second wife, Elizabeth Holder, surviving him. A monument was erected to him on a part of his estate, which is also a monument to the bad taste of his heir, Bishop Warburton.

With the historical "Bath stone" of the reopened quarries at Combe and Hampton Downs is also connected that famous mansion which must always be remembered with Ralph Allen's name. For many years his town residence had been a house to the rear of York Street in Lilliput Alley (now part of North Parade Passage); * but in later life he migrated to Prior Park, a house he had built on Widcombe Hill, a little to the south-east of Bath, and commanding through a hollow a fine view of the city, four hundred feet below. Its origin was on this wise. Bath stone was beginning to be used freely, not only for facings and ornamentation, but for building; † and what is now known as modern

* In Lilliput Alley, the Lilliputian historian delights to remark, once lived the celebrated Sally Lun of the tea-cake and the ballad-mongers:

"No more I heed the muffin's zest,
The Yorkshire cake or bun;
Sweet Muse of Pastry! teach me how
To make a 'Sally Lun.'"

† The house in St. John's Place now known as the Garrick's Head, and once inhabited by Richard Nash, was one of the earliest examples of Bath stone decoration. Mrs. Delany and Miss Berry afterwards lived in it. There is a good representation of it in Meehan's interesting *Famous Houses of Bath, &c.* 1901, 41.

Bath was gradually coming into shape and being. Queen Square begun in 1728, was finished in 1735, in which year the North and South Parades were also completed. But Bath stone had a formidable competitor in Portland stone, and bitter enemies in the London architects, who contemptuously compared it, both for colour and durability, to Cheshire cheese. All these prejudices Allen's patience had to overcome, not without difficulty; and he resolved to give the adversary an object-lesson in the matter by building, in the neighbourhood of his Combe Down works, a sumptuous mansion of Bath stone, which should not only exhibit the superlative quality of the maligned material both for ornamentation and construction, but illustrate and exemplify the "Orders of Architecture in all their glory." Modified, as might be expected, by after-considerations, and less ambitious in the execution than in the conception, Prior Park was commenced about 1735. Its erection completely vindicated the capabilities of oolite; while the concurrent construction of the General, or Mineral Water Hospital (1738–42), to which Allen, in addition to a donation of £1000, presented all the necessary stonework, certainly did not diminish the prestige of the proprietor of the quarries.

John Wood, the architect, and first of the name, who, it should also be stated, gave his professional services to the Hospital gratis, describes Prior Park as consisting of "a Mansion House in the center, two Pavilions, and two Wings of Offices. All these are united by low buildings, and while the chief Part of the whole Line fronts the Body of the City, the rest faces the summit of *Mar's Hill*"—*i.e.*, Mount Beacon, or Lansdown. The first part of this short description suggests a superficial affinity to Stowe,* and probably to other eighteenth-century country-seats. The central structure, in the Corinthian style on a rustic basement, occupied 150 out of the 1200 feet of the frontage, and rose from a terrace 100 feet below the summit of Combe Down. The entrance was in the south front; on the north front, or garden side, stood a stately six-column portico, intended by its designer to rival and even excel that erected for Sir Richard Child at Wanstead House in Essex, by Campbell of Greenwich Hospital, one of the most determined detractors of Bath stone.

* See "Eighteenth-Century Stowe," *National Review*, March 1911.

Between its Ionic pillars were balustrades converting the whole into an alfresco pavilion from which it was possible at once to enjoy the air and the magnificent view of distant Bath. Below the terrace on which the house was built, the ground sloped gradually in lawn and garden beds; while a spring from the summit, falling by artful lapses and constructed cascades, found its way at last into a lake, well stocked with fish, about a quarter of a mile distant. At the head of this lake there was, as at Stowe, a Palladian Bridge, a copy by Richard Jones, Allen's factotum and clerk of the works, of that erected by Lord Pembroke at Wilton in Wiltshire. Jones was also responsible for the west wing of the house which was finished after Allen had dispensed with the services of his original architect Wood, who died in 1754. To complete the resemblance to Stowe, it may be added that, in 1752, soon after the erection of the Palladian Bridge, Prior Park was visited by the Princess Amelia; and Allen, retiring himself to another seat he had at Weymouth, surrendered the house to his illustrious guest. But it is not recorded that he erected a Doric Arch in Her Royal Highness's honour; nor on this occasion had she any Walpole in her suite to play Polonius, and chronicle her diversions.

Prior Park, apparently, was not, like Stowe, a treasure-house of works of art, or even a museum of curiosities. But it is nearly as memorable by its frequenters, some of whom—for example, Pitt and Pope—were common to both places. The first-comer, in point of time, as well as in prominence, was Pope. Pope's relations with Allen, however, were more creditable to the host than the guest; and they constitute one of the more equivocal chapters of Pope's equivocal biography. They cover the last eight years of his life; and arose out of the issue, from "Curll's chaste press," of his so-called spurious or pirated correspondence. With this, it will be remembered, Pope professed to be indignant, although in reality he was *particeps criminis*. Allen, one of whose most engaging qualities, in addition to simplicity, seems to have been a genuine veneration for goodness, was greatly struck by the edifying sentiments which the letters expressed; and in order to ensure their reproduction in authentic form, wrote to Pope offering to pay the cost of a new edition. Pope replied with polite ambiguity, promising to avail himself

of Allen's proposal if necessary. Thereupon Allen busied himself actively in soliciting subscriptions to the *folio* and *quarto* issues of 1737. His advocacy was very genuine and effective, so much so, that there is every reason to believe, as suggested by the poet himself in one of his unpublished letters to Allen in the British Museum,* that his enthusiasm supplied rather more of the subscriptions than are assigned to his name. In any case, this marks the beginning of the friendship between the Man of Bath and the "Twit'nam Bard." Pope, who was a pioneer in the matter of landscape gardening, went on to advise Allen in the laying-out of Prior Park, then in progress; and Allen in return contributed curious incrustations and perforated stones from the Combe Down quarries to that famous grotto by the Thames which was the plaything of Pope's declining days. Pope sent pineapples, and Allen replied with Bristol waters. In 1738 Allen formally visited Pope at Twickenham; and the November of the following year found Pope domiciled at Prior Park, rhetorically rejoicing over his remoteness both from the Babel of London and that other mimic Babel of Bath, which he was enabled to survey—in the true Lucretian fashion—from Allen's specular portico. He must have enjoyed himself immensely, for Allen and his wife were models of considerate hospitality. On all matters horticultural Pope's word was law: and he had an entertainer who was also only too willing to participate in any philanthropic proposal. One of those for whom Pope secured Allen's assistance was the unsatisfactory Savage, whom his long-suffering friends were endeavouring to establish in Wales; and the Museum correspondence shows pretty clearly that half of Pope's contribution of twenty pounds for this purpose was silently furnished by Allen's benevolence. To this unobtrusive quality we owe Pope's notorious reference to his host in the dialogue which afterwards became the first *Epilogue to the Satires*:

> Let low-born ALLEN, with an awkward shame,
> Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

Allen's private views of this couplet are not on record. But he

* Quotations from these letters (E.C. 1947), which extend from 1736 to 1744, were made, for the first time, in vol. ii. of "George Paston's" *Mr. Pope: His Life and Times*, 1909.

must have been curiously constituted if he did not regard the epithet "low-born" as even more unhappy than that of "our little bard" which Johnson applied to Goldsmith in the first version of the Prologue to the *Good Natur'd Man*; and though Pope—perhaps with some "awkward shame" of his own—afterwards changed "low-born" to "humble," it is difficult to conceive that Allen can ever have been extravagantly gratified. But though he was not a highly educated man, he had instinctively acquired that virtue of reticence which, in such junctures, the true philosopher exhibits or simulates. He preserved a discreet silence, only redoubling, if anything, his good offices to his tactless panegyrist.

On Pope's first stay at Prior Park, his main regret—he told "blameless Bethel"—had been the absence of his favourite, Martha Blount. In April 1743, that lady lost her mother, and August at last found them together at Prior Park. But the joint visit was not a success. Some obscure disagreement took place almost immediately between Mrs. Allen and Miss Blount which hurried Pope precipitately to Lord Bathurst's, and brought about a breach which—on Pope's side—was never wholly repaired. It is but just to say that Miss Blount was evidently in poor health; and that, in addition to her recent bereavement, she had vexatious domestic difficulties. The origin of the rupture has never been definitely ascertained. Whether, from the beginning, Mrs. Allen was prejudiced against her feminine guest; whether Miss Blount was more than ordinarily untunable and exacting;* or whether the suggested proximate cause was the refusal of Allen, who had just been Mayor of Bath, to lend the fair Patty his coach to carry her to Mass, will now probably never be known. What seems certain is, that matters had become perilously strained. Pope, quitting Prior Park in a crisis of nervous irritation, had left his lady friend to follow as she could. However well he might wish his host, Mrs. Allen had suddenly become "an impertinent minx"; and Warburton, who was implicated,

* In any case, she must always have been a somewhat difficult guest. In a letter written from Stowe by Lady Suffolk in September 1735, she says that Lord Cobham had been put to much inconvenience owing to Miss Blount's reception at Stowe of friends of hers who, though neighbours, were not on his visiting list. (*Suffolk Corr.*, 1824, ii. 143.)

"a sneaking person." It was Warburton, nevertheless, who, later, effected a reconciliation; and between Pope and the Allens, at all events, the old cordiality appeared to be renewed. A few months afterwards Pope died; but though by the will which he executed in December 1743, he left Allen part of his library and £150, the manner of the money bequest still reveals a residue of rancour. The sum named, said the testator, was, to the best of his calculation, what he had received from Allen, partly for his own, and partly for charitable uses. Allen promptly handed over the money to the Mineral Water Hospital—as indeed Pope had suggested—only remarking laconically that his friend was always a bad accountant; and that a cipher added to the figures would have more accurately represented the amount of the obligation.* He also took into his service Pope's faithful gardener, John Searle, who had been adequately, but perhaps not liberally, provided for by his late master. Pope had left him £100 and a year's wages. Allen gave him a second hundred and a home.

Of Warburton, already mentioned more than once, it is now time to speak. At the date of Pope's death he had been some two years an habitué of Prior Park, for admission to which he was indebted to Pope. In 1741 he was a middle-aged Lincolnshire clergyman of no great eminence, although he had already published the first part of his great contribution to the Deistic controversy—the *Divine Legation of Moses*. But his championship of the *Essay on Man* against those who questioned its orthodoxy had strongly endeared him to Pope; and when, in the year last mentioned, his proposal to visit Pope at Twickenham reached the poet at Widcombe, Pope, then wrestling with the new *Dunciad*, eagerly availed himself of Allen's polite proposal that Warburton should join them. "The worthy man who is the master of it [Prior Park]," he wrote enthusiastically to Warburton, "invites you in the strongest terms; and is one who would treat you with love and veneration, rather than what the

* The Warburton truce took place in September 1743, and the will is dated December 12 following. It was conjectured, perhaps not unnaturally, that Miss Blount was at the bottom of the stroke at Allen; but the lady denied this to Spence. She asserted on the contrary that she had vainly endeavoured to procure its withdrawal. (*Anecdotes*, &c., 1820, p. 357.)

world calls civility and regard. He is sincere and plainer than almost any man now in this world, *antiquis moribus*. . . . It is just the best season. . . . You will want no servant here. Your room will be next to mine, and one man will serve us." And then follows a passage on the amenities of Prior Park. "Here is a library and a gallery ninety feet long to walk in, and a coach whenever you would take the air with me." * (Allen himself, it may be noted, seldom used a coach unless he went beyond Bath.) The invitation thus given was the making of Warburton. He became a regular visitor to Prior Park, preached in its chapel,† ingratiated himself with its hospitable proprietor, contrived to obtain the hand of Miss Gertrude Tucker, Allen's favourite niece, and eventually, through his new friend's influence with Pitt, then Member for Bath, proceeded Dean of Bristol and Bishop of Gloucester. From this time forward, he virtually resided at Prior Park; and when Allen died, Warburton and his wife came in for £5000 each, with reversion, on Mrs. Allen's death, of the Widcombe and Claverton estates.

Warburton, for all his good fortune, can scarcely be described as a very attractive personality. He evidently could be, whenever he chose, exceedingly conciliatory and agreeable; he could also be, and he frequently was—in controversy especially—insufferably rough, overbearing and abusive. Prosperous externally, it is not impossible that his prosperity had its drawbacks. His married life—according to his biographers—was not idyllic; and even when he first made Allen's acquaintance, he must have had premonitions of that ill-health which finally, like Swift's, landed him in senile decay. At Prior Park he doubtless exhibited both aspects of his disposition. To Allen, whom he genuinely respected, and to whom he was bound by ties of gratitude, he was uniformly deferential and amiable. He regarded him, he says in one of his letters, as "the greatest character in any age of the world. . . . Charity is but a small part of his virtues. I have studied his character even maliciously, to find out where the weakness

* Pope's *Correspondence*, by Elwin and Courthope, iv. (1886), pp. 220, 221.

† In November 1745, he preached there a sermon "occasioned by the present unnatural rebellion," which was printed. The large folio Bible used in Prior Park Chapel, it may be added, was that presented to Pope by Atterbury at their last interview in the Tower. (Hill's Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, iii. (1905), p. 141.)

lies. But I have studied in vain." Even a large deduction for exaggeration would still leave this a eulogy. And he proved the sincerity of his devotion by defending his benefactor strenuously when he was attacked. On the other hand, it is quite likely that to those who had less claim on him he was offensively patronising and arrogant; and it is consoling to think that he sometimes met his match. Quin, for example, who was by no means inclined to be suppressed by the "saucy priest," and who had, moreover, an inconvenient habit of blunt repartee before which Warburton's learning was powerless, sometimes effectively routed him. Once, when they were discussing the execution of Charles I., which Quin upheld, Warburton asked contemptuously by what law he was condemned, and Quin retorted: "By all the law which he had left in the land!" The Bishop could find no rejoinder. On another occasion when Warburton sought to accentuate Quin's calling by insidiously asking him to recite something, Quin, yielding to pressure, selected a speech of Pierre in Otway's *Venice Preserv'd*, containing the passage

> Honest men
> Are the soft, easy cushions on which knaves
> Repose and fatten—

"mouthing out his hollow oes and aes" with such unmistakable reference to Allen and Warburton that the latter never again troubled him for a taste of his quality as an elocutionist.*

Quin and Warburton were antipathetic; and it is known that some of the severer strokes in Churchill's terrible castigation of the Bishop in *The Duellist* are based on the *bons mots* of the actor. But Warburton and Quin have broken our chronological sequence, as the next important of Allen's guests is undoubtedly Fielding, on whose relations with Pope and Allen the unpublished correspondence in the British Museum throws a fresh light—a light which justifies us in drawing out those relations rather more minutely than hitherto. Pope's earlier connection with Fielding is obscure. In one of Fielding's love verses to Charlotte Cradock, he speaks of the poet as "sweet Pope," which proves nothing. Pope commented on a passage in *Tom Thumb*; and Fielding referred obliquely to Pope in the *Covent Garden Tragedy*.

* John Taylor, *Records of my Life*, 1832, i. 87.

When *Pasquin* appeared in April 1736, Pope was one of the spectators—according to the *Grub Street Journal*. But the security is no better than Bardolph's; and the statement was besides promptly contradicted. Four years later the *Champion* was praising Pope's *Iliad*, which the writer of the paper—apparently to meet the allegations of the enemy that Pope was ignorant of Greek—declared, in emphatic typography, he had, "with *no Disadvantage to the Translator*, COMPARED *with the Original*." In February 1742, appeared *Joseph Andrews*, Book III. chap. vi. of which brings in both Pope and Allen:

> Some gentlemen of our cloth [*i e*, "skips" or footmen] [says Joseph] report charitable actions done by their lords and masters; and I have heard Squire Pope, the great poet, at my lady's table tell stories of a man that lived at a place called Ross, and another at the Bath, one Al—— Al—— I forget his name, but it is in the book of verses [Pope's *Satires*] This gentleman hath built up a stately house too, which the squire likes very well; but his charity is seen farther than his house, though it stands on a hill—ay, and brings him more honour too. It was his charity that put him in the book where the squire says he puts all those who deserve it; and to be sure, as he lives among all the great people, if there were any such he would know them.

This, to all appearance, is the first mention of Allen by Fielding; and it suggests that Fielding had heard of Allen's benevolence from Pope. In a subsequent letter from Pope to Allen there is, however, a specific reference to Fielding. "Fielding has sent the Books you subscribed for by the Hand I employed in conveying the £20 to him. In one chapter of the second vol. he has paid you a pretty Compliment upon your House." At first sight this might seem to relate to the foregoing passage from *Joseph Andrews*, which speaks both of Allen and his dwelling-place. But Pope's letter is dated 12th April, 1743, more than a year after the issue of Fielding's first novel, which besides was not subscribed for, but had been sold outright to Andrew Millar. The reference is therefore to the *Miscellanies*, which were issued in April 1743; and the "compliment" occurs at p. 42 of the second volume of these, in chap. v. of the Lucianic *Journey from this World to the Next, &c.* Contrasting the many "noble Palaces" on the road to *Greatness*, with the absence of them on the road to *Goodness*, Fielding remarks that on the latter thoroughfare there was "scarce a handsome Building, save one greatly resembling a certain House by the

Bath." This is clearly the passage indicated by Pope, who himself receives a tribute further on in chap. viii. p. 64, where Homer is said "to have asked much after Mr. *Pope*, and said he was very desirous of seeing him; for that he had read his *Iliad* in his Translation, with almost as much delight, as he believed he had given others in the Original." The same chapter contains a reference to Warburton.

To what extent these citations imply direct intercourse between Allen and Fielding is doubtful; and it is notable that neither Allen nor Pope appears in the list of subscribers to the *Miscellanies*. It may be that the story of the £20—with an additional cipher—is the source of Derrick's statement that Allen sent Fielding a present of £200 "before he personally knew him," for Derrick, who blunders badly in another part of this very passage, cannot be regarded as very trustworthy.* But Fielding, whatever may have happened previous to the publication of the *Miscellanies* in 1743, was at Bath in 1744, since, as we now know, his wife died there in November of that year; and in the interval which elapsed before the issue of *Tom Jones* in February 1749—a period of unusual stress, ill-health and privation—he must often have visited Bath. It is admitted that he lived for some time in the house at Twerton, already referred to; † and that while there he was writing *Tom Jones* and "dining almost daily at Prior Park." So says the Rev. Richard Graves, the author, later, of that clever book, the *Spiritual Quixote*; and he is a credible witness. Other places in Bath associated with the progress of the book are Widcombe House, the home of Allen's connections, the Bennets, with whom Fielding's acquaintance seems to go back to the time of his courtship; and he must have often resided with his sister Sarah in her little cottage in Church Lane, now transformed into Widcombe Lodge, and tableted as a site he once haunted. During all this time it is clear that he was in frequent communication with Allen; and that he was indebted to him for repeated kindnesses, which he, on his side, acknowledged with all the ungrudging gratitude which was part of his large and expansive nature.‡

* *Letters*, 1767, vol. ii. 94.

† This, now known as "Fielding Lodge," is authenticated by an inscription placed on it by the good offices of Mr. R. G. Naish of Twerton.

‡ While this paper has been passing through the press, Fielding's original

It is true that *Tom Jones* is inscribed to George Lyttelton, and not to Allen; and that, by Fielding's dedicatory Preface, a third patron, the Duke of Bedford, is associated with that triple "picture of a truly benevolent Mind" after which, in drawing the Allworthy of the novel, he had been endeavouring. From Bedford and Lyttelton he had certainly received pecuniary help; indeed, he not only indicates Lyttelton as the "only begetter" of the book, but expressly declares that he (Fielding) "partly owed his Existence to him" during much of the time occupied in its composition. *Tom Jones* nevertheless is full of references to Allen, and if the book does not precisely depict Prior Park, it is from its terrace that Allworthy surveys the sunrise; and the leading traits of Allworthy are the leading traits of Allen. Benevolence, hospitality, modesty, unpretentious simplicity—these are all the merits of Allworthy, and they are also the merits of Allen. Sometimes the description is literally transferable. The following, for instance, is quite unsuited to Bedford and Lyttelton, while it is exactly true of Allen: "Though he had missed the advantage of a learned education, yet being blessed with vast natural abilities, he had so well profited by a vigorous, though late, application to letters, and by much conversation with men of eminence in this way, that he was himself a very competent judge in most kinds of literature." * Moreover, in Book VIII. chap. i. Fielding, though without naming him, draws his character at full. It is too lengthy to quote; and we have only room for a passage borrowed from an earlier page, which throws a light on the unconventional hospitalities of Prior Park. After referring to those hosts to whom their literary guests are little more than dependents, or servants out of livery, the author goes on:

On the contrary, every person in this house was perfect master of his own time; and as he might at his pleasure satisfy all his appetites within the restrictions only of law, virtue, and religion, so he might, if his health required, or his inclination prompted him to temperance, or even to abstinence, absent himself from any meals, or retire from them whenever he was so

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agreement with Andrew Millar for the copyright of *Tom Jones*, and his autograph receipt for £600, have been sold at Christie's for £1015, the late Mr. Huth having paid Sotheran £12 12*s*. for them in 1868. The author's entire gain for the six volumes was £700, as Millar afterwards added £100, in view of the success of the book.

* *Tom Jones*, Book I. chap. x.

disposed, without even a solicitation to the contrary: for indeed, such solicitations from superiors always savour very strongly of commands. But here all were free from such impertinence, not only those whose company is in all other places esteemed a favour from their equality of fortune, but even those whose indigent circumstances make such an eleemosynary abode convenient to them, and who are therefore less welcome to a great man's table because they are most in need of it.*

Fielding when at Bath continued to frequent Prior Park,† and he had not exhausted his gratitude to "Mr. Allworthy," to whom, two years later, he inscribed *Amelia.* We have always regarded this tribute as a model of the dignified style in dedication. Here—in their first fashion—are the portions which relate to Allen:

The best Man is the properest Patron of such an attempt. This, I believe, will be readily granted; nor will the public Voice, I think, be more divided, to whom they shall give that Appellation. Should a Letter indeed be thus inscribed, DETUR OPTIMO, there are few Persons who would think it wanted any other Direction.

After saying that he will not "assume the fulsome Stile of common Dedicators," he goes on:

I have not their usual Design in this Epistle, nor will I borrow their Language. Long, very long may it be before a most dreadful Circumstance shall make it possible for any Pen to draw a just and true Character of yourself, without incurring a Suspicion of Flattery in the Bosoms of the Malignant. This Task, therefore, I shall defer till that Day (if I should be so unfortunate as ever to see it) when every good Man shall pay a Tear for the Satisfaction of his Curiosity; a day which at present, I believe, there is but one good Man in the World who can think of it with Unconcern.

Notwithstanding that the owner of Prior Park was an older man than Fielding, the "just and true Character" was never composed, for Ralph Allen survived the novelist some ten years.

* *Tom Jones*, Book I. chap. x.

† There is token of this in the censorious utterance of Hurd to Balguy in March 1751, in which he speaks of having dined there on the previous day with Fielding, whom he characterises as "a poor emaciated, worn-out rake, whose gout and infirmities have got the better even of his buffoonery." Warburton's servile biographer—then a young man had apparently not yet acquired the charity which later made him the admiration of Bathonians. In March 1751, Fielding had not long before been dangerously ill; and if he was a martyr to gout, so was Pitt. Moreover, at this date he was an active and energetic magistrate, whose philanthropic pamphlets were by no means "buffoonery," and whose latest novel was *Tom Jones*.

But he extended his benevolent protection to Fielding's family, one of whom was named after him; and although he resigned the execution and administration of Fielding's will, he is said to have made a "very liberal annual donation" towards the education of his children—a statement supported by the fact that he left three of them, as well as their aunt, Sarah, £100 each.

Fielding had been dead three years, and Pope thirteen, before we hear of the next great visitor to Prior Park, William Pitt, later Earl of Chatham. Allen had no doubt made Pitt's acquaintance before 1757, when he became Member for Bath; and their friendship continued until Allen's death. Whether, as there is some ground for supposing, Allen actually paid Pitt's election expenses or whether he did not, there can be little doubt that Allen's local influence, and power with the civic authorities, materially contributed to Pitt's success; and that the relations of the two men were honourable to both. Unluckily, towards the close of Allen's life, those relations were troubled by a passing disagreement between the Great Commoner and his constituents. Pitt regarded the Peace of Paris, which closed the Seven Years' War, as "inadequate," and he had said so in Parliament. When he was subsequently asked to present to the King an address from the Mayor and Corporation of Bath in which it was qualified as "adequate," he naturally declined to do so; and as Allen honestly admitted his responsibility for the peccant epithet, the situation became embarrassing in the extreme. Between Pitt and Allen, however, the matter was happily smoothed over without loss of self-respect on either side.* At Allen's death he left Pitt £1000 "as a last instance of his friendship and grateful regard for the best of friends, as well as the most upright and ablest of Ministers that has adorned our Country." Pitt, on his side, wrote to Allen's widow of her dead husband in terms of the warmest affection and esteem. But of his actual visits to Allen's house no record remains. There was no *vates sacer* to sing of Pitt at Prior Park as Thomson had sung of Pitt at Stowe.

Pope, Fielding, Pitt—these are the most substantial shadows of the Prior Park guests; of the others we get little more than passing glimpses. Of Warburton, Graves, Quin, Hurd, and even

* Peach, *Life and Times of Ralph Allen*, 1890, pp. 176–9.

Sarah Fielding, the most has been said that is known. There seems to be an impression that Sterne was one of the visitors. But the picture painted of him by Gainsborough, another of Allen's friends, and now in the Peel Park Museum at Salford, was not executed until after Allen's death. Of Richardson, who is also said to have sat to Gainsborough, and who married the sister of James Leake, the bookseller whose back-parlour on the Walks by Lilliput Alley was a rallying-place of the Bath *literati*, there is a solitary and very characteristic anecdote. It is here that he is recorded to have uttered the memorable words: "Twenty years ago I was the most obscure man in Great Britain, and now I am admitted to the company of the first characters in the Kingdom." He was going to dine at Prior Park.* Thomas Edwards, of the *Canons of Criticism*, Richardson's friend and admirer, and a Greek scholar bold enough to cross swords with Warburton, was another of the group; so also was that most dapper of Dukes, the French envoy, Nivernais, wearing no doubt on his extremely diminutive person the extremely diminutive hat which he had brought into fashion, and which Anstey in the *New Bath Guide* celebrated as the mark of a "Beau Garçon." Other names might be added. But the pleasantest figures to pause upon are those of the host and hostess, as drawn by Derrick, one of Nash's successors as Master of the Ceremonies. Allen he portrays as "a very grave, well-looking old man, plain in his dress, resembling that of a Quaker, and courteous in his behaviour. . . . His wife is low [*i.e.*, of stature], with grey hair, of a very pleasing address, that prejudices you much in her favour." † One wants no fuller picture of that homely, kindly pair; but those who desire further to visualise "Mr. Allworthy" may consult William Hoare's picture in that Hospital at Bath to which he was so munificent a patron.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

* Graves, *The Triflers*, 1806, p. 68.

† *Letters*, 1767, ii. 94.

ROMANCE AND THE MODERN STAGE *

I think that the infrequence of the appearances of romance upon the English stage must be due either to an overwhelming fascination of the problems of our age, the age of trade I shall call it, or else to the fact that romance has fled away from it so far that if he came back he would not be recognised and therefore would not pay; for the modern patron of the arts becomes very angry if he cannot understand immediately "what it is all about"; he, the possessor of eleven editions of the Encyclopædia, feels himself almost slighted.

So realism has come in romance's place and as a great deal of it has been said before it is not always considered necessary in the stalls (the pit is better behaved) to arrive before the middle of the first act.

Now something must be wrong with an age whose drama deserts romance; and a cause that the soonest occurs to one is the alarming spread of advertisement, its frightful vulgarity, and its whole-hearted devotion to the snaring of money.

What advertisement (the screaming voice of our age) seeks to be other than a lie and if the actual statement is literally true, then all the more must the suggestion correct this error by being especially false.

Everywhere the sacredness of business is preached, everywhere it is pointed to as an end, to this great error advertisements testify in all places; children are brought up among them; for everything sublime or beautiful that any city shows them twenty times do they see far more noticeable, some placard sordid with avarice. Advertisements drop from the books that children read, they confront them in their homes, they stand large between them and the scenery when they travel. Will any one say that

* Dedicated to the Playgoers' Club.

their preaching is neglected; not unless the bill-sticker has lost his cunning. Those who are educated thus will learn to bow down to business. When most we need romance, romance has been frightened away.

As he steals over dewy hills in the dusk of summer evenings he sees those placards standing in the fields and praising Mammon; to romance they seem the battlements of the fortress of avarice, and he is gone at once.

It is not from business that romance has fled, but from the worshipping of it; the calf was not an unclean beast among the Israelites, but when they worshipped the golden calf then God deserted them.

To-day a work of art must be defended in terms of business. "What is the use of it?" they will say of some painting, and woe unto the artist who cannot answer, "It brings me in so much."

Sometimes an age is dumb, sometimes loquacious, sometimes it speaks but once and is silent again for a decade. A year or so ago this age of ours spoke through the pen of some writer of a brief letter to a journal. The fate of Crosby Hall was being discussed. I do not remember the arguments; it was beautiful, historic, and in the way. And the age spoke and said, in that brief letter, "Let us have a little more business, and less sentiment."

That was the great error put into a sentence, which the age inspired its prophet to write to the press.

Human happiness is nothing more than a fairy ring of human sentiments dancing in the moonlight. The wand that compels them may possibly be of gold. Business, perhaps, may be needed to make them dance, but to think that business the possible means should be more desirable than the certain end showed that that obscure writer whom the age had inspired was ignorant, firstly even of himself and the little fanciful things that he hoped some day to do. Thus is the end given up for the sake of the means, and truth and beauty are sacrificed every day upon innumerable counters, until the generations fostered among these things say to the artist: "What do you get by it?" and to the poet, "Does it pay?"

In discussing the state of the stage one has to watch the affairs of its neighbouring kingdoms, the stalls and the pit. If

their conditions are sordid romance will not easily flourish across the border.

The drama is the mirror of life if not something more. And an age that paints its woodwork scarlet to ape mahogany, that makes respected fortunes by mixing up sulphuric acid with glucose and calling the product beer, the age of flannelette and the patent pill, the age of which Tennyson wrote:

> And chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,

such an age may well have such a drama as will be pleasant and acceptable to the doers of all these things; for when insincerity has once raised up its honoured head in politics and commerce, as it has, and in daily life as well, it is quite certain that its worshippers will demand a drama sufficiently stale and smug to mirror their lives.

Therefore it is the day for all the poets, and for all that see through the dust of ephemeral things to the cool eternal spaces that lie all round, to rise up out of this the decadence, for decadences are made in factories and not by poet or artist, to arise in their might—and dream, that they may see once more the lost idyllic things and give them back to the people, who are wearier with waiting for them than they either have said or known. When the poets desert an age, forsaking its daily affairs, becoming strange and earning ridicule, those things are written somewhere against the age.

In any beautiful age a poet is scarcely noticed, he is the natural product of the beauty of the time, he is no more than lilac in the Spring; only in evil days he appears half-witted, having the foolish look of a lily upon a pavement.

But let the poets give us back romantic drama and all the beautiful things that seemed native once, and the drama of convention in a while will fly from the face of it and will go and hide away with the old fashions. For no evil custom ever withers away, but painfully lingers on and waits for its overthrower.

It is from the stage that the poets may best have a hearing, long enough we have been taught to obey the conventions of our time and country, long enough we have sat in school; it is time that the story-teller came again and told us tales as of old, as of old when the world was younger and had not yet grown uneasy about the state of its soul, nor known the problem play.

I am quite ignorant of the cost or feasibility of risking new experiments in theatres. I have no means or method to suggest of producing romantic drama. I should not dare to advise and have nothing to say except to ask that the true be set up against the false, that the highest realism, the realism of the poets, who see the whole of man's journey, be set up against the lower realism, that only sees how man equips himself with morals and money and customs for the journey; but knows not where the journey leads or why man wants to go. That is what we need to-day more than in any age. For in this age of shams romance finds it hard to live; he must be carefully tended therefore in the more cloistered climate of the footlights. And if any one doubts that it is an age of shams let him read some candidate's speeches to his parliamentary electors; and after reading a political speech or two, read what the masters of the politicians have to say, read any page of tradesmen's advertisements. Romance is bitterly nipped by all these things. Of course, I define romance as the light and elfin fancy that wanders with Pegasus all over the world and not as Johnson's Dictionary secondarily defines it, that is to say as lies.

But romance has not been driven from the stage only by those that like the false and the sham—obviously among such as these romance will not abide, for romance is the most real thing in life—but he has also been jostled out of the way by the enemies of the shams who are too busy trying to overthrow the false to have leisure to let their fancies dance on the hills. For our age is full of new problems that we have not as yet found time to understand, that bewilder us and absorb us, the gift of matter enthroned and endowed by man with life; I mean iron vitalised by steam, and rushing from city to city and owning men for its slaves. I know of the boons that machinery has conferred on man, all tyrants have boons to confer, but service to the dynasty of steam and steel is a hard service and gives little leisure to fancy to flit from field to field. Machinery has given us many problems to solve and it may be a long time yet before we make the ultimate discovery that the ways and the means of living are less important than life. When every man has recognised that for himself then we shall come out on the other side of all our problems, and laying aside our universal interest in the latest information about the newest question upon any subject

that arises anywhere, we shall come to know a little about something once more as our forefathers did before the days of encyclopædias. Then we shall have drama again that will concern itself with life rather than with our anxious uncertainties about it. But the discoveries of steam and electricity, which have given life to matter, are as perplexing to every one of us as what came out of the bottle that the Arabian fisherman found, and we have not yet recovered from our perplexity. I am not criticising machinery, I stand in awe of so terrible a genie, whose shadow has darkened all the midlands of England; but I mention it to explain the newness and suddenness of our problems, our unfamiliarity with ourselves and the puzzled expression on the faces of all who deal with these things, and the difference between the tales we tell, whereat romance yawns loudly, and the simpler tales and songs of more rural people.

Romance is so inseparable from life that all we need, to obtain romantic drama, is for the dramatist to find any age or any country where life is not too thickly veiled and cloaked with puzzles and conventions, in fact to find a people that is not in the agonies of self-consciousness. For myself, I think it simpler to imagine such a people, as it saves the trouble of reading to find a romantic age, or the trouble of making a journey to lands where there is no press.

If the poets will only do this for us the stage will not thereby lose its position of guide and instructor, in an age where guidance is desperately needed, but by showing us beautiful and simple things will turn our thoughts towards beauty and simplicity, and we shall not find ourselves the worse equipped for that to deal with the problems of our time. I do not think it matters where they go for their drama. Romance has no particular address, let them give us any people or any age; it makes no difference so long as the men they show us are joyously addicted to living and not to amassing money with avaricious speed as a means to living at some future date. Nor is it necessary only for them to enlighten our age and to raise it up, if they succeed, from its sordid occupations, but it is their duty too, though they even fail to be heard, to hand on, undimmed by the darkness of the age, all the glories of romance to lighten some future time which will surely come, when men shall look once more to the listless peaks that stand far up from the dust disturbed by

the passing day; it is the poet's duty to see that when that time comes there shall still stand as of old the singers upon the mountains.

We are handing down to the age that follows ours machinery that we understand but whose development cannot be guessed by us, we are bequeathing cities which have not brought *us* only happiness, problems we have not solved and quarrels we have not ended; it is little to ask for that age which we shall so sorely puzzle that we should also bequeath to it for its comfort those romantic traditions that we got from a simpler time like violets of early Spring, and that like violets soon wither in cities. All the romance that we know, all the old tales we remember, all the fine thoughts that we can still think nobly, are in the hands of our successful poets out of which to weave for us romantic drama, or are in the hands of our poetical failures, if our deaf ears doom them to fail, to hand on to some age that will rejoice in them. So when this troubled age of the tradesman has passed away and its problems are at rest, they shall still find beautiful things; as after the sea is troubled and its waves are quiet again we find unbroken all along the shore the little, many-coloured, beautiful shells.

I speak of the poets because it is they alone, they only in an age when all men else are doing useful things, that do those little useless things that defy power of time, and set couples lightly dancing in lands that *they* never knew.

Behold, the ages looming upon the horizon of time expect from us worthy traditions; the nations of the future that are coming up like clouds, far-off, indistinct, unguessed-at, whether boding thunder or snow, will not judge us other than sternly if we have spoiled the language of which we were but heirs for life. If the traditions of their inheritance from us are sordid there will be none to make excuse for us, we shall suffer the maximum penalty, we shall be sentenced to ridicule; and that is the doom that all the bones of the sepulchres of the world fear most from their just but unrelenting judge, seated in judgment on them and named Posterity.

These things are all in the care of the men of dreams. For the footlights are the lights of the only city, though that but of lath and boards, that passes not soon away.

The desert in countless lands has come back again to his own, over bulwarks of cities that thought themselves everlasting, over the mouldered carcases of kings and the tombs that have failed to guard them, over idols of adamant that were once divine: of Nineveh remain a few carved stones to make a learned show, of all Thebes's seven gates nothing at all, and still men are telling tales that are older than these. What was it but a song, sung by Apollo, that builded the redoubtable towers of Troy; what was it but Helen's smiles that pulled them down? It is things like smiles and songs that cast down material towers, and if Apollo and Helen are idle myths that have echoed from the harps of dreamy bards, still they outlive by a score of centuries Troy.

It will not be by our busy men that we shall be remembered, nor by our politicians, running with borrowed power in their hands from Demos to dynasties and back to Demos again, flattering each in their season; it will only be by wasteful things like battles and useless things like songs, for only by such as these do we remember Greece.

Of all his inheritance man has little care in his heart for anything but romance, he will do dull things with zeal but not with happiness, and his mother, old with journeying round the sun, in spite of her myriad years is incurably childish still, and has hoarded little but romantic tales that she cares to guard against time.

Beautiful arts are the best monument that we can set up to our age, in the truest sense the most useful, the only one that a mob cannot tear down or a storm or the frost destroy; yet of all things in the world they are the most difficult.

It is easy for a philanthropist to endow a hospital, and easy for a benevolent man to work for the sake of the poor, their goal is near to them, logic supports them and reasonable men applaud them upon their way. But the way of the poet is the way of the martyr. The greater his work the more infinite his goal. His own eyes cannot assess it. There is little logic in a lyric and notoriously little money, how can an age that values all things in gold understand so unvalued a thing as a romantic fancy?

Yet fancy is the raw material of all things, we have for instance piety before cathedrals and ambition before empires, and with such stuff as these the dramatist works. What is life but a

collection of sensations—delight in a bright day, joy in a gallop with foxhounds. Poets collect these in books like to dried flowers or like rather to those grains of wheat found in Egyptian sepulchres and planted to grow again after the lapse of centuries; for the wisdom of the poets grows and blossoms and increases in whatsoever mind is able to free itself for a moment from all of that avarice, pettiness and vulgarity that go to make up politics or business.

The kind of drama that we most need to-day seems to me to be the kind that will build new worlds for the fancy, for the spirit as much as the body needs sometimes a change of scene. And though speaking generally contemporary drama is rather conventional than fantastic, yet luckily now and then a few poets make these new worlds for us.

We see children charitably sent from cities for a day or two in the country, we see workers taking their holidays bodily by the sea, but scarcely ever does any one trouble to send our spirits to Arcady by means of poetical plays.

In the first few years of our lives our fancies are fed with those ancient tales that nurseries alone have protected from oblivion, but when we grow up to be outcasts from the kingdom of "Let's Pretend" nobody seems to care if our imagination starves. Why! If a Government provides a work-house for those who are hungry for bread it should just as surely provide a play-house for those whose imagination was wasting away; stern but kind officials should lead away men who were heard to speak in meaningless phrases, and wealthy men too much addicted to business, and gently show them some play that could not have possibly happened, until they came to see that though thirty shillings might make one pound ten the world wasn't any the better for it. Poets in the employment of the Government might write a treatise called perhaps "The Practical Business Man, His Cause and Cure." while unostentatious works of rescue among politicians and commercial millionaires might be left to the charity of private artists. But I fear that any Government that achieved so great a reform would be overthrown by the unanimous vote of all who could not easily discern between the works of let us say Tennyson and Titian, though, of course, perfectly familiar with their names. So things must remain as they are, and we

be satisfied with what respite from the age such plays as the Bluebird afford us, and the plays of Yeats and Synge, and all who find finer material for drama than thin and worn convention.

For such remain, firstly, whatever places have not yet known the blessings of modern commerce, and of modern phrases, which together help to build up modern insincerity; and, secondly, fantastic lands known only to the fancy. Of the first little remains, for of modern democracy may be said what Shakespeare said of another absolute ruler, Richard II.:

> Where doth the world put forth a vanity
> So be it new, there's no respect how vile,
> That is not quickly buzzed into his ears.

Every morning railway trains, telegraphs and motors await to spread the latest information everywhere. Even were this information of value there would be more than men's minds could digest. I do not object to detailed accounts of murder trials, life is at high tension in a court where a man is on trial for his life: what does the harm is meaningless reports of cricket matches spun out with insipid phrases and newly invented sham slang, which fill a people's minds with nothingness, and are widely read by men who no longer die but pass away at their residence. Phrases are parasites in the fur of thought and in time destroy the thing upon which they feed. Many and many a tongue in an erstwhile clever head pours forth phrase after phrase picked up from to-day and yesterday, behind which thought is dead, and only its parasites left. Too much information about the fads and fashions of empty lives is stealing year by year the traditions and the simplicity even of rural people. Yet places still remain unaffected by all these things, these are one of the hunting-grounds of the dramatist. Then there is the other world—the world of fancy. It seems to me that a play that is true to fancy is as true as one that is true to modern times, for fancy is quite as real as more solid things, and every bit as necessary to a man. A fancy of some sort is the main-spring and the end of every human ambition, and a writer who turns away from conventions and problems to build with no other bricks than fancy and beauty is doing no trivial work, his raw material is the whims and dreams and the shadowy impulses in the soul of man out of which all else ariseth. DUNSANY.

THE REJECTED OF THE ACADEMY

About this time every year the shortcomings of the Royal Academy, in the organisation of its summer exhibition, form the chief topic of conversation among artists and their friends. Each year one hears stories of the rejection or, what is worse, the remorseless skying of works by accomplished artists, who do not happen to belong to the narrow clique which at present rules the destinies of Burlington House. This year the instances of carelessness, incompetence, or deliberate injustice on the part of the Hanging Committee and Jury of Selection, are not more flagrant than usual The worst case that has become publicly known is the rejection of the portrait of Lord Haldane, by Mr. Fiddes Watt, an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy. This picture has since been hung in a prominent position in the Fine Art Section of the Coronation Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush. It is broadly and vigorously painted, the likeness is an excellent one, and the picture possesses a decorative quality and charm which most of the portraits now hanging on the walls of Burlington House do not possess. This fine work was not "crowded out" of the exhibition. It was deliberately rejected by the Jury of Selection. Its rejection is a very bad instance of the narrow exclusiveness and professional jealousy which have done so much to injure the proper development of British art, and which account for the mingled feelings of despair, fear and hatred with which the Royal Academy is regarded by the majority of British artists. Mr. Fiddes Watt's picture, judged by any universal standard of artistic merit, is much superior to at least seventy-five per cent. of the portraits by Academicians and their friends which have been placed in positions of honour in this year's exhibition at Burlington House. Its rejection proves the incompetence of the Council of the Royal Academy as

a judge of artistic merit. The artist, too, was not an unknown man who had yet to win his spurs in the profession. He is one of the best known and most respected of the Scottish portrait painters. The fact that he is an Associate of the Edinburgh Academy proves that his powers are fully recognised by his brother artists North of the Tweed. His only disability seems to be that he is not a member of the clique of London artists which now runs the Royal Academy.

There is one remedy, and only one, for this regular abuse of the powers vested in the Royal Academy. This effete, incompetent and rotten body must not be allowed to pose any longer as the official representatives of British Art. Either the Royal Academy must be reconstituted, so that it may perform its duties to the public and to the artistic profession as a whole with some degree of adequacy, or it must be quietly and firmly relegated to its proper position as one among the many competing exhibition societies which avowedly pursue only the private interests of their members. The New English Art Club, for instance, is a private society of artists, and the Club exhibitions have only one aim, viz., the benefit of the members of the Club. An artist who submits a picture to the jury of this club has no grievance if it is rejected. And it does an artist's reputation no harm to have his picture rejected by the jury of this club, because the body has no pretensions to an official position in the world of art. It is merely a private association, paying its own way, and pursuing its own private ends. But the Academy is altogether on a different footing. It does not pay its own way. It is subsidised by the nation to perform certain public duties. The site occupied by the galleries of Burlington House is the property of the nation, and the Academy has the use of this magnificent site on the understanding that its exhibitions shall be representative of the best work produced by British artists during the current year. For an artist to have his work rejected from such an exhibition is, therefore, a serious slur upon his professional capacity. Such rejection implies that the work is not considered good enough by the artistic authorities of the nation to be shown to the public, in a selection of the two thousand best works produced in the kingdom during the year.

That the Royal Academy, as at present constituted, is not

at all representative of the best artistic talent of the nation is now generally acknowledged. I do not, however, propose in this article to deal with the question of the reconstitution of the Academy—I may possibly return to that subject on another occasion. The object of the present article is to indicate the lines on which the annual summer exhibition at Burlington House might, with advantage, be arranged. The admirable Coronation Exhibition which has just been opened at Shepherd's Bush shows us exactly how such a much-needed reform might be secured.

The thirty galleries at Shepherd's Bush have been apportioned among the chief art societies of the kingdom. Each society has been given one, two or three galleries, according to its importance. Within its own section each society has enjoyed complete autonomy. They have each selected and arranged their own works. The result is that the exhibition, as a whole, is fully representative of the British school of to-day; it is a display of the best work (with a few exceptions) done in the last few years by the artists of Great Britain. In other words, it is just such an exhibition as the Royal Academy is subsidised by the public money to provide, and which it fails to provide. A minor advantage secured by this method of artistic co-operation is that the pictures and other works of art displayed are hung with taste and discretion. At the Academy the hanging is notoriously bad. This is partly because the Hanging Committee have more galleries to deal with than they can possibly attend to, and partly because the works of the Academicians have to be hung in the best positions quite irrespective of their artistic merits.

The reform which I wish to suggest is based on this model. The sixteen galleries at Burlington House should be apportioned among the chief art societies of the kingdom, and each society should enjoy absolute independence in the selection and arrangement of the works in its own section. There are at present eleven galleries devoted to oil paintings. The Royal Academy might retain two or perhaps three of these for the works of its own members. The Royal Scottish Academy and the Royal Hibernian Academy might have one room each, and the remainder might be divided between the International

Society, the New English Art Club, the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, the Royal Society of British Artists, and the Society of Portrait Painters, reserving a room or two for an independent section to which artists not otherwise represented might send. The sculpture room might be arranged by the Society of British Sculptors, the architectural room by the Royal Institute of British Architects, the water-colour room by a joint committee of the "Old" Water-Colour Society and the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, and the black-and-white room by the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers. The exact apportionment of space and the choice of societies to be represented would have to be determined by some central authority, which might with advantage consist of a few distinguished lay members, like the Earl of Lytton, Lord Balcarres, and Mr. L. V. Harcourt, and some of the permanent officials of our great museums and public galleries, like Sir Sidney Colvin, Sir Walter Armstrong, Mr. J. L. Caw, Mr. C. J. Holmes, and Sir Charles Holroyd. That an annual summer exhibition organised on these lines would provide a better and more representative display of the works of our artists than that which we now get is beyond question. It would remove much of the ill-feeling which now exists among artists, give them a new sense of solidarity, and the public would get much better value for their site than they now get.

I need perhaps hardly add one word of warning. The Academy will use all its power to resist such a reform. It would mean a serious curtailment of the privileges which Academicians now enjoy. Any such reform would have to be forced on the Academy from without—by the weight of public and professional opinion. But the gain to the public and the advantage to the arts of the country would be so considerable that the thing seems worth fighting for.

"CALLIDUS."

AMERICAN AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, *June* 9, 1911

We are living in a period of revolution. There is danger in the spirit of discontented men who would rebel against the law. Our institutions at this day are in the balance. Within a decade we will see whether the grievances of to-day—the problems which confront us—will be settled by the law or by the manner that has been in existence for two thousand years—the revolution of violence and terror and bloodshed. If there are wrongs, and I believe there are, the lawyer should seek to remedy them through the law.

The greatest problem that we are facing to-day, and the one upon which the American Republic will be wrecked, if it is ever wrecked, is the question of distribution of the vast wealth of the nation.

I do not for a moment suggest the equality of fortune. The openness of opportunity is what is needed in this country to-day. Until recently, the law of competition, which is the survival of the fittest, has ruled the commerce of this country. Now the business is being concentrated into the hands of a few, and the vast opportunity that once existed is being taken away. If the law of competition disappears, and the mighty combinations come into control of the wealth of the country, there are only two remedies—the fixing of prices on all commodities by the Government, just as it now fixes rates, or the judicial restoration of the creed of competition.

THE above is part of an address made by Mr. Cummins to the graduating students of the Washington College of Law a few days ago. Mr. Cummins is no soap-box orator; if he were, it would scarcely be worth while to spread what he says before the readers of the *National Review*. Mr. Cummins holds a distinguished position. He is a Senator from Iowa, one of the most important States in the Union. For six years he was its Governor. He was prominently mentioned as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency when Mr. Taft was nominated for the Presidency three years ago; he is now frequently spoken of as worthy to be Mr. Taft's associate when that gentleman is renominated next year; as the leader of the Insurgent wing

of the Republican Party, Mr. Cummins is looked upon by a great many people as a future President. Twice the degree of LL.D. has been conferred upon him, the American equivalent of a Grand Cross or a peerage, for it is the only way by which civic services can be recognised. In short, Mr. Cummins is one of the most influential members of the American hierarchy. What he says on public occasions cannot be whistled down the wind as the vapouring of a harebrained person without standing.

In and out of Congress the fear of "revolution" is being voiced as perhaps never before. That a man is a Senator or a Representative does not necessarily imply that he has brains or knows how to use them, for, as the New York *Sun* aptly remarks, politicians are "the most conventional and barren-pated folks in the world, especially if they set up for Radicals." Nevertheless the influence of the politician, the man who is the "ambassador of a sovereign State" or who represents a district containing a couple of hundred thousand people, is great and far-reaching, especially with the illiterate and the half-educated; and it is this influence that is so pernicious and threatens far more disastrous effects in the near future.

It is time that the American people got a grip on themselves and realised their folly. One need not fear to be called an alarmist or to be charged with exaggeration when he points out that speeches such as those made by Senator Cummins or Representative Buchanan—who in the House of Representatives a few days ago said that if a revolution comes in the near future to protect the people's rights, "it will be due to the arbitrary usurpations of power by the judges"—are the direct incitement to revolution. Democratic institutions are *not* at fault. Democracy has not proved itself a failure. The political or social system of the United States is not going to smash and the American Republic will not go the way of Rome. The American people have not been eaten up by corruption or become debauched by luxury. There are life and health in them, but they must throw off their moral hypochondria if they would escape from the ills that their imagination pictures.

One would be blind were he not able to see the direction in which America is going. The revolution that men talk about and pretend to dread—and either they are insincere or else

they are so foolish as not to be aware of the mischief they are doing—will surely come if they encourage it by their continual agitation and their efforts to create the belief that the American people are having the life squeezed out of them by monopoly and stolen wealth, that justice is sold to the highest bidder, and civic life is rotten to the core. Keep on telling a man who has less of this world's goods than his neighbours that this inequality is not the result of the defects in his own character, but is the consequence of his neighbours' knavery; tell him moreover that although his wages are higher to-day than they ever were, he is paid less than he is properly entitled to, and that while he is growing poorer his neighbours are growing richer by fattening off him; and say to him a dozen times a day that if he were to seek justice it would be denied him, as there is one kind of justice for him and another for his more prosperous neighbours—let him hear all these things day after day, and what must be the result? In the course of time he is in a frame of mind to believe all that he has heard; he becomes sullen and revengeful, and longs for an opportunity to redress the wrongs under which he imagines himself to be suffering. Out of such teaching the revolution is born and the torch and pistol do their work.

The highest court in the land renders a decision passing upon the status of the Trusts. Immediately Mr. Bryan says that the Chief Justice has been waiting for fifteen years to throw his protecting arm around the Trusts, and to tell them how to escape the law. Unfortunately, what Mr. Bryan says finds very wide circulation and is accepted by a great many persons as inspired truth. Thousands reading what Mr. Bryan said, and possessed of too limited intelligence to be able to discriminate or to sift the true from the false, will believe that the Trusts were able to buy the Supreme Court and that corrupt judges rendered a verdict against the interests of the people so that monopoly might still further tighten its hold. For years the people have had little faith in the integrity of their legislators, but they clung to the belief that the Federal Bench was pure and the Supreme Court was superior to all temptation. The confidence of the people in the judiciary has been insidiously undermined. The latest scheme of the demagogues to strengthen their power and to increase the discontent of the people is to encourage them to

demand the Recall to be applied to judges. The Recall permits the people of a State to depose their judges in case a majority of the electors are dissatisfied with a judicial opinion. This would be law administered by the mob and not by the court, for a judge, always fearing that his decision might offend some one, would trim his sails with every veering gust of the passion of the mob, and a judiciary under those circumstances would be worse and more dangerous than judges who could be purchased, for some of them at least would be incorruptible. Men who respect the courts have pointed out the danger to liberty of a judiciary holding office under fickle favour, and the demagogues have retorted with their usual specious and plausible arguments. "Does not this opposition on the part of the plutocrats"—the plutocrat is always the bogey-man to affright the simple-minded—say the demagogues, "show the necessity for this great reform? If the Recall may properly apply to legislative representatives, who make laws, and to administrative representatives, who execute laws, by what process of reasoning shall we conclude that it must not apply to judicial representatives, who nullify the laws?"

The proposition seems so fair that any one with a questioning mind would know that there is a catch in it, but the people who are to be influenced are not acute enough to see the pitfall. If a Member of Congress can be recalled every two years—that is, by the refusal of his constituents to re-elect him—and the President every four years, and Senators every six years, why should the judge, like the Member of Congress, the President, and the Senator a servant of the people, be superior to all the people? No honest judge, the demagogues say, need fear the people, for while one of the people may occasionally be wrong, when the people get together as a mob they are endowed with the voice of God, and truth alone speaks through them. An honest judge does not fear the people; he loves them, for he knows, as a Member of Congress said the other day in the course of a speech, that "the people can always be trusted to render wise and just verdicts"; it is the dishonest judge who stands in fear of the sovereign power. It was the same argument, if one may so dignify it, that was used during Mr. Bryan's first silver campaign and made such a powerful appeal to the masses. Gold was the

money of the rich and silver was the money of the poor, and just as gold had made the rich richer, so now silver would make the rich poorer and the poor richer, than which nothing more could be desired—by the poor.

Having destroyed faith in the State judiciary, or at least discredited its integrity and the purity of its motives, the next step is to bring the Federal judiciary under suspicion, not even excepting the Supreme Court. The ground has been so well prepared that the seed sowed by Mr. Bryan will bear its crop. The people who believe in Mr. Bryan are in the proper frame of mind not to doubt that he speaks with knowledge, and that in the Chief Justice of the United States the Trusts have found their tool who tells them how to escape from the law. When a people are convinced that justice is denied them they are ripe for revolution, for they are willing to risk death to escape slavery.

Senator Cummins and Mr. Bryan are not the only persons undermining confidence. To preach distrust is the easiest way to gain an audience, and Mr. Cummins and Mr. Bryan have many imitators—Senators, Representatives, men prominent in affairs, the small man who hopes for a momentary escape from his obscurity by joining in the chorus of denunciation.

Making an address before a class of graduating students—evidently it is thought proper that the education of the youth of America shall be completed by having their faith shaken in the institutions of their country—Representative Copley of Illinois said that the control of the railroad, telegraph, telephone, iron and steel industries rests in the hands of five men, and that these same five men control seventy per cent. of the banking interests of New York.

> We are face to face with the greatest problem of our existence [he said]. In 1860 the question was, shall the Union be supreme? In 1862, shall 4,000,000 black men remain in bondage? And now, shall five men who dominate the United States Steel Corporation rule the country by an oligarchy of wealth, or shall the people govern for the benefit of all the people, and give every man a square deal?

This is one of those reckless statements for which there is no warrant. This power is not centred in the hands of five

men. But the average audience cannot determine the facts, and the fable of the five men goes on its travels, arousing hatred wherever it reaches.

Inflicting a fine of five dollars on a man who had allowed his dog to run loose without a muzzle, the judge of the Washington police-court said:

> Discrimination in the law brings deserved reproach upon it. That is the trouble with the law in this country. It is unjust in its discriminations. As a result, we have the Trusts. They make the prices and the people either have to pay them or do without. In many instances people have suffered because they could not meet the prices. We are now passing through an era of very high cost of living. Unjust discrimination of the law has done that for us.

The police-court judge casts reproach on the higher law. The judges of the superior courts are assailed by politicians. The men clothed with the execution of the law are charged with subservience to privilege. Is it any wonder that the people should be influenced by these teachings?

Of one thing we may be certain: there will either be the revolution of violence and terror and bloodshed that Senator Cummins predicts, or the men who inflame the passions of the mass so as to make them ready for violence and terror and bloodshed will be driven out and spat upon by their dupes. Either there will be an explosion, for the long smouldering fires of discontent will burst into flame and destroy and devastate, or the people will stamp out the flames and the men who wave the torch will be stoned.

Last month I called attention to the incomprehensible spectacle of a nation so bountifully blessed as the American sunk in the depths of *Weltschmerz,* filling the air with their lamentations and bemoaning that the glory of Israel has departed. There is no reason for this loud-swelling jeremiad. A stranger unacquainted with the facts would be justified in believing that the Americans were crushed under the extortions of the tax-gatherer, that their lands and goods were at the mercy of their overlords, that they eked out a miserable and precarious existence, that they were hungry and cold and ragged. We hear much of the wrongs under which the people are "groaning," but it is only *the finely attuned ear of the demagogue who is able*

to hear these cries wrung from a long-suffering people. There is, of course, complaint and discontent, for men are always discontented with present conditions; even in a country so richly endowed as the United States, and where it is so much easier to make a living than in other countries, there is more poverty than there ought to be under the circumstances; there is a great deal of injustice, and there is much inequality of conditions. Admitting all this, the mass of the people are not in want, they have not abandoned hope, they are engaged in no desperate struggle for existence, they are still in enjoyment of their liberty. There is a future for the industrious possessed of reasonable intelligence.

How then explain the present mental condition of the American people? Like most things in this world, it is the conflict of two opposing forces. It is the reaction from the material to the ideal, and it is the consequence of the teachings of selfish and unscrupulous men who have encouraged discontent to forward their own unworthy ambitions. From the close of the Civil War until the Spanish War the Americans were perhaps the most material people the world has known. They have often been accused of a love of money, and the acquisition of money has been represented as their *ultima thule*. This does them a very great injustice. They were material, intensely so, made material by the stress of circumstance. They were engaged in a perpetual struggle with the material. The work cut out for them was not to build cathedrals, or paint the pictures of saints, or write immortal epics; rather they were required to build iron highways, to turn prairies into cities, to make the wilderness fruitful. The brain of America was a commercial brain; all that was best in the energies and intellect of a people found expression in commerce; money followed success, and money was the one thing that counted. A whole people working twelve hours a day, six days a week, felling trees, piling stone on stone, devising machinery to make one man's labour the equivalent of two, and then of four and eight and sixteen, to whom power was symbolised by the mighty stroke of a hundred-ton steam-hammer, became brutalised, commercialised, materialised. They had neither the time nor the thought for the finer

things of life. They were too tired after their day's work, too overwrought, their nerves keyed up at too great a tension, and yet still thinking of the work of the morrow, to find a distraction in the artificial conventions of society or to take pleasure in music or the drama except in their crudest forms. But there has always been a strain of the ideal in the Americans, the legacy inherited from Puritan ancestors, in whom the material was the dominant characteristic, but whose intense religious convictions and searching for the mystic resulted in the Puritan always being engaged in a struggle between materialism and idealism.

A whole people displayed an almost fiendish haste to get the job done, to see who could build the railway first or double the output of the mine or factory; and in this mad race the people had to close their eyes to so much of which they disapproved that finally they became indifferent. It was the triumph of *laissez-faire*, for which the American political system was peculiarly suited, as in that day American political philosophy taught the fallacious doctrine that the fewer laws the more fortunate the lot of a people; and State sovereignty made it impossible for crying wrongs to be corrected y a central Government. It was in this period that political and commercial corruption was rampant. That politics were corrupt and commerce dishonest and justice purchasable, a great many persons knew, and they attempted to bring about reforms, but theirs was a voice crying in the wilderness. The people went about their occupations too busy to give heed to the preacher or the teacher of morals, and they had very little sympathy with them. Yet there never was a time when earnest men were not labouring to raise the standard of honesty, and their work was not entirely without result. The progress was slow, but nevertheless there was progress.

With the appearance of Mr. Bryan in the realm of national politics began the era the end of which, according to the protagonists of woe, is to be the revolution. Mr. Bryan's coming also synchronised with the efforts that had long been made for reform manifesting themselves, so that the public, ripe for reform, gave ready welcome to the reformer. Mr. Bryan was strikingly the man of the hour; but it is absurd to think it was the eloquence, the zeal, the force of Mr. Bryan that aroused the public conscience

or made reforms possible. Reforms are not brought about in that way. They do not come out of the air; they do not spring from the inner consciousness of any one man. They are always of slow growth, they have always been the aspirations of hundreds and thousands of men, they are discussed and worked for by many men, and then, when the time has come, one man voices what the others have long dreamed. There were reformers before Mr. Bryan. Lincoln was a reformer, an idealist; he had the idealism of the Puritan, and was as material as the Puritan judges who sentenced Mistress Anne Hutchinson or Cromwell's Covenanters who sharpened their swords to the music of hymns. Cleveland and Harrison and Horace White and Carl Schurz and Lawrence Godkin, and hundreds of other men whose names are not so well known, belong to that goodly band of reformers. They were men of practical affairs, they were sane enough not to advocate impossible correctives, neither did they preach revolution as the short cut to perfection. They were essentially well-balanced, which was their strength, and being men of the world they knew human nature. Mr. Cleveland, for example, merely to instance one of the many reforms he effected, did more than all the tribe of professional reformers have accomplished since his time. He broke up the demoralising and corrupt spoils system and made appointments to the Civil Service dependent upon merit. Mr. Cleveland was not the original Civil Service reformer, and he could not have cleansed the Government Augean stable if that particular reform had not for many years been discussed and received the support of public opinion; but it was Mr. Cleveland who had the courage to defy the politicians, who saw the evil results of favouritism in the appointment of civil servants, and who corrected the evil, not by paltering with it or by using it to gain popular favour, but by applying the only efficacious remedy.

In American politics there were men before Mr. Bryan who incited class hatred, but no man who so openly arrayed class against class as he. Pleading that he was attempting to restore silver as a money metal, his strength with the people was that he appeared before them as their champion; he undertook, as he told his audiences, to wage the battle of the people against the power of plutocracy; and the people believed in him. Of

finance they knew nothing, for that is too abstract a science for the average intellect to grasp, and economics were an unknown mystery to them, but Mr. Bryan, who possessed the greatest of all the gifts of the orator, the power to express himself in words of one syllable, and who never soars over the heads of his audience, could make them see and feel that they were down-trodden and the victims of capitalistic greed. They believed in him and his preachings. After hearing him they were easily able to convince themselves that they were slaves chained to the industrial system.

Mr. Bryan served a purpose. He created discontent, which is a very useful thing at times, especially if it can be made a force to destroy abuses. He was honest, sincere, and had the courage to stand for his convictions. But admirable as those qualities are, a reformer who accomplishes lasting good must possess still another quality or his labour has been in vain. He must have the power to construct as well as to destroy, to be able to offer the concrete remedy for the specific ill of which he complains. In Mr. Bryan's mental equipment the constructive faculty is absent. He can tear down but he cannot upbuild. He is the physician skilled in diagnosis but ignorant of his *materia medica.*

Most protagonists, like most pioneers, simply blaze the way so that others may profit by the axe they have swung. Mr. Bryan's example was infectious. He had lost a battle and gained a fruitless victory, and other men, having neither his honesty nor his sincerity nor his convictions, determined to imitate his methods and win a battle whose spoils could be counted. There began then the war of the agitators, each more bold than his rival, each more unscrupulous in his appeal to passion, each more adroit in his declamations and denunciations and attacks, each claiming to himself the sole monopoly of honesty and his undying devotion to the cause of the people. No man counselled moderation or restraint, no man came forward with a remedy that would stand the analysis of reason. Panaceas in plenty were offered, but they were so flagrantly dishonest that even the dupes of the agitators would have none of them.

To one who has watched this riot of agitation and the undermining of the faith of a people, the present temper of the public

is not surprising; in fact, it was inevitable. The mischief has been done, but it is not irreparable if the proper remedy is applied.

There is an opportunity in this country at the present time for a man as great for the emergency as Lincoln was; a man with Lincoln's courage and honesty and charity; a man, like Lincoln, contemptuous of sham and hypocrisy, who was saved from despair because he had a sense of humour, hopeful because he was a philosopher; whose sole ambition was the ambition of the patriot to die for his country if necessary, but to whom personal ambition was nothing. There is no place for the self-seeker to gratify his sordid aspirations, the dishonest demagogue or the visionary *doctrinaire*, the well-meaning but timid man fearful of consequences—there are enough of these and to spare, and they make conditions worse instead of correcting them. What is needed is a man who will do to-day what Lincoln did half a century ago, who, believing that slavery was morally wrong and indefensible, had the courage to denounce it, who did not trim his sails first to the slave-owner and then to the abolitionist, who was never heard to say that *if* the slave-owner was wrong he would as soon punish the slave-owner as he would the abolitionist, *if* he were proved wrong, but who boldly said that a nation cannot exist half slave and half free, and as slavery was wrong then slavery must go so that a free nation might endure. Lincoln saw the evil and provided the remedy. He gave the people something to which they could cling. They were either for slavery or against it, and those who were not with him and ready to fight if necessary to drive out slavery were his enemies and friends of the slave-holders. It was an issue so simple that it was not beyond the comprehension of the meanest intelligence, and it left no opportunity for evasion. Lincoln, with prophetic vision, foreshadowed the demagogue of to-day. There will come a time, he said, when an ambitious man will seek distinction as his paramount object, "and although he would as willingly, perhaps more so, acquire it by doing good as harm, yet, that opportunity being past, and nothing left to be done in the way of building up, he would set boldly to the task of pulling down."

What is needed is a man fearless enough to face an antagonist and courageous enough not to fear a friend; a man of such high character and sincerity of purpose that the country will have

confidence in him; with eloquence—to use the thought of an American writer—that is tinged with the blood from his heart and does not rustle through his lips; who seeks nothing for himself, who asks no reward, who has no ambition, save the ambition of a Lincoln. If such a man were to devote himself to answering the Cumminses and the Bryans, the big agitators and the little, the dishonest and the ignorant; if with the patience and the eloquence of Lincoln he would point out the evils so that they might be corrected—and Lincoln always warned against the "mobocratic spirit," and urged strict respect for the law, and if there were bad laws, he said, they should be repealed, but while they continued in force they should be religiously observed—such a man would win his place among the immortals. He would lead the people back to the path of sanity. He would destroy the power of the demagogue, the agitator, the yellow journal and the muck-raking magazine. He would restore confidence. Men would come again to believe in men. National faith would be revitalised. Pessimism would no longer be fashionable.

In the American Valhalla there are only two figures. Washington, who created, and Lincoln, who defended, are alone in their solitary grandeur. Although the American is sadly deficient in the sense of proportion and has a passion for making mock-heroes, just as children delight in making men out of mud, he knows that no other American is worthy to sit with these two. Yet there is a vacant niche for the man who will render a service no less great than that of Washington and Lincoln; who will create a new faith in his country and defend his country against the assaults of the demagogue.

I have devoted the space allotted to me to this examination of present conditions because I believe the consequences they involve are of paramount importance, and what affects the United States in a scarcely lesser degree affects all the rest of the world. Compared to the issues here considered the trusts, the tariff, reciprocity, arbitration, everything, in fact, that politicians wrangle over and the public talk about in the morning and forget by nightfall, are of as little moment as the dancing motes flashing in the sun affect man's real happiness or welfare.

A. MAURICE LOW.

A SUFFRAGETTE'S CONVERSION

EMILY THOMPSON jerked her thin shoulder out from the constable's grasp. There had been no grip and less enthusiasm in the officer's hand. He looked with bored disgust into the woman's wrinkled face, but, at the sight of her disordered grey hair, all the Irish of him softened.

"Be after goin' home, ma'am, do now," he said softly, and turned his official attention to a younger, a shriller, and a more offensive suffragette.

Parliament Square was a sorry sight. Hair-pins, hat-pins, hair, too! broken umbrellas, veils, fragments of cloth, draggled handkerchiefs, hair-nets, a hat or two, a woman's collar (once dainty and lace) and other indescribable, but not less feminine, débris lay under the feet of a frenzied, purple-faced mob of writhing women and a score of embarrassed police, striving stolidly to do their duty, and ashamed, each man of them, of the sex of his mother. The exhibition was as absurd as it was indecent, and it was not even redeemed by one note of real tragedy.

The women—some few were crazy, more idiotic, some unsexed or sexless, most hysterical, nearly all drunkenly seeking advertisement: a sorry crop—the crop of England's own reaping. she had sown the seed of the municipal enfranchisement of women (manured it with the so-called higher education of woman), and this the disgraceful whirlwind ripened, garnered to her harvest!

The poor hooligan women were out for "martyrdom" and notoriety, and, at last, the police were forced to yield to the cheap craving, and arrest a few of the most persistently disorderly.

Miss Thompson was unlucky. No one would arrest her. No

one paid any attention to her; so, as the square cleared, too tired to "demonstrate" further that day, she turned and began a grim tramp to Chelsea; a gaunt, friendless "old maid" vowed to a cause—the cause of the shrieking sisterhood. What would not she have given for the shelter and succour of a Number Eleven 'bus! But her leather bag had been wrenched from her belt. She had neither the two coppers that would have carried her home, nor a now-most-necessary handkerchief with which to wipe her reeking face.

The poor creature was terribly spent: foot-sore, dishevelled, shaking from fatigue and reaction. She was trembling so when she reached the end of Victoria Street that she was forced to crawl into the station's waiting-room (her gait could be called nothing braver than a crawl now) and sink disjointedly on to a seat.

The room was almost empty, as it chanced, but had it been as packed with humanity as had been Parliament Square just now, the over-wrought woman could not have stayed the quivering of her face, or held back the one bitter tear that slunk down her sallow cheek.

A girl, elaborately coiffured, gorgeously hatted, and well rouged, sat and watched Miss Thompson curiously. The girl seemed shy of accosting—another woman. But, at last, urged by the other's palpable plight, she did, moved by the genuine kindliness so strangely characteristic of her profession.

"Shall I get you anything? You do look ill!"

Miss Thompson shook her head dejectedly.

The girl proffered an ornate bottle, and the woman took it, and, leaning back against the wall, sniffed at the salts.

"I'm sorry it hasn't more strength," said the painted Samaritan. "You'd better have a drink—of tea."

Tea! Hot, strong, nerve-giving, tonic tea! The old maid almost wept at the vision. But she shook her head.

The girl looked at a bunch of green, purple, and white ribbon riding crookedly upon the panting, black-clad breast.

"Been having a hard time?" she said.

The woman revived. "A glorious time!" she said proudly. "There must have been a dozen arrests. The police were brutal, scandalously brutal. They beat us with truncheons, they

trampled us underfoot. They are dragging young girls and old women to gaol. And Lady Marion Smythe has her face cut open."

"Do you live far from here?" said the girl, seemingly unfired by this fiercely drawn picture of English womanhood on crusade.

"Near Chelsea Town Hall," replied Emily dejectedly.

"Wouldn't you better be getting home? You do look bad."

Emily flushed. "I'll rest more first," was all she said.

"Lost your purse?"

Emily made no answer.

From the tangled jangle at her hip the girl drew a small gold-washed purse.

"Oh; no, thank you," began the suffragette.

"Nonsense," said the girl. "You are going through all this for all other women, aren't you? Well, then, let me give a shilling to the 'cause.'"

Miss Thompson looked at her companion squarely—and for the first time. The old face softened now, for Emily was shrewd, but no Pharisee.

"My dear child," she said gently, "are you on our side?"

The other shook her bleached head.

"Not me! It's all nonsense and worse. You take my word for it. *We* know a thing or two. I don't think much of my own business, and that's straight; but politics is worse—for women. I've got no use for a vote. And I'll have one, you know, if you get this bill of yours through: *I* and all the rest of *us*. Well, I must be going. You have some tea, and go home and rest, do. This is no place."

She was gone—and Miss Thompson sat dazed and surprised, turning over and over on her knee an old half-crown. Presently she smiled, a slow, grim smile, and went wearily to her 'bus.

At Markham Square she got stiffly out. The just-coming spring was feeble and discouraged. Her gracious promise was well hidden. No hint of cool, redeeming green had she yet laid on the arid parallelogram which, as yet, but accentuated Chelsea's grime. There was nothing green within eye-reach except the lamp-posts, a sullen heap of cabbage in the opposite greengrocer's display, and one of the limp, torn, defeated ribbons

at the suffragette's flat breast. A Chelsea pensioner stood by the letter-pillar. His bright red coat lent the scene its one touch of brave colour. His brave old face and the medals on his coat lent it its one touch of dignity. In all strict technical sense his fighting days were over. But there was fighting in Chelsea, for all that—even as there had been in Parliament Square—and the old warrior was watching with grim amusement the hot battling of a small girl and a boy even smaller. She was tousled and torn. Her foe's wooden tray of cod and bloaters lay on the footway.

"I kin fight ten such sculks as you," screamed the demented girl. "I'll punch yer 'ead till yer can't see."

"Ga' on," jeered the somewhat cooler boy, one arm bent to parry her fist, one eye keeping guard over his fish. "Ye ain't goin' to git na vote. Ga' long 'ome and darn yer socks, that's wat woming's fit fer."

"Darn ye for a liar," shrieked the girl with a desperate onrush.

The boy parried well—too well. Perhaps he pushed—in self-defence, remember. Down went the Amazon. Over went the tray. The boy swooped to its rescue, and the young hooligans rolled over and over, and with them part of the dinner and most of the breakfast of a genteel family in Carlyle Square.

The urchin grabbed the fish, the old soldier grabbed the boy.

"You deserve a licking," said the pensioner.

"What fer?"

"For striking her."

"She 'it fust."

"Yes—but you hit back. Not even in self-defence must you ever hit a woman."

"Her ain't," jeered the boy sulkily. "Her's a suffragette," and he marched off to wash and mend his fish at a friendly tap. The fish needed it.

The girl leaned, breathing brokenly against the pillar-box. Miss Thompson addressed her sternly:

"You are too young to—to take so active a part—to—to fight like this—to—to—" verily her words stuck in her throat. Not two hours before she had seen women of birth and culture, women of wealth, women of holy lives, white-haired women,

women of title, fighting (and in the same cause) as rudely, as vixenishly, and with as much display of limb and linen as had the wild child of the Chelsea slum.

"Nothin' o' the kind," retorted the girl pertly. "Sallie Opkins's bigger'n me, but sh'ain't so velly much holder, an' she's in yer fife and drum band." Her shrewd eyes had seen Emily's badges.

The pensioner turned slowly away. He said nothing. But his old face was eloquent.

Emily Thompson flushed, and for the first time in her life of unbroken rectitude she felt ashamed of herself, and even more ashamed of her shame. She wished the old soldier had not seen her green, purple, and white ribbons. She knew that she wished it, and she was heartily ashamed of the wish.

She lived but a few doors down, on the west side of the square. When she had opened her door, she looked back. The little girl still leaned against the pillar-box. The woman sighed, went in, and closed the door.

The "dining-room" door stood open, framing a very different picture from that Emily had just seen—and had sighed to see. Again a girl, a girl of much the same age as the girl outside, but girlhood of a different type. Trim, white-pinafored, a soft-faced child sat on the hearthrug singing a doll to sleep.

The only child of a widower, he a hard-worked schoolmaster, Lucy White had scarcely heard of "Votes for Women," and what she had heard had made no impression upon her placid little mind; for hers was one of the sheltered lives. Between her soft person and the pinch of unmistakable poverty John White held his persistent personality. Their three rooms in the apartment-house were a happy home—and Lucy heeded little beside her father, her dolls, her delicate tasks, and her birds. A modest fire burned in the grate. A modest meal waited on the table—and Lucy sang and smiled and nursed.

The tired woman in the hall stood a moment watching with a tightening throat, then she plodded wearily up to her own rooms.

She was the "drawing-room," the plutocrat of the establishment. Modestly, but not meanly pursed, Miss Thompson had, until recent years, lived with some considerable comfort.

But of late the "cause" had drained from her devoted life all of even comparative luxury—and not a little of wisely incurred comforts.

Mrs. Kelly—the landlady—disapproved of the Woman's Movement. Her instincts were against it. And its curtailment of Miss Thompson's weekly expenditures touched her more nearly —more in detail. Relations between the two women had grown a little strained. And this tended, in many tangible ways, to curtail the lodger's comfort.

John White, too, disapproved of the feminist propagandists, and had less and less allowed Lucy to visit the lady in the drawing-room. Emily had felt this keenly. She had never liked the teacher, but she did respect him, and her half-hours with docile little Lucy had been the green spots in a life strangely parched and dull. She missed the child's companionship bitterly —and still more she felt the spiritual slight, the implied condemnation of the father's attitude. She would have given a great deal now for Lucy—if only to hold on her weary knees for a moment. The gentle weight would have rested her. Her fire was laid—not lit, and the room was cold. There were no matches. She rang. Presently she rang again. Tea came at last. Indeed, the delay was not unconscionable. But, to the unnerved woman, it seemed so. By the time the matches came the tea was half cold. Her feet ached so she could ill bare to drag off her heavy boots. In the bag she had lost there had not been much money, but there had been more than she could afford to lose. Dispirited, dishevelled—for the time at least—the snap had gone out of her obsession. She disliked the ribbon on her gown. She eyed distastefully the piles of "literature" stacked on the never-opened piano. She even looked a little indignantly at the elegantly framed photograph of a well-advertised suffragette, a young woman who, at least, had learned to dress and to dress well since her violent espousal of "Votes for Women." A small vase of violets and snowdrops stood beside the picture. Miss Thompson noticed that they needed water. Yet she sat still.

Emily Thompson was not unfamiliar with the best and the strongest of the arguments against the political enfranchisement of woman. She had considered it an important part of her

duty to hear and read what was said and written against the cause she had embraced. She had done so conscientiously; but Mrs. Humphry Ward and Lord Cromer had left her cold and unconvinced. Nothing she had heard or read had even disturbed her, but all had so failed to shake her conviction that it had neither ruffled nor angered her. But to-night she wore her green, purple, and white with a difference. The brawling girl in King's Road and the quiet little thing on the hearthrug downstairs were persistently before her fevered, jaded mind. They seemed to her the personification of the two opposed sides of the Woman Question. She hated herself for it: scoffed at its non-logic, its injustice. But the vision and her reading of it stayed. The two children unconsciously had written in crimson on the wall of her lonely life. She felt herself and her "cause" weighed in Nature's balance and found wanting.

For some months now tea had been her good-night meal, and presently she went to bed, bewildered and disturbed. And the flowers drooped and withered, unwatered, in front of the militant heroine's picture.

In the morning Emily Thompson was bitterly ashamed of her perversion of the night before. It was raining, and the gloomy square would not have invited an idle woman to dawdle at the window. But Miss Thompson had no mind to be idle. She breakfasted rather better than was her custom, for she intended to fill the day with unflagging work, in spiritual apology for the evening's half-apostasy.

But Nature, if slow, is strong—too strong even for the will of a militant suffragette, sometimes.

Miss Thompson wrote a cheque for the "cause" and then settled down to a devoted reading of a preposterous article on "What the Vote had done for the Women of New Zealand."

As she read, something like terror crept into the gaunt old face. Fear fastened on an aged or ageing countenance is a pitiful sight, almost as pitiful as is the sight of fear fastened on a child's face.

And Emily Thompson was very frightened. To-day, for the first time, her gospel rang false. The faith for which she had pinched and fared a little roughly, the faith for which (and

hardest of all this had been) she had made herself both conspicuous and ridiculous, seemed to be slipping from her: seemed hollow and to mock her. She shuddered a little, and shrank back from an unexpected and unwelcome mental state, appalled at the personal shipwreck which must follow if she were wrenched from the faith to which she had given everything—for which she had given up everything. To be sure, her life had been none too full of personal interest or of warm personal relationships, when the vibrant voice of a blue-eyed girl-suffragette had first caught and as a siren charmed her. But because of their paucity, such personal interests and relationships had been all the more precious; and she had torn apart from them, cast them all away, that she might be the less encumbered in her devotion to a cause she had made her all. And now she seemed to be in deadly peril of her faith. Well might she be frightened, feeling as some old nun might feel who, after almost a lifetime of convinced and ardent seclusion in some strictly cloistered order, suddenly found herself bereft of her Faith, felt creeping on her an abhorrence of all that she had held dear and holy; shut off, too, from the world, condemned to a living death by a terrible vow, but tenfold more by a not-to-be-recovered loss of outside interests, of outside comradeships. Or something so might some Christian martyr have felt in Rome, naked in the amphitheatre, when, too late to cry, "Ave Cæsar!" the hot breath of the crouching, wide-jawed beast beating upon her woman's bosom, a sudden doubt had wrenched from her her upholding Faith, and she had felt in her most awful moment of ordeal that the Christus was but a name and a dream.

The strong revulsion creeping like a palsy over this woman was the sudden culmination of a long and gradual accretion of instinctive and irresistible impressions. Much that she had done, more that she had seen done, Emily had hated from the first and to the last. She had known that she was ridiculous and suspected that she was coarse when she had marched and raged and heckled. A good deal of her "work" had been martyrdom, and she had not suffered it gladly—and had only just been able to half think that she did.

Her conviction had survived (or seemed to do so) many ruder onslaughts than any it had encountered yesterday. But often

a recalcitrant nail that defies one tremendous blow will sink obediently into place at a succession of gentler taps. A succession of small things had made of yesterday her Faith's something of Waterloo—and had gathered into themselves the unrecognised force of every previous disconcerting occurrence.

She had boasted at Victoria Station of the day's doings in Parliament Square. She had been sincerely proud of them. Yet, at the same time, a sub-conscious Emily Thompson had been a little ashamed: had thought the exhibition absurd and even lewd.

Yesterday had been a terrible day to Emily, a day of petty disillusions, and under the weight of their aggregation her cherished conviction was crumbling. And the brave old woman sat alone and reviewed it and faced it—alone, as she had faced most of the issues of life. Not one of them had been harder than this.

The words, the tone, and the glance of the constable had given her obsession the first jar of which she or it had been conscious. There had been previous ones—many. But she and her faith had always contrived to avoid looking them in the eye. Not so with the unspoken reproach of the officer. The man had protected the woman against herself, and her womanhood had answered to his insistence upon sex: sex God-given—sex stronger than caste, stronger than any fad, stronger than all the lies.

Her fire was burning low. She drew a little closer to it, and the magazine slid from her lap. She was thinking—and feeling intensely. It hurt.

After the policeman had come the girl in the station—the unmistakable creature-astray, who had given womanly succour to her woman's plight, and enabled the suffragette to pay a sorely needed 'bus fare out of the wages of sin. Why she recalled the girl's words she could not tell, still less why they carried weight; but they did!

Then had come the foolish, vulgar little fray at the square's mouth, and the silent scorn on the old pensioner's face—the pensioner with a medal on his coat, that her only brother might have worn, had he not died in battle.

Next had been the glimpse of Lucy White, dependent, abjectly content, sitting lowly on the hearthrug, nursing an insensate doll.

Four very small things! Yet they were turning the current of her lonely life—and she sat, because of them, tempest-tossed, undergoing the mental torture that has been endured by so many a human soul forsaking or changing or finding a creed. Emily Thompson was fighting and fighting hard for all that had but yesterday made up to her the charm, the dignity, and the duty of life.

Presently she lunched, perfunctorily, as lonely women often do, and bitterly because of her dilemma.

Restless and perturbed, seeing that it no longer rained, she put on cloak and hat and went out to walk. She took the cheque with her. She would decide in the open air whether to post it or to destroy it.

It was tea-time when she came back, pleasantly tired, but still in a mental quagmire.

As she took off her outdoor things she heard from the room over her bedroom the sobbing of a child—not loud or angry, but frightened and painful. Emily had always loved children, and, as so many "old maids," ungainly and to adults unattractive, are, was always able to win them. The room above her bedroom had been but recently "let" to a mother and little son. Emily knew nothing about them, not even their name. She listened nervously. No woman's voice answered or soothed the child. The last woman in the world (in spite of her *suffrage training) to commit an intrusion, Emily stood hearing* the child for some time. At last she could stand it no longer—and she rang her bell. No one came. She remembered then that Mrs. Kelly had said something about wishing to go out, and that she had volunteered to get her own tea, as she not infrequently did. She listened. She went into the hall, and listened. Not a sound except the sobbing. She believed that she and the child were alone in the house. She went, rather dubiously, up the one flight, and knocked.

"Tum! Please tum!" cried an eager little voice.

Emily opened the door. It was growing dark, and the fire, like hers, was quite out. On the bed sat a tiny boy of four or five, tear-stained and dishevelled, nursing in his thin arms a little crutch, as if its sad companionship were better than none.

"Why, little man," exclaimed Emily, "all alone? Where's mother?"

"Dawn to a 'mittee meetin'," said the child brokenly, "a votes for wimmens meetin'. Me woked up."

It was more than an instant before Emily had her voice just where she wanted it. Then she said:

"Come. Come to my room, and we'll have tea."

The little fellow slipped off the bed eagerly—tiny crutch and all. He put a confiding hand into Emily's, and smiled up into her shaken face.

"I 'ate votes for wimmens," he said gently, "an' I do want muvver so."

"Votes for women," said the woman, speaking gently too—"that's all a mistake. Perhaps mother'll think so too some day. Good women make bad mistakes sometimes. Come, we'll have tea—and buttered toast. To-morrow we'll have cakes. You shall be my boy whenever mother's out. We'll have such a fire, in no time, and boil the kettle—and burn a cheque. Can you make toast? I can—just the best toast that ever was."

The boy laughed contentedly. Clinging comforted to her hand, the little lame child led her back. Her conversion was complete. She had made her submission to Nature. And she was glad. But her throat ached, because, as they went down the linoleum-stripped stairs, she thought the thump, thump of his crutch said, "Votes for women. Votes for women. Crime, Crime, Crime."

LOUISE JORDAN MILN.

VELLORE, 1806

"The devil's abroad in false Vellore,
The devil that stabs by night," he said;
"Women and children, rank and file,
Dying and dead, dying and dead."

HENRY NEWBOLT.

A HUNDRED and five years ago this July occurred the mutiny at Vellore, memorable in that it shook the tradition, deep-rooted in the hearts of all Indian officers, of the absolute fidelity of the Sepoys to their salt, and memorable also as foreshadowing in miniature the life-and-death struggle of fifty years later. That the tradition had power to revive, and thus to prepare the way for many of the most disastrous incidents of 1857, was due in part to the innate tendency of mankind to believe the pleasant rather than the unpleasant, but chiefly to the fact that the true lesson of the Vellore outbreak was speedily hidden by the dust of controversy. In India soldier and civilian were busy attributing blame one to the other, while at home the affair became a mere counter in a game with which it had but the slightest connection—the question whether missionaries should or should not be allowed to settle in India.

The time and place of the outbreak were alike significant. In the previous year the Marquis Wellesley had been superseded as Governor-General by Lord Cornwallis, whose death after only three months in India left the senior Member of Council, Sir George Barlow, provisionally in power. Lord Wellesley's career of conquest, with the unavoidable expenditure it entailed, had roused resentment at home, and Lord Cornwallis's second term of office was undertaken for the express purpose of reversing his policy. Great was the joy of aspiring native rulers when Sindhia and Holkar were not only forgiven, but, as the phrase went,

"compensated," for aggressions on British territory, and Raghuji Bhonsla of Berar plucked up courage to claim from Barlow the retrocession of Cuttack, to the possession of which Lord Wellesley had attached special importance, as it furnished a link between the Bengal and Madras Presidencies. The paramount power was evidently growing feeble, and it was a moment when a young man of spirit might with good hope of success make a bid for empire.

At Madras the Government was in the hands of Lord William Bentinck, a man of thirty-two, the youngest Governor hitherto sent out. An experienced soldier—he had served in Flanders and Egypt, had been in Switzerland with Suwarrow, and through the Marengo campaign with the Austrians—he had little in common with the typical civilian administrator who finds his natural enemies in the military authorities. With the civil members of his Council he was often at feud, but he appears to have been on the best of terms with his Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Cradock or Caradoc, afterwards Lord Howden. Cradock had served on Abercromby's staff in the Egyptian campaign, when Lord William Bentinck commanded the cavalry, and they had also been together in the West Indies. The Madras Presidency would seem to have been a rallying-ground for old West Indians at this time, since in command at Arcot was Colonel Robert Rollo Gillespie, and at Vellore Colonel St. John Fancourt, both of whom had distinguished themselves in San Domingo under General Simcoe.

The significance of Vellore did not lie in the size of its garrison, which consisted of two battalions of Native Infantry and a detachment of H.M.'s 69th Regiment, but in the fact that, standing about midway between Madras and the Mysore boundary, it had been selected as the residence of the families of Haidar Ali and Tipu Sultan when the fall of Seringapatam destroyed the power of their usurping dynasty. The treatment of these exiles was "on a scale of very extensive liberality." Their abode was termed "The Palace," and they were under the paternal care of a special official known as the Paymaster of Stipends, whose duty it was to superintend the distribution among them of a sum not exceeding four lacs of pagodas (£160,000), in any one year. The holder of this office, Thomas Marriott, was a young soldier

who in 1792, when he had been scarcely a year in India,* was entrusted by Lord Cornwallis with the honour of conducting back to their father the two hostage sons of Tipu. His skill in Oriental languages, his popularity with the natives, and the high regard in which he was held by all the members of the deported royal family, had induced the Madras Government to frame a regulation—which was under reference to Bengal at the time of the outbreak—increasing his responsibilities. Hitherto the system of divided command had flourished gloriously at Vellore, the military authorities being responsible for the Fort, the civil magistrate for the Pettah, or town, and the Paymaster of Stipends for the Palace and its inhabitants, but it was now suggested that the police arrangements of the Pettah, in which lived the dependents of the Princes, should come under Marriott's charge.

To the accidental circumstance that Marriott's father was an old friend of Warren Hastings we owe a good deal of information not otherwise accessible. Early in Hastings' Indian career, when he was at Murshidabad in 1759, Randolph Marriott, Resident at Balasore, appears as one of his familiar correspondents. Marriott must have retired young, for in 1770 he writes from England to tell of his marriage. For many years his letters are few and far between, but in view of the cordial tone of the correspondence when it is resumed in 1806, and of the fact that his youngest son seems to have been a godson of Mrs. Hastings, it is clear that the friendship must have been uninterrupted. Three at least of his sons were soldiers, but the father's pride centres chiefly in the two in India, the younger of whom has just "made Himself perfect in the Language."

"I have the Pleasure to say," writes Randolph Marriott on May 8, "we have recd. exceeding good Accots. from our Young Men; The Major 'Thos.' is quite settled at Velore and Mrs. Hastings' Friend Charles 'now a Capt.' is appointed his Deputy 'each with handsome Salary's exclusive of their Pay.'" On August 17 he says, "I have the further Pleasure to inform You that my Son Thos. has just got a Lt. Col'cy; and that he hopes soon *Chs.* will be a Major—and will be appointed his Assistant in Charge of Tippoo's *Bibbys.*" On December 3 he has received a letter written as late as May 29, confirming the

news of Thomas's promotion: "When *He* had been 15 Years in the Country, and some of the Officers of 22 and 23 Yrs. Standing are yet only Captains. Lord and Lady Wm. Bentinck have been staying two or three days with them at Velore. Out of six of ye. late Tippoo's Daughters the Coll. has got through the Marriage of Three and had commencd. a few days ago, with a fourth." This projected marriage was to have an intimate connection with the coming events which were already casting their shadows before, unknown either to the proud father at Worcester, the interested observer at Daylesford, or the wrangling Directors in London.

The news of the mutiny reached England in January 1807, and was received with mingled horror and incredulity. "When I heard the Vellore Story," writes Baber to Hastings, "I immediately said it was the worst piece of News I ever heard from that part of the World, and the landing of a French Army would not have been so bad." "Not any official Account of the Vellore Most Infamous Business—I cannot bring myself to believe it," says Toone in February. This discreet attitude of the authorities in India was copied by the Government and the Directors at home when the reports arrived—rousing the resentment of the unofficial public. Hastings writes: "I do not like to trouble Coll. Toone for Indian news, lest I shd. appear to tempt him to divulge wt. I ought not to know; but I want sadly to know wt. has been done, or is to be done, concerning the affair of Velloor." He could recall two similar but smaller mutinies during his own period of office—one at Vizagapatam in 1780, the other at Berhampur in 1782—both of which had been put down with signal success. He was naturally anxious to learn how the present rulers faced their greater task, and his interest was eventually gratified by the acquisition of three important documents—how and from whom obtained is not stated.

On the causes of the outbreak expert opinion was so sharply divided—civilians attributing it, like Sir John D'Oyly, to "those most absurd and impossible (military) Measures," and soldiers, whose opinion is expressed by Colonel Palmer, to "that Conspiracy in favour of the Sons of Tippo"—that it is best to allow the facts to speak for themselves. It was essentially a military mutiny, as distinct from an uprising of the civil population,

and its occasion—not to beg the question by saying its cause—was a grievance felt by the Sepoys. Cradock, like other British generals before and after him, went to India with the intention of tightening the bonds of discipline in the native army. The variety observable in the appearance and equipment of the Sepoys distressed his soul, and he set to work to codify into a body of military regulations applicable to the whole army the regimental orders which were in vogue in the strictest corps. Specially important in his eyes was the following, as quoted in the Report of the Mixed Commission:

> It is ordered by the Regulations that a native soldier shall not mark his face to denote his caste, or wear earrings, when dressed in his uniform; and it is further directed that at all parades, and upon all duties, every soldier of the battalion shall be clean shaved on the chin. It is directed also that uniformity shall be preserved in regard to the quantity and shape of the hair upon the upper lip, as far as may be practicable.

The new code was duly laid before Government in January 1806, with the understanding that any order not hitherto generally in force should be marked for special attention. Whether by accident or design, this particular regulation was inserted among the orders already in force, which occupied a hundred and fifty folio pages. Through these Lord William Bentinck did not attempt to wade, and the new regulation became law without his noticing it, and was published in General Orders on March 13. It created such consternation among the officers of some of the corps affected that they delayed to communicate it to their regiments, and Lieut.-Colonel McKerras (afterwards killed), at Vellore, told his adjutant that he had determined to withhold it and abide the consequences. But Cradock's reforming zeal was by no means yet exhausted. Changes in dress, tending to assimilate the uniform of the native army to that of the European, such as the wearing of stocks and waistcoats, had already been introduced, and now an order was issued prescribing a new form of turban for all Sepoy regiments. It was to be "made, as formerly, of broad cloth covering an iron frame, with the exception of a cotton tuft, made to resemble a feather, and a leather cockade. This last article appears, indeed," says the report of the Mixed Commission, "to have been disliked by the Sepoys, but the

material and leading objection respected the shape, which they compared to that of a tope, or European hat."

The issue of this new turban was notified to the troops in April, and the men, already disturbed by the rumours which had leaked out of the burden of the "Shaving Order," which they interpreted to mean that their whiskers were to be cut off, became "much displeased," and refused to wear it. On May 6 and 7 serious disorder occurred in the Second Battalion of the 4th N.I. at Vellore, and was repressed with the utmost severity. By a letter "conceived," says Lord William Bentinck, "in the highest tone of military authority," the Commander-in-Chief directed that the native officers were at once to make up and wear the turban, on pain of dismissal, that the non-commissioned officers who had headed the revolt were to be reduced to the ranks, and that the ringleaders of the disturbances, numbering nineteen, were to be sent to Madras for trial. Cradock added that he "would not admit of hesitation" in carrying out his orders, and that he would send the 19th Dragoons from Arcot, if necessary, to enforce obedience. All the men sent to Madras were eventually pardoned but two, who received nine hundred lashes each in the presence of their battalion, and were "discharged from the Honourable Company's service, as turbulent and unworthy subjects." Discipline having thus been vindicated, Cradock thoughtfully consulted two men of high caste, "a Malabar and a Seid," as to the new turban, and having published their reassuring opinions to calm the minds of the troops, was much gratified to find that the mutinous battalion, now transferred to the capital, appeared on parade wearing the turban, "in as perfect and complete a state of subordination and good discipline as any other corps on the Madras establishment."

It is only fair to Cradock to state that he appears to have been totally misled by the Anglo-Indian officers on whom he relied for advice—or, at any rate, that knowing the man, they gave the advice which they saw would be agreeable. The "Shaving Order" was, they told him, already silently acted upon in all well-regulated corps, and one enthusiast averred that, so superior were his men to superstitious considerations, they would trample on their turbans if he gave them the word—much more wear any turban that he ordered. "I have no Patience with

the old Company's officers, who could lend themselves to such a Measure," writes Toone; "and one of them outrageously persisted to the last Moment, that the order did not violate the Religious Prejudices of the Sepoys." The chief offender seems to have been Major Pierce, the Deputy Adjutant-General, "always adverse to the Natives, therefore a very improper Man to be in the Adjutant-General's office," says Toone.

In spite of the success of the disciplinary measures, the Commander-in-Chief was vexed by misgivings, and on July 4 the Governor in Council received a letter from him asking whether the "Turban Order" had not better be revoked. The turban itself was light and convenient, but the objection to it was universal; to impose it by force upon an unwilling army would create ill-feeling, and while it was undesirable to appear to yield to violence, Indians were peculiar people, and must be dealt with accordingly. Cradock was ready, of course, to go on enforcing the Order, but he wished to be assured of the support of the Government. The real reason of this extraordinary *volteface* seems to have been the letters of warning received from several distant stations, testifying to the belief of the Sepoys and their native officers that they were to be compelled to adopt Christianity, but the Government, still ignorant that the turban was not the only cause of discontent, discounted these as the work of alarmists. Lord William Bentinck and his Council agreed that it would have been better not to issue the turban originally, but that after the high tone taken in May by the Commander-in-Chief, it would be dangerous to withdraw it. As a compromise, they proposed the issue of a General Order assuring the troops that no change incompatible with their religion was intended. With another curious change of front, Cradock replied expressing his admiration of the proposed manifesto as a piece of literature, but thought it unnecessary to promulgate it, since he had satisfied himself that the opposition to the turban had been much exaggerated. The Order was not published, and while the Commander-in-Chief's letter was on the road, preaching peace and safety, the unexpected happened.

The Europeans at Vellore appear to have accepted without question the comforting assurance that the disaffection which showed itself in May was purely temporary, and had been

successfully stamped out, and the substitution of the Second Battalion of the 23rd N.I. for the mutinous 4th seemed to safeguard them completely. But their case was unlike that of other stations. In the Palace were twelve sons of Tipu, many daughters and sons-in-law, other relatives, old Ministers and servants, and hundreds of women, and living in the Pettah were a huge train of male attendants, besides many faithful adherents of the vanquished dynasty who had followed it into exile, and the dependents, drawn from all parts of India, of the husbands of the Princesses. Did the Princes and their motley following incite the Sepoys to revolt, or were they merely willing to turn to their own advantage a discontent already aroused? The military authorities supported the former theory, the civil the latter. In any case, the strictest inquiry proved only two of them to be implicated—Tipu's third son, Moiz-ud-deen,* and his younger brother Mohe-ud-deen. Their brothers were not taken into their confidence—a mere matter of prudence, since the elder princes could not be expected to encourage the designs of a junior whose first victims they must inevitably be. Lord William Bentinck stigmatises Moiz-ud-deen as a weak, foolish youth, possessing neither talents nor responsibility, while Gillespie is of opinion that "if a man is to judge by Physiognomy, the Prince Moyce-ud-dein's Countenance most decidedly convicts him." If the evidence given by Sepoy witnesses in fear of death, and stoutly denied by all concerned, is to be believed, there were intriguers surrounding the young man who were able to exploit his folly or his ambition for their own purposes. It was one of his people who first suggested a general insurrection, and a relative of his, a visitor from Delhi, discussed its near approach beforehand. His foster-brother carried to the Palace the news that many Sepoys and non-commissioned officers of both battalions had taken a triple oath pledging them to secrecy, to the rejection of the new turban, and to the restoration of Tipu's dynasty, and brought back from Moiz-ud-deen a promise of increased pay.

The night of July 9 had been fixed for the wedding festivities of "Noor-ul-Nissum Begum," sister of Prince Mohe-ud-deen,

* Gillespie spells the name Moyce-ud-dien. The true form may be Maza-ud-din. This Prince may possibly be identical with Musa-ud-din, one of the hostages of 1792.

with a Mysorean from Cuddapah. These marriages, the arranging of which was so important a part of Thomas Marriott's duties, were the means of drawing large crowds from all parts of the country. Two suspicious circumstances in connection with Moiz-ud-deen's behaviour were afterwards remembered. He asked Marriott's leave to hold a *mardana*, or bachelor party, which meant that his male attendants and his cousin Haidar Husain Khan would remain at the Palace all night instead of returning to their homes in the Pettah—an indulgence allowed only at the time of Muharram. When Marriott refused the request, as irregular and setting up a bad precedent, Moiz-ud-deen brought up the subject of a horse, which he was anxious to buy, though deep in debt. If he could not buy the horse, might he see and try it? To this Marriott consented, and it was brought to the Palace. Gillespie attaches importance to the fact that "a number of Horse-men appeared on the afternoon of the 9th with a numerous train of attendants, in different parts of the Town, behaving in a very riotous, disorderly manner, and sham fighting with each other," but their proceedings would seem to have been merely the "Powder Play" which was part of the wedding festivities.

On this evening, July 9, Colonel and Mrs. Fancourt were expecting their friend Colonel Gillespie from Arcot on a visit. They were disappointed, for Gillespie received important letters from Government requiring immediate answers, and was forced to put off his journey till the next day. The events of the night are recounted in Mrs. Fancourt's narrative:

About the hour of two on Thursday Morning we were both awakened at the same instant, with a loud firing. . . . Coln. F—— went to the Window of his writing Room, which he opened and called aloud and repeatedly to know the cause of the disturbance—to which he received no reply, but by a rapid continuation of the firing by numerous Sepoys assembled at the Main Guard. . . I looked at my Husband, and saw him pale as ashes. I said, "Good God What is the matter, my dear St. John?" to which he replied, "Go into your Room, Amelia." I did so. . . . I heard him two Minutes after, leave the writing Room, and go out of the House. Between three and four o'clock, I believe, the firing at the Main Guard ceased, and the Drum beat, which I afterwards found was owing to my Husband's exertions to quiet the Sepoys.*

* "Poor Col. Fancourt fell, in turning out the Main Guard, almost at the Commencement of the Affray when gallantly exerting himself under a very heavy fire."—Gillespie.

I heard no more firing for some time. It then began again at the European Barracks. . . . I bolted all the Doors in my Room and brought my Children into it. . . . I dressed and twice *cautiously* opened the Hall Door and felt my Way to the lower end of it to look *where* they were firing *most*—I perceived it was chiefly directed at the European Barracks. The last time I ventured from my Room between the Hours of four and five—as I stood at the lower end of the Hall, which was quite open to the Varanda—a figure approached me. It was so dark—I could see only the Red Coat by the light of the firing at the Barracks. I was dreadfully frightened, expecting to be Murdered, and having left the Children in my Bed Room, dreaded *their* last hour was come also. I had however Courage to ask who was there, and the answer I received was, "Madam, I am an Officer." I then said, "But who are you?" to which the Gentleman replied, "I am an Officer of the Main Guard." I enquired what was the Matter—he said it was a Mutiny—that *every* European had already been Murdered on Guard *but* himself and that we should *all* be Murdered. I made no reply but walked away to the Room where my Babes and female Servants were. The Officer went out of the opposite door of the Hall where we had spoken Together—and never got down Stairs alive, for he was Butchered most cruelly in Coln. F——'s dressing Room. I have since heard his Name—Lt. O'Reilly of the 1st. . . . As soon as day light appeared, I went into Coln. F——'s writing Room and looked through the Venetians. On the Parade I saw some Soldiers of the 69th lying dead. Four Sepoys were at that moment on the Watch at Coln. Mariot's door, and several issuing from the Gates of the Palace. . . . They were at this time firing on the Ramparts and apparently in all parts of the Fort—at least I heard them firing in *many* different places—though at the Main Guard and Barracks all seemed quiet. They were then employed in ransacking the Houses—entent upon Murder and plunder. I at this Moment gave all for lost. . . . I heard a loud Noise in the Hall adjoining my Bed Room . . . and looking through the Key hole, discovered two Sepoys knocking a Chest of Drawers to pieces. I was struck with horror—knowing their next Visit would be to my Apartment. . . . I whispered my Ayah that the Sepoys were in the Hall and told her to move from the Door. She took the Children under my Bed, and begged me to go there also. I had no time to reply, for the Door we had just left, was at the Instant burst open. I got under the Bed and was no sooner there than several Shot was fired into the Room, but although the Door was open, nobody entered. I took up a Ball which fell close to me under the Bed. The Children were screaming with Terror at the fire, but willing to make *one* Effort to save my Babes, I got from my hiding place. . . . Desiring my Ayah to take my little Babe in her Arms, I took Charles St. John in my own, and opening the Door off the back Stairs, ran down them as quick as I could. When we got to the bottom, we found Several Sepoys on Guard at the back of the House. I showed them my Babes, and told my Ayah to inform them they might take all we had if they would spare our Lives. One of them desired us to sit down in the Stable with the Horses. Another looked very *surly* but did not prevent our going there. . . . We had not been seated five minutes before we were ordered away by a third Sepoy. He told us to go into the Fowl Houses which had a Bamboom front to it, and in consequence we were quite exposed to

view till the same man brought us an old Mat, which we made use of by placing it before the door to hide ourselves, and afterwards the same Sepoy brought my little Boy half a loaf of Bread to satisfy his hunger. Here I suppose we sat about three hours—I in the greatest agony of Mind indeavouring to quiet my dear Children. . . . I saw the Sepoys from my concealment taking out immense loads of our goods on their backs—tied up in Table Cloths and Sheets—they all went by way of the Ramparts, which made me fear they had still possession of the works. . . . I hoped for the arrival of the 19th Dragoons from Arcot—the few lines Coln. F—— wrote in his Room I *thought most probably* intended to be an express to Coln. Gillespie (who was that Morning coming to spend a few days with us) but whether Coln. F—— had the means of sending off his dispatch, or not, I was quite ignorant—still however I thought the News must reach Coln. Gillespie on the road, by some means or other—and hearing a tremendous firing at the Gates strengthened my hopes that the Regt. was arrived. Our House appeared at this time quite deserted by the Sepoys, but suddenly several of them rushed into the compound, and called out (as my Ayah said) to find and murder me. She requested me to go into the furthest Corner of the Fowl House—which I did—taking Charles with me and covering him with my Gown. I had much difficulty to keep him quiet, he screamed so every instant, I expected——

Here the record ends abruptly, but a letter of Charles Marriott's, copied by his mother for Hastings, gives further details:

On the 10th July at 3 O Clock in the Morning, the Native Troops rose in Mutiny upon the Europeans of the Garrison, and as their Attack upon the Barracks was quite sudden, and upon all the Guards at the same Moment, it was impossible to withstand their first fury. Several were killed on their Beds, and it was near 8 O Clock e'er the remainder of the Men (Europeans) could get out of their Barracks, being fired upon at the Door and through the Windows . . . I got a slight graze by a Musket-Shot fired at about 7 Yards' distance from me—and Tom most providentially escaped unhurt. The Rebels broke into all the *Officers Quarters*, and Murder'd every European they found. A Party of about 20 came into *Ours*, and although Two small parties came at different times, into the very Room where I lay concealed, through the Mercy of God they did not perceive me; but contented themselves with carrying off every thing they could lay hold on. As Soon as all was over, we found we had lost 14 Officers killed, and 4 wounded, excluding myself, and between 100 and 200 Soldiers killed and wounded. The Number of Europeans together was not 330 Men, with only 6 Rounds a Man. The Natives 1400 besides as much ammunition as they required.

The manner of Thomas Marriott's escape nowhere appears, which is the more tantalising since he was being specially sought for, Moiz-ud-deen refusing to move until he had seen Colonel Marriott's dead body. The horse the Prince had wished to buy was found standing saddled when the avengers arrived, but he and Mohe-ud-deen had taken no open part in the massacre,

though their dependents are said to have helped to get out the guns and lay them, and encouraged the Sepoys to destroy the Europeans. They also hoisted on the garrison flagstaff an old standard of Tipu's, bearing his insignia, the sun in the centre, and round it "green tyger stripes on a red field," brought from Moiz-ud-deen's house, "and *Ding* Ding (Din! Din!) was shouted from all quarters as it was hoisting," says Gillespie. It was deposed that the Princes then showed themselves to the Sepoys, ordered them "beetle," and presenting a sword to the son of one of Tipu's old generals, ordered him to attack the hill fort above the town in which Colonel Forbes, commanding the 1st battalion of the 1st N.I., had taken refuge with a number of his Sepoys who remained loyal, and about thirty European fugitives. Not only the bad omen of Marriott's escape, but the lack of support, appears to have withheld them from more active measures. Moiz-ud-deen had expected to be joined by four or five hundred men from the Pettah alone, but both Sepoys and servants were much more bent on plundering and escaping with their booty than on fighting. One witness testified that three hundred men were got together by one of the mutinous officers, but that when the Prince was summoned to join them, he refused to accompany so small a party.

This, then, was the state of affairs when Gillespie, who had received the news of the mutiny during his morning ride at Arcot, dashed up to Vellore with a squadron of the 19th Dragoons and a party of the 7th N.C. Colonel Forbes and his men were holding out in the hill fort, "resolved to maintain it to the last," and the main gateway was still in possession of its European guard of the 69th, now reduced to the last round of ammunition. At their head was Sergeant Brady or Brodie, "by whose unceasing exertions and genuine Bravery," says Gillespie, "the remains of that Corps were kept together without an Officer, and continued to make most determined Resistance till my Arrival." This brave man, who had served in San Domingo, cheered his little band by assuring them, "If Colonel Gillespie be alive, he is now at the head of the 19th Dragoons, and God Almighty has sent him from the West Indies to save our lives in the East." In spite of their lack of cartridges, the presence of the guard on the gateway and the cavalier flanking it to the north allowed Gillespie and

his party to reach the first gate almost unmolested, while the second was opened to them by some of the 69th who let themselves down with ropes.

We found on coming up close to the fourth or inner Gateway [says Gillespie] by the repeated Discharges of Musquetry against it, that it was commanded by the Mutineers, and having lost several Men in attempting to break the lock, I resolved to await the arrival of the Guns of the 19th, in order to blow it open.—In the Mean Time, in order to encourage the brave Fellows above the Gateway, who having no Ammunition had to trust entirely to the Bayonet, I deemed it proper, there being no Officer with them, to head them myself, in the Charge I intended to make in Concert with the Cavalry.—Accordingly I ascended the wall by a Rope,* and immediately occupied the Men in turning the Guns of the adjacent Battery upon the Palace, and whilst thus employed, the Gallopers came up, and prevented me from executing a Resolution, I had formed, of Attacking the Arsenal, (where the Enemy were very strong) with the Bayonet. . . . Instantly on the Arrival of the Guns, I ordered Mr. Blackiston of the Engineers (from whom I received every support) *to proceed in blowing open the Gate.—My order was most promptly* and effectually obeyed, and at the first discharge of both Guns, the Gate flew wide open.†—During this Operation, I descended the Rampart with the 69th Regt. and with the Bayonet alone dispersed the Sepoys, who were formed in every direction, in order to clear the way for the Charge of the Squadron of H.M. 19th Dragoons, who, ably supported by the Native Cavalry, advanced at full speed into the Body of the Place. . . . At this moment the Enemy kept up an incessant Fire, and I have to regret the Loss of many of the 69th who were destroyed by it. I soon found myself gallantly and ably supported by the Main Body [*of the 19th Dragoons and 7th N.C.*] . . . The Enemy soon broke, and were pursued and cut up in every direction.—In about a Quarter of an hour the Fort was entirely in our possession. . . . Capt. Young had been most actively employed all the morning, in cutting off the Fugitives who were making their escape at the Sallyport on the South side.

The first task of the victorious force was to search for the surviving Europeans. On another portion of the ramparts ‡ a band was holding out, headed by two officers and a surgeon, whose quarters were near the European Barracks, and who had managed to escape thither and fight their way out with the few men who had not succumbed to the fire directed at the

* Mr. Newbolt's "They bound their belts to serve his need," is from the Memoir, which often differs from Gillespie's own account.

† The "tremendous firing" heard by Mrs. Fancourt was probably the discharge of "The galloper guns that burst the gate."

‡ The Memoir says that they joined Brady's party on the gateway, but Gillespie is emphatic in declaring that these were "without an Officer."

windows and door. Colonel Forbes in the hill fort was relieved in the evening, and from various hiding-places fugitives crept out by twos and threes, among them Mrs. Fancourt, "in a deplorable State of Mind," says Gillespie, and the Marriott brothers. These were in time to prevent the commission of an atrocious crime. According to his Memoir, Gillespie wished to give up all the Princes to the vengeance of his troops, but was dissuaded by the entreaties of "some persons who had the care of them." They were all placed in strict custody, however, with strong guards posted over them, while a Committee sat "for the purpose of examining most minutely into every circumstance of this most diabolical Combination." There is a touch of unconscious humour in Gillespie's remark that when he visited Prince Moiz-ud-deen early on the following morning, "he and his family had been the whole night at prayers, a Thing very unusual"—but hardly unnatural in the circumstances. Not unnatural, either, was the attitude of the inhabitants of the Pettah, most of whom had fled. A proclamation of lenity and protection to all who were innocent, and an invitation to return, brought many of them back the next day, but in a state of extreme nervousness, for dealing with which Gillespie was fully qualified.

I am sorry to say [he writes] a Rumour has spread throughout the Pettah, evidently by agents of the Insurgents, that fighting was going forward in most Garrisons in India at this moment, and that so near as at Arcot, the same scene is acting at present. At this instant I have sent another proclamation to the Pettah, to contradict all these rumours and to warn them, that if they are again repeated, the Guns will be immediately turned upon them, and the 19th ordered to cut them up. I have also received intimation from many quarters, that a general rising is determined upon this night. I have doubled the Guards upon the Princes, taken every measure, that I think the exigency of the case requires, and shall not permit a black soldier to remain within the walls this night.

The unfortunate Princes must have felt safer when they were sent to Madras, since Gillespie's committee proved to its own satisfaction that they were entirely responsible for the mutiny. French emissaries, disguised as fakirs, had spread disaffection throughout all the garrisons, the revolt had been intended to be universal, and was only not so because the Vellore outbreak was premature, and in a few days the mutineers would have been joined by fifty thousand men from Mysore. There can be no

doubt that the mutineers whom Gillespie took in arms and executed on the recapture of the fort richly deserved their fate, and those also who were executed subsequently when evidence against them came to light. There remained a body of six hundred, too guilty to discharge, and not guilty enough to hang. The fate of these wretched men was tossed about like a ball between the Governor, his Council, the Commander-in-Chief and the Bengal Government. Preserved from instant death by Lord William Bentinck until his Mixed Commission of soldiers and civilians should report, they were placed in imminent peril by an outbreak of resistance to the new turban at Hyderabad on July 21. This was allayed at once by the prompt action of the Resident and Colonel Montresor, commanding the Subsidiary Force, in revoking the Turban Order, but the feeling of nervousness had now spread to the European population. The Mixed Commission reported that the primary cause of the Vellore outbreak was undoubtedly the military innovations, giving the second place to the residence of Tipu's family in the Fort, though rather as an occasion than a cause. But the belief in a general conspiracy, suggested by the report of the military committee, gained ground, and Cradock lent himself to deepen the excitement by sending to the Council the confession of one of the mutineers and a communication from a subadar of the Hyderabad Force, alleging that the Native Cavalry were disloyal, and that systematic efforts were being made to corrupt all the Sepoy regiments, with a view to setting up a Mussulman Government. There is every reason to suppose that the mutineer's confession was bought, as occurred in other cases, by a promise of pardon, and the subadar was afterwards identified by Colonel Montresor as a highly dangerous and disloyal character, but for the moment Madras was panic-stricken.

To send the Princes to Calcutta in custody, detain two European regiments which were just embarking for home, and demand fresh troops from Bengal, were the only steps that could satisfy the public mind. The Bengal Government, keeping its head with the usual disinterested coolness of the observer at a safe distance, expressed itself as delighted to welcome the Princes, but vetoed the other measures proposed, as showing a want of confidence in the native army. Sir Edward Pellew (afterwards Lord Exmouth), the Admiral on the station, offered

his own flagship, the *Culloden*, for the conveyance of the Princes to Bengal, and the ten eldest sailed under Thomas Marriott's charge at the end of August. Public attention then focussed itself on the six hundred mutineers awaiting trial, which they were long in obtaining. A General Court-martial of native officers was the tribunal finally selected, but the difficulty of deciding the respective degrees of guilt of such a large number of prisoners proved insuperable, and their fate was once more left in suspense, the Bengal Government recommending a general amnesty, Cradock demanding a general banishment, and Lord William Bentinck preferring a short term of imprisonment. In the clash of conflicting jurisdictions, it was his view that ultimately prevailed, for the luckless six hundred remained in prison until Lord Minto touched at Madras on his way to Calcutta to take up the post of Governor-General in 1807, and were then released.

In the meantime, the unsettled condition of affairs was exercising a most disastrous effect on the *moral* of the European officers of the native army. Hitherto, says Lord William Bentinck, "the confidence of the European officers in the affection of their Sepoys had been literally unlimited, and, indeed, found more than its justification in a fidelity which had stood the proof of a series of years, and of a vast variety of fortune." Now this confidence was wrecked, and a distrust equally unlimited took its place, leading to some curious incidents. The officers, displaying a feverish vigilance against surprise, became "more ingenious in discovering conspiracies than wise in preventing them." One of them actually went mad with terror. At Wallajahbad, at the end of July, the 1st Battalion of the 23rd N.I. was suspected of intending to mutiny. It was separated from the other troops, and the assistance of Colonel Gillespie was requested—"assistance which was afforded with the promptitude characteristic of that officer." Cradock himself came to investigate the affair, but could discover nothing suspicious save "the irregular tumults at the Barracks, and the loose expressions of individuals, and something of a general mysterious conduct." In October the commanding officer at Nundydroog sniffed mutiny in four companies of the 2nd Battalion of the 18th. With great presence of mind,

he and his subordinates "barricaded" themselves into a house, and sent to Arcot for the indefatigable Gillespie, who hastened to relieve and withdraw the beleaguered garrison, but nothing happened. Things grew worse and worse, for the panic of the officers suggested treachery to the Sepoys, and the usual "preaching mendicants" made their appearance to announce the approaching end of British power. In Travancore the commanding officer deprived all his native troops of their weapons, apologising to them for the indignity. Lord William Bentinck and his Council promptly restored the arms and court-martialled the Colonel, but he was honourably acquitted by his brother officers. Even Cradock felt it necessary to issue a circular letter deprecating needless terrors when further groundless alarms occurred, among them a second at Wallajahbad. But the tragi-comedy reached its highest point at Palamcotta, where the commanding officer disarmed the Mussulman Sepoys and gave weapons to the Hindus, taking the latter with him into the fort. "From this devoted situation he dispatched expresses to the Commander of the subsidiary force in Travancore, and to Major-General Maitland, Governor of Ceylon," to the effect that he had discovered a desperate conspiracy extending all through the Coast, that the Company's dominion depended on instant assistance, and that he and his brave companions were prepared to sell their lives dearly in defence of the ladies who had taken refuge with them in a large house. Maitland sent help promptly, but thought it his duty also to despatch a vessel direct to Europe with the alarming news, and by the irony of fate, it was this absurd alarm that led to the recall of the Governor and Commander-in-Chief. Six months passed, the obnoxious orders had been withdrawn, and "the panic wore away; the Sepoys forgot their fears of an attack upon their religion; and the Officers no longer slept with pistols under their pillows."

From wrangling over the fate of the mutineers, the civil and military authorities returned to the congenial task of apportioning the blame for the mutiny. Cradock and his advisers needed a scapegoat, endeavouring, says Thomas Marriott, "to throw the Blame from themselves, and I was the likeliest Person to fix it upon, from my Charge of the Princes."

To his honour, Lord William Bentinck refused to sacrifice his subordinate, and "although," writes the young man, "the Investigation of my Conduct was carried on during my absence in Bengal, when I could not defend myself, I have been acquitted by the *special Commission*, by the *Madras Government*, and lastly by the *Supreme Government* of Bengal." In Bengal, indeed, he was "vastly well received by Sir George Barlow, Lord Lake, and all the principal People.—Those have both order'd a Knife and Fork for me, whenever disengaged; and besides this, not only fitted up one of the best Houses for me with furniture from the Government House, but order'd Servants, Meat, Drink, &c., at the public Expence." This was not all, for the Bengal Government "not only exculpated the Princes from *exciting* the Mutiny, but are satisfied of their highly good Conduct in refusing to join or have any communication with the Mutineers (with the exception of Moiz Udeen, who encouraged the Seapoys *after* they had possession of the Fort). The Consequence has been, that the Government which (previous to the receipt of the Papers from Madras) had supposed them all guilty, and consequently treated them with great Rigour, has now granted them every Indulgence." Reassured as to the fate of his charges, the indispensable man hurried back to Madras to fetch by land "the junior Princes, and the families of those whom I carried by Sea to Bengal—(60 or 70 Children and 250 Women.) I shall have for an Escort, 100 Europeans, 5 Companies of Sepoys, and a Troop of Native Cavalry, with an immense Sowarrie of Elephants, Tents, Palanqueens, &c. &c." The march by way of Ganjam occupied four and a half months, and was marked by "a Variety of Vexations, in the Desertion of Palanqueen Bearers, breaking down of Carriages, Passage over Lakes and Rivers, and amongst the rest, the trifling difficulty of *feeding* nearly 600 Souls."

Less fortunate than Marriott was Lord William Bentinck. In September "the Coll." writes to his mother begging her to "distribute as many *written copies* of the late Melancholy Business at Vellore, as I can, to prevent People being prejudiced by *Misrepresentations*. He seems to think," she says—her style owes as much to italics as her husband's to inverted commas—"Matters have gone such lengths between the Governor and

Commander in Chief at Madras, that the business must be laid before Parliament, in short the *General* and his Faction are doing all they can, to Throw the Blame off *his* Shoulders, let it light where it will." There was a lack of detail about her son's letters that disappointed Mrs. Marriott, but "*I* have my doubts," she says shrewdly, "whether the *dispatches* will ever be made public, especially if the *Shaving Order* was issued by any favourite. For though *Tom* does not mention *that*, all my Correspondents are not quite so carefull, and I have it from very good Authority, that that unfortunate Fantaisie was partly, though not perhaps the only Cause." But the Parliamentary inquiry, before which Tom expected to be called as a witness, was not held, nor was any attempt made to judge between the protagonists. The Directors, on the receipt of Maitland's alarming despatch, executed what they probably considered was even-handed justice by recalling both Governor and Commander-in-Chief. "They have dismissed Ld. William Bentinck and the Commander in Chief," says Toone. "I want to have the Adjutant-General and his Deputy moved from their Staff office. . . . They merit to be shot—and yet I have not been able to prevail with the Court, to come to a prompt decision—*wait*, *wait*, wait a little; they ought to be dismissed; but the Ships are going and we have not time!!—Miserable."

Lord William, removed so summarily that he was thankful to accept Pellew's offer of a passage home, made earnest efforts on his return to induce the Directors to rescind their resolution, but in vain. Twelve years later, however, he had the satisfaction of refusing the Governorship of Madras when it was again offered to him, and in 1827 he was finally vindicated by being appointed Governor-General. Cradock, it is interesting to learn, was permanently soured in temper owing to the injustice of his recall, in spite of the efforts of his friend the Duke of Wellington to compensate him. Gillespie received a vote of thanks, "a small pecuniary present," and the Inspectorship of Cavalry, of which he was deprived "in an indelicate manner" within twelve months. His reward contrasts poorly with the peerage and the commands in Portugal, at Gibraltar and at the Cape, that fell to the lot of Cradock. That injured man remains pilloried as an example of the harm that may be

done by the zealous doctrinaire without local knowledge; and his advisers of the futility of such knowledge unaccompanied by sympathy. Consultation beforehand with a few native officers would have shown them the danger of the proposed reforms, which might at that stage have been withdrawn without the appearance of yielding to pressure which Lord William Bentinck thought so undesirable, and the fear of which led him to unwise persistence. Life is often less merciful to blunders than to crimes, and to meddle light-heartedly with matters of caste and religion was a blunder in 1806 as in 1857.

SYDNEY C. GRIER.

[Memorial of Lord William Bentinck to the Court of Directors. Parliamentary Paper, "Report of the Commission Sitting at Vellore, dated August 9, 1806." Memoir of Major-General Robert Rollo Gillespie. Various documents in the Miscellaneous Correspondence of Warren Hastings, MS. Department, British Museum, especially Mrs. Fancourt's narrative, unsigned and incomplete, and two letters from Gillespie to Sir John Cradock. The second is placed among the undated MSS. at the end of the series, though internal evidence shows it to have been written the day after the other.]

THE AUSTRALIAN FLEET

I LATELY arrived in London after many years' absence—arrived on a day when the snow fell, with hail by way of accompaniment; and the rain rained in between times and it was exceedingly wet rain; also the wind blew as if it were driving before it all the brown paper in creation. And before I had time to unpack my luggage and hasten round to the Chamber of Horrors to see if there was anything worse than the weather in its collection, I was visited by an acquaintance of bygone days—a man who once ploughed a fair-sized public furrow, though he only professed to rank among England's minor politicians. He came to congratulate me on the fact that Australia had made the first small beginning of a navy and had shown a resolve to do greater things later on, and he spoke with fervour of the really Imperial fleet of the future—a fleet under one central control and made up of the British sea forces, and contingents from all the King's Dominions over sea. He was a man of real enthusiasm, and as I listened to him I forgot even the weather and abandoned all idea of visiting the Chamber of Horrors. Yet, in the end, he went away downcast, like the young man of great possessions mentioned in the Scripture, for I told him that, so far as my knowledge goes, there is a very large number of people in Australia who have serious doubts about the wisdom of the proposed British control of all the sea forces of the Empire. And when the Australian squadron grows large enough to be worth consideration these people are likely to grow more, rather than less, numerous, unless certain assurances can be given which the British Government, on present appearances, is hardly in a position to give.

The British fleet exists in the first place to protect the British Isles, and the foreign food-supplies which are essential to the

existence of these Isles, and in the second place to defend an Empire in which the coloured population outnumbers the white by perhaps six to one. The Australian fleet (when there really is such a fleet) will be found (when the day comes for defining the situation) to exist, first, for the purpose of keeping Australia a white man's country against all comers, and second (only second) for the defence of the mostly coloured Empire. To the people of the British Isles, who have never known the possibilities of the influx of a vast coloured population, conquest by Germany seems the last possible disaster. To a very large section of Australians, German conquest would be quite a minor evil compared with a great influx of our allegedly peaceful and loyal coloured fellow subjects from India or from anywhere else. In fact, if German conquest were the only visible safeguard against such an influx it might even be welcomed. One country talks much of the Flag, the other thinks mostly of the Race. The Flag is calico or some other form of soft goods; the Race is alive, and it is flesh and blood. The Flag connotes our fellow subject who may be a fetish-worshipper or a tree-dweller; the Race implies a widely different relationship.

Therefore the Australians of whom I speak want to know, supposing a powerful Australian fleet is built and is put under purely British command, which side that fleet will be on if the time comes to resolve whether the coloured subject is a real yellow citizen or not. It is difficult to believe that the question will not arise some day. There is a renewal, these times, of the old talk of Imperial Federation—of a really Imperial Parliament representative of the whole Empire and with power to deal with really Imperial affairs all over the Empire. If such a Parliament would have authority to decide that the coloured fellow subject has just as much right as a white citizen to move freely and settle freely throughout the Empire, then no good Australian would dream for a moment of being represented in it. And if there is any chance of Australian ships, regarded as part of a really Imperial navy, being under the command of any Imperial Government which would entertain such an idea, then the great bulk of the Australian people have no possible use for that Imperial navy. In fact they would regard their fleet as a calamity if there was any possibility of it passing under

such control. It is better to have no ships at all than to have them and place them in the hands of an enemy, and this would, most unfortunately, be a case of putting them in the hands of an enemy.

The White Australia idea is not a political theory. It is a gospel. It counts for more than religion; for more than the Flag, because the Flag waves over all kinds of races; for more than the Empire, for the Empire is mostly black or brown or yellow; is largely heathen; largely polygamous; partly cannibal. Some of it is married to its deceased wife's sister, which may not be objectionable, but a huge proportion of it still believes at its heart in the burning alive of its deceased brother's widow, and that is wholly reprehensible. In fact, the White Australia doctrine is based on the necessity for choosing between national existence and national suicide. Australia is so far from Europe and North America, and is so close to Asia, that if it opened its gates it could easily get a hundred coloured immigrants for one white—not the Kaffir variety of coloured immigrant, but a kind which is capable of competing in all kinds of skilled craftsmanship. Supposing this influx set in the country's present working class would disappear for exactly the same reason which has prevented any white working class appearing in India, Burmah, or Ceylon. Probably it would be found, as in the Indian Dominions, that a white ruling caste of about half a million folk would fill all requirements. That would mean the vanishment of nearly nine-tenths of the present white population. And with this new arrangement of things a wonderful dream would pass like the smoke of yesterday's cigar.

For the Australian has a dream. His country is almost the same size as Europe or the United States or Canada. He pictures it as another and a better Europe, with 150,000,000 or 200,000,000 inhabitants. It is to be a Europe without the various flags, and the various languages, and the various races, and the traditions of civil and religious feud—without the tangle of ill-built mediæval cities—with no semi-Tartar in the east, or unspeakable Turk in the south-east, or half-bred Greek, or Sicilian with the blood of Africa in his veins, or Portuguese mulatto, or semi-Moorish Spaniard. Also it is to be another Canada without its inhospitable climate and its mixed popula-

tion; another United States without its negro problem; another South America without its diverse political interests and its wildly mongrel peoples. The dream is more than possible if Australia keeps itself white, but unless appearances are wondrously deceitful it is possible of no other great country on earth. Australia is the only continent which the Anglo-Saxon possesses—the only continent which any one nation possesses—also the only continent on record which has ever had one race, one language, and one Government. The distinction is rare enough to be worth preserving.

On the other hand, as already mentioned, if the gates are opened to a coloured influx there will be a welter of mixed races and a mere handful of white rulers. The rulers will be a transient crowd like the Anglo-Indians—not folk who regard the land with the same affection as the Englishman holds towards England, and who hope that they and their children and their grandchildren and all their descendants to the end of Time will live and die and be buried there. An immense area will be cut out of Christendom. It may even be that on the question whether Australia is to be white or coloured will one day hang the still larger question whether the white or coloured races will ultimately control the earth. It is a serious matter to throw a continent (even the smallest of five continents) into the scale one way or the other.

These reflections may seem a lengthy digression from the question of Australia's infant navy and the command thereof. In reality, however, they are strictly pertinent. Hitherto there has been no need to accurately define the position of Britain's coloured subjects and its coloured friends outside the Empire, but then the great coloured empire is a mere thing of yesterday, and the friendships or alliances with coloured races are, so to speak, a thing of the minute before last. There is abundance of time for the race question to arise. Great Britain has done its share, and more than its share, in lifting Japan to the status of a Great Power which, though intensely exclusive itself, resents the policy which shuts out Japanese settlers from Australia. Great Britain, apparently, takes a benevolent interest in any movement which promises to lift China to a position in which it can raise a loud voice and a louder gun on the same topic.

It is educating the Hindu, and that person is learning to read Mill on *Liberty* and to study the histories of Cromwell and Washington, and to assimilate the political doctrine that there should be no taxation without representation. It is constantly annexing more and more coloured tribes and striving to make the same kind of education available for them also. It is proud of the fact that, by sanitation and all manner of improvements, it is making its coloured subjects so numerous that when the time comes to argue the point with them the argument will be a very difficult one. It is the home of missionary enterprise, and its missioners are addicted to teaching the coloured races that all men are equal in the sight of God, and when the coloured man really learns that he is equal in the sight of God, he will certainly wonder why he should not also be equal in the sight of Herbert Henry Asquith, Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, who is admittedly a personage of less importance than God. Great Britain owns the Mother of Parliaments, yet it governs, by a process of benevolent despotism and by non-Parliamentary methods, a larger section of the human race than any other Power on earth. It is understood to approve of the establishment of the Russian Duma, the Persian and Turkish Parliaments, and the Japanese Legislature, and to beam affably upon the Chinese movement towards representative institutions. It bids fair soon to be the only great Asiatic Power which denies its subjects any real Parliamentary control over their own destinies. The position is anomalous to-day, and it threatens to become impossible to-morrow.

When the process of education has gone far enough, this great Empire—mostly black or brown or yellow, mostly non-Christian, largely polygamous, and adorned here and there with a thin fringe of cannibalism—is likely to be confronted with some serious demands on the part of its more advanced coloured inhabitants. They will probably ask for a share in the government of the Empire, which demand, as the granting of it would amount to a wholesale transfer of the control of the Empire, will certainly be refused. They will assuredly ask for some real (not merely nominal) system of Home Rule, and as that would be a laying of the axe to the very root of British supremacy, there will be another refusal. They will probably demand that

they shall have the same right as the Englishman to travel freely and settle freely throughout the Empire, and this matter may be complicated by a similar demand from any independent Asiatic Power which feels strong enough to raise the question, and which considers that Britain is weak enough, through foreign complications elsewhere, to allow of the question being raised. This last is a matter which would not seriously affect the British Isles. Consequently the British Government, while utterly scorning the theoretical right of its coloured inhabitant to local self-government and to a share in the control of an Empire which mainly consists of him and his kind, has professed most serious and pious scruples about depriving him of his right to invade Australia or any other of the over-sea Dominions which may suit his fancy. It was only with great difficulty that Australia secured the privilege of keeping itself white, and even now it is not allowed to adopt an honest, straightforward policy of exclusion, but has to achieve its purpose by devious ways. It was told that it was impossible to allow any direct or avowed infringement of the sacred principle that all British subjects are equal. This attitude, in view of the denial of Parliamentary rights and privileges to the vast majority of British subjects, seemed to Australia one of the most humorous hypocrisies in history, but the day was inopportune for mentioning the fact.

Still, it appears that a time will almost certainly come when one of two courses must be adopted:

(1) The White Australia policy must go; or

(2) It must be explained once and for all, to the coloured man who makes up the great mass of the Empire that he is an inferior being (he is already treated as one) and will never be anything else. And the same matter must be expounded to Britain's coloured friends and allies outside the Empire.

It is difficult to serve God and mammon indefinitely. It is difficult to keep on uplifting the coloured man for an indefinite number of years, and yet convince him that he is no whit further advanced in a political sense than before he was uplifted. So the question arises: If it becomes a question of risking war both inside and outside the Empire to keep Australia white, or arousing war inside the Empire in order to make Australia

brown or black, which side will Great Britain take—Britain with its vast coloured interests, its Japanese alliance, and its record as the only European Power which has in recent years brought black troops to Europe and threatened to let them loose on a European State? The case would not be one for arbitration; it would be no more possible to arbitrate on it than it would be for England to refer to The Hague conference some foreign government's unprovoked demand for the surrender of Wales or Kent. The matter is not one to be discussed on its merits when occasion arises; no kind of occasion can arise between this year, 1911, and the Day of Judgment that will call for discussion. Australia knows exactly which side its military forces would be on should the day of trouble come—the position might be utterly hopeless, but that could make no difference in the resolve to uphold the white man's position against all comers so long as there remained a shot to be fired. But it does not know for certain where its little fleet would be on that occasion if the ships formed part of an Imperial sea force under the control of the British Admiralty, and it would feel better if it did know.

Australia has accomplished its small share for the Empire. It has done as much as any one else to make London the supreme financial centre of the world. Within the last sixty years it has dug out some £500,000,000 worth of gold—about as much as the whole world was supposed to possess in 1848, coin, bullion, and jewellery all included—and most of this has gone to England. It has been, in proportion to its population, the best customer Great Britain ever possessed. At one time it was, in proportion to population, many times as good as Britain's next best customer. It paid for many years chiefly in yellow metal—not in wine or tallow—and it still pays largely in yellow metal, and that gold to a great extent decided Britain's position as the world's chief creditor. If Britain still values Free Trade, then it is fair to remember that Australia was the chief influence which made Free Trade possible. That boasted fiscal device had just had its first beginnings, and had barely had time to arouse a suspicion that it was a failure, when the influx of Australian gold and the demand for British goods in exchange created a revival and to a great extent saved the situation. That revival the Cobdenites

joyfully ascribed to their fiscal nostrum, and they so ascribe it even unto this day.

Again, Australia has not cost the Empire the price of an Indian Mutiny, an Afghan or Kaffir or Zulu or Boer War, or even a Red River rebellion, or a Jamaica massacre. It has not involved the Mother Country for very many years in so much as the expense of a little ornamental garrison to do sentry-go outside a Governor's residence. It has borne a small part in two of the Empire's petty wars, and a somewhat larger part in a third. And now it is introducing a system of general military training to be in readiness for any greater emergency which may arise.

So, just here, its people, speaking as citizens of no mean country, would like to know whether the Empire will make the defence of Australia against any attempt to force open its gates to coloured immigrants—be they Chinese, Japanese, Hindu, Burmese, or any other variety—as absolutely a part of the Imperial policy as the defence of London against an armed invasion. If it will do so, then there is something in the idea of a really Imperial defence system. If it will not, then Australia will probably prefer to carry its own little rifle both by land and sea and hold on to the weapon with both hands. It will then be able, when the day of trouble comes, to hold out the thick end of the weapon to the Mother Country as a token of amity. In other words, it will be in a position to offer its assistance as a bribe, and to ask in return complete recognition of a principle which is essential to its existence.

These were the matters which I endeavoured to explain to the ex-politician who visited me on that cold day when I was thinking of taking a cab to the Chamber of Horrors. They broke in harshly upon his rhapsody about the glorious Empire which is mostly black, brown, or yellow; which is mainly non-Christian and largely polygamous, and which includes tree-dwellers, troglodytes, and eaters of dogs. And he went away depressed, unresponsive, and refusing all fermented and spirituous refreshment.

JAMES EDMOND.

GREATER BRITAIN

CANADIAN AFFAIRS

1

AT the moment of writing Mr. R. L. Borden, the leader of the Conservative Party, is at Winnipeg preparing to enter on his Western campaign against Reciprocity. Winnipeg, of course, is not in need of conversion; the dominant business interests of the city are united in their opposition to the sale of Canada's national birthright, and the rank and file of the industrial army are intelligent enough to see that "straight Imperialism" is the best guarantee of Canadian prosperity and progress. The Winnipeg man is *sui generis* in that he possesses the caution of the East as well as the enterprise of the West, and since his business undertakings are closely in touch with either section of the country his opinion as to the economic effects of a political innovation is always seriously considered both by Western and by Eastern Canadians. It has already been demonstrated—for example, in the years preceding 1896, when the Party then paramount in Canada was sent to renew its lost *moral* and reconstruct its policy in the cold shades of Opposition—that the average Canadian thinks to-morrow what Winnipeg thinks to-day, and I have no doubt whatever that the result of the coming General Election will supply a further proof of the intellectual influence of the great city which, together with the twin ports of Fort William and Port Arthur, constitutes the Canadian equivalent of Chicago, America's midway metropolis. Mr. Borden should be able to bring round to his way of thinking (he never takes the parochial point of view, but thinks Imperially at all times and in all cases) some of the smaller Western cities which have been infected by the Reciprocity craze.

But he will not find it easy to convert the farmers of the outlying settlements. In the last two or three years a wave of Socialistic fallacy has swept over the Canadian North-West, and, until it ebbs, logic—even the logic of circumstances—must prove more or less ineffectual among those who have no time for training their minds. The idea that farmers are the chief benefactors of the human race because the land is the only source of true wealth meets one at every turn in the speeches and manifestoes of the leaders of the organised grain-growers. Their special brand of Socialism, which aims at securing control of rail-side and terminal elevators and all transportation agencies, is the agrarian equivalent of the political philosophy of Upton Sinclair's novels. It originated in the Western States, and has been propagated in every section of Western Canada by immigrants from what is now the storm-centre of American politics. If Mr. Borden, whose good faith cannot be challenged, were to offer them, in the name of the Conservative Party, an increase of the British Preference to 50 per cent., they would accept the shelving of the Reciprocity Agreement with equanimity. During Sir Wilfred Laurier's Western tour in 1910 the representatives of the Grain-growers' Association always referred in the first place to the necessity of increasing the Tariff concessions given to the British manufacturer and his employés; reading between the lines of their speeches one is tempted to think that Reciprocity seemed in the nature of a *pis aller*, a second-best comes, to nine in ten of their indefatigable hecklers.

An offer of a 50 per cent. British preference from Mr. Borden would have great weight with the Western farmers who speak English and think in English. But it is not likely, unfortunately, that any such arguments will have much impression in the numerous centres of alien colonisation which have come into being during the last five years. We are all aware of the truth of Lord Milner's assertion that Canada is a nation growing up from seed gathered from all parts of the earth. But few people know how rapidly non-British immigrants have been pouring into the West of late years, and how marked a tendency there is for these unassimilated elements to "hive" in the more remote tracts of territory now open to settlement. They do not congregate in the cities, as is the case with the bulk of America's yearly

unearned increment of population, but are for the most part planted on the land in out-of-the-way localities beyond the reach of Canadianising influences. From 1907 to 1910, of 1,575,[illegible] immigrants entering Canada 445,766 came from the Continent of Europe and 528,368 from the United States, a considerable percentage of the latter being of European ancestry and certainly not Americanised more than to the extent of speaking broken English and considering their business transactions in terms of dollars during their more or less brief and troubled sojourn in the debilitated agricultural areas of the Western States. When the Bible Society finds it necessary to have the Bible or parts thereof printed in eighty tongues and dialects for the use of these alien settlers, the cosmopolitan nature of the population of Western Canada and the difficulty of the problem of Canadianising them (for they do not go to school like their children) are at once apparent. As yet no serious attempt has been made to solve the problem in question; indeed, the present Government seems to have deliberately evaded its responsibilities in this direction because it is more profitable from the Party point of view to keep them un-Canadianised, seeing that as "brute votes" they can be more cheaply purchased and more conveniently herded at the polls—by the carload, cash on delivery. With the alien settler patriotism begins at the door of his "shack" and ends at the fence about his quarter-section; his farm is his only Fatherland. Of Great Britain and the other overseas dominions he knows nothing or less than nothing; he remembers only the Continental legend of England's tyranny and cynical selfishness; the word "Empire" suggests to him only the tax-gatherers, drill-sergeants, and bureaucrats of Germany, Austria, and Russia. How can he think Imperially? He is not yet a Canadian; he may never become one.

2

Mr. Borden has nothing to lose and may gain much in the West. In other sections of the Dominion everything is going his way. The stars in their courses are fighting against—Cicero! It is abundantly clear that Sir Wilfred's doings at the Conference are breeding dissatisfaction even among members of his own Party. It has been said that he has

made the Conference chamber an arena of Canadian Party politics, that everything he says there is said with the hope of solidifying Quebec in the Liberal interest. It would, however, be grossly unjust to take that point of view. I am convinced that he has done his best to represent Canada at the Conference and to deposit the burden of Party vexations at the door together with his hat and overcoat. But even a personage of his infinite adaptability cannot change himself from a politician to a statesman, from an Americanising manager of men to an Empire-maker in the great style, by the simple process of passing through a doorway. Because no man can be greater than himself at a crisis he has taken into the council chamber with him the too cautious mind which hesitates in the face of imaginary difficulties and loses the opportunities of timely action—nor has he been able to shake off from his shoulders that Old Man of the Sea, Mr. J. J. Hill, the Canadian-born citizen of the United States, who is the protagonist of the Reciprocity propaganda. Handicapped as he has been as Canada's representative in the only Imperial Parliament, how could he hope to escape the criticisms of those Canadians who, whatever the nature of their Party allegiance, would sooner see their delegate make mistakes than do nothing but mark time? The *Montreal Gazette*, an independent Conservative journal which generally contrives to take wide views of national and Imperial topics, began the attack on the Liberal leader for disclaiming any desire on Canada's part to share in the making of treaties lest Canadians should be compelled as a result to share the labour (a war, for example) of enforcing them. It is not necessary to walk far in Montreal—or, for that matter, in any other city of Eastern Canada—to find a person who accepts that attitude as the perfection of Canadian statecraft in external affairs. But the Winnipeg man (as defined above) will have nothing to say to such a negation of all common-sense Imperialism. The *Winnipeg Free Press*, which expresses the Liberalism of Winnipeg (not the Liberalism of Quebec) in its daily comments on the world's affairs, cannot bring itself to believe that the Canadian Prime Minister ever took such a line. Says this powerful journal:

This is nonsense, which Sir Wilfrid Laurier does not usually talk. When Great Britain is at war the whole Empire is at war. The British overseas

Dominions, not less than the Motherland, are, under these conditions, open to attack. In actual practice the Dominions would be involved only in the event of war with a first-class Power, but technically they are engaged in hostilities in every little war that breaks out at any of the exposed points on the far-flung boundaries of the Empire.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier knows this perfectly well, and has indeed given expression to it himself upon the floor of Parliament. The dictum "When England is at war Canada is at war" is his.

That is the Winnipeg man's opinion; indeed, it is the opinion of every Westerner who has become socially and politically acclimatised. The Toronto man takes the same view, with one important qualification due to the fact that he sometimes suffers (especially if he be a Liberal and a reformer of his fellow men) from a slightly enlarged conscience. With or without consultation, so the *Toronto Globe* makes it clear, the whole Empire would repel an act of aggression against the Mother Country or any of Canada's sister States. If such an attack were delivered—

There is no doubt what Canada's attitude would be. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has made it plain over and over again. Consultation or no consultation, every man and every dollar that Canada could provide would be sent to the aid of the Motherland were she hard pressed. Canada's expenditure on defence is not merely intended to protect her own self, but to enable her to take her part in any defensive wars the Empire may have to wage. The knowledge that any foe of the Empire must face the armed forces of the Overseas Dominions as well as of the United Kingdom in such a war does much to deter and discourage the envious.

The chief organ of the Liberal Party qualifies this statement in a significant way. Canada would not take part in a war of aggression waged by Great Britain for selfish motives. But the *Toronto Globe* shows its ignorance of the problems of world-politics when it gives as an example of possible British aggression a war to curb the increase of Germany's battle-fleet. The editor and the leader-writer do not see what is clear to every clear-headed student of European politics—the unquestionable fact that the building of that great navy is a covert act of aggression on Germany's part, since it can only be intended for eventual use against the British Empire.

E. B. O.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE GRAND REMONSTRANCE OF THE ADMIRALS

To the Right Honourable The Prime Minister, *May* 29, 1911.

THE DECLARATION OF LONDON

Sir,—We, the undersigned, venture to appeal with the utmost respect to His Majesty's Government to consider the reasons stated in this letter which render it, in our opinion, urgently necessary, for the preservation of the food of this people during war, that the Declaration of London should be repudiated.

These reasons are:

1. That by far the larger proportion of the food consumed by the population of the United Kingdom is derived from over-sea sources and that any serious interruption of its safe transit on the high seas is likely, if not certain, to create at once famine prices in this country, owing to the rise in rates, freightage, and insurance, which would be the inevitable and immediate sequel. In this connection we would recall the fact that, in the Memorandum recently published by the Secretary of State for War, the present First Sea Lord gave public warning of the gravest character that the danger of such interruption exists.

2. That, as shown by the current number of the Navy List, the total number of cruisers belonging to the Royal Navy, capable of acting as commerce protectors, which are stationed for the defence of the trade-routes in all the non-European waters of the world is but twenty-seven (against the far larger number similarly stationed a hundred years ago). Of these twenty-seven, three are at the Cape, five in the East Indies, six in Chinese waters, nine in the South Pacific for the defence of vessels leaving or approaching ports in the many thousand miles of coast-line of Australia and New Zealand, three (attached to the Fourth Cruiser Squadron) in North American waters and the West Indies, and one, with a roving commission, cruises off the West Coast of South Africa and the East Coast of South America.

3. That, in view of the immense areas of ocean which this disposition leaves practically devoid of any naval protection, it is clear that any sudden and unexpected outbreak of hostilities would find the greater part of our sea-borne trade defenceless against any attacking force existing in its neighbourhood.

4. That the presence of such attacking force, in the unhappy event of a war with a great maritime Power, appears now to be assured by the Convention signed on behalf of England in November 1909, which leaves it open to any

foreign power to convert its merchantmen into men-of-war (whenever it chooses to begin hostilities) without previous notification of the vessels to be so employed.

5. That this state of affairs manifestly renders it impossible to continue to rely on the British Mercantile Marine as the means of maintaining that uninterrupted supply of food-stuffs during war which is essential if famine prices are not to prevail in these islands.

6. That therefore our dependence on the neutral Flag is immeasurably increased, the importance of leaving food free to reach our ports in the ships of friendly countries having now become matter of paramount national necessity.

7. That this freedom of food is in substance and effect entirely destroyed by Article 34 of the Declaration of London, which makes all food-stuffs conditional contraband (with the two exceptions of nuts and hops), and imposes liability to capture on neutral vessels carrying food to any port of the United Kingdom serving as a base for armed forces.

8. That since all such ports are in railway communication with armed forces, and most of them may actually have, during war, armed forces of some kind stationed for their protection, it follows that all our ports will become construable as serving as bases for those armed forces, and therefore that all neutral ships carrying food, or any other conditional contraband to them, will become capturable.

9. That this construction will absolutely certainly be placed upon Article 34, since the effective agent who will have to decide the point will be the hostile captain of a hostile cruiser or converted merchantman.

10. That this officer will have the strongest motive to make the seizure, and no motive at all in any other direction, since the easiest road to victory over this country is by inflicting starvation upon its people.

11. That the fact that the owners of the captured neutral ships and cargoes may have right of appeal to an International Court on the Continent, and may possibly be awarded compensation at a later date by that Court, will afford no consolation at all to the famished population of Britain.

12. That the argument is vain which has been used in defence or palliation of this Article 34, namely, the argument that neutral vessels carrying conditional contraband for our service may acquire immunity from capture during their long passage over the high sea by means of bogus consignments to neutral continental ports, and that, when they have thus reached the area of British naval protection in the narrow seas, they may then be convoyed from those neutral continental ports to our own shores.

13. That this argument is futile in the case of an attack upon Britain by Germany, because it assumes the acquiescence of the greatest military power in the world in a transparent evasion of the terms of the Agreement which that Power (in common with this country and with the other parties to the Declaration of London) will have signed, and in an international deception calculated to prevent its victory in the war in which it is engaged.

14. That there is nothing in the modern history of Germany to justify any expectation of such acquiescence, but on the contrary much to suggest the probability of its refusal,

15. That the habitual flow of trade is well known, and that diversion of that habitual flow, such as would be occasioned by the consignment of great quantities of food-stuffs, or other conditional contraband, intended for consumption here, to ports in such countries as France, Belgium, Holland, or Denmark, would be immediately noted and its real object perceived.

16. That in these circumstances, Germany would naturally instruct at once all vessels acting as her cruisers in any part of the world to seize all neutral merchantmen carrying cargoes of such suspicious destination.

17. That she would also most certainly employ her immense military power by way of threat and pressure to deter the neutral countries named from thus frustrating the success of her plan of campaign.

18. That for all these reasons, no reliance whatever can be placed upon this suggested method of escaping the inevitable effects of Article 34 of the Declaration of London, if that Declaration be ratified.

19. That the list of articles immune from capture which is comprised in Article 28 does not include any food-stuffs except the two already mentioned, namely, nuts and hops, which are insufficient in themselves for the nutriment of our people, and that, therefore, that free list does not affect the one supremely vital point of our food-supply during war.

20. That the argument that the immediate avenues of approach to our shores cannot be blockaded is wholly inapplicable to this point, on which the life of our population will depend in war, because what we have to fear is the inevitable effect on prices here of interference with shipping on the high seas.

21. That, if the Declaration be ratified, nothing short of the purchase by the Home Government of all food in the country and its subsequent sale at fixed rates could palliate that effect, and even this measure could not prevent immense suffering if the war continued, since the food-supply in the United Kingdom is at all times very limited.

22. That Article 35 differentiates between Island States such as Britain, Australia, and New Zealand, and Continental States, such as Germany, to the extreme disadvantage of the former, and the extreme advantage of the latter. It imposes, as already shown, liability to capture, on food and other conditional contraband on its way to Island ports, but gives immunity from such capture to like cargoes on their way to a belligerent *viâ* any neutral Continental ports. Under this article, food-stuffs and many other goods of the highest utility, consigned to the naval and military authorities of a Continental enemy of this country's, could pass without arrest through a British Fleet.

23. That these various disadvantages which we should incur as belligerents enormously outweigh any possible advantage which can be alleged as likely to accrue to us as neutrals.

24. That such alleged advantage is certainly to a large extent illusory, since under Article 49 we agree in advance (if the Declaration be ratified) to the sinking of any neutral British merchantmen (held by the cruisers arresting them to be liable to capture) whenever the cruiser captain chooses to affirm that to send them into port would involve danger to the success of his operations.

25. That since under modern conditions, vessels of war do not habitually

carry more than the number of men required to work and to fight the ship, and since to part with a prize crew would always cripple efficiency and therefore involve peril to the success of subsequent operations, this article practically authorises the destruction of neutral merchantmen at the discretion of their captors.

We are, Sir,

Your obedient servants,

Signed:

Arthur H. Alington, Admiral.
Charles R. Arbuthnot, Vice-Admiral.
Casper J. Baker, Rear-Admiral.
Julian A. Baker, Rear-Admiral.
A. K. Bickford, C.M.G., Admiral.
Richard Bingham, The Hon., Rear-Admiral.
John E. Blaxland, Vice-Admiral.
Richard M. Blomfield, K.C.M.G., Rear-Admiral.
George S. Bosanquet, Admiral.
Henry J. F. Campbell, C.B., Rear-Admiral,
J. Halliday Cave, C.B., Admiral.
Henry Christian, M.V.O., Admiral.
Francis S. Clayton, Admiral.
F. A. Close, Admiral.
Basil E. Cochrane, Vice-Admiral.
Robert S. D. Cumming, Rear-Admiral.
Robert P. Dennistoun, Vice-Admiral.
Sholto Douglas, C.B., Admiral.
William M. Dowell, G.C.B., Admiral.
John Fellowes, K.C.B., Admiral.
Edward Field, C.B., late M.P., Admiral.
Robert G. Fraser, Rear-Admiral.
Edmund R. Fremantle, The Hon., G.C.B., C.M.G. (Rear-Admiral of the United Kingdom), Admiral.
Herbert W. S. Gibson, Vice-Admiral.
G. A. Haddy, Engineer Rear-Admiral.
G. M. Henderson, M.V.O., Vice-Admiral.
John Hext, K.C.I.E., Rear-Admiral.
S. A. Johnson, Vice-Admiral.
J. P. Jones-Parry, Rear-Admiral.
William R. Kennedy, K.C.B., Admiral.
Charles G. F. Knowles, Bart., Vice-Admiral.
Robert O. Leach, Rear-Admiral.
Algernon C. Littleton, The Hon., Rear-Admiral.
Lambton Loraine, Bart., Rear-Admiral.
John L. Marx, M.V.O., Vice-Admiral.
Victor A. Montagu, The Hon., C.B., Vice-Admiral.
Arthur Morrell, Rear-Admiral.
Charles J. Norcock, Vice-Admiral.
G. Palmer, Rear-Admiral.
A. A. Chase Parr, Admiral.
Hugo L. Pearson, K.C.B., Admiral.
Thomas T. Phillips, Rear-Admiral.
G. N. A. Pollard, Rear-Admiral.
Arthur W. E. Prothero, Vice-Admiral.
John H. Rainier, Admiral.
George E. Richards, Rear-Admiral.
Henry Rose, Admiral.
Charles J. Rowley, Admiral.
H. A. Warren, M.V.O., Rear-Admiral.
Lewis E. Wintz, Vice-Admiral.
Henry R. Wratislaw, C.B., Admiral.

Harold F. Wyatt,
L. Graham H. Horton Smith,
Joint Honorary Secretaries, Imperial Maritime League.

THE NAVY'S WARNING AGAINST THE DECLARATION OF LONDON

In addition to the *Fifty-one Admirals* who had previously appended their signatures to the Public Appeal addressed on the 29th ult. by the Imperial Maritime League to the Government, giving the more salient of the many valid reasons against the ratification of the Declaration of London, *Fifty-one further*

Admirals have now also accorded the like public endorsement to that Appeal.

Thus, *No Fewer than One Hundred and Two Admirals* have now signed this protest, and have avowed their belief that the Provisions of the Declaration, if ratified, would involve National starvation in the event of war.

The fifty-one additional signatories, above referred to, are as follows:

Charles H. Bayly, Rear-Admiral.
Charles Beresford, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., M.P., Admiral.
J. H. Bushnell, Rear-Admiral.
W. McC. F. Castle, Vice-Admiral.
John E. Chase, Engineer Rear-Admiral.
A. C. Clarke, C.M.G., Vice Admiral.
Charles H. Cochran, M.V.O., Vice-Admiral.
William Collins, Rear-Admiral.
R. Copland-Sparkes, C.M.G., Rear-Admiral.
Robert W. Craigie, Admiral.
C. H. Dare, M.V.O., Rear-Admiral.
Algernon de Horsey, K.C.B., Admiral.
C. G. Dicken, Vice-Admiral.
John Ferris, Vice-Admiral
C. C. Penrose FitzGerald, Admiral.
John F. G. Grant, Admiral.
Richard N. Gresley, Rear-Admiral.
William J. Grogan, Rear-Admiral.
Robert F. Hammick, Vice-Admiral.
R. H. Harris, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., Admiral.
Fred. A. Herbert, Admiral.
J. G. Hewitt, Rear-Admiral.
A. J. Horsley, Rear-Admiral.
H. C. B. Hulbert, Rear-Admiral
R. P. Humpage, Rear-Admiral
Walter J. Hunt-Grubbe, G.C.B., Admiral.
Loftus F. Jones, Admiral.
F. G. Kirby, Vice-Admiral.
A. P. M. Lake, Admiral.
George B. Lindley, C.B., Rear-Admiral.
Robert McAlpine, Rear-Admiral.
W. Marrack, Admiral.
James G. Mead, Admiral.
M. P. O'Callaghan, C.B., C.V.O., Vice-Admiral.
Erasmus D. St. A. Ommanney, Rear-Admiral.
A. C. H. Paget, Vice-Admiral.
John L. Perry, Rear-Admiral.
R. B. Preston, Engineer Rear-Admiral.
R. C. Prothero, C.B., M.V.O., Vice-Admiral.
Harry C. Reynolds, Rear-Admiral.
Ernest Rice, Admiral.
G. W. Russell, Vice-Admiral.
Nowell Salmon, V.C., G.C.B., Admiral of the Fleet
A. H. Smith-Dorrien, Rear-Admiral.
Henry Stephenson, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., Admiral
Arthur R. Tinklar, Rear-Admiral.
Guy O. Twiss, Vice-Admiral.
J. Borlase Warren, Vice-Admiral.
R. W. White, Vice-Admiral
J. C. A. Wilkinson, Rear-Admiral.
J. E. M. Wilson, Vice Admiral.

June 14, 1911.

THE

NATIONAL REVIEW

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

An Anxious Outlook

At the time of going to press the European situation is serious, if not grave, from the usual causes, namely, the restless ambition of Germany to bully and dominate her neighbours, and the weakness of England by land and sea, which has been accentuated by the sentimental slosh with which our public men on both sides of politics have regaled themselves and beguiled the nation during the last few months. As our readers are aware, we have steadily resisted the temptation to discuss foreign politics from the Party point of view, and shall continue to resist it, partly because it is still worth while to make an effort for continuity—though Sir Edward Grey has scarcely fulfilled his solemn undertaking to prove to the world that the word of a democracy was as good as the word of a monarchy, while his feeble shuffling has latterly revived suspicions, and even contempt for this country, among nations anxious to be friendly—and partly because no one can seriously pretend that the Unionist Opposition have done their duty on National and Imperial affairs. Unionist Mandarins have resolutely set their faces against any serious and systematic policy of national defence. It is true that Mr. Balfour has made a few sporadic speeches—generally on electioneering platforms—on the subject of the Navy, while he has occasionally expressed the alarm felt by all Englishmen with any knowledge, at the rapidly developing menace across the North Sea, but

he has not treated the question with any sustained seriousness, it had little bearing on the Parliamentary situation, nor has he made any attempt to educate the nation to a sense of its perils and obligations. He has given his countenance to that fraudulent sham, of which he was the author, the Defence Committee, which, apart from the occasional and unwelcome intrusion of Lord Kitchener, consists for the most part of political adventurers and intriguers and time-serving soldiers, who think they know which side their bread is buttered. Then he has prevented his Party from adopting and pressing a coherent Naval policy when the present Ministry of War-at-any-price-at-home and Peace-at-any-price-abroad abandoned the two-Power standard. He has likewise given his sanction to the Territorial sham of his friend, Viscount Haldane, and has protected that humbug from attack in the House of Commons, while otherwise his patriotic energies have been devoted to damping down National Service. It took a year and a half to get Mr. Balfour in motion on the subject of the Declaration against London. We believe that Lord Lansdowne is equally open to all these criticisms, so there is no excuse for making a Party question out of the present grave development, towards which leading Members of the Opposition, by their lethargy, supineness, and indifference, have contributed as much as an Opposition could by so rarely reminding the Government of its responsibilities in those great areas of public affairs not directly bearing on the parliamentary struggle.

Palsied Policy

CONTRAST the noble conduct of Lord Roberts in endeavouring to awaken the nation. Bear in mind the opposition, obloquy, and contempt he has suffered at the hands of the Mandarins of both Parties, who are only really happy when they are allowed to shut their eyes and bury their heads in the sand. Unionists as well as Radicals would therefore do well to realise the wisdom of discussing with some restraint the "irrepressible conflict" which is being gradually forced upon us and may be suddenly sprung upon us when we are most unprepared. Whether it comes to-day before Russia is ready, or to-morrow when a further spell of Demagogue government has placed this country com-

pletely *hors de combat*, it will be largely due to the terrible lack of national patriotism among our leading public men, whose energies are closely confined to partisan channels, and who are largely responsible for the perilous apathy of the public to the possibilities which may at any moment become probabilities. The heaviest responsibility of all necessarily lies on the shoulders of the Government of the day, who have been inundated with warnings to which they deliberately turned a deaf ear because it did not suit them to listen. They were absorbed in the infinitely more congenial task of smashing the Constitution and cozening the Crown, while the sentimental Socialist in Downing Street, who has been keeping very bad company of late, had succeeded in persuading himself that the millennium was at hand, that there was no further possibility of war, and that the principal duties of the British Foreign Minister consisted in gushing about arbitration, in weakening our relations with our friends with a view to conciliating our enemies, in taking the chair at banquets to Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and generally in making himself, his Government, and his country the laughing-stock of the civilised world. Side by side with all this nonsense issuing from lips euphemistically described as "responsible," was an active propaganda carried on in the Press on both sides of politics by sentimental Radicals and disloyal Jews, ostensibly in the interests of Anglo-German "friendship," but actually aimed at the Triple Entente between Great Britain, France, and Russia, which is the mainstay of European peace, because it is the only serious barrier to Teutonic aggression. We need hardly say that we make this observation without any racial or religious prejudice, and should be exceedingly sorry to hurt the feelings of any of our Jewish readers; but they know, just as we do, that there are Jews and Jews, just as there are Englishmen and Englishmen. Lord Rothschild and his kind represent the patriotic Jew, who is a whole-hearted Englishman, and there are many like him; but it is idle and worse to shut one's eyes to the fact that there are Jews of a very different kidney, who simply use the hospitality and social distinctions accorded them in this country to intrigue against British interests, and to work for our German enemies.

To such we would say, "Why not return to the various countries you came from?" Some of them are in close touch with the German Embassy in London, which operates through a scientific Press bureau with wide ramifications in the provincial Press, whose editors are frequently the innocent receptacles of "well-informed" articles, purporting to emanate "from high diplomatic quarters and calculated to promote the cause of peace," whereas in truth and in fact they are exclusively designed to make mischief between this country and some other country, when they are promptly reproduced by the German agencies where they originated. All these manœuvres were abundantly explained in Busch's *Life of Bismarck*, which tells us how articles were planted upon artless English journals by Bismarck whenever he pleased. With so many wealthy aliens in control of British newspapers the public of all Parties cannot be too sceptical of the statements they read on Anglo-German questions, and when they are told for instance that Germany pounced on Agadir, in Morocco, because it was so far from Gibraltar, out of consideration for British interests, they can guess whence such falsehoods emanate, though they may be surprised at their appearance in "patriotic" newspapers. We have often thought that a useful service might be rendered by a popular reproduction of Busch's story of the innumerable tricks played on well-known British journals.

Alien Influences

WHY did Germany reopen the Morocco question at this particular moment in a peculiarly aggressive manner, by pouncing on a port on the Atlantic where there was no German interest, except a convenient and spacious roadstead? Some forward German movement was inevitable ever since the German Emperor's visit to this country to attend the unveiling of the Queen Victoria Memorial—an incident which was indecently exploited by our Potsdam Press, as a proof of his undying affection for our country. There was much slobber about the Emperor, coinciding with the general slobber about arbitration and disarmament, which, however worthily inspired, convinced the German Emperor and his advisers that we were a nation of cowards governed by sentimental idiots, some of whom went to the point of discussing a possible

Agadir

marriage with the House of Hohenzollern as a solution of Anglo-German differences! If we have the fools we deserve we are indeed in a bad way. The destruction of the *entente cordiale* is the cardinal object of German diplomacy, because the French Army and the British Navy are the principal pillars of the peace of Europe, which Germany seeks to disturb, and every Anglo-German intriguer is working overtime to separate us from France. Every Anglo-German amenity is enlisted in the cause. The visit of the German Crown Prince and Crown Princess was a natural incident of the Coronation, though it was a pity that some of our snobs should have behaved as they did. At the present moment various German princelets are dotted about these islands, while Prince Henry of Prussia is lurking somewhere in the South of England after a motor tour embracing the United Kingdom, with which he was doubtless anxious to familiarise himself and other German motorists with a view to contingencies. On the very day the Crown Prince and Crown Princess landed in Germany after their English picnic, we were dramatically reminded of the value of German friendship by the despatch of one German warship after another to Morocco, with the object of killing two birds with one stone, namely (1) to smash the *entente cordial*, and (2) to acquire a port on the Atlantic. It was an easy situation for any man to deal with. This treacherous provocation called for an overwhelming naval demonstration, but our Mandarins preferred to diplomatise, and what the position may be at the present moment we have not the faintest idea. Germany is applying the screw to France, and were France composed of Balfours, Lansdownes, and Curzons, she would certainly surrender. Our sole demonstration up to the time of writing consists of a speech by Mr. Lloyd George expressing unimpeachable sentiments in unimpeachable terms and representing the collective views of the Cabinet, but unfortunately British Cabinets imagine that speech = action. All we can do is to "Wait and see." Should Ministers act up to Mr. George's declaration they will have the unanimous support of every single Unionist. If Ministers had a spark of patriotism they would appeal to the nation for support at this grave juncture, and as an earnest of that appeal will propose the postponement of legislation which can only lead to civil war.

THE text of the Parliament Bill as it left the House of Commons may seem ancient history to some of our readers, but in the light of recent events it becomes more important than ever. Moreover the failure to master its provisions and to appreciate its consequences is responsible for the tardy awakening of the country to its perils. The text has rarely been published in any newspaper, and few politicians have taken the trouble to explain its revolutionary character to the people—the Unionist Press having been peculiarly remiss in this matter, sheltering itself behind the contemptible opinion which can be made an excuse for every form of shirking, "the public are not interested in the constitutional crisis." If this statement were true, it is surely the duty of patriotic newspapers to educate their countrymen, or alternatively to smash a measure of the utmost peril which excites no public interest. It was at one time the pride of the *Times* and other organs to lead public opinion, but nowadays the pundits of Printing House Square are content to follow the last laggard, and it is fortunate when the *Times* is not more than three months behind the times. Several other papers have perfunctorily followed suit in the Metropolis and in the provinces. Can we wonder at the lamentations over the declining influence of the Press, which has no more and no less than the influence it deserves. Here is the text of the Parliament Bill as it passed the House of Commons:

The Commons' Bill

An Act to make provision with respect to the powers of the House of Lords in relation to those of the House of Commons, and to limit the duration of Parliament.

Whereas it is expedient that provision should be made for regulating the relations between the two Houses of Parliament:

And whereas it is intended to substitute for the House of Lords as it at present exists a Second Chamber constituted on a popular instead of hereditary basis, but such substitution cannot be immediately brought into operation:

And whereas provision will require hereafter to be made by Parliament in a measure effecting such substitution for limiting and defining the powers of the new Second Chamber, but it is expedient to make such provision as in this Act appears for restricting the existing powers of the House of Lords:

Be it therefore enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

1.—(1) If a Money Bill, having been passed by the House of Commons, and sent up to the House of Lords at least one month before the end of the Session is not passed by the House of Lords without amendment within one month after it is so sent up to that House, the Bill shall, unless the House of Commons direct to the contrary, be presented to his Majesty and become an Act of Parliament on the Royal Assent being signified, notwithstanding that the House of Lords have not consented to the Bill.

(2) A Money Bill means a public Bill which in the opinion of the Speaker of the House of Commons contains only provisions dealing with all or any of the following subjects, namely, the imposition, repeal, remission, alteration, or regulation of taxation; the imposition for the payment of debt or other financial purposes of charges on the Consolidated Fund, or on money provided by Parliament, or the variation or repeal of any such charges; supply; the appropriation, receipt, custody, issue or audit of accounts of public money; the raising or guarantee of any loan or the repayment thereof; or subordinate matters incidental to those subjects or any of them. In this sub-section the expressions "taxation," "public money," and "loan" respectively do not include any taxation, money, or loan raised by local authorities or bodies for local purposes.

(3) There shall be endorsed on every Money Bill when it is sent up to the House of Lords and when it is presented to his Majesty for assent the certificate of the Speaker of the House of Commons signed by him that it is a Money Bill.

2.—(1) If any Public Bill other than a Money Bill is passed by the House of Commons in three successive Sessions (whether of the same Parliament or not), and, having been sent up to the House of Lords at least one month before the end of the Session, is rejected by the House of Lords in each of those Sessions, that Bill shall, on its rejection for the third time by the House of Lords, unless the House of Commons direct to the contrary, be presented to his Majesty and become an Act of Parliament on the Royal Assent being signified thereto, notwithstanding that the House of Lords have not consented to the Bill: Provided that this provision shall not take effect unless two years have elapsed between the date of the Second Reading in the first of those Sessions of the Bill in the House of Commons and the date on which it passes the House of Commons in the third of those Sessions.

(2) When a Bill is presented to his Majesty for assent in pursuance of the provisions of this section, there shall be endorsed on the Bill the certificate of the Speaker of the House of Commons signed by him that the provisions of this section have been duly complied with.

(3) A Bill shall be deemed to be rejected by the House of Lords if it is not passed by the House of Lords either without amendment or with such amendments only as may be agreed to by both Houses.

(4) A Bill shall be deemed to be the same Bill as a former Bill sent up to the House of Lords in the preceding Session if, when it is sent up to the House of Lords, it is identical with the former Bill or contains only such alterations as are certified by the Speaker of the House of Commons to be necessary owing to the time which has elapsed since the date of the former Bill, or to represent any amendments which have been made by the House of Lords in the former

Bill in the preceding Session and any amendments which are certified by the Speaker to have been made by the House of Lords in the third Session and agreed to by the House of Commons shall be inserted in the Bill as presented for Royal Assent in pursuance of this section :

Provided that the House of Commons may, if they think fit, on the passage of such a Bill through the House in the second or third Session, suggest any further amendments without inserting the amendments in the Bill, and any such suggested amendments shall be considered by the House of Lords, and if agreed to by that House, shall be treated as amendments made by the House of Lords and agreed to by the House of Commons; but the exercise of this power by the House of Commons shall not affect the operation of this section in the event of the Bill being rejected by the House of Lords.

3. Any certificate of the Speaker of the House of Commons given under this Act shall be conclusive for all purposes, and shall not be questioned in any court of law.

4. Nothing in this Act shall diminish or qualify the existing rights and privileges of the House of Commons.

5. Five years shall be substituted for seven years as the time fixed for the maximum duration of Parliament under the Septennial Act, 1715.

6. This Act may be cited as the Parliament Act, 1911.

The Amended Bill

WE make no apology for appending the text of the Parliament Bill as amended by the House of Lords. At the time of going to Press Mr. Asquith is sulking over these amendments, while Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne are endeavouring to organise a surrender by the Peers, who happily are showing unwonted signs of independence calculated to dissipate the delusion that the House of Lords is either an outhouse of Lansdowne House or a mere annex of the Carlton Club. Curiously enough a development which should cause intense satisfaction in Radical circles by meeting one of their platform grievances excites the Cocoa Press to madness, while the *Westminster Gazette* becomes greener every night. These enlightened organs pathetically urge the Peers to return to their former bondage so that Radicals may preserve a priceless asset. We will not quarrel with them as their advice has been a material factor in stimulating the House of Lords to do its duty.

An Act to make provision with respect to the powers of the House of Lords in relation to those of the House of Commons, and to limit the duration of Parliament.

Whereas it is expedient that provision should be made for regulating the relations between the two Houses of Parliament:

And whereas it is intended to substitute for the House of Lords as it at present exists a Second Chamber constituted on a popular instead of hereditary basis, but such substitution cannot be immediately brought into operation:

And whereas provision will require hereafter to be made by Parliament in a measure effecting such substitution for limiting and defining the powers of the new Second Chamber, but it is expedient to make such provision as in this Act appears for restricting the existing powers of the House of Lords:

Be it therefore enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

1.—(1) If a Money Bill, having been passed by the House of Commons, and sent up to the House of Lords at least one month before the end of the Session, is not passed by the House of Lords without amendment within one month after it is so sent up to that House, the Bill shall, unless the House of Commons direct to the contrary, be presented to his Majesty and become an Act of Parliament on the Royal Assent being signified, notwithstanding that the House of Lords have not consented to the Bill.

(2) A Money Bill means a Public Bill which in the opinion of the Joint Committee contains only provisions dealing with all or any of the following subjects, namely, the imposition, repeal, remission, alteration, or regulation of taxation; the imposition for the payment of debt or other financial purposes of charges on the Consolidated Fund or on money provided by Parliament, or the variation or repeal of any such charges; supply; the appropriation, receipt, custody, issue or audit of accounts of public money; the raising or guarantee of any loan or the repayment thereof; or subordinate matters incidental to the provisions of such Bill; but if, in the opinion of the Joint Committee, the main governing purpose of a Bill imposing taxation, or of any portion of a Bill imposing taxation, is not purely financial in character, the Bill, or such portion thereof as aforesaid, shall be subject to the provisions of Section 2 of this Act. In this sub-section the expressions "taxation," "public money," and "loan" respectively do not include any taxation, money, or loan raised by local authorities or bodies for local purposes.

(3) There shall be endorsed on every Money Bill when it is sent up to the House of Lords, and when it is presented to his Majesty for assent the certificate of the Speaker of the House of Commons signed by him that it is a Money Bill.

2.—(1) If any Public Bill other than a Money Bill or a Bill containing any provision to extend the maximum duration of Parliament beyond five years is passed by the House of Commons in three successive Sessions (whether of the same Parliament or not), and, having been sent up to the House of Lords at least one month before the end of the Session, is rejected by the House of Lords in each of those Sessions, that Bill shall, on its rejection for the third time by the House of Lords, unless the House of Commons direct to the contrary, be presented to his Majesty and become an Act of Parliament on the Royal Assent being signified thereto, notwithstanding that the House of Lords have not consented to the Bill: Provided that this provision shall not take effect unless two years have elapsed between the date of the Second Reading

in the first of those Sessions of the Bill in the House of Commons and the date on which it passes the House of Commons in the third of those Sessions: Provided further that any Bill—

(a) which affects the existence of the Crown or the Protestant succession thereto; or

(b) which establishes a National Parliament or Assembly or a National Council in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, or England, with legislative powers therein; or

(c) which has been referred to the Joint Committee, and which in their opinion raises an issue of great gravity upon which the judgment of the country has not been sufficiently ascertained

shall not be presented to his Majesty nor receive the Royal Assent under the provisions of this section unless and until it has been submitted to and approved by the electors in manner to be hereafter provided by Act of Parliament.

(2) Any question whether a Bill comes within the meaning of paragraphs (a), (b) of sub-section (1) of this section shall be decided by the Joint Committee.

(3) When a Bill is presented to his Majesty for assent in pursuance of the provisions of this section there shall be endorsed on the Bill the certificate of the Speaker of the House of Commons signed by him that the provisions of this section have been duly complied with.

(4) A Bill shall be deemed to be rejected by the House of Lords if it is not passed by the House of Lords either without amendment or with such amendment only as may be agreed to by both Houses.

(5) A Bill shall be deemed to be the same Bill as a former Bill sent up to the House of Lords in the preceding Session if, when it is sent up to the House of Lords, it is identical with the former Bill or contains only such alterations as are certified by the Speaker of the House of Commons to be necessary owing to the time which has elapsed since the date of the former Bill, or to represent any amendments which have been made by the House of Lords in the former Bill in the preceding Session, and any amendments which are certified by the Speaker to have been made by the House of Lords in the third Session and agreed to by the House of Commons shall be inserted in the Bill as presented for Royal Assent in pursuance of this section:

Provided that the House of Commons may, if they think fit, on the passage of such a Bill through the House in the second or third Session, suggest any further amendments without inserting the amendments in the Bill, and any such suggested amendments shall be considered by the House of Lords, and if agreed to by that House, shall be treated as amendments made by the House of Lords and agreed to by the House of Commons; but the exercise of this power by the House of Commons shall not affect the operation of this section in the event of the Bill being rejected by the House of Lords.

3.—(1) At the beginning of each Parliament a Joint Committee (in this Act referred to as "the Joint Committee") shall be appointed, consisting of the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Chairman of Committees of the House of Lords, the Chairman of Ways and Means of the House of Commons, a Lord of Appeal to be chosen by and from the Lords of Appeal in Ordinary and other Peers of Parliament holding or who have held

high judicial office, and a member of the House of Commons to be appointed by the Speaker, for the purposes of this Act. The Speaker of the House of Commons shall be chairman, and he shall have a casting vote.

(2) The Speaker of the House of Commons may, if he think fit, and shall, if so requested in writing by a Minister of the Crown or upon a resolution of either House of Parliament in that behalf, call together the Joint Committee for the purpose of deciding any question which under the provisions of this Act may be decided by them.

(3) The decision of the Joint Committee on any question so referred to them shall be final and conclusive for all purposes, and shall not be questioned in any court of law.

4.—(1) In every Bill presented to his Majesty under the preceding provisions of this Act, the words of enactment shall be as follows, that is to say:

Be it enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Commons in this present Parliament assembled, in accordance with the provisions of the Parliament Act, 1911, and by authority of the same, as follows.

(2) Any alteration of a Bill necessary to give effect to this section shall not be deemed to be an amendment of the Bill.

5. Any certificate of the Speaker of the House of Commons given under this Act shall be conclusive for all purposes, and shall not be questioned in any Court of law.

6. Nothing in this Act shall diminish or qualify the existing rights and privileges of the House of Commons.

7. Five years shall be substituted for seven years as the time fixed for the maximum duration of Parliament under the Septennial Act, 1715.

8 This Act may be cited as the Parliament Act, 1911.

Foozle-cum-Boozle

It is unfortunate that the public should have to rely on newspapers for political information, and it has been peculiarly unfortunate at the present juncture because most of the papers are either of the Cobden-cum-Cocoa persuasion, and we are all familiar with their sense of fair play; or else they belong to what is becoming known as "the scuttle brigade," and in that capacity some so-called Unionist organs have vied with the *Star*, *Morning Leader*, *Daily News*, or *Nation*, in misrepresentation and have received their mead of praise from *le* (*Mond*)*e ou l'on s'ennui*, as the *Westminster Gazette* is for obvious reasons called. The Press generally has one common interest, namely to uphold the system familiarly known as Foozle and Boozle, and to represent the Foozlers and the Boozlers as the only people who count in public life. The imminent collapse of Foozling and Boozling at the time of writing would involve a corresponding collapse on the part of the

Press, which has maintained year in and year out the present rotten system, under which political parties and Governments are either run by the Right Hon. A. J. Foozle and the particular coterie of which he is the centre, or by the Right Hon. H. H. Boozle and Co., who have succeeded for the time being in getting their noses into the public bin. Enormous importance is attached by the Foozle and Boozle Press to every Foozle or Boozle utterance, which is invariably described as "magnificent," epoch-making and various other epithets by which excited journalists endeavour to make small things seem great. If the Foozles and Boozles play a golf match together, mingle in a common tea-party, or pass their week-ends in each other's congenial company, not merely Society papers, but organs once regarded as serious, instantly draw pregnant conclusions, a diminishing proportion of which are now swallowed by the public, who are not quite such fools as they seem in editorial eyes. However, this baneful system still prevails though it may be on its last legs and it has governed the treatment of the debates in the House of Lords on the Parliament Bill, not that debates mean discussions in the House of Lords any more than in the House of Commons, because you can hardly call that a debate which consists on the one side of admirable and conclusive reasons for amending a crude, grotesque, and revolutionary measure, which there is no serious attempt to answer on the part of Ministers, consisting in this particular instance of two futile viscounts overwhelmed by their rank, and a mushroom earl, equally overwhelmed by his own self-righteousness.

"Honest John"

THESE "great, wise, and eminent statesmen," as they are conventionally described by the Foozle and Boozle Press could only reply that the Government were unable to accept this, that, or the other amendment without adducing a single reason for their obstinacy, though the mystification has since been cleared up by the announcement that the Premier had for some months had in his pocket the "guarantees" extorted from the Sovereign, under infinitely disgraceful circumstances of which we may hope that the full history may shortly become known. It would have been

more honest of Viscount Morley of Blackburn, who used to be called "honest John Morley"; it would have been less Jesuitical of Viscount Humbug of Cloanden; it would have been more worthy of the character-part which he has elected to play in the House of Lords, if the Lord Chancellor, instead of protracting useless debates during the dog-days had plainly told the House of Lords (for which Lord Morley & Co. profess obsequious veneration) that the reasons for rejecting any and every amendment proposed by any peer was that they possessed a draft *coup d'état* authorising them to carry the measure intact as it left the House of Commons, with its power to destroy every institution in the country, including the Monarchy and every form of second-chamber Government, as well as a power to perpetuate itself indefinitely, like the Long Parliament, and to establish in fact as well as in name what we have frequently described as a despotism of Demagogues. We need not stop to inquire whether Lords Loreburn, Morley, and Haldane are proud of their duplicity; we leave that sort of "flapdoodle," as the Americans call it, to our mealy-mouthed contemporaries, whose capacity for surprise at any Ministerial outrage is only surpassed by their indignation with Unionists who resent it. Truth will out even among Radicals, and in the course of the historic scene of July 24, when at last the House of Commons found tongue and for once really represented public opinion, an unknown Radical let the cat out of the bag by the illuminating if impertinent observation to the Opposition Leader, "You've been had." We might write pages without arriving any nearer the truth which incidentally provokes certain inquiries: (1) Ought an experienced Parliamentarian of nearly forty years standing to be "had" by his political opponents? (2) Did not Mr. Balfour owe a duty to the Party he leads to ascertain the precise facts from the proper quarter which would undoubtedly have been vouchsafed to him, instead of waiting for a *coup d'état* to be sprung upon him? (3) May not the same inquiries be addressed to Lord Lansdowne? We confess to having assumed that our leaders were aware of the truth concerning these much-vaunted guarantees, and we inferred from their conduct that the Premier was bluffing.

THE House of Lords listened day after day to the pretentious hypocritical utterances of a brace of viscounts and the unique earl, who between them emitted more of that oratory which is known as *suppressio veri et suggestio falsi* that has ever been heard in any assembly. Their whole attitude was one of calculated mendacity, for, while pretending to reason with their audience and to play the parliamentary game according to recognised rules, they sedulously concealed the fact that they already possessed the power to place the measure on the Statute Book over the heads of the Lords and behind the backs of the people, who, it must be remembered, returned a scratch coalition majority at the last General Election with a mandate (if there be anything in mandates) covering the Preamble of the Parliament Bill no less than the body of that ill-starred measure, which the country had been informed, on the authority of Sir Edward Grey, would without its Preamble involve the Ministerial Party in "death, disaster, and damnation." As we have said, we do not propose to inquire whether either viscount or the earl is proud of his trickery, because although their language may be more choice and diffuse than that of the Radical member of Parliament, they are no less proud than their humble admirer, in that they have "had" the Lords and the Commons, to say nothing of the King. For the moment we are complaining of the blindness of the Foozle-cum-Boozle Press, which completely missed the real significance of the proceedings in the Upper House, which did not consist in the suave amenities and the mutual admiration of Lord Lansdowne and Lord Morley, of Lord Midleton and Lord Loreburn, or of Lord Curzon of Kedleston (recently created an Earl by the Radicals) and his bosom friend the Viscount Haldane of Cloanden, but in the remarkable growth of that spirit of independence which, beginning among the Backwoodsmen, in a large measure owing to the splendid energy of Lord Willoughby de Broke, gradually spread over the Unionist benches. When the debate was over and the deplorable tactics of the Mandarins were seen in their true light, the power and influence in the Unionist Party had virtually departed from the Foozles and their sycophants, from the time-servers and the dead-heads, to the live part of the Upper

2 Viscounts and 1 Earl

House which is not out to play some pretty parliamentary game at the end of which you cry "pax" when you are beaten, but which under the gallant leadership of that Grand Old Man, Lord Halsbury, who has been so ably seconded by Lord Selborne, Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Willoughby de Broke, and many other peers, who have taken off their coats in real earnest, have devoted themselves to saving the country from permanently passing under some Committee of Public Safety, presided over by Mr. Asquith and governed by Messrs. Redmond and Patrick Ford.

An Admission

UNTIL the eleventh hour this great movement for the regeneration of the Unionist Party was ignored or belittled and ridiculed by the Mandarin Press, but the public, which is becoming healthily sceptical of its newspapers, saw through the shams of the sham fight between Front Benchers more or less in collusion, and gave their hearty and enthusiastic support to the independent peerage, who are obviously fighting for the interests of the nation. They have broken away from the Foozle and Boozle traditions which have brought this country almost to the plight of Portugal. Considering that the White Flaggers controlled the official machinery of the Unionist Party, while the Stalwarts had to improvise as they went along, and moreover were labouring under the difficulty that while distinguished Unionists, such as Lords Lansdowne, Curzon, and Midleton (especially the second, who has perhaps played the worst part of anybody in the crisis), were delivering brave speeches declaring their readiness to die in the last ditch, they were privately preparing to surrender on the first plausible pretext—the Stalwarts, though never welded together as an organised party, made wonderfully few mistakes. At a time of public peril they have rendered conspicuous services to the State, in the face of the whole *posse comitatus* of Foozledom and Boozledom who were mobilised as one man to trip them up. But there is now no harm in admitting—and the admission may be useful for future contingencies—that, parliamentary considerations apart, it was a mistake to pass the Third Reading of the Parlia-

ment Bill, thus transferring it from the possession and control of the House of Lords to the possession and control of the Coalition Caucus (July 20). We must, however, bear in mind that while the Bill, even as amended, was a poisonous Bill with its preposterous Joint Committee the amendments had been serious, as, in the first place, they exempted the existence of the Crown or the Protestant succession * thereto from the Parliament Bill, likewise they precluded the establishment of any National Parliament, Assembly, or Council with legislative powers in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, or England, as also any matter "which has been referred to the Joint Committee, and which in their opinion raises an issue of great gravity, upon which the judgment of the country has not been sufficiently ascertained." In these three cases, measures should not be presented for the Royal Assent, as in the terms of the Parliament Bill "unless and until it has been submitted to and approved by the electors in manner to be hereafter provided by Act of Parliament." In order that our readers may understand how the Lords have treated the Parliament Bill, we have printed in these pages the text of the measure, (1) as it left the House of Commons, (2) as it left the House of Lords.

A Question of Ethics

THE Stalwarts, as we have seen, were manœuvred by the combined tactics of the two Front Benches into allowing the Third Reading without a division, though some suspicion might have been aroused by the whining speech of Lord Morley, who having treated every single amendment incorporated in the Bill as inadmissible, suddenly became amazingly anxious that the Government should regain control of it, which could only be done by the complaisance of the Lords in reading it a third time. Lord Morley had even issued a most abject Whip beseeching his followers, alleged to number eighty-five peers, to support the Government on this critical day, as on previous divisions in Committee half the Radical Members of the Upper House were absent. Their conduct caused some comment among Radicals and much

* During the debate in committee in the House of Commons a Unionist member wittily observed that the defence of the Protestant Succession "appeared to be left to two Sober Jews and one Drunken Christian."

merriment among Unionists when it became known that they were annoyed lest a large creation of peers might contain newly created democratic viscounts who would necessarily take precedence of recently created democratic barons. As we have said, the Government's passionate desire to get the Bill out of the Lords was suspicious, nor was there anything reassuring in Lord Lansdowne's appeal to his followers on behalf of the amended Bill. Official Unionist circles were then, as usual, in a panic, which was founded on mis-statements of fact deliberately circulated by the Ministry of mendacity, and needless to say swallowed with avidity by *gobemouches* in the ex-Cabinet, who are becoming almost as great a danger to the State as the existing Cabinet, though the present crisis should be invaluable in separating the sheep from the goats. Lord Lansdowne's speech contained this ominous sentence: "But I am quite ready to say one thing to the noble viscount (Lord Morley), and that is that in our view some, at all events, of the amendments which we have introduced into the Bill are so essential that we should certainly not be prepared to recede from them in substance so long as we remain *free agents*." We confess to being unable to undeistand the ethical code governing the public utterances of politicians, even when they are high-minded, honourable gentlemen like Lord Lansdowne. We should have thought, for example, that if the Leader of the Opposition already knew, when making this declaration, that the Prime Minister had the "guarantees" in his pocket, which in the opinion of Lord Lansdowne deprived the House of Lords of its free agency, he was hardly entitled to conceal from the Stalwarts a fact which would have caused them to reject the Bill.

The Grand Old Man

AFTER another conciliatory speech from the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose admirable intentions no one doubts, though his want of knowledge of men, especially such men as constitute the Ministry of mendacity, somewhat minimises the value of his pacific counsels, Lord Halsbury intervened with a characteristically virile speech which gave immense satisfaction outside the Foozle and Boozle ranks. Lord Halsbury speaks for the live man, who believes in real things and rejects the detestable and damnable doctrine

that principles are adopted in order that they may be put up to auction and sold to the lowest bidder. The passing of this Bill unamended would mean the destruction of the Constitution, as well as the liberties and the lives of his Majesty's subjects. It was the most momentous piece of attempted legislation in the course of his long political life of sixty years, during which there had never been

> such an attempt to abolish the Second Chamber and to obtain supreme power, not so much for the House of Commons, for it was idle to pretend that House was independent—as for the Minister in power and the political caucus. It was not a question merely of Party division. It was a question of life and death to the Constitution. The Bill was a bad Bill in every sense. It possessed every vice that a Bill could possess. It was unjust and oppressive. It was tainted with Party spirit; indeed he might almost say Party spite. It was hard to understand how any men attached to Constitutional principles, or familiar with them, could have conceived such a mass of unconstitutional, bitter and selfish provisions. If an attempt were made to force the Bill through without the safeguards introduced by Lord Lansdowne against injustice and tyranny, especially the tyranny of political caucus, he should look upon himself as a coward and unfit for the position he held if he submitted to it without challenging a division. In voting against the measure he would be doing what he regarded as a solemn duty to God and to the country.

Your prim, timid, hesitating Whig, who lives on and by compromise, is quite incapable of appreciating the spirit which inspires such sentiments, which are equally alien and odious to the defenders of philosophic doubt, but they go to the heart of the ordinary man, and Lord Halsbury stands out as the hero of the crisis. The Third Reading debate was closed by Lord Willoughby de Broke, who has distinguished himself from the opening hour of a controversy, the gravity of which he was one of the first Unionists to realise, while he imports a welcome element of originality into political discussion and has shown on innumerable occasions that he possesses political virtues of a high and rare order—above all the quality of courage. He declared that he had been tempted to move the rejection of the Third Reading of the Parliament Bill, but for the present they would leave the consequences to take care of themselves, and it would be time enough to consider consequences when the Bill came back from the House of Commons. Throughout the Debates no one had set up any satisfactory defence of the proposition that the British Second Chamber should have less power than the Second Chambers of

all other civilised countries. This Bill was simply a revolution to effect by main force a Radical change in the constitution of the country, when at least half the people were opposed to it, and the promoters could and ought only to be allowed to effect their purpose by main force.

Their Lordships had neither the right nor the power, as Trustees of the Constitution, to compromise in any single way about this Bill. The Government must be made to bring about their revolution by main force, and nothing else—the creation of peers would be a way of doing it, just as much as by ships or guns or by a regiment of guards being brought into the House to sweep out Lords on the Opposition side. *He wanted to make it clear that he withheld opposition to the Third Reading on the distinct understanding that the essence and substance of Lord Lansdowne's Amendment to Clause 2 was the irreducible minimum. They would not assent to any arrangement of any kind conceivable by which the amendment would be whittled away.* [Our italics.] They would be absolutely failing in their duty to the people of this country, if they did not insist, no matter what the consequences, on the retention of that amendment to the bitter end.

A Memorable Interview

THE Stalwarts can hardly have known that two days before that debate Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour had had a prolonged and momentous interview (July 18), at which there is every reason to believe that it was decided to throw up the sponge and abandon the principles to which they had both expressed devotion, and upon which they had for many months encouraged their followers to fight. They had in all probability private assurances from the Prime Minister that he had authority for an unlimited creation of peers—an assertion which happened *inter alia* to be a falsehood, but no matter. It served its purpose in momentarily cowing the heroic leaders of our party; it was but another bluff in the wholesale series of bluffs whereby "you've been had"—the terse description of the situation already quoted from a Radical member. At the time of the Lansdowne-cum-Balfour decision to hoist the white flag prodigious importance was attached by the Radical Press—which is even more terrified of a large creation of peers than the leaders of the Conservative snobocracy, Lord Curzon of Kedleston and Viscount Midleton—to the announcement which appeared in Mr. Balfour's special organ, the *Daily Telegraph*—the most scandalous and unabashed scuttler of the whole Press—that "it is probable that Mr. Balfour will shortly find it necessary

to leave England and proceed to Gastein as he did last year." The *Daily Telegraph* seems to have added on its own: "For some time past Mr. Balfour's health has been giving a little cause for anxiety, and it is expected that the rt. hon. gentleman will resume his cure at the Austrian watering-place early in August." Then hot foot came a communication from the Press Association, which was authorised to announce, "that there is no foundation for any statement that Mr. Balfour's health is giving cause for anxiety." It was admitted, nevertheless, that he was going abroad, and our sea-green and incorruptible contemporary the *Westminster Gazette*, whose Managing Director, Sir Alfred Mond, distinguished himself at the great Shakespeare Ball by assuming the rôle of John of Gaunt, broke into shrieks of delight, insisting that Mr. Balfour's imminent departure proved that the "recalcitrants" had been brought to heel, and that the crisis would speedily end in Ministerial victory. Our own Scuttle Press resembled nothing so much as the Gadarene swine. Can we wonder at the political apathy of the public, or at their misconception of the relative importance of events when Foozle and Boozle organs like the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Westminster Gazette*, devote their energies to making mountains out of molehills, and molehills out of mountains? They are eloquent indications of the degradation to which politics have been brought by Messrs. Foozle and Boozle, and of the enormous importance of the revival of Unionism which may be expected to follow the recent remarkable demonstration against Foozle and Boozle tactics.

Divided Councils

THE moment the House of Lords had agreed to the Third Reading of the Parliament Bill and had surrendered control of that sinister measure to the Commons, amended it is true but left at the mercy of Front-Bench trickery and Front-Bench treachery, the fun became fast and furious. Now that the Prime Minister had bamboozled the House of Commons and the House of Lords by concealing the fact that he had effected a *coup d'état* last November, by extorting powers from the King which would enable the Bill to be passed into law, he had no further reason for keeping his cards up his sleeve. The Lords had released

the Parliament Bill by reading it a third time, and the Commons, which means the Coalition Caucus, would take care to retain control until their terms were complied with. On the morning of July 21 a Cabinet Council was held to decide the details of the great dramatic demonstration of which the Prime Minister was to be the cynosure of all eyes on the following Monday (July 24), when he would deliver a triumphant speech, the echoes of which would reverberate throughout the civilised world, the seal would be formally set on the anarchist policy of the demagogues, the British Constitution would be smashed and our country permanently placed under Tammany Hall Government. All went merry as a marriage bell at this Cabinet Council, and the popping of champagne corks could be heard all over London. Simultaneously a meeting of Mr. Balfour's colleagues was held at Mr. Balfour's house, when what was described as "the new development in the situation created by Mr. Asquith's letters" was considered. The omniscient *Times* parliamentary correspondent announced: "It is understood that no definite decision was taken at this meeting, as it was felt that the final decision as to the course to be adopted rested with the Opposition peers, who had yet to be consulted." Mr. Balfour's gathering consisted of the following: Mr. Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Selborne, Lord Balcarres, Lord Halsbury, Lord Salisbury, Lord Ashbourne, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Lord Derby, Lord Londonderry, Lord Midleton, Lord Chilston, Mr. F. E. Smith, Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, Sir Robert Finlay, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Walter Long, and Mr. Bonar Law. These names form an interesting comment on the *Times* statement. It was quite impossible for Mr. Balfour to issue any *communiqué*, for the simple reason that a formidable body of Stalwarts resolutely refused to hoist the white flag. What we have long been hoping for has at last happened and not too late to save the situation. Men realise that they have no right to betray the principles of the party to which they profess allegiance through a servile and even degrading "loyalty" to particular individuals, however delightful they may be, upon whom political conviction, enthusiasm, and determination—without which no party can prosper—sit very lightly.

Hurricane at Lansdowne House

That same afternoon Lord Lansdowne had a tough job at Lansdowne House, where it is understood there was some plain speaking. It could hardly have been otherwise, because if Mr. Balfour had been "had" by Mr. Asquith, the Peers in their turn had been "had" by Lord Lansdowne, who was in duty bound to take his party into his confidence directly Mr. Asquith disclosed the trick played upon their credulity. The dates of Mr. Asquith's letters which were read out at Lansdowne House showed how far the policy of mystification had been carried by the two Front Benches. Honest men not "in the know" of any of these damnable intrigues are beginning to ask how long certain Unionist Front Benchers have been acting in collusion with the Government they were ostensibly opposing? The statement issued from Lansdowne House (July 21) after the meeting of the Opposition Peers summoned to hear letters bottled for two days, and perhaps information bottled for very much longer, announced "At a meeting of Opposition Peers held this afternoon at Lansdowne House, the following letters were read by Lord Lansdowne:

10 Downing Street, *July* 20*, 1911

Dear Lord Lansdowne—I now enclose a copy of the letter which I have written to Mr. Balfour.

Yours sincerely,
H. H. Asquith

COPY

10 Downing Street, *July 20th*, 1911

Dear Mr. Balfour—I think it is courteous and right before any public decisions are announced, to let you know how we regard the political situation. When the Parliament Bill in the form which it has now assumed returns to the House of Commons, we shall be compelled to ask that House to disagree with the Lords' amendments. In the circumstances, should the necessity arise, the Government will advise the King to exercise his prerogative to secure the passing into law of the Bill in substantially the same form in which it left the House of Commons, and his Majesty has been pleased to signify that he will consider it his duty to accept and act on that advice.

Yours sincerely,
H. H. Asquith

* The same date as the Third Reading Debate on the Parliament Bill in the House of Lords, when the Stalwarts were induced to withdraw Opposition on Lord Lansdowne's assurance that he would adhere to his amendments.

ALTHOUGH the *Times* is one of the principal upholders of the Foozle-Boozle system, and its articles and political information are invariably designed to uphold our Front Bench *rotavistas*, while every indication of independence or conviction is *anathema maranatha* to those who now sit in the seat of John Delane, our leading journal could make very little capital out of the meeting of Opposition Peers at Lansdowne House, of which absurdly inaccurate accounts appeared in the Scuttle Press. Lord Lansdowne informed the meeting that the Prime Minister's letter showed that the sanction of the King had been obtained to the passing of the Parliament Bill, and they consequently had to choose as to whether it should be passed by means of a special creation of Liberal Peers, or whether it should be allowed to pass without such creation, and he seems to have suggested to his 160 hearers, who were not all fools, that there was no alternative between complete surrender and the withdrawal of their amendments and such a swamping of the House of Lords as would make that assembly Radical for purposes of Irish Home Rule and the other items of the unexhausted programme. It is unnecessary for us to point out there is not the smallest shadow of a pretext for suggesting that these are the alternatives before the House of Lords, though if they were there are, thank Heaven, a large number of Peers who prefer to run the risk of any creation rather than abandon the honourable position they have deliberately taken up, the relinquishment of which would not only involve our Second Chamber, but equally the Unionist Party in total and irremediable ruin. Lord Lansdowne and his advisers do not seem to have the faintest conception of the attitude of the ordinary man towards political affairs. Indeed it is useless to argue with them; they apparently regard cowardice and courage as much of a muchness, and to imagine that it does not matter whether you stand up for your principles or whether you run away from them. That is precisely the issue which this crisis has raised at a critical moment in the fortunes of the Unionist Party. It is a struggle between those who do care for Unionist principles and those who don't care, and we say unhesitatingly, though we do not think there is any prospect of their success, that if the Don't Cares gained the

Don't Cares v. Do Cares

upper hand they would carry the Unionist Party to the political gallows. If, on the other hand, of which there is every prospect, the Do-Cares, or Stalwarts, carry the day, the hideous nightmare of the last five or six years will speedily disappear, the Unionist Party will recover its self-respect and will find itself once more an earnest, capable, aggressive Party, led by those who believe in Unionist principles and are prepared to fight for them and believed in by their followers, who will accordingly follow. The leaderless period of caves and cliques, committees and counter-committees, leagues and counter-leagues, will simply remain as an ugly memory. We shall no longer suffer the daily humiliation of seeing our so-called Leaders lauded sky-high in the Radical Press, which however much it may admire Radical Front Benchers cannot conceal its belief that certain Unionist Front Benchers are the greatest assets of the Radical Party—in which we heartily concur.

Lord Lansdowne's Advice

THE importance of Lord Lansdowne's speech at Lansdowne House lay in his advice to the Unionist Party to surrender, which provoked demonstrations of dissent such as have rarely been heard in that particular place. It was bad enough to have been bamboozled over the Third Reading. To abandon the amendments which had been the condition of the Third Reading was unspeakable. Lord Halsbury is not the man to take such advice lying down, to be told that he is to forsake his lifelong principles and to knuckle down because the impudent adventurer who happens for the moment to be Prime Minister took advantage of an inexperienced Sovereign in the first year of his reign to offer traitorous advice, such as will make the name of Asquith contemptible throughout the ages. The public were not allowed to know that at the Lansdowne House meeting Lord Selborne, who has grown more rapidly in the public estimation during the past month than any politician we can recall in a similar period, made a most telling and convincing speech which completely captivated his audience, while the "Scuttle" Press was equally anxious to minimise the significant fact that Lord Salisbury, who is the

personification of loyalty to his colleagues, speaking not only with all the authority of his father's son, but also as a lifelong student of political affairs, and a man who has held high office with proved ability, whose many close personal ties would incline him towards the other camp, was equally clear and decided against surrender. Contrary to newspaper statements the Scuttlers made a very poor show. They did not even dare put a resolution to the meeting, from which the public may draw their own conclusions, though we imagine they had their reward in the childish stampede of the Unionist Press with such honourable exceptions as the *Morning Post,* which has fought a great fight and has become one of those trusted organs of public opinion which carry weight at all times, and to which people turn in moments of storm and stress—the *Standard,* which day by day has argued the policy of courage and wisdom with conspicuous ability—the *Pall Mall Gazette,* which has been the nightly delight of the virile portion of the Unionist Party—while the *Globe* likewise has maintained its traditions of sturdy, patriotic common sense, nor has there been any doubt, hesitation, or pain on the part of the *Observer,* which has exercised a wide and beneficent influence by its inspiring and single-minded eloquence. Several Unionist provincial papers were gleefully paraded by the Cocoa Press as holding Cocoa opinions on the crisis. We should have been almost unhappy had it been otherwise, as we are so thoroughly accustomed to see the white flag hoisted by these particular organs when anything serious is afoot.

"A Great Ovation"

AFTER the Lansdowne House meeting, which was a revelation of the strength of the Stalwarts, came a week-end of quiet reflection. On Monday (July 24) the Scuttle Press of all denominations discharged another Niagara of truculent or cowardly counsel, which had precisly the opposite effect to that which was intended, and must have largely increased the circulation of competing journals. Strenuous efforts were made by so-called Unionist organs to bluff the Unionist Party by sensational accounts of the prodigious position occupied by the Government and of the marvellous demonstration to be anticipated that afternoon in the House of Commons. But

even the Scuttle Press, which sticks at nothing, could not conceal the fact that a notable gathering of anti-Scuttlers was being organised for July 26, in the shape of a public dinner to Lord Halsbury "in recognition of the services he has rendered to the State in the present crisis, and to support him in his determination to insist on Lord Lansdowne's amendments to the Parliament Bill as the last remaining safeguard in the Constitution for consulting the nation in matters of the gravest national importance." Lord Selborne was announced as chairman, while Lord Salisbury, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. George Wyndham, Lord Milner, and innumerable Unionists of every variety announced their intention of attending. Lord Lovat, a very independent peer, who is as respected as he is popular, and Lord Willoughby de Broke were associated in the organisation of this function with Sir Edward Carson, Mr. F. E. Smith and Lord Wolmer. This banquet, which aroused more interest than any similar function since the famous Milner banquet five years ago, attracted more attention than the pages of Scuttle advice lavished on the public in some cases by professional scuttlers, in others by men from whom better things might have been expected. In order to make our flesh creep the *Times* set forth in facsimile the heavily underlined Whip, signed by the illustrious name of "Alexander Murray," which in the light of subsequent events had a certain humour, for it declared that "the Prime Minister will make an important pronouncement" that afternoon, while in the same issue of the *Times* the case for scuttle was once again set forth by "our Parliamentary Correspondent," while Lord Curzon deigned to issue a ukase summoning us all to surrender, presumably lest there should be a slump in existing peerages. These documents are particularly instructive, because they go far to explain the subsequent sensational development, which was more intelligible to some Liberal newspapers than it was to our own "hands uppers." "Our Parliamentary Correspondent," who knows everything that everybody on either side is thinking and a great deal more, announced that "a great ovation" from Liberal, Labour, and Nationalist members awaited Mr. Asquith. No one could object to this; it was only natural. The Radicals had temporarily triumphed, they had made complete fools of the Unionist Leaders, who had taken

none of the obviously elementary precautions against being fooled, and it was only human that they should wish to celebrate the event by an exercise in lung power.

Deductions

MORE significant was "our Parliamentary Correspondent's" observations concerning Mr. Balfour's position: "The meeting of the Unionist Leaders held at Mr. Balfour's house on Saturday morning preceded the meeting of Opposition peers at Lansdowne House. It is well known that Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne have been in constant consultation during the past week, and nothing which has occurred gives any colour to the suggestion that their views are opposed. The course to be taken at the Lansdowne House meeting must have been a subject of consideration at the meeting of the leaders on Saturday morning, and though it was doubtless felt that the final decision rested with the Opposition peers, Lord Lansdowne, when he subsequently addressed the peers, gave definite counsel." He certainly did; he advised them to run away, and here was "our Parliamentary Correspondent" declaring on the morning of Monday, July 24, "the deduction is irresistible that Mr. Balfour shares this view." This deduction was fortified by Lord Curzon's pronouncement—evidently written on behalf of lazier colleagues—setting forth the old familiar arguments in favour of surrender, familiar from the beginning of the world, immortalised in the couplet "He who fights and runs away will live to fight another day," though we prefer the amended version: "He who fights and runs away will live to *run* another day." We absolutely decline to take part in the flight which Lords Lansdowne, Curzon, and Midleton are endeavouring to organise, one of their most plausible pretexts being that if we surrender to the Government over the Parliament Bill, they will undertake to smash the Government over Home Rule. Were we such fools as to follow their advice there would be a mere repetition of the present incident two years hence, when Lord Curzon & Co. would be equally eloquent in expounding the case for surrendering on Home Rule as they are to-day in advocating surrender over the Parliament Bill. The real significance of his letter, read in the light of the *Times* Parliamentary Correspondent's deduction, was that on the morning of July 24, on

the afternoon of which Mr. Asquith was to add to his epoch-making orations, Mr. Balfour, the Leader of the Opposition, so far as he can ever be committed to anything, favoured the policy of surrender. As the *Times* Correspondent, as we have seen, expressed it, "the deduction is irresistible that Mr. Balfour shares this view"—*i.e.* the advice to surrender before a single new peer was made.

Dollar and Dynamite

OUR readers should now be in a position to appreciate the inner meaning of the historic scene in the House of Commons on that fateful Monday afternoon (July 24) when as indignant Radical newspapers—of whose conduct and comments, by the way, throughout this crisis we make no complaint, as they have merely sought like good party newspapers to extract the utmost advantage for their own side from a situation in which several Unionist papers have sought to inflict the maximum injury on Unionism by playing the Radical game—described in glaring headlines "the Prime Minister howled down." Such was in fact the truth. Was there any justification for this unusual action? Remember that Mr. Asquith's conduct throughout this crisis had been an outrage upon King, Lords, and Commons. The latter had never been allowed to discuss the Parliament Bill as all big measures have hitherto been discussed in an assembly which prides itself on being the Mother of Parliaments. He had betrayed the King by his scandalous advice; he with his colleagues had tricked the House of Lords by volumes of falsehood. He had openly sold his country, for which he cares nothing, his party, for which he cares little, and himself, for which he cares much, to the Dollar Dictator and the apostle of dynamite. He had bartered the British Constitution against the votes required to secure for him and his needy greedy colleagues the enjoyment of the princely fortunes which, for some unaccountable reason, are lavished upon Cabinet Ministers in this country—not one in ten of whom earns a tithe of what he receives. Mr. Asquith had deliberately and in cold blood devoted his talents to lowering the position of this country in the eyes of the civilised world, and risking our credit and security by the establishment of single-chamber Government, under which the narrowest

majority in one House, elected by the most corrupt means, can establish an autocracy such as we have not seen for 250 years, which then ended, as this will end, in bloodshed. What aggravated his crime was the knowledge that the criminal was sinning against the light. He holds the same views upon anarchy as we do; he was merely "toeing the line" chalked out by Messrs. Dollar and Dynamite in order to retain the emoluments of office. In a word, he had sold his soul for five thousand a year. His Government had hounded one King into the grave and had betrayed another by traitorous advice. He had smashed the British Constitution to oblige the enemies of Britain; he was preparing to instal another Transvaal at our doors.

The Conquering Hero

To add insult to injury every arrangement had been made by the rag-tag and bob-tail of the coalition to accord "a great ovation" to the conquering hero, and doubtless brass bands were engaged to strike up appropriate melodies in the near neighbourhood of the House of Commons as soon as this despicable and degraded figure should make his theatrical entry. On the Opposition side of the House were ranged the Unionist Party, justifiably loathing the personnel and proceedings of the Government, and entitled to suspect treachery and collusion among their own leaders, who at such a moment should have sought to inspire loyalty and confidence. Lord Lansdowne, as we have seen, had secured the Third Reading of the Parliament Bill in the Lords by a piece of casuistry unworthy of his reputation, pretending that he meant to stand by his amendments, whereas he had already decided on the policy of "scuttle," while there was every reason for believing, what we now know to be true, that the opportunity of doing another good turn to his "right honourable friend over the way," was equally attractive to Mr. Balfour. Extreme danger lay in Mr. Balfour's frame of mind, because it was obvious that should Mr. Asquith get off his epoch-making speech, Mr. Balfour would be able to make a still more epoch-making speech by publicly selling his party, in defiance of his colleagues, and before the rank and file would be able to move. The mischief would be irreparable. Some Unionist had the inspiration to prevent the Rt. Hon. Boozle from being heard, as it would then be

impossible for the Rt. Hon. Foozle to do any harm, and from the moment the Prime Minister commenced his typewritten oration, which had been countersigned by the Cabinet, and for aught we know to the contrary had been communicated to Scuttlers in the ex-Cabinet, he was drowned by conflicting cries. The official report makes very good reading:

The Prime Minister rose in his place to move in respect of the Lords' amendments, and was immediately assailed with Opposition cries of "Traitor."

THE SPEAKER. I must ask the two hon. members sitting immediately above the gangway not to interrupt but to pursue the ordinary parliamentary practice.

HON. MEMBERS. "Name," and renewed cries of "Traitor."

MR. CROOKS. On a point of order, Mr. Speaker. After your ruling a moment ago an hon. member sitting here——

[HON. MEMBERS. "Sit down" and "Divide."] After your ruling as to the decencies of this House an hon. member of this House——

Tit for Tat

THE Speaker as usual comported himself with admirable dignity and composure, and appealed to the House to be worthy of its relations, but this was a case entirely outside the traditions of any House, because there are limits to what human nature can endure, and to us the marvel is not that the Unionist Party should have at last found tongue to protest against the sale of the country by the Foozles and the Boozles, but that they should have been able to remain silent so long, while one Front Bench attacked the Constitution with vigour and malignancy, and its self-appointed defenders could never be got to take off their kid-gloves. Lord Hugh Cecil took a prominent and courageous part in these proceedings in which he was most ably backed by Mr. F. E. Smith, Sir Edward Carson, and many other members who were determined to give Mr. Asquith a dose of the disagreeable medicine of closure which he had so frequently inflicted on the House of Commons. The Premier made no progress with his typoscript.

LORD HUGH CECIL. On a point of order. I was among those—

MR. SPEAKER. Does the noble lord rise to a point of order?

LORD HUGH CECIL. I rise to respond to your appeal—[*Interruption.*]

MR. CHIOZZA MONEY. On a point of order—[*Interruption.*]

MR. SPEAKER. The best way to respond to my appeal would be to listen in silence.

THE PRIME MINISTER and LORD HUGH CECIL simultaneously rose—[*Interruption*]

MR. SPEAKER. I would again ask the House to allow the Prime Minister to proceed.

THE PRIME MINISTER again rose—[*Interruption*]

MR. MACALLUM SCOTT. On the point of order—[*Interruption*]

MR. SPEAKER. If hon. members constantly rise to points of order the debate cannot proceed.

Several hon. members [pointing at the noble Lord the Member for Oxford University, Lord Hugh Cecil]—

MR. SPEAKER. I would also point out that nothing will create greater disturbance than to point to a particular member.

THE PRIME MINISTER once more rose in his place—[*Interruption*]

MR. SPEAKER I must call on the noble Lord to desist from constant interruption.

LORD HUGH CECIL. Mr. Speaker, the right hon. gentleman [*interruption*] . . . King's name [*interruption*] . . . House of Commons [*interruption*] . . . has prostituted ordinary parliamentary usage [*interruption*]. . . . Therefore there is no discourtesy to him.

MR. F. E. SMITH rose in his place [*interruption*]

MR. SPEAKER. The House has not yet heard what the Prime Minister has to say. It would only be according the ordinary rules of courtesy to hear him.

LORD HUGH CECIL. This is not an ordinary occasion.

Lord Hugh Cecil has certainly an extraordinary gift, which amounts almost to genius, of putting the case in a nutshell on the spur of the moment, and he played a masterly part on the present occasion.

MR. SPEAKER. The ordinary rules of courtesy are that hon. members should hear what is said.

MR. F. E. SMITH. On a point of order. Am I and my friend not entitled to apply treatment given to my right hon. friend the Member for St. George's, Hanover Square (Mr. Alfred Lyttelton) if we think the Government has degraded the political life of the country?

MR. SPEAKER. That is a precedent which should not be followed.

HON. MEMBERS (Hear hear).

Silence of Dictator

AT the same time it was a most pertinent precedent. Our readers will probably remember that a few years ago, when Colonial Secretary, Mr. Lyttelton rose to speak in a debate on Chinese labour as the head of the department concerned with that question. For a whole hour he was unable to make himself audible, the ringleader of the rowdies being the present Home Secretary. The excuse given on that occasion was that they wanted to hear, not Mr. Lyttelton, but Mr. Balfour, the Prime Minister. It is

noteworthy that on the present occasion the Opposition interrupters continually announced that, though they would not hear the puppet Premier, Mr. Asquith, they would listen to the Dollar Dictator, Mr. Redmond, and consequently on Radical logic the puppet Premier was responsible for the row by persisting in enforcing his unwelcome personality upon a disgusted House.

THE PRIME MINISTER. Mr. Speaker, in offering—[*Disorder*]

SIR. E. CARSON. I beg to move the adjournment.

MR. SPEAKER. I cannot take any notice of the motion of adjournment of the rt. hon. and learned gentleman, as we have not yet begun on the debate.

THE PRIME MINISTER. This proposal—[*Disorder*]

AN HON. MEMBER. Write another letter.*

THE PRIME MINISTER. Once more—[*Interruption*]

The Speaker made another unsuccessful appeal, but the views of the House were effectively voiced by Mr. Cooper, who asked "Cannot we have the Dictator first?" Mr. Asquith, who it must be said cut a most pitiful figure throughout this ordeal, made several more futile attempts to get on with his discourse, but he was constantly brought back to the point by some more or less pertinent interruptions, which not infrequently took the form of inconvenient quotations from the classic speeches of Mr. Lloyd George, who probably enjoyed the scene as much as any man in the House of Commons. Finally the Prime Minister lost his temper and resumed his seat in a huff, hurling some inarticulate menace about the creation of Peers unless the Peers gave way. Judging from the official report, subsequently issued to the public by the author of the great undelivered oration, the House of Commons lost little by what it did not hear, as our puppet Premier, as at the beginning of

* It must be remembered that the House of Commons keenly and rightly resented Mr. Asquith's conduct in inditing an epistle to his friend, Mr. Balfour, informing him of the deception practised on the King, from whom the pledge of peer-making had been extracted. As Mr. Snowden, an important member of the Coalition, says in an article in a recent number of *The Christian Commonwealth*: "The sending and publication of that important communication will require an explanation. It was a most unusual proceeding for a Prime Minister to adopt such a method of making a pronouncement of such tremendous importance. One would have thought that he would have reserved the information until he made his statement in the House."

the crisis, was still "toeing the line," and we should not be surprised if the draft of his discourse had been previously submitted to the Dictator.

Effect on Mr. Balfour

Not the least interesting feature of this remarkable incident, which has done more to awaken the people to the reality of the crisis confronting this country than anything else, was the total silence of Mr. Balfour, who made no attempt whatsoever to restrain his followers, being sufficiently shrewd to realise that any attempt on his part to get a hearing for the puppet Premier would merely serve to heighten the suspicion with which he was not unjustly regarded in his own ranks. Indeed, so sensitive the Opposition leader to the atmosphere about him that instead of hoisting the white flag and advocating a policy of surrender he managed for the time being to screw himself up almost to the position of a stalwart, and we, who frankly regard Mr. Balfour's leadership as a continuing catastrophe to our party, dreaded lest he should save himself by enrolling himself as a Stalwart. The Radical Party claimed great credit for giving Mr. Balfour a quiet hearing, and contrasted their admirable conduct with the disorderliness of the Opposition. These strictures leave us cold, because we know that when it doesn't suit the Radical book to listen to a Minister, as in the Lyttelton incident, they prevent him from emitting a single sentence. In listening to Mr. Balfour they believed that they had everything to gain and nothing to lose, and judging from the eulogies of the Unionist Leader in the Cobden-cum-Cocoa Press, they expected him to deliver a scuttle speech which would have been of infinitely greater value than that poured into the ear of the Official Reporter by the Prime Minister. The Radical Party, as Sir George Kemp candidly avowed at the close of the last General Election, regard Mr. Balfour as their greatest asset. We believe they are right, but why should they deserve any credit for giving a hearing to the man who is the principal guarantor of their Ministerial existence? On the present occasion, Mr. Balfour was compelled to do his duty by his own party, and there was little fault to be found with his comments on the conduct of the Government. He complained that Mr. Asquith

with a light heart asked the Crown to do that which has never been done in the history of this country. He advises the Crown to do that which no Sovereign of this country has ever been asked to do before, and on an excuse so trumpery and so contemptible that it would not justify the making of a single peer, not even a baronet. . . .

Mr. Balfour quoted the statement of the ubiquitous Mr. Harold Spender, the light of whose countenance occasionally shines on the *Morning Leader*, that Mr. Asquith had secured his pledges from the Crown before the last General Election. And yet in the interval

Gentlemen have been thundering about the country during all that period against the hereditary principle, while the Prime Minister is carrying in his pocket a blank cheque for creating as many representatives of the hereditary principle as might suit him for the moment. He asked us to discuss in this House clauses of this Bill and he invited the Upper House to discuss the clauses of the Bill as if they had been free agents, knowing all the time what they of course did not know, that at some remote date under some unknown circumstances, he had advised his Sovereign to make him the absolute Dictator.

Mr. Balfour added that it was almost incredible

"Unqualifiable" Conduct

for a Government to come down in the middle of a crisis, in order to bring a crisis to an end to ask for these unconstitutional powers. I think that is beyond pardon. But that he should in cold blood, months before the crisis arose, before they knew how it would be used, and above all before the King could have known how it would be used—surely that will mark the present Administration in the history of all Administrations as the one least sedulous to keep intact the treasure committed to them and most utterly regardless of all the duties which devolve upon the advisers of a constitutional Monarch. It was an amazing, a most unqualifiable proceeding.

It must be remembered that Mr. Balfour made these unusually severe observations after he had had the opportunity of discussing the situation with the Sovereign, and it makes his subsequent scuttle all the more surprising if it were not so entirely characteristic. Mr. Balfour ended a forcible speech by declaring that Ministers were the puppets of forces which they could neither control nor resist.

It has been in the power of the hon. gentlemen below the gangway, who have never protested love either for the United Kingdom or for the Constitution, under which the United Kingdom has grown and flourished, to compel the Ministers of the Crown to abuse the confidence which the Sovereign reposes in them, and to compel him to break an immemorial tradition and to destroy and

utterly subvert the real principles on which the constitution of this country for all these centuries has stood unshaken.

It is indeed extraordinary that a politician with such a clear appreciation of the crimes of his opponents should be devoting his entire energies at the present time to making himself, his colleagues and his party, accomplices, in these "unqualifiable" outrages.

Vir Pietate Gravis

Sir Edward Grey, whose political credit has declined as rapidly as the prestige of the country under his guardianship, moved the adjournment of the debate in a lachrymose speech, suggesting that the end of the world had come because an informal closure had been applied to the Prime Minister of the same character as was applied by Sir Edward Grey's colleague, Mr. Winston Churchill, to a Unionist Colonial Secretary without, so far as we can remember, eliciting any protest from the present Foreign Minister. Sir Edward Grey is one of the biggest frauds in the present Government of frauds, and for a man who has connived at the passing of the Parliament Bill, which will enable any legislation to be carried without any discussion whatsoever, to talk about a noisy afternoon "undermining and destroying the House of Commons," is of a piece with his unctuous record as regards a second chamber, the absence of which, from the Ministerial programme, would in his own choice and cultivated language, bring "Death, disaster, and damnation" on the Liberal Party. A lecture on fair play and tolerance from the colleague of the Churchills, the Georges, the Harcourts, the Asquiths, the Ures, and the rest of the disreputable gang now seeking the destruction of the country, would be comic but for the tragedy of the situation. Fortunately the allocution on the decencies of debate from this pompous pretender did not last long, and was made peculiarly ludicrous by the closing incident of the afternoon, when Mr. F. E. Smith rose to speak and, according to the official report, "was met with continued interruption during five minutes and he did not obtain a hearing." It will hardly be denied that Mr. F. E. Smith had made our ponderous Foreign Secretary look somewhat absurd, all the more as the Speaker was compelled to remind the House of Standing

Order 21, which is as follows: "In the case of grave disorder arising in the House, the Speaker may, if he thinks it necessary to do so, adjourn the House without question put, or suspend any sitting for a time to be named by him." The Speaker added, "In my opinion the case of grave disorder has arisen, and, under the authority of the Rule I now adjourn the House." So much for the effect of Sir Edward Grey's eloquence; often may he succeed in getting the House adjourned. Unctuous rectitude is almost played out, and the humbug and hypocrisy of Liberal Imperialism has long been a by-word among decent Radicals as well as decent Unionists. A Liberal Imperialist appears to be a man who is infinitely superior to the ordinary Radical on account of his dignity, his wisdom, his patriotism, and who thereby succeeds in securing the best offices in the Government for himself and his friends, the idea being that he will give it an air of respectability which would otherwise be wanting. Under cover of these virtues he is able to participate in every villainy practised by the Demagogues, "loyalty" to his colleagues preventing him from dissenting; while on the other hand, in his capacity of "superior person," he from time to time emits platitudes about the British Empire, the Balance of Power, or National Defence, which mean less than nothing but serve the useful purpose of bamboozling the unwary into the belief that a rascally Government contains at least one *vir pietate gravis*.

A Tribute to the House of Commons

IT must be recognised by all fair-minded people that on the whole the House of Commons came out well in the trying ordeal of the great scene. It was truly said that probably no other assembly in the world could have been so angry without actually coming to blows. We have no space to analyse the influences restraining the uproar within reasonable limits, but one cause undoubtedly is the growing suspicion and even hostility of back benches towards front benches, which constitute small, irresponsible, long-winded Juntas which are a law unto themselves and are continually getting a tighter grip on their respective parties. The Caucus system can never be otherwise than odious to the majority of Members of Parliament, although in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they are compelled to grin and bear its

tyranny. The outbreak of July 24 was a revolt against the Caucus. When so rabid a Radical paper as the *Nation* expresses apprehension of Junta Government as now carried on, and still more of Junta Government under the Parliament Bill, we may assume that many Radical Members feel what the *Nation* openly says, although they are not in a condition to indulge in candour, as so many are in the enjoyment of favours conferred by the Junta, or in the expectation of favours to come from the Junta. In their case public protest against tyranny is out of the question, all the more as their promised £400 a year depends on their docility. Nevertheless a good many of them can look on without unmixed sorrow while Caucus chieftains are howled down by the other side. Then again the more decent sort of Radical, whose views are as unrepresented in Parliament, where he is cowed by the Caucus, as they are in the Press, where they are boycotted by the millionaire proprietors, keenly resents the constant colloguing between the two front benches behind the Speaker's Chair, as well as the ridiculous air of mystery enveloping the Foozle-Boozle régime. Some of them are even sporting enough, though they would not dare to say so, to sympathise with the Opposition over the maddening leadership of Mr. Balfour, and were sufficiently intelligent to realise that Monday's demonstration was designed to kill two birds with one stone. It was not, as the pundits of the Press will have it, a mere exhibition of Tory hooliganism; rather was it the indignation of honest men who resented being sold to their enemies.

Facts for Scuttlers

If the Scuttle Press could once grasp elementary facts they would not be making such unmitigated jackasses of themselves at the present time; Radical newspapers, while expressing natural indignation at any exhibition of intolerance which they regard as the special perquisite of their Party to be directed against Tory Peers and other wicked persons,* discussed the episode with more appre-

* Vide the efforts of the Liberal press during the Peers campaign after the Budget to get their meetings broken up by incitements and exhortations to disorder. We could reproduce at need some suggestive headlines from *Westminster Gazettes* and *Manchester Guardians* of this epoch, to say nothing of the performances of the Cocoa chorus.

ciation of its true inwardness than our own white flaggers, who were merely enraged at an unexpected delay in the public committal of the Unionist Party to unconditional surrender to dollars and dynamite. Compare, for example, the bovine observations of the *Daily Telegraph*, which has completely eclipsed all its contemporaries in folly, with the comments of the *Daily Chronicle*. The *Daily Telegraph* must, however, be a happy paper, because it supplies a cheap column of congenial copy to the *Westminster Gazette* almost every evening, and our quotation from the former is taken from the latter, which must be held responsible for any inaccuracy of reproduction. According to the *Westminster Gazette*, the *Daily Telegraph*, which as we have said is understood to be Mr. Balfour's private organ, says:

> We find it hard to write with patience of the scene which took place yesterday afternoon in the House of Commons. It was a deplorable degradation of the British Parliament; it was an insult—and it looked very much like an organised insult—to the Prime Minister. It was the very negation of Parliamentary decency. We have had repeated occasion of late to press the question, *cui bono*, in relation to the proposal to force the Government to a creation of Peers.

The *Daily Telegraph* is hypnotised by its horror at any addition to the Peerage and can consider no public question except from this standpoint. This is the argument of the snobocracy for which the *Daily Telegraph* caters, and weighs with mushroom Unionist no less than with mushroom Radical Peers, though it counts for less than nothing with men who are gentlemen as well as Peers. The *Daily Chronicle*, on the other hand, after condemning the demonstration against Mr. Asquith, as it might fairly be condemned by Radical newspapers, who applauded similar demonstrations against Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain in the 1906 Parliament, shrewdly observes: "Probably, however, the exhibition in the House of Commons, though ostensibly directed against Mr. Asquith, was, in part at least, addressed to another quarter. It was intended, we may reasonably suppose, as a demonstration against what is called 'Lord Lansdowne's policy of surrender' in the House of Lords."

A "Strong Man"

WITHOUT being in any way "in the know" of this demonstration, we must admit that the *Daily Chronicle's* interpretation appears to us fair and sensible; and detestable as is the policy of our political enemies, even more hateful is the scuttle policy of Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour, whose months of denunciation of the Parliament Bill only recoil with tenfold force on their authors, though they can still be prevented from recoiling upon the Unionist Party. What is always amusing in politics is the annoyance of a political party which has a taste of the treatment it has continually meted out to its opponents. Mr. George, by his Limehouse and kindred orations, has encouraged rowdyism all over the country, but when a dose of Lloyd Georgism is administered to his Leader—if Mr. Asquith is Mr. George's Leader—there is a general outbreak of hysterics. Many gems could be collected had we space for their reproduction; we cannot however resist citing this delightful passage from the Parliamentary correspondence of the *Daily News*, which is frequently more entertaining than *Punch*.

> The disorder was for the moment dying down when Sir Edward Carson, from the Front Opposition Bench, rallied the outcry by moving the adjournment of the debate. "There is no question before the House," replied the Speaker sternly, amid loud Liberal cheers, adding that if the Opposition refused to hear the Prime Minister, what chance had Mr. Balfour? Curious sounds proceeded from the Tory back benches, which seemed to indicate that the Tories themselves would be only too glad to escape the necessity of hearing Mr. Balfour. Then some bright spirit started the last and most insulting suggestion of all—that the Opposition would "hear Redmond" if the Prime Minister would give way. Laughter of that peculiar sneering kind which ought never to be heard in a House of Parliament, drove home the taunt of which the Prime Minister—strong man though he is—evidently felt the injustice.

This is the first time we have heard Mr. Asquith described as a "strong man," and it would be interesting of the *Daily News* to explain wherein lies the injustice of suggesting that the servant should make way for his master who publicly called upon him when on the other side of the Atlantic to "toe the line." As another Nationalist cruelly observed, the Liberal Party had "toed the line like men." Apparently, according to the Cocoa code of political ethics, a Minister may disgrace himself

and betray his country to rebels and dynamiters; wickedness resides not in the crimes that are committed, but in those who expose them. Our "toe-the-liners" are lacking in humour.

Effect of Scene

The scene in the House of Commons which, despite the misrepresentation and malice of the Scuttle Press, made an immense impression throughout the country by showing that the Unionist Party was still alive and kicking, in spite of the chloroform continually administered by its so-called leaders, incidentally dislocated the plans of Ministers. Messrs. Asquith & Co. had not unnaturally assumed that the Unionist Caucus exercises as complete control of the Unionist Party as the Ministerial Caucus of the so-called Liberal and Labour Party, which have been rapidly bought up by titles and jobs. That anybody in either House of Parliament should dare to think for themselves and to seriously believe in the principles which their leaders had so frequently proclaimed was such an outrage to the Foozles and the Boozles as almost to reduce them to silence, though sufficient steam was blown off in the Foozle and Boozle Press. There is reason to believe that immediately after "the scene" the Foozles and Boozles, after the Portuguese fashion, put their heads together, and the Ministerial or Boozle Press announced that a week would be given to Foozle & Co. to bring what they were pleased to describe as "recalcitrant peers to heel"—the common object being to prevent any large creation of peers, which would necessarily deprive the competitive party caucuses of a valuable source of revenue for many years to come. The average Radical is doubtless a simpleton, but even he would be scarcely such a fool as to pay a large lump sum for a peerage when he knew that peerages were going a-begging and that a head must be found for every Cocoa Coronet, while no Conservative would hereafter pay a farthing for the privilege of joining an overstocked assembly. Foozle and Boozle were positively petrified, their whole future was at stake, and they and their organs with one consent turned their gutter squirts on all iniquitous Unionists inside and outside both Houses who had adopted Lord Halsbury's policy of "no surrender," and refused to have any art or part in the infamous transaction whereby the Parliament Bill should

be allowed to reach the Statute Book without the creation of a single peer, and with the assent of the Unionist Party. Quibble as you may, no assembly containing a great Unionist majority like the House of Lords can escape responsibility for the measures it passes. To-day the fate of the Parliament Bill is in its hands because it can reject it until creations are made sufficient to pass it, or it can adopt the "Leaders'" policy of surrender. In one case you have purely a party settlement of the constitutional question for which the Radicals are wholly and solely responsible, and which the Unionists may fairly look forward to reversing. But, in the event of the passing of the Bill, through the acquiescence of the Unionist majority in the Upper House (whether they enter paper protests or not as advised by Lord Rosebery, is as immaterial as all that distinguished person's suggestions invariably are when it comes to a serious crisis), you have a national settlement for which the governing majority of the Upper House is no less responsible than the House of Commons. Of the moral effect of the policy of scuttle we need say nothing. It spells political suicide, and that is why the Radical Party and their Press are so desperately anxious that Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne shall triumph in the present internal controversy in the Unionist Party between the Stalwarts and Scuttlers.

Standing and Falling

MR. BALFOUR had been kept straight for one day (Monday, July 24) by the demonstration against Mr. Asquith, but no one expected him to remain straight. He was to have spoken in the City on the following day, but this engagement was cancelled, possibly because City Conservatives were not particularly anxious to have the scuttle policy dumped on them. Mr. Balfour was greatly exercised by the Halsbury Banquet due on Wednesday, July 26, and possibly with a view to "queering the pitch" the titular Leader of the Unionist Party, now openly hand in glove with "toe-the-line" Asquith, issued his surrender proclamation, on the morning of that eventful day, in the shape of a letter to "My dear Newton," understood to be Lord Newton, at one time regarded as an independent Peer but now a Mandarin among Mandarins. There was only one important sentence

in this document, and that was supremely ridiculous. "I agree with the advice Lord Lansdowne has given his friends; with Lord Lansdowne I stand; with Lord Lansdowne I am ready, if need be, to fall." If Mr. Balfour had only added, "With Lord Lansdowne I am determined to run away," we should have had a succinct account of the situation. Mr. Balfour was helplessly unable to adduce a shadow of an argument in favour of the congenial surrender, though there was the usual suggestion that if the Unionist Party would only run away to-day they would be fighting to-morrow, and the usual reference to the "irreparable tragedy" of "a divided Party." But the tragedy would be infinitely more irreparable if the whole Party skedaddled than if some remained firm. Simultaneously Lord Lansdowne published what we can only describe as a disingenuous circular to the Opposition Peers, the gist of which was contained in the first sentence: "My Lord,—The announcement made by the Prime Minister leaves no room for doubt that His Majesty's Government are now empowered to force the passage of the Parliament Bill through the House of Lords by means of a *practically* [our italics] unlimited creation of Peers." And the writer adjured his followers to abandon the amendments they were sworn to stand by. Note that Lord Lansdowne placed an interpretation on Mr. Asquith's letter, quoted on a previous page, which cannot be tortured out of that curt document, viz., that the Premier had royal authority to create an "unlimited" number of Peers, and it is equally noteworthy that although this is the bogey by which it is sought to terrify the Unionist Party, Lord Lansdowne himself discreetly qualifies the phrase with which scuttlers have made so much play, "unlimited creation of Peers," by the ambiguous term "practically."

"Practically"

We should very much like to know the meaning of "practically" in this connection, as on the face of it it nullifies or qualifies "unlimited" and leaves a substantial scope for arithmetic, and gives no countenance to the scuttle theory that were the Parliament Bill rejected by the usual substantial Unionist majority (we quote a leading article from the *Times*) the Radicals would be able to "swamp the Lords, so that Home Rule, Disestablishment in Wales, the

Plural Voting Bill, and all the other favourite Party nostrums might be passed in a single session." This, on the face of it, is grotesque. Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne are now doing the dirty work of the Demagogues, by persuading their followers to abandon principles they are solemnly sworn to maintain. In the noble speech delivered by Lord Halsbury at the historic Banquet held in his honour on July 26, our great Leader quoted a deadly passage from a speech by Lord Lansdowne in the House of Lords upon the Parliament Bill, in which, after pointing out how trivial a majority was needed, Lord Lansdowne added, "There is literally nothing whatever which is safe. The most fundamental issues are at its mercy. It may insist upon passing a measure inflicting irreparable injury upon our most cherished institutions. The Crown is not safe. The Constitution is not safe. The Union is not safe. The Church is not safe. Our political liberties are not safe. Literally no institution, however much revered and respected in this country, is beyond the reach of a majority of the kind I have described just now." Upon which Lord Halsbury observed: "Now if that is the fact, and I believe it solemnly to be the fact, may I ask what is the position in which any English citizen ought to stand with that fact before him and staring him in the face when he is asked to vote for this Bill? Do not let us be deceived by mere phrases. Do not let us be deceived by mere pretences. If you will not vote for that Bill, can you justify standing aside and not voting against it? Is that the principle of English politics?"

Regeneration of Unionism

We have no space to deal with this memorable banquet, which opened with the reading of a message from Mr. Chamberlain, which excited tremendous enthusiasm. "I hear you will preside at a dinner to Lord Halsbury. I wish I could be present. I heartily support the object. The country owes a great debt to Lord Halsbury since in this crisis of her fate he has refused to surrender his principles." Lord Selborne was admirable. Lord Halsbury received a real ovation. Duty was his watchword. "Suppose a person is challenged, knowing what we know now and denouncing it—suppose he was asked this question: 'Did you vote against

it?' (i.e. the Parliament Bill); and asked next 'Why not?' You knew it was wrong; you denounced it as wrong, you said it was an outrage on the Constitution, you had the power to vote against it, and you had not the manliness to do so." Never have so many good speeches been made in one evening. Mr. Wyndham excelled himself. The Duke of Northumberland declared for the supersession of expediency by principle. Lord Salisbury was wonderfully felicitous and effective, and brought down the House by his description of politicians who live on the formula, "The time will come." Lord Milner, in a thoughtful and valuable contribution, predicted that "the moral effect of such resistance may be far-reaching and incalculable." Of Mr. Austen Chamberlain it need only be said that he entirely put aside the Front Bench manner, which frequently hampers excellent speakers, and spoke exactly like his father in the prime of his political career; Sir Edward Carson, Mr. F. E. Smith, Lord Hugh Cecil, and the Duke of Marlborough all spoke well. The only blot on the proceedings was the silence of Lord Willoughby de Broke, who has devoted his tireless energy and great gifts to defeating the Demagogues. The Demagogues are beaten and bewildered; they are now coming cap in hand to the Unionist Leaders, begging to be saved from themselves. But though our titular Leaders may dishonour themselves and the flunkeys who follow them, they cannot dishonour the Party as a whole, and in any event the Halsbury banquet opens a new chapter in Unionism.

King, Queen, and People

THE Press has devoted so much talent and space to describing every detail of the visits of the King and Queen to Ireland, Wales, and Scotland that we need say nothing more here than that from every point of view they were conspicuous and unclouded successes. Their Majesties were wonderfully popular wherever they went, and evidently enjoyed their impressions. The investiture of the Prince of Wales at Carnarvon Castle is described by eye-witnesses as unimaginably beautiful.

ANARCHY AND SCUTTLE

THAT the foreign enemies of the British Empire would take advantage of the political chaos which the Radical party have produced, was evident a year ago to all who looked beyond their noses. The wiser writers in the French Press have never ceased to deplore the bitter domestic dissensions which Mr. Asquith has so unpatriotically and selfishly fostered, or to point out that when the British nation is divided and has its attention centred on parochial affairs, obvious openings are given to Germany, a Power which is always on the prowl and always prepared to seize any opportunity of striking at England and France, however treacherously. As the direct consequence of the Radical policy, the British people now find themselves confronted with an internal crisis of the gravest character, at the very moment when abroad they are faced by a deliberate challenge from the "mailed fist" of the German Michael.

The domestic crisis is the result of the Government's attempt to force its Parliament Bill upon the House of Lords. The measure, as it left the House of Commons, spelt naked revolution. It would have paralysed the House of Lords, established single-chamber government, and imposed on the country the despotism of the Radical caucus. No second chamber in the world which did its duty could have accepted such a Bill. Its innumerable defects have been pointed out by none more clearly than Radical critics.

> The mere abolition of the veto [says Mr. J. A. Hobson,* whom none will accuse of Unionist sympathies,] would establish not the supremacy of the House of Commons but a Cabinet autocracy. . . . There are circumstances under which this state of affairs might easily lead to Cæsarism. . . . A real and firm check upon abuse of power on the part of a Cabinet and a House of Commons

* *The Crisis of Liberalism*, passim.

called upon to deal with new and urgent issues upon which the electorate had not been consulted, is an essential of democracy. . . No representative House has ever possessed an extent of power comparable to that which the British House of Commons would possess if the check of the Lords were removed and no new check introduced. . . . Do we seriously desire to endow the House of Commons with an absolutism which is only checked by an intrusion of the popular will at intervals of five or six years, the time and distinctive circumstances of which are determined by the same supreme body?

These are the criticisms of a Radical of the Radicals, and Ministers must be reminded of them, when they and their organs pretend that the Unionist case against this mischievous Bill is all sham and make-believe. On the contrary, there is not a single constitutional authority of any distinction who can be found to lend any countenance to the Parliament Bill. It is the concoction of demagogues, impatient of all restraint, and in their heart of hearts dismally afraid of the verdict of the electors.

The House of Lords might have rejected the Parliament Bill, had it chosen to take a provocative course. It might perfectly well have argued that the Bill has never been laid before the country, and that to this moment no one can be certain that the electors approve it. But the line followed has been one of extreme moderation. Indeed, it might be said that the Unionist Peers have gone too far in their wish for compromise, and that they have sacrificed rights which are essential if there is to be a strong revising second chamber. The main outlines of the Parliament Bill were accepted, but on certain points amendments were introduced. They are of such a nature that it is difficult to conceive any honest and sober-minded statesman, whatever his party prepossessions, resisting them. They provide that the Monarchy and Protestant succession shall not be abolished; that Home Rule shall not be introduced in any of the component parts of the United Kingdom; and that legislation, vitally affecting the fortunes of the nation, shall not be passed without giving the electors an opportunity of pronouncing their judgment. Further, they provide that a Joint Committee of the Lords and Commons, on which, so far as can be seen, the Ministry would have a majority, shall be set up to decide what measures vitally affect the fortunes of the nation and must be referred to its judgment, and what measures are financial and so exempt from the "veto" of the Lords; that the House of Commons shall not extend its term of life beyond five years; and that financial

legislation shall be strictly defined, to prevent "tacking" and trickery of the kind with which the present Government have familiarised the country.

Unless the Radical party are aiming at the overthrow of the Monarchy and a dictatorship, there is nothing in these amendments to which they can legitimately object. After all, democracy means government by the people and not by the demagogues. In their conduct of business and in the restrictions which they impose, the great Trade Unions, which are usually regarded as democratic organisations, should teach Ministers a lesson. They do not permit their officials to take any important step without referring it to the members of the Trade Union by a ballot. When a strike is proposed, as now in the coal industry of the North, not only has the proposal to be referred to the members, but also a two-thirds majority of the members voting must be secured, before the strike can take place. Yet a strike can be easily undone by the men going back to work. It accomplishes no irrevocable disaster, even if it be badly conceived and ill-timed. But the precautions which Trade Unions regard as necessary in such a comparatively minor question as a strike are disregarded and haughtily waved aside by Ministers in the case of legislation vitally affecting the nation.

The Government had a great chance. They were invited in so many words by Lord Lansdowne to meet the Opposition fairly and to show common patriotism instead of turning this country upside down in the Coronation year for the sole advantage of Mr. Redmond. They threw that chance of a pacific and honourable settlement away, and preferred deliberately to stir up something approaching civil war. Indeed, one of our Pacifist Ministers, Sir Edward Strachey, is now openly threatening the nation with bloodshed if the Peers do not abjectly surrender. The sinister trio of Ministerial representatives in the House of Lords did not trouble to answer the Unionist case. They did not even condescend to argument. Lord Haldane, the man who has reduced the British Regular Army in a period of unexampled danger to the Empire, and produced the gross imposture of the Territorial Army; Lord Morley, who found peace in India, and by his doctrinaire meddling with the men on the spot created sedition, crime, and unrest; and Lord Loreburn, whose special province it appears to be to blacken his country's reputation, whether

he chooses for the target of his venomous attacks the British Army in South Africa during the Boer War or the British Admiralty Prize Courts; these three played an ignominous part. Like sulky children they pettishly brushed aside the criticism of their opponents and the lessons of history. Acting as the emissaries and representatives, in fact if not in name, of that Irish-American conspirator, Mr. Patrick Ford, who has imposed his will on Mr. Redmond, who again has imposed it on the British Cabinet, they could only repeat like so many gramophones the message from New York, "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill." Thus is the old saying of Tacitus, *omnia serviliter pro dominatione*, fulfilled by the degenerate Radicals of to-day.

The attitude of Ministers in the House of Commons has been as insolent, as unpatriotic, and as subservient to the Irish-American "boss." The Lords have been bidden with threats and imprecations to commit suicide forthwith, and to join Ministers in grovelling to Mr. Patrick Ford. They are told that if they do not obey force will be used. Yet by the Parliament Bill three sessions, or two years, must elapse before any measure "vetoed" by the Lords can become law. How much more necessary that three sessions and two years should elapse before the Parliament Bill itself is passed by force. The Government have laid down new rules of the game according to their own fancy. Yet at the very outset and in the case of the most critical Bill ever laid before a Parliamentary chamber, they are disregarding these new rules. The Parliament Bill has not been passed and sent up to the House of Lords in three different sessions by the House of Commons. Two years have not elapsed since it was introduced. The Veto resolutions made their first appearance in February 1910, in the House of Commons. The Parliament Bill was not sent up to the Lords for the first time till the summer of the present year.* If the same principles which it enforces in the case of other legislation are to apply to it, it cannot be driven through the House of Lords till the spring of 1912. For Ministers, who have imposed these restrictions to ignore them, is an open confession of lawless violence.

In face of this situation, what should be the policy of the Lords

* It was introduced in November 1910, but the Lords were not given time to debate it before Mr. Asquith dissolved. It has never been adequately discussed, as the debates in the House of Commons were violently closured.

and the Unionist party? The Lords, be it remembered, are fighting not for the privileges of their order but for the liberty of the subject—for the right of the elector to be consulted before the caucus plays tricks with his property or takes his life. The Radical organs insist that nothing remains but abject surrender; and unhappily the nominal Unionist leaders are playing into their hands by concurring. Lord Lansdowne has determined to follow the course adopted by the Duke of Wellington in the crisis of the 1832 Reform Bill. On that occasion, the Duke, learning that the King was prepared to create Peers, advised the Conservative Peers to stay away from the House of Lords and thus to permit the Bill to pass. But in the present case the circumstances are entirely different. The Reform Bill was a measure to extend the franchise. It was in no way analogous to a Bill which destroys constitutional government and democracy itself by imposing on the nation the tyranny of the Radical caucus. Further, the Reform Bill had been definitely before the country, and the majority of the nation was unmistakably in its favour. The threat of its rejection caused riots. But the nation in the case of the Parliament Bill displays complete apathy. No one, except a few ridiculous Jacobins like Mr. Josiah Wedgwood, would shed a tear if it were never seen again. There is certainly no enthusiasm for it. Moreover, if seats were allotted according to population, and if the monstrous over-representation of Ireland were removed, there would hardly be a majority for the Bill, even in the Commons. Radicals tell us that the Unionist minority must bow to the majority of the electors. But is it certain that there is a majority of electors for the Parliament Bill? So long as Ministers display such dread of the Referendum and will not venture to test the popularity of their proposal by it, we have no proof whatever that the majority is on their side in this affair, but rather an obvious presumption that they secretly know it is not. In any case, democracy cannot exist if the majority pushes its power to extremes and shows no regard for the fears of the minority and no readiness to compromise. And after all, the Unionist minority is a great one. Tested by votes at the last election it is nine-twentieths of the nation. In its ranks it includes nineteen-twentieths of the intellect, the business capacity and ability of the country. With it are the vast preponderance of the learned professions, the officers of the Army and Navy,

the country gentry, the farmers, the rural voters, and the workers of the Midlands. On the one side are the intelligence, achievement, and success of the United Kingdom. On the other are ignorance, credulity, prejudice, venality and unsuccess, stirred and excited by monstrous falsehood and appeals to class hatred. In these conditions it would be madness for the House of Lords to take its policy from the Radical Party, to follow the treacherous advice of the Radical organs, or to allow itself to be deterred from doing its duty by the snakes in the grass in the Unionist Press. Some of *our* organs divide their time between selling British interests to Germany and sacrificing Unionism to the Demagogues. Who, we may ask, pulls the strings in these offices? Is it the German Emperor or only Mr. Winston Churchill?

Honest Unionist counsellors of surrender remain to be dealt with. Their arguments may be reduced to these: As Mr. Asquith has obtained the "guarantees," the House of Lords should "drink the hemlock," to avoid compromising the King, contaminating the Peerage, and destroying the Unionist majority in the House of Lords. The destruction of that majority would enable the Radical party to pass Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, and a variety of other pernicious measures next year. The respite of two years would be destroyed. Is this logic sound, which urges the Lords, after accepting battle, to run away, and by their own deliberate act to sink to the status of an assembly of waxworks? In the first place let it be noted that the entire responsibility for dragging the Crown into the party arena must rest with Ministers. By refusing a compromise and by plotting against the Constitution, they have caused the present crisis. Never was there a case to which Alphonse Karr's famous saying, *que messieurs les assassins commencent*, better applied. This advice to respect the Crown should be addressed to Mr. Asquith and the Cabinet, not to Unionists. As for the "contamination" of the Peerage, the Lords will make a disastrous mistake if for social reasons they refuse to do what they know to be their duty. The nation would never pardon a body of men who in the past have proved their courage and straightforwardness if they ran away simply to prevent a large addition to the number of titles. Moreover, experience shows that distinguished Radicals are a valuable element in the Upper House. They very speedily

lose their fractious temper, when they are not members of the Cabinet, or subject to the crack of the Caucus whip. Mr. Asquith may make Radical Peers, but he cannot keep those Peers Radical. Indeed, his own creations have deserted him in the debates on the Parliament Bill, notwithstanding frantic appeals from Lord Morley. That is a very awkward fact with which the Cabinet have to reckon; and it should lead Unionists to regard "contamination" light-heartedly.

As for the destruction of the Unionist majority, it is a mere bugbear. Let the possibilities be analysed. If the Lords stand firm, Mr. Asquith will carry out his *coup d'état* and ask, as a condition of retaining office, that a sufficient number of Peers may be created to remove the hostile majority against the Parliament Bill. That majority is not likely to exceed 100 or 150. Not more than 175 Peers can be created; and the Unionist majority against Home Rule will remain intact, while Mr. Asquith will have dishonoured himself by a grossly unconstitutional act, by bringing pressure of a lawless kind to bear upon his Sovereign, for the sole advantage of the disloyal Nationalist faction and their American paymasters. Whatever the Radical writers tell us, George V. is not yet the "obedient automaton" of the Radical party, and it is quite certain that his Majesty will decline to create a single Peer more than the minimum number required. The only constitutional course—if the term "constitutional" can be applied to what will be nothing more or less than a disloyal Radical outrage—is only to create sufficient to convert the minority on this particular Bill into a majority. We have the precedent of 1832 for this. The normal Conservative majority in the House of Lords at that date was from 80 to 90. The Second Reform Bill was rejected in that House by 199 to 158 votes; and on the Third Reform Bill the hostile majority in committee was 35. The extremists in the Whig Cabinet wanted William IV. to create eighty or ninety Peers, and thus give them a permanent majority. But the most that the Cabinet ventured to ask was that fifty new Peers should be made, and only to that number did William IV. reluctantly agree, after attempting a change of Ministry. The talk of 500 additional Radical Peers is sheer bunkum. And even if it were not, the House of Lords would still survive the blow. The Cocoa and Captain Coe Press is already screaming itself

hoarse with rage at the discovery that Liberal Peers "desert as soon as they have obtained their patents."

It is quite obvious, whatever the Radical party may pretend, that it dreads the creation of Peers and is most uncertain of its position. Mr. Lloyd George is known to be apprehensive of the attitude of the electors towards a Government which by way of destroying the House of Lords had created 150 or 200 additional Peers. We are all aware that in 1832 the Whig leaders were only "bluffing," and that, had the King and the House of Lords stood firm, Ministers would have given way. "Such," says Brougham, "was my deep sense of the dreadful consequences of the act that I much question whether I should not have preferred running the risk of confusion that attended the loss of the Bill as it then stood—rather than expose the Constitution to so imminent a hazard of subversion." And Lord Grey, the Prime Minister, was similarly minded. There are risks, too, attending such a revolutionary act. Hence the frantic appeals made by Radical organs in the Press to the Unionist party in the Lords to put up the white flag. "Please get us out of our mess and relieve us of the odium of a *coup d'état* for the advantage of our taskmaster, Mr. Ford," such is the daily refrain of the Radical journalists. "Do be good, and kill yourselves like men."

Thus if a determined policy is pursued, the Unionist majority in the House of Lords on such questions as Home Rule will stand in no peril. On such an issue the Opposition would be practically certain of a large degree of support from the new Liberal Peers. Probably 20 per cent. of them would be openly hostile to Home Rule: and another 20 per cent. would stay away sooner than vote. To pass the Parliament Bill then in order to avert Home Rule is worse than jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. If the Unionist Peers accept the ignoble counsel tendered to them to "drink the hemlock," they will never be forgiven by their own party or the country. The very phrase is sacrilege to those who recall the *Crito* and *Phædo*, and remember that Socrates, far from abjectly surrendering to save his own skin, died unflinchingly firm in the cause of righteousness. "Wherever a man's post is, whether he has chosen it of his own free will or whether he has been placed at it by his commander, there it is his duty to remain and face the danger, without thinking of death or of any other

thing save dishonour"; "better not live at all than not live nobly": these thoughts ring through the last appeals of that heroic teacher to mankind, "the wisest, the justest, and the best." If the House of Lords is to fall, let it at least fulfil Burke's counsel and fall with honour. Let it be beaten by *force majeure* and by a *coup d'état*, not be frightened into a miserable surrender by threats. Ministers must be made plainly to understand that their opponents are not going to relieve them of the ignominy and peril attaching to plots against their country's institutions and South American pronunciamientos. If they venture their *coup d'état*, a violent reaction is certain the moment the nation grasps the meaning of their acts and feels the grave consequences of them. Then the authors of this conspiracy can be impeached and punished condignly for their lawlessness. They know the risk themselves and fear it accordingly.

The second and not less grave crisis without is the natural result of the Radical policy of tampering with the national defences, cutting down the British Army, weakening the British Navy, and thus playing into the hand of aggressive Powers. The apparition of the German cruiser *Panther*, at Agadir on the Moroccan coast, must be viewed as part and parcel of the German campaign against the *Entente*, which has now been undeviatingly prosecuted for seven years. France has been harried and worried continuously, the aim being to show her that so long as she remains the friend of Britain, she will be given no peace. German journals in sheer provocation tell her that the mission of the *Panther* to Agadir is meant as a "new Ems despatch," the allusion being to the fraudulent and insulting telegram with which Bismarck in 1870 goaded France into war. To add to the insult, they have stated that Germany's object in intervening in Southern Morocco is to prepare a Mohammedan insurrection against French rule in Northern Africa. At the same time, as was pointed out in the *National Review* five years ago, Germany wants a naval base in the Central Atlantic, to enable her to complete her strategic plans for the overthrow of the British fleet. What a stroke of genius if in obtaining it, a wedge could be driven between England and France!

Germany has no right to intervene in Morocco. There are no German subjects at Agadir, for the simple reason that the port

is closed to foreign trade. And if there had been any disorder demanding the presence of a foreign cruiser the Act of Algeciras recognises that France and Spain have superior interests in Morocco, and gives them the right of police work. To this Act Germany was a partner. In 1909 a further agreement was concluded between France and Germany, in which Germany acknowledged that France possessed "political interests in Morocco bound up with the consolidation of order and internal peace," and promised not to interfere with those interests. The demonstration off Agadir is thus in flat variance with German undertakings. Yet it was deliberately and carefully prepared. Six months ago the reinforcements which Germany had concentrated on her eastern frontier, to compel Russia to accept the terms of the Potsdam agreement, were gradually transferred to the western frontier, for action against France. Two months ago a naval concentration followed. A number of small cruisers were disposed in proximity to the Moroccan coast, to be in readiness when the favourable moment came. Spain was incited to seize a share of Morocco, so as to give Germany a pretext for interfering and demanding her portion in the partition. Hints were thrown out in the German Press and by German diplomatists that Germany meant to have Mogador or some Moorish port. But the German Government waited till the fall of the Monis Cabinet in France had plunged France into confusion and placed M. de Selves, of whose capacity the Germans appear to have entertained the most unflattering opinion, in power at the Foreign Office. They waited till the French President was leaving Paris for a tour and the British crisis had entered its acutest stage. Then they struck. It will not escape the attention of Englishmen that the orders for the *Panther* to move to Agadir must have been issued while the German Crown Prince was the guest of King George in England for the Coronation. This also is according to precedent. The Kaiser was in England, bubbling over with talk of his passionate desire to maintain peace and improve the relations between Britain and Germany, in November 1907, at the very date when the details of the gigantic German Navy Bill of 1908 were published. And to keep this country quiet and persuade our pro-German Radical Press of the noble intentions of Germany, has not Prince Henry been among us acting as his own chauffeur and "running" a motor competition?

The conduct of the British Government in preparing for this coup has been entirely worthy of its record in other fields. Sir Edward Grey has been repeatedly warned from Paris that sooner or later Germany would pick a quarrel with France, preferably on an issue that also concerned and injured England, and that France would either have to give way or fight. In such circumstances the attitude of the French Government would almost certainly depend upon the military assistance that England was able to render promptly. If the British forces, in the opinion of the French General Staff, were insufficient to turn the scale in France's favour, then France would have to yield. Rightly or wrongly—and it may be wrongly—French statesmen have come to the conclusion that France by herself is no match for Germany. In population Germany is superior to her by 50 per cent.; in organised military forces Germany is superior by at least 25 per cent., and possibly more; and in power of striking rapidly Germany has an advantage from her constitution of twelve or eighteen hours, which may be of tremendous importance in war; while the central position of the German Empire between Russia and France is an additional gain from the military standpoint. Should Russia move, Austria, of course, comes into the field under her alliance with Germany. The key to the situation is with Britain. Were she able to place on the Continent 250,000 good troops, then the odds against France would be redressed, provided always that Italy remained neutral or did not join the German Powers. But our Radical rulers, far from reorganising Britain's land forces for this emergency, have allowed her strength to decline. The Territorial Army is to-day some 60,000 men below its establishment. The Regular Army would find it difficult to put 150,000 men in the field in any period less than a month, by which time the issue would have been settled. And our naval preponderance is falling with alarming speed.

Thus at the most critical moment since that fatal July of 1870 France finds that Britain cannot aid her effectively on land, where she most sorely needs help. Mr. Lloyd George's Mansion House speech is indeed a definite promise to her of British support and military and naval assistance in the last resort. But preparation for war is a matter of years, and no single speech can remove the deadly consequences of the present British Ministry's neglect of the claims of national defence. A single

speech cannot create a great British Army, or augment in the hour of need our squadrons of "Dreadnoughts." It cannot give our admirals the docks they require in the North Sea; it cannot make good defects in training and organisation which could long since have been remedied had not this very Mr. Lloyd George insisted in the past on what he called "economy." There is real danger that France, in view of our military weakness, may be reduced to the necessity of buying Germany off with concessions; though it may be gravely doubted whether the German demands have not been deliberately so framed as to confront France with the choice between abject national humiliation and the abandonment of the Triple Entente on the one hand, and war on the other. There is something more than a German desire for blackmail in this affair. The price has been fixed so high by Herr Kiderlen-Waechter, and his attitude is so provocative, that it looks as though he had set his mind on war. The German Press has been instructed to maintain the most violent tone. The official reply to Mr. Lloyd George's speech is the acceleration of the German "Dreadnoughts" now on the stocks, and the announcement that Germany will call out 400,000 reservists for training this autumn, raising her force under arms to one million men. The further very serious facts should not be overlooked that by working overtime, it will be possible for the German Navy next October to have eleven "Dreadnoughts" at sea to the British fourteen; and that from the attitude of the Austrian Press Germany will command the full support of her ally, which will give her a very powerful squadron in the Mediterranean.

The outlook is menacing in the extreme. If Germany is, after all, induced to go from Agadir, and if she means to take less than she has asked, it is only a temporary truce that will be granted to the Triple Entente, till her naval plans and the programmes of her allies draw nearer to completion. That her withdrawal will not be permanent or final can be taken for certain. She intends to have the Atlantic seaboard of Morocco so soon as she is strong enough to defy the British Navy; and she will stick at nothing to obtain it. Further, a fresh Navy Bill augmenting the German naval programme is already on the horizon, and, if peace is maintained, may now be expected in the coming winter or next spring. Could there be better proof o

the deplorable results to British interests and to the interests of peace produced by the Liberal reductions of our Navy between 1906 and 1908, and by the quite inadequate programmes of the last two years, than the situation of fear and anxiety in which Europe finds itself to-day? And what will be the state of affairs when the fleets of the Triple Alliance gain an actual superiority over the British Navy in point of "Dreadnoughts," as they will two years hence?

The surest hint to the world that the British Government was in real earnest, and that it understood the extraordinary gravity of the position, would have been for it to proclaim a political truce at home by accepting the Lords' amendments to the Parliament Bill, even though it had announced that such a compromise was only to be regarded as temporary. It could then have concentrated all its energy upon the external cri is, with a nation absolutely united at its back. Whereas in actual fact it has taken a course which is calculated to split the nation into two hostile factions and to exacerbate the quarrel within. Absorbed in its disgraceful vendetta against the House of Lords and its monstrous usurpation of the Crown's prerogative, it has handled the external crisis with deplorable irresolution. It had a great opportunity at the outset. There was nothing but weakness of will to prevent Sir Edward Grey from despatching a British cruiser of tonnage and power superior to the *Panther*, to aid her in her work of protecting the imaginary whites at Agadir against disorder. An act of this kind would have instantly tested the German intentions, and would probably have been followed in forty-eight hours by the withdrawal of the German force from this new Kiao-Chau on the Atlantic seaboard. But such energy in protection of British interests was alien to our Foreign Secretary's methods. Instead of meeting German aggression with vigour, he is still "waiting to find out what Germany means," when her meaning is obvious to a child. And meantime the *Panther* has been joined by the *Berlin* and *Vineta*, while other German ships on various excuses are being hurried to the scene. The danger of a German Gibraltar being planted on the flank of all our great routes grows with every hour of delay and every moment of British hesitation and indecision.

"IGNOTUS."

MILITARY POLICY AND WAR

If the recent Army Debate does not appear to have advanced materially the cause of national defence, it at least threw a light on the attitude of mind in which the present Government regard the question. One great truth was expressed by the Secretary for War. He had always thought, he said, that the Foreign Secretary was the true Commander-in-Chief, for it was he, and he only, who could say when and where our military strength should be employed. He then went on to criticise the proposals of Lord Roberts on the score that no Government could be expected to provide for every contingency that was "logically possible," but only those which were "reasonably probable." Thus the co-ordination of foreign and military policy which is the first principle of good government, is at least recognised as desirable, and we are led to conclude that those who are responsible for our foreign policy are satisfied with the military resources at our disposal for carrying it into effect.

A Minister speaking in Parliament is sometimes at a disadvantage in discussing questions of reasonable probability, since he cannot disclose all measures adopted to deal with them. When, however, no such measures have been taken, this disadvantage is transformed into a very valuable asset, and a last sure refuge when driven into a corner. If we are asked to believe that every "reasonably probable" contingency is provided for, we have a right to inquire whether such and such a contingency is reasonably probable or not; and if it is, to ask how it can be met. The Foreign Secretary alone can answer the first question, the War Secretary the second. It is proposed to deal here with one admittedly "reasonably probable" event, and with the manner in which Lord Haldane and his advisers are dealing with it.

At present our naval and military policy is framed primarily with a view to a possible war with Germany. That war must take one of two forms: either a war between Great Britain on the one side and Germany on the other, or a war between the Powers of the Triple Entente and the Powers of the Triple Alliance. The first would be a purely maritime war unless this country were invaded. The second, which is far more probable, would be conducted both on land and sea. Our naval policy aims at maintaining great and permanent superiority to Gemany in the North Sea. Opinions differ as to whether this superiority will be maintained, but the policy is clear and well defined. Our military policy is not equally clear except in so far as invasion is concerned. In theory it is intended to deal with any force which Germany could throw into the country. So much for defensive purposes. For offensive purposes we have an Expeditionary Force organised in six, or perhaps seven, divisions, with one cavalry division, numbering 160,000, or even 180,000 men. Now the employment of this force remains an entire mystery. It has been given, we are told, the most up-to-date organisation, it possesses the requisite proportion of all arms, it is ready for instant mobilisation, its training is of the most rigorous description and designed to enable it to meet on equal terms a continental enemy of the same numerical strength. It has been called "the largest overseas army in the world." It is supposed to be ready to go anywhere and do anything, and the general belief is that it is superior in quality to the troops of a continental nation. We have never been officially informed that this force is intended to undertake a continental campaign, but it is a fair inference that a force so large on paper, so organised, equipped and trained cannot be intended for service only in the distant portions of our Empire, especially as the Russian menace to India has for the time being disappeared. There can be no doubt that when Lord Haldane speaks of this great "Overseas Army," it is taken to mean, both at home and abroad, a force which can be employed to assist the French on the continent in a war with Germany. A force representing some four continental Army Corps is not by any means insignificant, and it is most important to know what the ultimate mode of its employment will be. This is all the more necessary as the uncertainty

which exists on this point has created a very curious and most unpleasant situation in western Europe.

The uncertainty abroad is not only as to its mode of employment. It is known that only a portion of it can be sent abroad on the outbreak of war, and it is doubted whether that force will number more than two divisions. Many believe that, in view of the defenceless condition of the British Isles and the danger of an outbreak in India and Egypt, not a soldier will be spared for service on the continent. The maximum number of men who could be sent out of the country at reasonably short notice was stated officially in the House of Lords last summer to be 80,000 men.

The horse supply immediately available, would, at the most, only allow of the mobilising of the Expeditionary Force without the Territorials, and every single regular officer in the country would be required to fill the commissioned ranks. It was officially stated in the House of Commons a short time ago that no guarantee had been given of military assistance to France in case of war, and taking all these considerations into account, one can hardly be surprised at the following summary of the situation which lately appeared in the *Journal des Sciences militaires.* "This intervention of an English army of 160,000 men is, therefore, to call things by their real name, only a 'bluff.'"

The truth is that the Expeditionary Force is regarded as a gigantic imposture—and not very gigantic at that—by continental strategists. This cannot be the result of ignorance or of unfounded distrust. Every aspect of the coming war is minutely studied and every chance reckoned with, and it is impossible, after studying the strategical situation in all its bearings, to disagree with their conclusions. This situation, the facts of which are entirely unrealised by the great mass of Englishmen, is the direct result of our military weakness and the consequent breakdown of our foreign policy, for it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that it would be better for all those nations concerned, that we should guarantee any help, however small, at a given time and place, than to waste torrents of vague rhetoric on a "striking" force, when those whom it is designed to assist have no notion where, how, or when it will strike, or whether it will strike at all, and in disgust have turned their backs upon

us, and are now only embarrassed by the chance of British assistance.

The scheme of Army Reform initiated by the present Government, laying stress, as it did, on a large Expeditionary Force, made it necessary for the strategists of the continent to consider the question of British intervention in a continental campaign. The problems involved by this campaign have been minutely examined. The fortified districts, the areas of concentration, the strategic railways, their capabilities and detraining points, the grouping of the different frontier corps, are all known and give unmistakable data as to the details of the enemy's concentration and preliminary movements. Of no war since the world began has it been possible to predict with such absolute certainty what the strategical situation will be at the outset. The proximity of the combatants, the fact that the covering troops of each will come into contact within a few hours, the fact that their mobilisation will take almost the same period of time, the desire on the part of both to avoid a serious engagement before the concentration of their masses is completed, all preclude the possibility of anything occurring to alter the general situation until the first great battle is fought. The form this battle will take can, therefore, be decided with tolerable certainty.

It has long been recognised that the original scheme of invasion adopted by Germany after the Franco-German War has been abandoned owing to what, in their eyes at any rate, appear to be political and military necessities. The very genuine fear of simultaneous attack by Russia and France necessitated, after the formation of the Dual Alliance, a scheme whereby one of their opponents should be crushed before the whole strength of the other could be brought to bear. That opponent must plainly be France, since she would be ready long before her ally, the vast distances to be traversed by the Russians and their lack of adequate preparation rendering their concentration extremely slow. Everything, therefore, depended on crushing France in the shortest possible time. Unfortunately, the enormous sums expended on frontier defence in that country had resulted in a barrier of fortresses, fortified camps, and "forts d'arrêt," in rear of which the whole armed strength of the nation were to assemble. A direct attack on such a frontier, though not absolutely imprac-

ticable, must be a slow process and could provide no immediately decisive result, even if it were successful. Under the pressure of necessity, Germany determined to turn this line of defence by an advance through Luxemburg and that district of Belgium known as the Ardennes. For that purpose numerous strategic railways have been constructed along the frontier between Aix-la-Chapelle and Sierck. At the same time the French line was to be turned from the south, and a certain number of railways were constructed in the district situated to the south of the line Belfort, Mülhausen, Bâle, leading close to the frontier. The latest development in this direction is "a new line from Neustadt in the Black Forest to some unnamed point in the direction of Bâle." These would enable her to pour troops through the Swiss Cantons of Bâle and Porrentruy and turn the formidable position of Belfort. This plan of operations was adopted owing as much to the fact that the increase in their effectives rendered a larger area of deployment desirable as to the necessity of overwhelming France in the shortest possible time. The most distinguished military authorities have laid great stress on the importance of this enveloping movement. In a remarkable article in the *Deutsche Revue*, which was read by the Emperor to his assembled generals in January 1909, General Schlieffen wrote in so many words that if the direct advance was found to be impracticable, it must be recognised that these disagreeable obstacles could be turned by way of Switzerland and Belgium. The writings of Bernhardi are hardly less explicit on the point, while General Falkenhausen, in considering this solution, examines the problem of the passage of Belgium by five corps, followed by a reserve army. By this means it was, and is still, believed that the French Army could be dealt a blow so decisive that they would be unable to continue the struggle, and that Germany, with the aid of Austria, could then turn her attention to Russia. It may be thought that Germany is not justified in expecting so great a result from one engagement. It is, however, indisputable that the best opinion in France and Germany considers that this battle, or rather series of battles, which will take place along a line stretching from Mezières to Belfort, will be decisive one way or the other. It should be remembered that, although these countries have a war strength

of some four millions of men, they rely only on their first line of troops to bear the brunt of war. Each would place some twenty Army Corps in the field at the outset, representing a force of about 800,000 men on each side. The reserve formations which will assemble in rear of them are regarded as a support for the field armies in that they will undertake the occupation of fortified positions, maintain the lines of communication, undertake the investment of fortresses, and in general enable the field armies to operate unhampered. Their value in case of defeat is extremely doubtful. To understand this we have only to imagine, for instance, what the situation will be if the German right wing succeeds in its outflanking movement.

The enormous masses of modern war require a very highly perfected system of supply of provisions, of ammunition, and of the innumerable requirements of an army in the field. The whole area in rear of these armies will be congested with a vast quantity of transport. In rear of all this impedimenta the second line and territorial troops will be concentrating. The mere orderly advance of such masses will try the whole machinery of military administration very highly. What will be the consequences of anything like a hurried retirement under such circumstances? Will not the most perfectly trained staff break down under the strain? Troops which have been engaged perhaps for days with the enemy driven back on roads and railways blocked with transport of every sort and description. All these in turn driven back on the reserve formations in the act of assembling, the irruption of masses of cavalry on their left flank intercepting their communications, spreading panic everywhere; above all, the consciousness that the direction of the enemy's advance is bringing him between themselves and Paris. It may be doubted whether total demoralisation will not ensue in which the reserves will only contribute to the confusion. To give them cohesion, time is above all essential, and only in a successful offensive can they play their true part.

And even to Germany defeat will be hardly less disastrous. The change in the German plan of operations did not necessitate an equally radical change in that of France. Their system of frontier defence had been designed with a view to localising the enemy's attacks and restricting his front by leaving gaps or

"trouées" at certain points where the natural defences of the country were formidable, notably between Toul and Epinal. The great "mass of manœuvre" was then to be concentrated in a central position in the neighbourhood of Neufchâteau, where it could fall on the narrow front of the German columns as they endeavoured to penetrate, while these would be taken in flank from the fortified areas on either side. This defensive attitude tended to become more and more unpopular as time went on. Since the frank adoption by Germany of the plan of envelopment by an advance through Belgium and Switzerland, the only hope for France lay in the most vigorous offensive. The mere repulse of the German attack on the Eastern frontier was useless since the enemy's success in the North would mean the complete envelopment of the French left wing and the interception of their retreat on Paris. To meet the new situation a new conception of strategy rather than a new plan of operations has been evolved. The minute study of Napoleon's methods had been undertaken by various French officers, and under the influence especially of General Bonnal, a new school of thought had appeared which favoured a return to old methods rather than a slavish imitation of those of Moltke. The conclusions to which these ideas have led are to be seen in a series of articles now appearing in the *Revue Militaire Générale*, a monthly review published under the direction of General Langlois, the most distinguished military name in France. While recognising that France must to some extent adopt a waiting attitude until the German flank attack is sufficiently developed to enable an accurate estimate of the distribution of their masses to be obtained, it is felt that success depends upon a supreme effort to penetrate the enemy's forces at some point of their 200 miles of front, and for this effort every available man and gun should be employed and the last reserve thrown in. This principle of engaging the enemy vigorously at all points and concentrating every available man to strike in that direction which will provide the greatest result with a view to separating the converging masses and then defeating them in detail, is the strategy of the "interior lines," and the method by which the most striking of Napoleon's victories were gained. "Tâtez partout et tâchez de tâter tout ensemble" is the motto of this school, and it cannot be doubted that tradition,

French *élan*, and the enemy's plan of operations all point to its adoption. The one essential of such a plan is a "coup d'œil," a power of decision, of determination and immense moral courage on the part of the general in supreme command. Before such an advance can be made, the enemy's forward movement must have been allowed to begin, he must have committed himself, but he must not have gone too far; a few hours one way or the other will change the whole situation. The choice of the right moment must be made in the midst of conflicting reports and rumours, in the midst of innumerable anxieties. But its results, if successful, will be proportionate to its risks.

The writer of the above-mentioned article examines three forms which this supreme effort may take. One, an immediate advance, without waiting for the development of the out-flanking movement, of the whole "mass of manœuvre" from the zone of Neufchâteau in the direction of Avricourt and Sarrebourg. This, while in theory giving brilliant results, is in practice too risky. He then advocates a preliminary concentration slightly further to the north under the shelter of Verdun and Toul. Then, when the Germans are finally committed to their course of action, an advance might be made from Verdun in the direction of Longuyon and Luxemburg, or from Toul in the direction of Sarrebourg, with Mayence as ultimate objective, thus adopting the historic line of invasion. Whichever plan should ultimately be adopted, any such advance will cut the German masses in two and entirely isolate the outflanking force in Belgium, whose fate will then be short and certain. It will thus be seen that the more determination and vigour which either nation displays in carrying out its design, the greater will be the disaster in case of defeat, but on that vigour and determination alone rests the only hope of victory. Thus in the approaching conflict both are, as it were, staking everything on one cast of the die. It is only by realising this that we can understand the paradox that, while the resources of a nation for defence have reached the highest pitch of perfection, its actual capability of protracting the struggle is considerably reduced. These are not the only reasons for believing that this war will be of short duration. In the complex state of modern society, the financial strain, the removal of millions of men from all sources of production, the damage to trade and industry will

produce conditions which may render further resistance impossible, while initial defeat will forbid any chance of contracting a foreign loan. Financially France is more favourably situated than Germany, and the fact that her population is not so dependent upon industry is also a factor of safety.

There are, it is true, some who combat this conception of a future war, who advocate a defensive attitude with a view to waiting for English and Russian assistance. They are, however, for the most part cranks and faddists. Some even go so far as to say that a national militia on the Swiss system, another *levée en masse*, can secure their country from invasion. Thus M. Jaurès accuses French generals of being *hypnotisés par l'armée de caserne*, because the glorious picture of a step-by-step defence of their country by another *Garde Mobile* does not appeal to them. Military opinion in both countries is, however, almost universally in favour of the war of short duration, though it is, of course, dangerous to impress this view on the public mind. The last limit of sacrifice must be the ideal aimed at even if its realisation is impossible in the present state of our civilisation. Thus General Langlois tells his countrymen that further resistance is not hopeless if France can produce another Gambetta, but throughout his writings he speaks of this battle as decisive, a word which can only have one meaning. A German authority, General Blume, warns us that "a preconceived idea of this nature is calculated to paralyse the force of a nation, which must not cease to remain obdurate," but he is equally clear on the decisive nature of the first battle. "The solution once obtained," says another German general, "must be definitive; victory must terminate the campaign. It is not a question only of beating the enemy; he must be broken, annihilated, made to disappear from the earth." It is difficult for us to realise to what conclusions this logic is leading, or to what pitch of perfection it is desired to bring the first line troops of each Power. "Our neighbours," says another French authority, "are thus seeking to possess an army having all the qualities of the old permanent standing force," and General Von Einem, the War Minister, has stated in the Reichstag that his aim was the almost total elimination of reservists from the first line.

In deciding to violate Belgian territory Germany had to

consider the possibility of hostility on the part of the Belgian army, and after the conclusion of the entente cordiale and the creation of our Expeditionary Force, she had also to take into account the possibility of military intervention on the part of Great Britain. The greatest danger to Germany would be a combined Anglo-Belgian attack on their flank from the direction of Liège and Namur during their passage of Belgian territory. It is estimated that Belgium could put into the field at least eighty thousand men exclusive of the garrisons of fortresses. It was obvious that such a force reinforced by a few British divisions would completely alter the whole situation. The original design for an outflanking movement must certainly be abandoned. It would only be possible if combined with a direct invasion and occupation of Belgium. This would have to be undertaken with second-line, that is inferior, troops. The line of the Meuse is of no mean strength. If forced, there is another line east of Brussels which could be rendered very strong by means of field fortification. If driven from that, the enemy could retire into the great entrenched camp of Antwerp, which, according to the Belgian scheme of defence, should be able to hold out with a garrison of 80,000 against an investing force of 300,000 men for a whole year. The German General Staff does not take undue risks, and to stake everything on the result of an outflanking movement through the Ardennes while an Anglo-Belgian army was concentrating in rear of the Meuse fortresses was emphatically an unjustifiable risk in view of the fact that the force operating in the Ardennes would certainly be unable to move a yard until its right flank was cleared. What was the Belgian view of the situation? The peaceful penetration of Belgium had been proceeding for some years, German banks and German industries were springing up everywhere. The schemes of national defence drawn up by Brialmont and Ducarne had never been carried out. Nevertheless national sentiment was strong, and, in spite of great opposition, a modified form of compulsory service had been introduced and they were fully alive to the German danger. On the other hand, they believed, whether justifiably or not, that the violation of their territory would be only a temporary matter, and that guarantees would be given that no further violation should occur nor their independence be threatened if

they remained strictly neutral and prevented the troops of any other Power using their territory for a like purpose. Belgium had only one desire, *to preserve her independence at all costs.* If this involved some humiliation, it was at any rate better than total national extinction.

While adopting this attitude she has not ignored the question of British assistance. Her General Staff studied Lord Haldane's speeches; they examined the Expeditionary Force dispassionately and considered the chances of its coming to their aid. They came to the conclusion that, in plain terms, "they were not good enough," and decided not to trust their national salvation to an overseas army, only half of which could by their own showing arrive in time, which might be engaged at the other end of the world when its services were required, and when those services, in view of the defencelessness of the country, must be dependent on many incalculable factors. This attitude we are inclined to regard with contempt, but it is doubtful whether our contempt would not be better bestowed nearer home. In Belgium, at any rate, one member of every family serves in the ranks of the national army.

Having adopted this decision, it followed logically that the idea of a British landing in Belgium, so far from being regarded with favour, became a distinct source of embarrassment, since it must lead to their country becoming the seat of war, and in case of German victory their independence would be lost for ever. While the certainty of strong British support would mean their salvation, the bare chance of such support provided no comfort whatever, and only inspired nervous apprehension lest it should spoil all their plans. It was the old vicious policy of half-measures necessitated by the military weakness of a great Power to whom Belgium should naturally look for protection, but which seeks to hold an empire of 400,000,000 people and to fulfil its obligations in Europe by maintaining a force of six divisions, about half of which it says it can send out of the country if they are not wanted elsewhere, if there is no panic at home, and if our navy has previously cleared the seas. Not unnaturally, Belgium thinks there are too many "ifs" about the scheme.

This was the position of affairs when the new Defence Bill was introduced into the Dutch Parliament some months ago.

That Bill, entailing an expenditure of some [illegible], includes a design for the fortification of Flushing. There was at first considerable opposition to this scheme in Holland, but this has largely disappeared, owing chiefly to the offensive language used in regard to it in the English Press. This language was most inopportune, inasmuch as Holland is within her rights, and it is impossible to prevent her carrying out her plans. The object she has in view is the same as that of Belgium, to preserve her independence under all circumstances. In case of war between Germany and France, Holland believes herself to be in no immediate danger from Germany. It is thought possible, however, that Great Britain might endeavour to use the country as a base for an attack on the German flank, that in a naval war Flushing might be seized as a base of operations for her fleet, and that the mere chance of its falling into an enemy's hands would compel England to forestall that enemy. It is also recognised as probable that we should send a force to Antwerp if Belgian neutrality is infringed, and aid in the defence of that place. It may be argued that this latter consideration does not concern Holland. Holland, however, is not pledged like the great Powers to ensure Belgian neutrality. If she were, the blocking of the Scheldt and the "bottling up" of Antwerp would be a violation of treaty engagements. She is bound to preserve the "freedom of the Scheldt"; but only, according to her view, in time of peace. Thus, supposing a German force to have invaded Belgium and that England has despatched an expedition to Antwerp, Holland holds that she is bound to prevent those English transports from sailing up the Scheldt, since to allow them to pass through her waters would give Germany a justifiable *casus belli*. The argument is ingenious. Experts on international law have considered the question in Holland and Belgium, and it looks as if the Dutch view were justified. It would, however, appear equally clear that if we are pledged to protect Belgium and are prevented from doing so by Holland, we have an equally justifiable *casus belli* against her. It is true our landing could take place at Zeebrügge or Ostend, but its effect might not be so great. However this may be, one thing is clear. They intend to prevent our despatching a force to Antwerp under any circumstances.

It might be expected that Holland's action in interfering with

the historic principle of the "freedom of the Scheldt" would give great offence to Belgium. Some objections were raised at first in commercial circles, but in spite of the latent ill-feeling always existing between the two countries, it has been acquiesced in with extraordinary complacency, and indeed there is every reason to believe it is positively welcome. When it is remembered that Antwerp is the great stronghold of Belgium, "the *reduit* of the national defence," and that a foreign Power is deliberately taking measures to isolate the fortress and cut it off from the outside world in case of war, one can only feel astonishment at such an attitude on the part of the Government. The reason, however, is plain. Belgium wishes to maintain her waiting attitude at all costs until the first battle is fought and she can see which way the tide is flowing. During the first fortnight after the outbreak of hostilities she will take no step whatever. On this, in her view, depends her national existence. It is a source of infinite relief to her, therefore, to feel that all chance of a British landing at Antwerp is averted, that she will not be compromised by her friends, and that henceforth there is every chance of being left undisturbed during the first stage of the mighty struggle. The situation is a very strange one, and the action of Belgium and the Netherlands only shows how dark is that shadow which is brooding over Europe.

The above is a short sketch of the strategical situation as it appears to the minds of continental strategists. One word may be added as to the action of the other Powers, inasmuch as it affects the situation. It is thought that Italy, the unwilling partner in the Triple Alliance, will not act with vigour. She will, however, almost certainly be compelled to do her utmost with her navy to prevent the transport of French reinforcements from Algeria. Given German success on the frontier, she will invade the south of France, but until the decisive battle is fought and won she will confine herself to naval action alone. Austria can probably afford to put into the field some eight or nine army corps in Galicia, but she will be compelled to watch her other frontiers, and her strength cannot be wholly concentrated against Russia. Russia is the greatest danger to Germany provided she can make an immediate advance. Everything, however, tends to shew that she could not do so. The line of the Vistula has been

recognised to be too advanced for a zone of concentration. The frontier force has been diminished, but this is due to the withdrawal of certain reserve formations which were recognised to be a source of weakness. The Russians, however, show a disposition to concentrate their masses at a great distance from the frontier. Their mobilisation and concentration must be slow owing to the great distances and the comparatively defective railway system. The situation has created considerable anxiety in French military circles. On the other hand, the total numbers which she can ultimately place on her Western frontier are very much greater than before. The only way, however, to affect the situation in Western Europe is an immediate offensive to effect a diversion, and this she is more incapable of doing than ever.

But the most serious feature of the situation as far as Eastern Europe is concerned is the probability of Turkey throwing in her lot with Germany. The reorganisation of the Turkish Army will enable them to put into the field a million and a half of men. German influence is supreme at Constantinople. It can hardly be expected that with the whole of Europe in arms, the Balkans will remain quiet. A combined attack by Austria and Turkey would paralyse any Russian offensive in Poland.

It will thus be seen that in this great drama, in preparations of which the nations are straining every nerve, the first and chief act will be played by France and Germany alone, and on that act will depend the whole course of the struggle. Such is the situation in the light of which we must examine our resources for war, for presumably it is a "reasonably probable" contingency. How does our Expeditionary Force affect the situation? Germany has not altered in any particular her plan of action. She has only intimated plainly to Holland and Belgium what the consequences will be if we are allowed to interfere. It has therefore strengthened her position in so far as her right flank is secured even better than before. Those two small peoples have taken the hint and do not wish to have anything to do with us. In France our help is almost ignored. They will be glad of any assistance, however small, that comes in time, but, to be quite frank, they think it will be very small and that it will not come in time. In any case it cannot come from the most effective direction, which is Belgium.

And when we look on the cold facts, on the real situation as it appears to practical men, on the straining after efficiency, at the relentless, steady progress in devising means of rendering victory sudden and overwhelming, at the work of diplomacy in raising barriers in quarters where we looked to be received as saviours, and contrast them with the indifference and ignorance at home—the juggling with figures and the meaningless vaunting of an "overseas army" which only inspires contempt abroad, we can gauge the true value of our preparations for war and can realise the true worth of the present talk of limitation of armaments and of arbitration. There is no immediate prospect of the country even considering a scheme of universal service. That is no reason, however, for shutting our eyes to facts. At least let those who can read the signs of the times and understand, make ready, so far as in them lies, for what is coming; for the day is approaching when the weary babble of politicians and humanitarians shall be drowned in the thunder of the guns.

PERCY.

THE UNREST IN FRANCE

> The Third Republic is perhaps at the beginning of a great Revolution; it may be making up its mind to inoculate the idealism of its politics with the realism of its life.—Laurence Jerrold: *The Real France*, p. 38.

I

The recent revival in the Eastern provinces of France of the Dionysiac orgies was an impressive spectacle. As the bands of Bacchic and Mænad revellers went reeling through the vineyards of Champagne, burning, pillaging everything in their path, the torch-lit terror of the Thracian nights seemed no longer a poetic dream.

But the scene was not merely an interesting occasion for æsthetic pleasure, not merely even a happy opportunity for the cinematographer. It possessed many another interest. It was a fresh symptom, after so many others, of a certain state of the French body-politic, and it was perhaps what, in the jargon of the experimental psychologist, is called a prodrome of a possible change in the French political and social organism. The terrifying events in Champagne occurred under the eye of a Government apparently powerless to arrest them, and of a Parliament incompetent to offer a solution. The Prime Minister of France sat like Belshazzar at the feast, gazing with dismay at the awful lettering on the midnight sky, while the Chamber wrung its hands like a Greek chorus. Although he was educated by the Jesuits, the lettering on the wall was Greek to the Prime Minister. What may have been the reflections of the President of the Republic, who had chosen the stalwart Radical Senator, Monsieur Monis, to govern France, is not known: the Head of the State in France is, by the real, if not by the legal, Constitution, a mute idol in a pagoda, without responsibility or initiative. The reflections of the public were not so inarticulate. My own

reflection was simply this—and, as the readers of this Review know, I had not waited for the Champagne riots to formulate it—the present form of the Parliamentary régime in France is doomed.

It was not three months ago that, commenting upon the formation of the Monis Ministry, consequent upon the fall of Monsieur Briand, I remarked:

> It is obvious that the defection of M. Briand's followers, resulting in his quitting office and of the appointment to succeed him of the leaders in the conspiracy against him, will have greatly increased the dissatisfaction of the French electorate with the disorganisation of French political life, and will have considerably furthered the reform of the electoral system, which is now the necessary condition of the organisation of the French democracy—and perhaps of the durability of French Republican institutions.

The "leaders in the conspiracy" against Monsieur Briand have now themselves been driven from office by a hostile vote of the Chamber. The immediate cause of their fall matters little. The real reason for it was the clamour of the country for a Government willing and able to govern. Monsieur Monis had become the shuttlecock of the Parliamentary groups. He had manifested the most singular and the most dangerous incapacity to maintain the dignity of the Executive office. In the grave affair of the Champagne riots he shifted his responsibility upon the Conseil d'Etat, as in the no less grave questions of public order and Administrative discipline, in connection with the railways and the reckless *sabotage* of public property, he allowed the anarchist element of the Chamber to dictate his conduct. Such incompetence had become so manifestly absurd that no Prime Minister would have been tolerated as his successor who did not reassure his compatriots first and foremost as to the essential questions of public order. The declaration of Monsieur Caillaux on taking office (June 30) responded to this demand:

> We mean to be a Government in the loftiest and most precise sense of the word. We intend to apply the law, the whole law, with impartial firmness. . . . We also hold that the action of the Government should make itself felt in every form of our public life. French citizens must be made to believe that public business is not being conducted in a happy-go-lucky fashion, but that it is under the firm and constant guidance of a Government. The attitude of the Government must convince French citizens that a free people has more duties than any other people, and that since such a people is the master of its own

[illegible], it is bound to aid its representatives by its own wise prudence. It is necessary, above all, to prevent the growth of the idea that aught can be gained by transgression of the law. And finally the two Chambers of Parliament must be put in a position to see that at their heads there is a normal body of advisers ready to offer an opinion on all questions which are under discussion, advisers who do not fear to take the lead in order to introduce a sure method in public debates.

II

Michelet remarked that the whole of English history could be summed up in the single sentence: "England is an island." When, in her characteristically brutal fashion, Germany sought, by the despatch of a gunboat to the ideally strategic point of Agadir, on one of the world-routes of the Atlantic, to separate England and France, and to compromise the efficacy of their *entente*, while tearing up two diplomatic conventions, the Algeciras agreement and her own agreement with France concerning Morocco, the immediate consequences of her action merely illustrated once again how beautifully Michelet was right.

But if the formula of Michelet, intelligently interpreted, is the sum and substance of British history, it is no less easy, no less pertinent and suggestive, to sum up French history by a parallel formula, based on considerations drawn from the geographical position of France in relation to other continental European powers. Continental Europe is in reality the western promontory of Asia, and France is merely an isthmus, all but converting that promontory into a peninsula, an isthmus linking the Mediterranean to the Atlantic and the North Sea. French soil is the central historic road of civilisation during at least the last three thousand years. All the Pisgah heights look down upon her. A great nation has been evolved in so exposed and coveted a corner of the Continent solely by the adoption of relentlessly centralising methods, which have determined the *mœurs*, the temperament, the character—and the lack of character—of its members. It is because Frenchmen have had to live and move and have their secular being at this particular spot of the planet that their ideals and their problems, their history, in a word, have differed from those of any other national community.

It would be easy and fascinating to elucidate this truth by testing its application to French historical facts and events—to

the Champagne riots, for instance, as well as to the Dreyfus case—and to the whole series of French traits. Thus, Casablanca and Agadir, which showed once again that if Germany did not exist it would be worth while to invent her in the interests of French national integrity and of French patriotism, are two trifling events, among many hundreds, which it would be amusing to adduce, if one were challenged to defend the validity of this induction. But we are talking for the moment not of world-politics but of the domestic situation in France. Our business is to obtain the right perspective for the proper appreciation of those scenes of civil war in Champagne which have once more flattered the ineradicable superficial conviction of foreigners that France is going to those legendary dogs who are always barking vociferously at the approach of their prey; that the tricolour is already flying from the stern of Charon's bark; and that the Republic is shortly to be judged and found wanting. The civil war in the eastern departments was but one of a rapidly accumulating series of untoward events, signs of an apparent national disintegration, which have again led the Royalist and Imperialist pretenders—the saviours of society who are always ready to start up in their absurd jack-in-the box fashion on any and every pretext—to sign manifestoes and to galvanise their apathetic followers into active opposition. Even certain leaders of the Republic have caught the contagion, and talked openly, in pessimistic accents, of the possibility of a real revolution, while more than one French journal has raised the question: "Whither are we going? To the king? To the emperor? Or towards the Fourth Republic?"

The unrest which is now pervading French society, the outspoken disgust against the present political and social régime, is a new phase of French life—a new phase, that is, under the Third Republic, for nothing like it has been witnessed in France during the last forty years. Not Boulangism, nor the Panama and Dreyfus scandals, can be cited to confound this verdict. This unrest has, however, a contemporary parallel, and this fact—for those of us who, given to general ideas, yet detesting nothing so heartily as clear superficial views, love to see things as they are—helps to define its character. The pessimism and unrest of France is, as a social and political phenomenon, if not exactly

of the same nature as, yet of potential comparison with, the unrest and pessimism of the United States. In both countries at this hour there is this same moral hypochondria, which is engendering the same malarial visions. When a senator from Iowa, ex-Governor of his State, says in an address to the students of the Washington College of Law: "We are living in a period of revolution; our institutions at this day are in the balance," his voice is pitched in the same key as are those of a Millevoye, a Drumont, a Henri Béranger, a Poincaré, a Maurras, and a Jaurès. Yet all these utterances (since they are not isolated, nor confined to any political party, but characteristic of the feeling of the several audiences to which they appeal) are, in my opinion, the most welcome ground for optimism.

In France, at this moment, there is, for the first time in my recollection, a wide-spread craving for positive reform; a growing insistence that something must be done to purify French political and administrative life; a resolve to effect certain radical changes, however drastic, and at whatever sacrifice of persons, in the relations of the several parts of the great political and administrative machine; a repudiation of French ideology and a revival of idealism in the English sense of the word; a spirit of relentless and vigilant criticism, and a moral purpose which may legitimately be described as the harbinger of a French Renaissance. But in seeking to comprehend this new state of things, the foreign observer might easily go wrong. Let it be understood once for all that the "pretenders," who would fain utilise the dissatisfaction of France with many of her existing institutions in order to substitute for the Republic a Monarchy or an Empire, are following in their familiar way evanescent wills-o'-the-wisp. The reforms which are to take place are to be of the nature of a readjustment of the Republican Constitution to modern conditions, not of the upsetting of the Republic. The dried fruit of the old régime is no longer succulent to the French palate. In spite of its occasional mephitic iridescence it is the deadest of the dead fruits of the Dead Sea.

Yet things are not going well. In fact, they are going very badly; and it is the intention of this article to suggest some of the reasons why. Happily it is impossible to exaggerate the admirable and useful rôle of the anti-Republican opposition in

helping to create discontent in France and to transmute this discontent into a force capable of destroying grave abuses.

III

Government in France is the tyrannical monopoly of a minority. During a great many years one of the classical methods of the Republican system of government was to maintain a state of war in France. The Republicans found ready to their hands an incomparably compact and centralised Administration, and their main object was to hold the citadel of that Administration, and to man all its bastions and outworks by sworn members of their party. They treated the rank and file of the nation as enemies who could not be trusted. In order to consolidate their troops the Republican leaders invented the useful bug-a-boo of an anti-Republican and anti-Constitutional opposition. Not that the nucleus of such an opposition did not really exist, but the utility of preserving it, the advisability of exasperating it by methods of persecution, in order to cultivate the illusion in the country that Republican order was being chronically menaced, was the accepted device for the conservation of Republican power. The disinterested sporadic efforts of this or that leader to dismantle the Republican donjon—Gambetta, Spuller, Méline, Briand—to substitute Republican for Feudal rule, to make the Republic a real Republic in which all France should have the same rights, as the compact little garrison defending the citadel, to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, have been systematically misunderstood, not to say regarded as treason, by the professional politicians; and, meanwhile, behind the scenes, the privileged troops manning the state battlements, have battened off the *assiette au beurre*, corrupted French character by the multiple distribution of "places" for idle functionaries, bought thus indirectly the votes of their clients, and made the Republic no longer worthy of the name.

There is no such thing in France as a constitutional opposition, because French "parliamentarism" is in no particular such a method of democratic government as is connoted by the words "parliamentary government." In view of the fact that France is not a Monarchy, it may be legitimate, as it is certainly convenient, to call it a Republic; but its government is obviously

not that of a democratic Republic. Its government is not, as in England, a parliamentary government by the device of well-defined parties that appeal directly to the Democracy, nor yet, as in the United States, is its government government of the people, by the people, and for the people, of the Consular Republican form. Yet it was undoubtedly the object of the Constitution of 1875 to establish Parliamentary Government. How happens it that that object has never been attained?

The Constitution of 1875 was a concoction of the Orleanist party. That party hoped by easy stages to restore the Monarchy, and it counted on election by the Congress of a Comte de Paris or a Duc d'Aumale as President of the "Republic," in succession to Marshal McMahon. As an independent critic of singular perspicacity, Monsieur Georges Thiébaud has pointed out in his instructive book, *Les Secrets du Règne*, there were precedents for this method, notably the expedient used in 1830 for the choice of Louis Philippe, after Lafayette, on the balcony of the Hotel-de-Ville, had baptized him *La Meilleure des Républiques*. Once the majority in the two Chambers were rendered unmistakably monarchical, it was held that it would not be difficult to utilise the clause of the Constitution which permits revision, in order to restore the Old Régime in favour of the younger branch of the French Bourbons. The Orleanist project failed. But the Royalist Constitution remained; and most of the woes from which France is suffering to-day are due to two facts: first, the fact that she is still living under a Constitution which, while it is admirably adapted to thwarting the possible rise of a dictator of the Napoleonic type, is utterly inadequate for the realisation of the democratic dream of Representative Government, according to an ideal of liberty and of social and economic progress by free discussion under the party system; secondly, the fact that while her political Constitution is Royalist her Administratve machinery is centralised and Napoleonic. It is a psychological impossibilty to reconcile for purposes of human government systems so disparate as this Royalist Constitution of 1875 and the Republico-Napoleonic Administration. The friction caused by the effort to make that Constitution and that Administration work in harmony has now assumed the importance of a scandal. It accounts for the present unrest throughout

French society. It has, in fact, brought about a Constitutional crisis.

French official historians hesitate frankly to acknowledge the fact—which is as little familiar to the average Frenchman as to the foreigner—that the Constitution of the Third Republic was never intended to serve any other end than the re-establishment of the Monarchy. Yet such is indeed the case, and it would be difficult to devise a system of government less well adapted to the organisation of a modern democracy. The civic and social irresponsibility which their Administrative régime has been engendering among Frenchmen ever since the First Empire (*vid.*, among a score of testimonies, the recent books of Monsieur Faguet: *Le Culte de l'Incompétence* and . . . *et l'Horreur des Responsabilités*) has been enhanced by the political Constitution under which they have been living.

Since the last thirty years, public opinion in civilised communities has demanded, at all events, two things of a government: Stability and Authority; and, of the two, Authority is the more necessary and the more useful. For some time now in France—save for the briefest of intervals—there has existed neither the one nor the other. During what one of the ablest of modern French writers, Monsieur Charles Péguy, has called the "mystical period" of the Republic, by which is meant the period of disinterested Republican idealism preceding the modern political period of caucus bickerings, the solid conservatism and ingrained loyalty of the French nation readily engendered respect for the Republican rulers, and surrounded them with a halo of Authority. Gradually, however, the inadequacy of the governmental machinery in France, its incapacity to provide the taxpayer with the kinds of product which any political and administrative machinery worthy of the name is reasonably expected to turn out, has been revealed to the entire reflecting nation. In the United State, Authority is to a certain extent secured by the very terms of the Constitution, since the Head of the State, who is the elect of the nation, and who represents the nation as a whole, is held responsible for the management of affairs. In France, on the other hand, there is nothing of the kind. The subtle aim of the Constitution of 1875 was, as we have seen, to provide a means of transition from the Republican form of

government to a régime of Constitutional Monarchy with Parliamentary Government. But the device by which this evolution was to take place, the election of the Head of the State by a Congress composed of Senators and Deputies has become the regular method of the election of the President of the Republic. The consequence is that the French President does not represent the nation, he is the creature of Parliamentary groups; he is irresponsible; and he plays no known, active or essential rôle in the government of his country. There is in France, therefore, no supreme arbiter of parties. Nor are there any parties, for the simple and curious reason that the opposition is, as we have seen, anti-constitutional—that is, *un*constitutional. The Republican politicians have managed, little by little, to oust their Orleanist accomplices and to assume the direction, which they undertake by relays, of the French Administration. A party in office which regards as unconstitutional any organised legal resistance to its party programme necessarily becomes tyrannical. A régime in which there is no constitutional opposition is anything that we may like to call it, but it is, at all events, just the opposite of a régime of party government, and it bears no resemblance to "parliamentary government."

The old Republicans of the idealistic Republican period, the epoch when Republicanism was a religious ideal and not merely a cant catchword of politics, cherished a faith in Universal Suffrage which may almost be described as sublime; and it was they, and not the reactionaries, who extolled an electoral system based on *Scrutin de Liste.* "If you are living under a Republic," said Gambetta in 1881, "you owe the fact to the system of *Scrutin de Liste,*" and he went on to say: "*Scrutin d'arrondissement* is a weapon forged by your enemies, a weapon which was used to destroy you together with the Republic." Thus when, in connection with the reform of French institutions inscribed in the Constitution of 1875, the electoral law was discussed, and when 357 members of the National Assembly voted against the maintenance of *Scrutin de Liste,* and 326 voted in favour of that system, an analysis of the division showed that the majority was composed of Bonapartists and Royalists and that the Republicans were in the minority. Why did the reactionary political forces wish to re-establish *Scrutin d'arrondissement?* Solely because

it seemed to them the only way to maintain the supremacy of individual influence and of personal prestige in the constituencies. *Scrutin d'arrondissement* left the door open to all the classical forms of political, social and financial corruption. It was the only method enabling the central authority to act directly upon the electorate by means of the local functionaries. It would be easy to prove—and an able student of contemporary politics in France, Monsieur Henry Leyret, has already drawn attention to this fact *—that although the Republicans were victorious at the Seize Mai and during the Boulangist episode, their victory was achieved not because, but in spite of, the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*. The famous phalanx of the 363 who were opposed by the Elysée, the Government, the Administration, the upper middle class and the leading business interests, had behind them the country. In 1877 the very existence of the Republic was at stake, and what happened was that that existence was made the object of a national plebiscite. In fact, for Napoleon III., as for the Orleanist party of 1875, *Scrutin d'Arrondissement* was in favour because it was an excellent system of corruption, and a perfect device for oppression; and it is for this reason, and not for any other reason —it is because, owing to the importance thereby given to *intérêts de clocher* over and above national interests, all French deputies tend to be the delegates of local wire-pullers and are expected to obey the orders of their party leaders and their party caucuses †— that the Radical Republicans, who have been governing France now for the last decade, and who have, little by little, made the constituencies "rotten boroughs" that are poisoning France (*mares stagnantes*, to use the ex-Prime Minister, Monsieur Briand's words), are now fighting so strenuously the project of electoral reform for the re-establishment of *Scrutin de Liste* with the representation of minorities.

The so-called "Republican majority" in the French Chamber is probably the most "unrepresentative" parliamentary "majority" in the world, this side of Constantinople. Owing to the existing electoral system the entire Chamber, in fact, "represents" only forty-six per cent. of the electoral corps, so that the "majority" speaks and acts in the name of only three

* *Le Temps*, June 7, 1911.

† *Cf.* the period of the Jacksonian Democracy in America.

million electors, in a country where there are nearer a million than nine hundred thousand State functionaries. And if that majority, deep-rooted in the electoral districts by means of the ingenious mechanism of the local committees (which I am inclined with Monsieur Faguet, to regard as the *institution essentielle* of the Third Republic), evinces the pretension to govern the Government, as is the case to-day; if, forgetting its sole *raison d'être*, that of sober legislative action in co-operation with the Senate, that "majority" presumes to meddle, as it meddles to-day, in matters that concern only the Executive; if, worse still, that "majority" unhesitatingly dictates to the Judicial Authority, to such an extent that it is positively the fact to-day that the Magistracy is no longer as free as it was under the pre-revolutionary régime, and that no French citizen can feel sure that justice will be done in an affair wherein politics can possibly play a part—it is obvious that when I said: "Government in France is the tyrannical monopoly of a minority," the words served only inadequately to paint the real consequences of the effort to "work" the Constitution of 1875 in connection with the Administration of 1911. Nor is it surprising that in proportion as facts of this nature become known French public opinion should display a steady evolution towards a more realistic attitude as regards public affairs, and that, as a particularly keen observer of French facts has recently put it, "the Third Republic is perhaps at the beginning of a great revolution; it may be making up its mind to inoculate the idealism of its politics with the realism of its life." At present in France the Deputies are more omnipotent than was any sovereign of the Old Régime. They may say of themselves more truly than Louis XIV. ever said: "L'état, c'est moi." The central power having set the example of the abdication of Authority, the prefects and the sub-prefects also have bent the knee before the local Deputy. There was a time during the early days of the Republic when the average citizen was enchanted at the idea of humiliating the agents of the central authority. Those were the mystical days to which I have alluded, the days of faith in the virtues of Universal Suffrage, and the days when the dilatory methods, the tyrannously vexatious red-tapism, the insolence even, of the Administration had irritated the country beyond endurance. When the Republicans obtained office

France counted on them to help her to thrust this unsympathetic guardian of their liberties back into her place. The intervention of the Deputies was solicited on every hand against the arbitrary action of the agents of the central government. The Representatives of the People posed as the avengers of wrong, the defenders of liberty and justice. These were halcyon Republican days. The Deputy was popular and respected, but the "Representatives of the People" contracted a dangerous habit. They fancied themselves, almost by virtue of the Constitution, to be the indispensable intermediaries between the Administration and the public. They had attacked Administrative oppression. They have now merely substituted themselves for the Administration, and they have become in turn the oppressor.

IV

Authority, Constitutional order, can be restored in France only by the re-establishment of the principle of Separation of Powers.

This implies, first and above all, emancipation of the Government from the despotism of the Chamber of Deputies. But that ideal is to be achieved only by the creation of real Parliamentary Government, by means of the party system, a desideratum which is itself impossible without a reform of that electoral law which has engendered throughout France a tyrannical boss-system, dictating to the prefect, the representatives of the central authority, appointments of every nature, and even Judicial decisions.

The re-establishment of the principle of the Separation of Powers, and consequently the restoration of Authority, implies, secondly, certain forms of decentralisation, at all events of deconcentration, among which perhaps the most urgent is the establishment of an independent Magistracy, a Judicial authority unshackled by the Executive power, and beyond the reach of Legislative influence, for, as things now are in France, there is no power on French soil capable of thwarting the arbitrary action of the Government; * and inasmuch as the Executive has,

* There are signs, however—though a protracted spell of normal government by a Ministry really willing to govern in the spirit of a Briand or a Caillaux would certainly obliterate such signs — that the Conseil d'État may gradually assume a rôle rendering it, as a Constitutional organ,

little by little, allowed its normal authority to be transferred to, and disseminated among, the members of the Chamber, Frenchmen are in reality the prey of a despotic régime.

Thirdly, the re-establishment of the principle of the Separation of Powers, and consequently the restoration of Authority, implies —and this is also a necessary form of deconcentration, which it would be *spirituel* for France to undertake in the year of grace 1911, since that date is the anniversary of the birth of the Napoleonic Administration under which she is now living an anæmic life—the definitive organisation of the status of the three-quarters of a million of functionaries, so as to protect them against favouritism; so as to protect the Legislative power against the temptation to utilise the functionary system for base demagogic ends; so as to complete the isolation of the Government within the sphere of its normal Executive rôle; so (finally) as to render rebellion impossible—a reform one of the main elements of which, I should like to think, would be the abolition of the privilege of State pensions to functionaries, which costs France one hundred millions of francs annually, and which has done more to emasculate French character, to destroy French initiative, and to arrest the normal evolution of French individualism than any of the causes growing out of the Napoleonic scheme for the government of Frenchmen.

The resurrection of Authority, the restoration of Constitutional order, are thus the crying needs of France at this hour. Chronic German aggression, and the existence at home of an as yet

extraordinarily like the famous Supreme Court of the United States; a court that is of almost Olympian appeal, judging in entire independence, and entrusted even with the grave obligation of interpreting the very Constitution, as if it were a kind of executive emanation of the sage ruminations of the National Conscience. It is, at all events, extraordinarily significant that on various contemporary occasions of national crisis, when neither Chamber nor Government, nor yet even the President, dared take a decision which would engage their responsibility, when all the Powers that Be were on the point of throwing up their hands in despair, the only possible solution to the crises which Cabinet or Chamber could suggest was to ask the members of the Conseil d'Etat to undertake the settlement of the problem. One need only recall the attitude of that "High Assembly" in annulling political appointments to State functions made by the Executive contrary to good administrative regulations, and in overthrowing the bungling work of Parliament with regard to the delimitations of the wine-growing regions.

not wholly nationalised democracy—Hervéism, Anti-militarism, Revolutionary Syndicalism—must be regarded, alas! as indispensable factors in the maintenance of sane, stable, and efficient government in France. But something else, and something more legitimate, is needed, and that something has been clearly seen by the author of one of the remarkable books of our time, *The Promise of American Life.* Mr. Croly says with discernment in that book: "The French have not yet come to realise that the success of their whole democratic experiment depends upon their ability to reach a good understanding with their fellow countrymen, and that just in so far as their democracy fails to be *nationally constructive* it is ignoring the most essential conditions of its own vitality and perpetuity." The organisation of Democracy in France implies a policy of constructive nationalism. France must learn, in the words of Nietzsche, to "live dangerously"; and that ideal is impossible until she awakes from her *petit-bourgeois* dreams, and develops, for internal national constructive ends, an alert and active national self-consciousness. Frenchmen must learn not to be afraid to assume responsibility. They must take to heart the patriotic and pregnant political philosophy of the most suggestive and perhaps the most intelligent of her contemporary thinkers: *La vitalité des démocraties se mesure à la force génitrice d'aristocraties qu'elles portent en elles.*

But no friend of France needs feel pessimism as to the capacity of Frenchmen eventually to learn these truths, or as to their ability to put their house in order. And if I may, without risk, reveal the most hopeful of the signs of the undiminished vitality of France, I would draw attention to the fact that, in proportion as, under the action of the wind and rain, the three mystical words, Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité, fade from the façades of her public buildings, no one thinks of restoring to them their whilom glitter; and that, though there still be Frenchmen who believe in Fraternity, and others who long for Liberty, none, from Normandy to Aquitaine, and from the two Burgundies to Poitou, but knows that Equality is an absurd and dangerous lie.

WM. MORTON FULLERTON.

A FIELDING "FIND"

FIELDING'S autographs and letters are admittedly few in number. "Where," asked an inquiring daily paper the other day, apropos of the unprecedented sale of a Fielding receipt and agreement for more than a thousand pounds—"where is the manuscript of *Tom Jones* or of *Amelia?*" The answer is not far to seek. Probably neither now exists, since in Fielding's day authors were not so careful to preserve their "copy" as Thackeray and Dickens and Trollope in ours. With respect to the absence of letters, there are two explanations, each of which is almost sufficient to account for their rarity. The bulk of Fielding's correspondence, it is understood, was destroyed early in the last century; and it is suggested that such of his papers as, after the sale of his library in February 1755, still remained in the custody of his blind half-brother and successor, Sir John, perished when, in 1780, the Bow Street house was wrecked by the Gordon rioters. Thus it comes about that not many specimens of Henry Fielding's epistolary output have been printed or preserved. Some of these are frankly formal, and consequently barren of interest; so that, with exception of one, to be mentioned presently, and another to his publisher, John Nourse of the Strand, in regard to the leasing of a house near the Temple which was to include "one large eating Parlour" (a very characteristic touch!), there are practically no utterances in this kind which can be said to have any direct bearing on his biography or personality.

A fortunate circumstance has brought to light two of his latest if not his last letters, of which the existence has hitherto been overlooked; and by the kindness of members of the Fielding family, transcripts of these have been courteously placed in our hands for publication. They relate to that last voyage to Lisbon

in search of health, of which Fielding wrote the *Journal* published posthumously in 1755; and they succeed to and supplement the very valuable letter above indicated belonging to the same period. This has already been printed in the more recent biographies of Fielding; but its close connection with the newly discovered documents makes it convenient to reproduce it here. Fielding, it will be remembered, started from Ealing for Lisbon on June 26, 1754. He was suffering from "a complication of disorders"—asthma, jaundice, and dropsy. He had tried "Spot" Ward's remedies and Bishop Berkeley's tar water without permanent relief; and when finally, having made his will, he started for Portugal, he had little real hope of regaining his health.* It is needless to recapitulate the trials and vexations of his protracted voyage, which are fully detailed in the *Journal*; † but the letter above mentioned was sent to John Fielding Esq., at Bow Street, Covent Garden, when its writer, in the course of his travels, had reached the Isle of Wight.

On board the *Queen of Portugal*, Rich^d. Veal at anchor on the Mother Bank, off Ryde, to the care of the Post Master at Portsmouth—this is my Date and y^r Direction.

July 12, 1754.

DEAR JACK, After receiving that agreeable Lre from Mess^rs Fielding and C^o., we weighed on monday morning and sailed from Deal to the Westward Four Days long but inconceivably pleasant Passage brought us yesterday to an Anchor on the Mother Bank, on the Back of the Isle of Wight, where we had last Night in Safety the Pleasure of hearing the Winds roar over our Heads in as violent a Tempest as I have known, and where my only Consideration were the Fears which must possess any Friend of ours, (if there is happily any such) who really makes our Wellbeing the Object of his Concern especially if such Friend should be totally inexperienced in Sea Affairs. I therefore beg that on the Day you receive this Mrs. Daniel may know that we are just risen from Breakfast in Health and Spirits this twelfth Instant at 9 in the morning. Our Voyage hath proved fruitful in Adventures all which being to be written in the Book you must postpone y^r Curiosity. As the Incidents which fall under y^r Cognizance will possibly be consigned to Oblivion, do give them to us as they pass. Tell y^r Neighbour I am much obliged to him for recommending me to the care of a most able and experienced Seaman to whom other Captains seem to pay such Deference that they attend and watch his Motions, and think

* His death was actually announced in one of the evening papers (Godden's *Henry Fielding*, 1910, 285).

† An edition, with notes by the writer of this article, is included in the *World's Classics* for 1907.

themselves only safe when they act under his Direction and Example. Our Ship in Truth seems to give Laws on the Water with as much Authority and Superiority as you Dispense Laws to the Public and Example to y^r Brethren in Commission. Please to direct y^r Answer to me on Board as in the Date, if gone to be returned, and then send it by the Post and Pacquet to Lisbon &c.

Y^r affec^t Brother

H. FIELDING.

Apart from its manly, cheerful tone, this letter affords a good deal of minor information. It mentions the writer's mother-in-law, Mrs. Daniel, who had probably remained at Ealing in charge of his remaining children; it gives the names of the captain and of the ship, not given in the *Journal;* it refers to the *Journal* itself as in progress or contemplation; and it confirms the fact that John Fielding (and not Saunders Welch, as Boswell thought) was his brother's immediate successor at Bow Street. From the Isle of Wight, the *Queen of Portugal* proceeded to Tor Bay, whence the earlier of the two new letters is dated. It is addressed as before to John Fielding:

TORR BAY, *July* 22, 1754.

DEAR JACK Soon after I had concluded my Letter of Business to Welch yesterday, we came to an Anchor in this Place, which our Capt says is the best Harbour in the World. I soon remembered the Country and that it was in the midst of the Southams a Place famous for Cyder and I think the best in England, in great Preference to that of Herefordshire. Now as I recollect that you are a Lover of this Liquor when mixed with a Proper Number of Midd^x Turneps, as you are of Port Wind well mixed likewise, I thought you might for the Sake of Variety be pleased with once tasting what is pure and genuine, I have therefore purchased and paid for 2 Hdds of this Cyder where they will be delivered in double Casks to y^r Order transmitted by any Master of a Coasting Veſſel that comes from London to these Parts. You must send the very Paper inclosed that being the token of the Delivery the Freight of both by a Coaster of Devon or Cornwall will be 8 shillings only, which is I believe y^r whole Expence. They stand me within a few shillings at 4£, and the learned here are of Opinion they are the finest of their kind, one being of the rougher the other of the sweeter Taste. Welch will easily find almost every day one of the Coasters in London, which the Uncertainty of our Stay here and the Hurry which every Veering of the Wind puts us in prevents my providing here. It will be fit for drinking or bottling a Month after it hath lain in your Vault. I have consigned it in the following manner. Half a Hdd to yourself, half to Welch, half to Hunter and half to Millar, and I wish you all merry over it.

In your last there is only one Paragraph which I wish better explained. *If Boor be trusty.* Pray let me know any Shadow of a Doubt: for the very Supposition gives me much Uneasiness. If he is not trusty he is a Fool; but

that is very possible for him to be, at least to catch at a leſſer, and dishonest Profit, which is present and certain in Preference to what is in all respects the Reverse. Pray give me as perfect Ease as you can in this Particular. I begin to despair of letting my House this Summer. I hope the Sale of my Wine may be more depended on: for the almost miraculous Dilatoriness of our Voyage tho it hath added something to the Pleasure, hath added much more to the Expense of it. In so much that I wish Welch would send a 20£ Bill of Exch^e by [*word illegible*] Means immediately after me; tho I fear Boor^s Demands for Harvest Labourers have greatly emptied his Hands, and I would not for good Reasons be too much a Debtor to the best of Friends. I hope at the same time to see a particular Account of the State of Affairs at Fordhook and the whole sum of Payments to Boor from my leaving him to the Date of such Letter, when I presume the Harvest, as to England, will be pretty well over. I beg likewise an exact Account of the Price of Wheat p Load at Uxbridge. I have no more of Business to say, nor do I know what else to write you: for even the Winds with us afford no Variety I got half a Buck from the New Forest, while we lay at the Iſle of Wight, and the Pasty still sticks by us. We have here the finest of Fish, Turbot, vast Soals and Whitings for less than you can eat Plaise in Mdd^x. So that Lord Cromarty^s Banishment from Scotland hither was somewhat less cruel than that of Ovid from Rome to Pontus.* We may however say with him—Quam vicina est ultima Terra mihi! Ultima Terra is you know the Land^s End which a ten Hours Gale from North or East will carry us to, and where y^r Health with all our Friends left behind us in England will be most cheerfully drunk by

Y^r affect^e Brother

H. FIELDING.

All our loves to my sister.

This new and hitherto unprinted letter is to the full as interesting, and almost as informing as the one written ten days earlier from the Isle of Wight. A few sentences need brief comment. In the *Journal* the reference to "Middlesex turneps" is made clear by the statement that the "frugal" turnip entered largely into the concoction of the metropolitan *Vinum Pomonæ*.† The peculiar description of wine as "wind," was, besides being a popular vulgarism, a curiosity of the Ryde landlady's account. From the *Journal* it also seems that Fielding purchased a third hogshead of cider, probably for himself, which brought his bill up to £5 10*s*. "Cheeshurst," given in the printed record as the

* This reference to Lord Cromarty is doubtless due to Fielding's editorship of the anti-Jacobite *True Patriot*, 1745-6.

† "But this I warn Thee, and shall alway warn,
No heterogeneous Mixtures use, as some
With watry Turneps have debas'd their Wines,
Too frugal." (Philips' *Cyder*, 1708, Bk. ii.)

address of Mr. Giles Leverance, the salesman, must have been the name of his farm, for in the letter, or rather at the back of it, he is described, in another script, as of Churston, that is, Churston-Ferrers, a village on the Devon coast. Welch was Saunders Welch, High Constable of Holborn, the friend of Johnson and Hogarth as well as of Fielding, and the father-in-law of Nollekens, the sculptor; Hunter was William Hunter, the "great surgeon and anatomist of Covent Garden"; and Millar was Andrew Millar, the bookseller, of "*Shakespear's Head over-against Katherine Street* in the *Strand*." Boor, whose trustworthiness is under suspicion, must have been the Richard Boor who was one of the witnesses to the undated Will executed by Fielding at Ealing before his departure from England. He was, also in all likelihood, the bailiff or agent-in-charge of the "little house" at Ealing (Fordhook),* which if it involved harvesting and wheat crops, should have had farm-land attached to it. The "buck," and the pasty which Mrs. Fielding made therefrom, are both mentioned in the *Journal*. Lord Cromarty must have been George Mackenzie, the third earl, sentenced to death after the '45, but reprieved. He was allowed to reside at Layhill in Devonshire. The apposite Latin quotation which Fielding makes in this connection is a fresh instance of that natural habit of letters which a cheap criticism is accustomed to stigmatise as pretentious erudition; and the lady referred to in the postscript was probably John Fielding's first wife, *née* Elizabeth Whittingham.

The seal of this document, part of which remains, shows the double-headed eagle bearing a coat-of-arms on its breast. The second letter differs considerably from those which have been quoted. In the first place, it is much longer; and in parts betrays manifest signs of haste and a perturbation of spirits which are absent from its predecessors, although now and again the old joy of life, and the unconquerable "knack of hoping," irrepressibly break out. The writing is sometimes scarcely decipherable; and the paper in places is torn

* Fordhook no longer exists; and the site, on the Uxbridge Road, opposite the Ealing Common Station of the Metropolitan District Railway, is now covered by villas. A sketch of it, as somewhat altered and enlarged by later occupants, is to be found in the Guildhall Library. From a plan in the Ealing Town Hall, dated 1741, there were then fields to the north and east of it.

and mutilated—a condition of things which fully justifies the treatment by paraphrase of some of its matter. From internal evidence it must have been written about two or three weeks after Fielding reached Lisbon on August 14. For its better comprehension, it may be well to remind the reader that Fielding's party, as expressly stated in the *Journal*, consisted of *six* persons, namely: Fielding himself; his wife; his eldest daughter, Harriot; Mrs. Fielding's "friend," Miss Margaret Collier; and two servants, a footman William, whose ignoble surname has not survived, and a maid, Isabella Ash, who, with Miss Collier and Richard Boor, had witnessed the Ealing will. Miss Collier was doubtless well acquainted with the family, for her sister, Jane, had collaborated with Sarah Fielding in the "New Dramatic Fable" of *The Cry*, published by Dodsley in the March of this year. Though superscribed as before to John Fielding, Esq.; "p. the Lisbon Packet," the letter begins without further ceremony as follows:

I am willing to waste no Paper as you see, nor to put you to the Expense of a double Letter as I write by the Packet by which I would have you write to me every Letter of Consequence, if it be a single Sheet of Paper only it will not cost the more for being full and perhaps you have not time even to fill one Sheet for as I take it the idlest Man in the World writes now to the bufiest, and that too at the Expense of the latter.

I have rec^d here two Letters from you and one from Welch. The Money I have tho I was forced to discount the note, it being drawn at 36 days Sight upon a Portugese who never doth anything for nothing. I believe as it was in Portugese neither you nor Welch knew this, and it was the Imposition of the Drawer in London. Your Letter of Business I have not yet seen. Perhaps it is lost as if it came by a Merchant Ship it easily may, for the Captains of these Ships pay no Regard to any but Merchants for which Reason I will have all my Goods even to the smallest Parcel consigned to John Stubbs Esq^r (as I mentioned before, and hope will be done before y^o receive this) marked with the large red F.— Pardon Repetition for abundans Cautela non nocet, and tho I mentioned my orders, I did not give the Reason either to y^o or Welch, at least all my Reasons for these are Several but this is most worth y^r Notice. The Truth is that Captains are all y^e greatest Scoundrels in the World but Veale is the greatest of them all. This I did not find out till the Day before I sailed which will explain many Things when you see him as perhaps you may for he is likewise a Madman, which I knew long before I reached Lisbon and he sailed a few Days ago. I shall not after what I have said think him worth my Notice, unless he should obiter fall in my Way.

In answer to yours, if you cannot answer . . . yourself, I will assure you once for all I highly approve and thank you, as I am convinced I always shall

when y^o act for me. I desire therefore you will always exert unlimited Power on these Occasions.

With regard to the principal Point, my Health, which I have not yet mentioned, I was tapped again (being the 5th time) at Torbay . . . and possibly here I left the Dropsy, for I have heard nothing of it since . . .

In Short as we advanced to the South, it is incredible how my Health advanced with it, and I have no Doubt but that I should have perfectly recovered my Health at this Day, had it not been obstructed by every possible Accident which Fortune could throw in my Way.

Here part of the letter is missing; and we may take leave to summarise. The first "accident" was that his whole family, "except myself [!], Harriot and Bell" (the maid Isabella) fell ill. William, the footman, a poor creature, having increased his disorder by indulging too freely in the wines of the country, was seized with a panic apprehension of dying in a foreign land, and, an object of unmeasured contempt to his deserted master, took ship in the *Queen of Portugal* for England. The letter proceeds:

In the next Place I found myself in the dearest City in the World and in the dearest House in that City. I could not for my Soul live for less than 2 Moidores a day [£2 14*s.*—the old moidore being about 27*s.*] and saw myself likely to be left Pennyless 1000 miles from Home, where I had neither Acquaintance nor Credit among a Set of People who are tearing one another's Souls out for money and ready to deposite Millions with Security but not a Farthing without. In this Condition moreover I saw no Likelihood nor Possibility of changing my Situation. The House I was in being the cheapest of the three in which alone I could get a Lodging with^t being poisoned.

Fortune now seemed to take Pity on me, and brought me by a strange Accident acquainted with one Mr. Stubbs,* the greatest Merchant of this Place, and the greatest Corn Factor in the World. He hath a little Kintor [*quinta* †] or Villa at a Place called Jonkera [Junqueira], 2 miles from Lisbon and near Bellisle [Belem] ‡ which is the Kensington of England [Portugal?], and where the Court now reside. Here he likewise got me a little House, with^t any manner of Furniture not even a Shelf or a Kitchin Grate. For this I am to pay 9 Moidores a year, and hither I boldly came with scarce suff^t Money to buy me the Necessaries of Life. . . .

At this point we may again abridge. In furnishing the

* V. *supra*, p. 988.

† A *quinta*, in Spanish and Portuguese, is a small farm or country-house, so called because the tenant pays to the landlord a fifth part of the produce.

‡ Fielding makes the same odd slip in the *Journal*, adding another by saying that Catherine of Arragon is buried there, whereas he should have written Catherine of Braganza, widow of Charles II. Junqueira is a suburb of Lisbon.

"villakin," Fielding's funds sank to the lowest ebb. But an opportune bill arriving from his brother, the tables were turned, and his expenses became moderate. Instead of two moidores a day, he found he could live for less than a moidore per week, and moreover could not easily exceed it. "Where then," he asks, "was the Misfortune of all this? or what was there which could retard my Recovery, or shock a Philosophy so established as mine, which had triumphed over the Terrors of Death when I thought it both certain and near?" The answer is, that Mrs. Fielding, who, as we know, had fallen ill on landing, was still ailing in spirit. The climate of Portugal did not suit her: she was home-sick; and probably yearning for her little family at Fordhook. "She is," says Fielding, "I thank God recovered; but so dispirited that she cries and sighs all Day to return to England," where she believed her husband might complete his convalescence just as well as at Lisbon, since he could not there command a coach, or look after his children and his home. This, to Fielding, who felt himself daily growing stronger, was most disquieting; and far more wearing than it could have been to a more selfish or less warm-hearted man. And matters were further complicated by the proceedings of that vague "another" (the word is Fielding's own), who, either as companion or confidante, plays so disturbing a part in many domestic difficulties. She is not named; but she must, we fear, be identified with Margaret Collier. She was poor; she was clever; she had become a "Toast of Lisbon," and she was apparently steadily setting her cap at the English Resident, one Williamson, a friend of Andrew Millar. Probably knowing that if Fielding went home with his wife and daughter she would also have to accompany them, she seems to have started the insidious suggestion that Mrs. Fielding should go back alone; and that she (Miss Collier) should remain behind in charge, as companion to Harriot. One can easily imagine the intense vexation that, as hope revived and the pressure of necessity decreased, these inopportune propositions must have given to Fielding. "By these means," he says, "my Spirits which were at the Top of the House are thrown down into the Cellar."* The passages immediately succeeding deal with plans

* This must have been a common eighteenth-century figure, for Cradock uses it to describe Sterne.

for defeating Miss Collier's machinations. They show much irritation—and even some incoherency. It is clear, however, that Fielding has not the slightest intention of prejudicing his last chances of recovery by prematurely returning to England. One of the things he wishes his brother to do is, to send him out a "conversible Man to be my companion in an Evening, with as much of the Qualifications of Learning, Sense and Good humour as y^{o} can find, who will drink a moderate Glass in an Evening or will at least sit with me till one when I do." He does not know, he goes on, anybody more likely to regain his health than himself; he has now vigour and elasticity in his limbs;* gets easily in and out of a carriage; when in it can ride the whole day; but all this will be lost if he goes back, or if the schemes of "another" are allowed to prevail. The letter closes with dispersed particulars of presents he has despatched to friends in England. The list includes Dr. Collier—"whose very name [he adds] I hate"; and who *may* have been Miss Collier's brother, as her father died in 1732. Then come directions for clothes he wishes sent out to him, "for the Winters here are short but cold." The tailor is to make them wider in the shoulders—a proof that he is putting on flesh. But he must speak for himself:

Let me have likewise my Tye and a new Mazer Perriwig from Southampton Street and a new Hat large in the Brim from my Hatter, the corner of Arundel S^{t}. I have had a Visit from a Portugese Nobleman and shall be visited by all as soon as my Kintor is in order. Bell follows Capt Veal to England where he hath promised to marry her My Family now consists in a black Slave and his Wife, to which I desire you to add a very good perfect Cook, by the first Ship, but not by Veale. Scrape together all the Money of mine you can and do not pay a Farthing without my Orders. My Affairs will soon be in a fine Posture, for I can live here, and even make a Figure for almost nothing. In Truth the produce of the Country is preposterously cheap. I bought three Days ago a Lease of Partridges [leash—that is, three] for ab^{t} 1·4 English and this Day 5 young Fowls for half a Crown. What is imported from abroad is extravagantly dear, especially what comes from England as doth about all the provision of Lisbon. I must have from Fordhook likewise 4 Hams a very fine Hog fatted as soon as may be and being cut into Flitches Send me as likewise a young Hog made into Pork and salted and pickled in a Tub. A vast large Cheshire cheese and one of Stilton if to be had good and mild. I thank Welch for his, but he was cheated: God bless you and y^{rs} H. Fielding mil annos &c.

* In taking ship at Rotherhithe, he had "no use of his limbs," and was hoisted like a log over the side.

A postscript, of which the end is missing, reveals further obliquity on the part of William the footman, who, after his inglorious departure, is found to have cheated his master of £3 12*s*. by pretending that he had discharged an unpaid bill. This sum is to be deducted from any draft he may present for payment; and as a mild punishment, he is to be stripped of his livery. As for Isabella, she is "only a Fool"; and Fielding wishes her to be provided for at that Universal-Registry-Office in which he and his half-brother were jointly concerned.

Of all these matters there is nothing in the *Journal*, which abruptly ends with the arrival of the *Queen of Portugal* at Lisbon. What more happened in those brief weeks that followed the despatch of the foregoing letter will now probably never be revealed. Fielding, it is obvious, believed he should recover. But early in October 1754 his joys and sorrows—his eager gust of existence and his incurable hopefulness—found their close in the quiet English Cemetery. His widow survived him many years, dying at Canterbury as late as March 1802. Harriot, his daughter, eventually married Colonel James Gabriel Montresor, and lived a brief wedded life. As for Miss Margaret Collier, she retired to Ryde; but scarcely, one would imagine, to meditate the memories of her Peninsular manœuvres. In 1755 she wrote to Richardson, complaining that she had been reported to be the author of the *Journal* because "it was so very bad a performance"—in which last words the excellent Samuel no doubt heartily concurred. Another tradition concerning her is, that a profile she cut in paper served as the initial hint for Hogarth's posthumous portrait of the author of *Tom Jones*. As if the marvellous eye-memory of Hogarth could possibly have needed such an incentive! Whether Captain Richard Veal ever married Isabella Ash the maid, is not recorded; but from what we know of the antecedents of that septuagenarian lady-killer and ex-privateer, he probably did not. It is, however, to be hoped that the feeble and fraudulent William was duly mulcted in the full amount of which he had sought to "bubble" his confiding employer.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

AFRICAN BIG-GAME SHOOTING FOR WOMEN

THE number of women big-game shots is steadily increasing. The wonder, now that girls, like boys, are brought up to open-air activity, is that it is not larger. For women approach men more nearly in activity and endurance than in sheer brute strength, and would therefore seem physically suited for this sport. But the fact is that they often lack self-confidence, and there must be many a girl who, though she envies the joys of the hunter's life, has yet too poor an opinion of her own capacity to sample them. She does not know how easy it is for any active and healthy woman—one, for instance, who has played hockey—to meet every requirement of the "shikari"; or how soon she will become a fair game shot if to this activity she adds a moderate amount of self-control and common sense. Endurance and strenuous exertion are, no doubt, essential; but surely any young person who is really healthy, physically and morally, would only see additional romance in this necessity?

In another respect want of knowledge is probably a hindrance. For in many cases women, with the instinctive humanity of their sex, shrink from the idea of so "bloodthirsty" an amusement. Some suffering is, of course, involved, but it may easily loom too large in the mind's eye of those who, never having pursued big game, imagine, perhaps, that death from the bullet is as cruel a fate as that of the hunted fox, or fish struggling upon its hook. This side of the business is but a small part of the hunter's life in the bush. Moreover, the effect even of this part is almost obliterated at the time by the redeeming fact that every animal shot, even an elephant, is eagerly welcomed as food. A good bag means a merry evening in camp for every carrier, and it is

with the sensations of a benefactor rather than with those of a murderer that the hunter enjoys his well-earned food and rest.

Apart from the necessary cruelty, the whole expedition, down even to the dirt and discomfort, is delightful and refreshing, if only in its contrast to the conventions, crowds, and indoor life of our English "civilisation." I am speaking, of course, only of the one form of big-game shooting expedition known to me personally, that of British Central Africa. The life on a camping journey in that out-of-the-way part of the Empire is extremely simple. It is one of the few means still left to us in this complex old world of getting into fairly close contact with Nature, and in this lies its chief fascination. But, besides living somewhat primitively oneself, one is able to watch at close quarters the lives of genuinely primitive men, men who, after all these ages, live as lived not only their prehistoric ancestors, but also, *mutatis mutandis*, our own. And perhaps it is just because our progenitors lived a somewhat similar life that it fascinates us so much, that we have an inherited aptitude for it, and that its glamour is akin to the glamour of our childhood. Be this as it may, the pursuit of big game certainly links white man to black with a common interest and facilitates mutual understanding.

And, besides, it gives interest to even the most barren and unpromising of countries, so long as they contain game. It is to my silent, watchful tramps through the bush, alone except for two or three natives, that I owe many a curious glimpse of wild life which otherwise would probably have been missed. I well remember one evening when, after a long and unsuccessful chase of a herd of hartebeeste, I was walking somewhat wearily back to camp. Darkness was coming on fast, and the shrivelled trees and tall clumps of grass had become nothing but an endless succession of shadows. Suddenly a wavering call, shrill and wild, pierced through the woods. Was it a shriek or a song, or, more likely, the howling of fierce wild dogs? I questioned one of my boys.

"It is the Maleela" (the death lamentation), he said, "from a village over there in the bush."

At last we came in sight of our camp among the trees, with its cheerful firelight glowing on the branches above, and on the black figures that flitted busily to and fro.

Again, one day, as I cautiously stepped along, I had a momentary glimpse of a minute antelope, no bigger than a hare. It was exquisitely graceful as it leapt from the grass at my feet and darted away. Then there was the party of baby bush pigs. They were rooting in the dust when I came stealthily upon them at the edge of a tiny glade. After a few minutes they became uneasy and scampered off, each with its absurd little tail held straight up, stiff as a poker. Above all is the memory of that day when the mighty elephant himself appeared, rising above the six-foot grass like a great, grey rock. But I must apologise; these memories are beguiling me from the business in hand, which is to give, if possible, some little help to other women who feel the blood of Diana tingling in their veins.

Before I went out to Nyasaland I had never held a rifle in my hands, and I had only the vaguest idea of what big-game shooting meant. But I felt sure that, whether successful or not, I should enjoy a pursuit which demanded skill and energy and promised adventure. My ambitions received encouragement, and a rifle took its place among my baggage. It was a Mauser, ·275 in. bore, a small rifle, but of high velocity and flat trajectory. It proved most efficient, but, possibly, a ·303 might have been more convenient in a country where the less usual size of cartridge is not always to be had. Opinion is divided as to the size of rifle most suitable for big game. Some think it madness not to use a large-bored, double rifle, especially when there is a chance of meeting dangerous animals. Others use one but little heavier than the ·303 for everything, including elephant. For a woman, I should say that the heaviest that she could hold steadily would be best, and this, at any rate until she had had experience, would probably not be larger than the ·303. It is most important to use a rifle light enough to be handled quickly and held steadily; in any case the beginner will find this difficult enough.

I had not been in Nyasaland many days before my education had begun. An Indian Sikh soldier was told off to give me a few lessons in the elements of rifle-shooting. These amusing lessons had to be conducted without much help from speech. They took place, as a rule, on the shooting-range just as the sun was rising. My instructor was a big, handsome man, with a

black beard looped in under his chin. His tunic, turban, and tight-fitting trousers were all of clean white cotton. He showed me the various positions in which a rifle should be held, treating me like a recruit. Then we went on to aiming, and on the second day I fired my first shot with a full-sized rifle. The rifle was laid on a rest, but I had received so many warnings about its kicking propensities that I fully expected to be knocked down. All that happened, however, was the scoring of a bull's-eye! After that I practised again several times, but without my Sikh.

I practised chiefly the standing and sitting positions, for in Nyasaland the undergrowth is so thick that it is practically never possible to take a lying-down shot. In fact, I was usually obliged when in the bush to stand upright in order to see my target clearly. Whenever possible, however, I sat down, for in this position the knees make a very steady support for the elbows. The range, of course, differed greatly from the bush. The rifle had merely to be held steadily, while the trigger was gently pressed. There was no hurry, and one could wait until quite satisfied with one's aim. The target was perfectly visible with its clear black and white, and it was immovable.

In the bush all was reversed. The target was alive; it might bolt at any moment, and was often obviously on the point of doing so. Then, again, the coats of most African game animals are light brown or grey, and tone so perfectly with their surroundings that, at any rate to unaccustomed eyes, they are often a mere blur. So much for the "target" in bush conditions. There remains the personal side of the equation. Even if the shooter could see the target distinctly, and be sure of its remaining still, how is she (or he) to aim steadily after a quick run, or a crawl flat upon the ground? She is panting, her eyes are full of dust, and her hands, probably, are trembling. And yet, if she decide to shoot, she must become in a moment, breath and hands, as steady as a rock! To these common difficulties are sometimes added the presence of two or three highly excitable natives; or, possibly, one may be attacked by that "buck fever" which is said to overcome some people at the sight of game, or, at any rate, at the prospect of an exceptionally fine head. In spite of all this, the beginner's successes, except perhaps on the first

occasion or two, are likely far to outnumber her failures. The possession of a reasonable amount of energy and common sense is enough to ensure a fair share of "good luck."

A description of the dress that I used for shooting will perhaps be useful. It was a triumph as regards usefulness and comfort, if not as an artistic creation. In colour it was a drab yellow, which, in Africa, makes the wearer almost invisible. The material was strong cotton twill, proof against, at any rate, the lesser thorns, and a good protection against the sun. The frequent necessity, when stalking game, to creep or even to drag oneself flat along the ground makes a skirt unsuitable, and I wore a long Norfolk coat and knickerbockers. Putties, though hot, are a protection against scratches, and perhaps against snakes. My boots had rope soles for quietness when stalking.

In tropical countries the hat is a most important item, especially when, as in shooting, no sun umbrella can be carried. A stiff pith helmet gives the best protection, but it is difficult to keep it firmly on the head. I therefore used what is called a "double Terai," two complete felt hats, one within the other. Round this was wound a brown scarf, and inside the crown I used to put, when midday found me far from camp, a loosely crumpled handkerchief. When I add that sometimes I knotted a large brown silk handkerchief loosely round my neck to protect my shoulders from the sun, it may be thought that I was over-cautious. But without experience to show what one can stand, over-caution is better than a risk of sunstroke and the loss of many precious days. Anyhow, the sun never hurt me, whatever I attempted under its fiercest rays.

On one occasion, for instance, in the hot, low country near Lake Nyasa, I walked in pursuit of elephants from five o'clock in the morning until half-past twelve, and part of the way through the most wearying long grass. I covered, I suppose, quite twenty miles, and for the last few hours the air was like a furnace. My back felt half-broken when I arrived in camp. Yet, after bath, lunch, and rest, I was ready for a pleasant little shoot in the cool of the evening, when I was lucky enough to get a fine waterbuck. The healthy life and the wonderfully dry air doubtless increase one's capacity for endurance.

For the sake of showing the difficulties and the degree of success to be expected by the complete novice it may be of interest to relate what befell on the first day that I went out after game. On this special occasion an Englishman came with me as well as my usual native companions. It was June, and most districts were still obstructed by the long grass. The country was flat where we were, but in the far distance towered a magnificent and rocky mountain mass, Mlanje. We walked for about two miles along the "European road," an earthen track six feet in width. Then, coming to a patch of half-burnt grass, where it was possible to see a little farther, we turned off down a narrow native path. Even here we passed at times through tracts of grass six feet in height.

Suddenly I found that we had stopped and that my rifle had been thrust into my hands.

"Shoot! Aim carefully!" said my companion.

"Where? What is it?" I whispered. I was quickly pushed a few paces further forward.

"There! Hartebeeste. Hurry up!"

Then I saw, away among the brown grass and trees, a small patch of darker brown. It seemed impossible to hit it. I raised my rifle despairingly, stood as firmly as I could, and fired. The buck started, but, uncertain of our direction, it hesitated a few seconds before it fled, and I fired again. I could not possibly have hit it, I thought. When we reached the spot where it had stood, however, a few specks of blood were found upon a blade of grass. I was simply amazed.

The natives at once began to track the buck through the thick grass. A "boy" went up a tree to reconnoitre. It seemed hopeless to search the bush for a slightly wounded buck. But very soon a birdlike whistle came from the tree, and the boy was seen pointing cautiously to our left. We moved silently in that direction. I was close behind my friend, when suddenly he raised his rifle and fired, and after only a second's interval he had fired again. My bewilderment increased when on advancing a few steps I saw *two* large antelopes lying dead! They were hartebeeste. The second had appeared just as the first had fallen, deluding even my experienced companion into taking them for one and the same beast. One of them had a slight wound in his head caused by my first shot!

The same day as we returned to camp game was again sighted, and again I could see nothing.

"Go on, follow the gun-boy," whispered my companion.

The boy was slinking along half crouched to the earth. I followed, straining my eyes for sight of the antelope. At last I saw a dark brown patch, and could even make out the horns. This "antelope" soon resolved itself, however, into a small bush with shrivelled leaves! Then the boy stopped; evidently he expected me to shoot. But I saw nothing. He grew more and more excited, pointing and whispering. Where *was* that little brown antelope? Then, all at once, something black made a slight movement in the middle of a black, burnt patch of ground. There stood an enormous black pig with tusks! I made haste to fire, and immediately that warthog was struggling on the ground. Another shot, and all was over. He must have been the ugliest of an ugly race, for he had lost one ear in some long-past fight. His tusks, however, were fine ones, measuring ten and a half inches in length by five inches in girth. The results of my first day did not altogether discourage me. It was not long before I grew quicker at seeing game, and a little less slow, too, at aiming and firing.

My best opportunities for shooting occurred on camping journeys. It would take too much space to tell the story of any of these wonderful expeditions in full. But, in order that my readers may have some idea of the sport, I will describe a typical walk in search of game such as took place so often on those expeditions.

At the time that we passed through some of the best shooting country we were on a definite journey between two places, and had not much time to spare. We travelled about eighteen miles a day, starting at daylight so as to complete the march before the sun was at its fiercest. This prevented the most exhilarating experience of all, the early morning shoot. Still, the evenings were available, when, as at daybreak, the wild beasts move about to drink and feed. During this journey in the Highlands of Angoniland, the moment, therefore, to which each day I looked forward was that when, after a hot but peaceful afternoon in camp, tea-time came, and with it a puff of cooler air and renewed energy. Hastily swallowing a cup of tea, I look round for Jayula, my gun-boy. There he is, squatting under

a tree, my rifle by his side, and surrounded by an expectant group.

It is usually most satisfactory in this sort of shooting to be the only rifle. It will then be quite clear who shall fire, and whose bullet has done the deed. Besides, to feel that all depends on yourself is inspiring and brings success. One does not want too many native followers either; for the smaller the party the better are its chances of escaping the notice of the quick-eyed antelope. My difficulty, usually, was to keep my party small enough; the natives are born hunters, and they hope, by helping to carry home the spoils, to get a larger share of the meat.

After a few minutes' discussion of the best direction, I and three or four of these eager companions set forth into the bush. The country is dry and sparsely wooded, with, here and there, tangles of long, brown grass. Paths, six inches wide, made by natives and game, run through it now and then. Down one of these Jayula walks, shouldering the rifle. He is clothed in an old blue jersey through which his shoulders have worn their way. I follow him, tucking in my puggaree now that the sun is declining, so that it shall not, by waving, attract the game's attention. Next come three or four natives; they are less fully clothed than the gun-boy. Once outside the camp, I stop to load the rifle and return it to the boy to carry. Then we continue, in single file always, and in silence. We glance constantly from side to side and on the ground. The natives see and understand everything, and to try to learn from them is one of the most interesting sides of big-game shooting.

Suddenly the boy points to the ground, and, looking closely, I can just see a faint V-shaped mark, the footprint of a certain antelope. It is not difficult to learn to distinguish between the spoor of the various animals, but to say whether they are big specimens or small ones, going fast or walking, requires far more practice. On we go until Jayula taps sharply on the ground; this is, I know, a warning, and, looking down, I am in time to step over a snake that wriggles rapidly across the path, or over a thick stream of ants engaged in a migration and protected by their ferocious biting soldiers.

After half an hour or so we emerge into more open country. Then, with a soft whistle, the gun-boy stops so short that I almost

run into him. He slowly bends down, his eyes nearly starting out of his head as he stares fixedly to one side. In a moment we are all crouching down. Jayula keeps his eyes fixed on the same point, but he moves along sideways like a crab, and not towards it. I follow him, trying in vain to see what he is staring at. After a few minutes he stops, and, taking a little dust, he lets it filter through his fingers to the ground. "The wind is right now," he says. He moves on, this time straight forward. He walks half bent and in the most stealthy manner; I follow similarly. The other natives have effaced themselves.

At last, far away among the trees, I see two bucks moving slowly along as they feed. I am surprised at their distance; after the precautions we had taken, I had imagined them much nearer. On again, stooping lower and lower. We keep a big tree or an anthill ever between ourselves and our quarry. Then we have to creep on hands and knees. At last there is no more good shelter between ourselves and the game, and still we are quite three hundred yards away. At about half that distance are some low tufts of grass, and Jayula, without a pause, is proceeding towards them. But now he is flat on the ground. In one hand he holds my rifle, and with the other he drags himself along, body, legs, and toes all helping with their snakelike wriggles. Again I try to follow his example, but even a modern girls' school gives no training in these contortions. However, I manage fairly well, though, even with both hands free, my pace is slower than Jayula's.

The ground is as hard as iron and full of the sharp stumps of burnt grass, as I soon feel to my cost. It is exhausting work, too, and before we reach those tufts of grass my breath is all gone. Directly we arrive I seize the rifle, and am in the act of writhing into a sitting position, when Jayula gives a disgusted grunt. Looking up, I get a fine view of galloping antelopes. Jayula stands up; it was the changeable wind, he says, which betrayed us. He whistles, and soon the other natives join us, and the walk is continued.

At times an episode like this would be the whole result of an afternoon's toil. Far more frequently, however, there would be a more cheerful tale for the camp-fire. One day, for instance, we had had just such another crawl across an open space surrounded

by small trees. It was getting late, and when I, ensconced at last behind a tuft of grass, raised my rifle to shoot, I found to my discomfort that in the fading light the reedbuck which we were stalking had vanished. Each time that I closed one eye to aim he vanished, though when I opened both eyes I could see him well enough. At last, in despair, I moved until I got a certain blade of grass directly between myself and the buck's shoulder. Then, closing one eye, I aimed at the blade and fired. Fortunately the buck was killed outright.

Then, as darkness fell, we would return to camp. Every follower, probably, would have been left behind to carry in the spoils. And so, as the groups of carriers who sat cooking the evening porridge caught sight of Jayula and me returning alone, word would go round that meat must be coming. Smiles would light up every face, and a little later the sound of human jaws at work would be really astounding! On the joys of bath, of food, and of the sleepy after-dinner talk round the camp-fire I will not enlarge, but they seem somehow, at any rate in retrospect, better than all others of their kind.

During the eight months that I spent in Africa I was only for a total of seven or eight weeks in good shooting country. In this period I secured close on fifty head of game. Besides these, I wounded ten, which were subsequently lost. These misfortunes were nearly all caused by impenetrable country or by the approach of night, both of which make it impossible to follow up a wounded buck. A few such tragedies can hardly be avoided; one can but resolve never to risk a doubtful shot. Often, however, one round will be enough; or a short run, rifle in hand, and a quick shot on coming upon the wounded buck will finish the job.

In Nyasaland the shooting is all done on foot. A native or two usually help to find and track the game. This simplicity, I think, adds to the charm, and, besides, it enables one to shoot as inexpensively as is the case anywhere. Native labour is cheap, rising from three shillings a month, and a shooting licence, except for elephants, costs only about £4. The best season for shooting is from August until November, for a great part of the thick grass has then been burned off. The temperature, at any rate in the Highlands, is moderate. In this part of the country the maximum is about 95° F., and in the cold weather the minimum

may drop to 40° F. In the lower parts, near Lake Nyasa, the temperature sometimes rises to 120° F. Fever is fairly common, but, with care, I do not see why others should not be as fortunate as I was, and escape it altogether. In this case the thorough change would seem actually to cause lasting benefit to one's health.

I have tried to show that the interest of a big-game shooting expedition by no means all comes from its more barbarous side, exciting though this is. And it is possible that when a good head of every species has been acquired, the shooting itself might begin to pall, except for urgent larder necessities. A good camera then would make an excellent alternative to the rifle. To get a successful photograph of a buck must be more difficult and nearly as exciting as to slay it with a rifle. The need for alertness and decision, and the sense of adventure, would be the same; and a rifle would still be taken in case some chance lion or leopard should fail to treat the camera with respect.

So great to me was the enchantment of those camping journeys in the bush that I should like to persuade other women to try a similar life in some corner of the world that still remains untouched. But let them try it soon, before

> . . . custom *lies* upon *them* with a weight
> Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

Who knows but that if they (thanks to the impetus given by big-game shooting) possessed such memories to fortify them, such

> . . . glimpses that would make *them* less forlorn,

custom then might never quite gain the victory?

MARY BRIDSON.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

A REPLY TO CRITICS

By the great courtesy and kindness of the Editor of the *National Review*, I have been allowed once more to intrude myself in these pages, in order to make some reply to those who, as a result of my article in the October number, have contributed such interesting and ably written articles on the Public School question. I cannot but feel that the many obvious imperfections in style and thought of my article have been more than compensated for by the interest and discussion which have been aroused in this most vital problem. Several essential points of view have been used to consider the difficulties: the Undergraduate, the all-important Parent, and the much discussed Schoolmaster. I should be wanting in any proper sense of gratitude if I did not at once say how appreciative I am of the consideration and civility with which they have dealt with the remarks of one so young as myself. May I at the same time gratefully acknowledge those most interesting private letters which have been written to me?

But while I fully respect the older experience and calmer judgment of those older than myself, I must say frankly that I cannot honestly agree with some of the views of my critics, and that my central assertion still seems to me indisputable. It may however be shorter and simpler to say a word or two about each article in turn.

I must again assure "An Undergraduate" of my gratitude to him for the most considerate manner in which he dealt with my article. He writes with moderation and skill. And yet I cannot help feeling that for one whose ideals are so obviously strong, and whose whole view of life is so striking, he only makes

his points half-heartedly and without real conviction. I think he received an impression from my article which I was most anxious to avoid, and which I now wish to dispel. Both he and "An Assistant Master" are inclined to treat my attitude as one of despair and gloom. Again, although he gives me credit for an affection for my own school, he is in reality doubting whether I really believe in the English Public School System, and he delivers a rather platitudinous, if eloquent defence of it as against foreign methods. He holds up to admiration the liberty and freedom of our English Public Schools.

That I have given these two impressions—that I am not hopeful and that I dislike the Public School System—I very sincerely regret. I cannot say much about my own school, because its identity must not be revealed, but let none think that I feel any emotion in connection with it except the most reverent affection. The whole system, too, is magnificent, quite unrivalled; but it is no despairing view to take, to complain that in many cases it has become slothful and careless, that the masters, who have the schools in their hands, are not making the carcass of the system flow with the warm blood of sympathy and power. I press this further. It is only through the Public School System itself that there is a possibility of progress. Nowhere can be found such opportunities of instilling the qualities of chivalry, honour, purity, or of giving the sense of freedom and responsibility. Change the system, and I personally am at a loss how to proceed.

"An Undergraduate" dislikes the idea of an increased supervision on the part of masters. Nobody will more warmly agree with him than myself. Nobody can have much to do with a Public School and not swiftly realise that supervision is not the chief weapon in the hands of the authorities for good. Some supervision is, of course, necessary, but it is as the result of an appeal on far different lines that the change must come. It is by a better understanding on the part of many masters of the infinitely complex nature of boys, by their realising that so many must be treated not as animals but as patients. And, above all, a greater courage is required to face unpleasant facts, a courage which will not allow them to refuse to deal with evil, because it is distasteful, or because it

disturbs their complete confidence that all is well, or their own self-esteem.

I am cautioned by "An Undergraduate" against looking at the question from too short a distance and not gaining the sense of perspective that the passage of a few years may give. A great truth, of course, underlies his remarks. The inexperience of youth must be carefully considered in coming to a proper judgment. But he seems to me to be here on very dangerous ground. Things so very soon become changed by time. Distance so easily lends enchantment. "(The Public Schools)," he writes, "possess a moral atmosphere that is amazingly good;" or, again, "The tone is extraordinarily high." I can only regretfully come to the conclusion that he has fallen into the common error. I can only reply that every word of my article was founded on fact, that while as I have said despair is far from my feelings, I know from indisputable evidence how impossible it is for one who really sees things as they are, to use these eulogistic expressions of many of the greater Schools.

In criticising my remarks on the Schools and Imperialism and Social Service "An Undergraduate" is afraid of "an appalling picture of youthful gravity." Frankly I find it difficult to treat this seriously. It is a ludicrous idea to suppose that finer ideals and a cleaner atmosphere will carry with them a solemn priggishness and a premature sadness. Trust human nature to avert that. But I firmly adhere to my remarks in the former article. "Every year," he says, "hundreds of boys leave the Public Schools to devote their lives to the Service of State and Empire." Many do, it is true, and all honour to them for it. But many more, so many as to make any one who realises the facts very anxious, go out primarily to serve themselves and only secondarily their country. And it is only through genuine self-sacrifice and service that either at home or abroad we can hope to succeed.

In one paragraph "An Undergraduate" deals with a subject I had carefully avoided. I mean religion. But I welcome his remarks. There are, beyond all question, signs of a big religious movement in the Universities. But with exceptions of certainly great importance the Schools are not greatly affected.

As a final word to "An Undergraduate," may I say that I am astounded at his imagining that the errors of School can be so easily obliterated afterwards. Nobody can fail to admire the fine men who may be found in the Army, in the Universities or in other professions; the great and growing interest in social and national questions. But there is also painfully obvious a great volume of apathy and luxury and frequently a depressing standard of morality. Surely "An Undergraduate" has seen enough of the world to realise that while recovery from immoral habits at School is always possible, it is never easy, and usually of hideous difficulty. Does the freer life of University or Army necessarily effect the change? No, it is at School, when characters are more impressionable and plastic, that the great opportunity comes. I may add that this theory of an easy recovery ill-harmonises with "An Undergraduate's" rather despairing and, as I believe, untrue statement, "Give him (a boy) vulgar, worldly, careless parents, and it is precious hard to change him." How much harder after he has dipped into the mire at school.

So much then in reply to "An Undergraduate." May I again thank him very warmly for his article? I envy his skill and his ability, and I would I had half his power of expression and sympathetic style.

With regard to "A Parent's" contribution, I wish only respectfully and gratefully to say that I agree with every word of it except the rather amazing suggestion that there should be more masters. Quality is wanted, quantity is there. If only all parents were like this one!

Finally it is most gratifying to find that one of the much-abused Schoolmasters has given his view to this discussion. If he thinks it is impudent for one so young as I to offer any criticism of the deliberately expressed opinion of one so much older and with probably a life-long experience of this particular subject, I can only plead the same excuse as in my former article; that I speak from first-hand knowledge, that however much the schoolboy sees his surroundings crudely and one-sidedly, yet he does see from a point of view which enables him to speak with accuracy and inside knowledge as perhaps he never can again. Frankly "An Assistant Master's" article seems to me an admirable justification for an attack on the present

condition of the Public Schools. In face of all that every undergraduate or ex-schoolboy knows, it would be laughable if it were not so serious to read the following passage, written by an actual Schoolmaster—a fulsome panegyric of his own class. "Now men of special fitness for the work, of genuine moral earnestness and unsleeping vigilance, of tact and experience, are quite incessantly fostering the kind of atmosphere fatal to moral evil of all sorts, but especially the one under discussion." I will not deny for a moment that many such men exist; I trust and believe they are increasing. But there are many miles to travel yet. It is this lamentable ignorance, and complacent confidence in themselves that prevents such a very large number of Schoolmasters from attacking the problem before them with that vigour and earnestness to serve which can come only from a realisation that all is not well, and a humble recognition of the tremendously exacting qualities needed for their task. The writer of this article works himself into a deplorable attitude of wilful blindness as his article proceeds, with such phrases as "the humble, patient efforts for the building up of virile generations of young Englishmen," or, "There is nothing to show that he ('A Public Schoolboy') knows more than a single section of one School," and triumphantly announces as a last word that he is "prepared to turn a deaf ear to the pitiful prating of the ignorant." He would very gravely reconsider these glib sentences were he to pass a week in each of the Public Schools. "Readers," he writes, "should be cautioned against ascribing to him ('A Public Schoolboy') a wider knowledge or more intimate acquaintance with fact than his elders have." This is merely thoroughly deceptive both to himself and his readers, however comforting it may be.

So, in spite of some very interesting remarks, as for instance those about religious teaching in the Schools, which are profoundly true, I cannot agree with the conclusions which "An Assistant Master" comes to, because I believe him not only ignorant but blind to the true facts of the case. I wish to make it quite clear that I am quite aware that there are one or two schools which are quite exceptional for the fineness and cleanness of their moral atmosphere. I do not forget them for a moment. But they are a very small minority.

I cannot conclude this most ill-written article without saying how gratified I am at the discussion which has been raised on this all-important topic. It really does not matter how much people disagree, provided that they are giving these problems sincere and earnest thought. It is apathy that is threatening Modern England, it is apathy and complacent confidence in themselves that is threatening the Public Schools. To recapitulate: we have in England to-day the finest instrument in the world for training character and making men. The Præfectorial system, for instance, is a thing we must never allow to go. On the other hand, I believe most earnestly that at a time when social, national, imperial, moral, religious difficulties are laying before the upper classes an entirely unprecedented challenge, the Public Schools need rousing, invigorating, and cleansing. Rich men have still to learn to serve, to live simple lives without the accompaniments of luxury and indulgence. The England of to-morrow will not be made by the legislation passed through Parliament, but by the temper and manners of her sons. Above all is this true of the ruling class.

I believe that a movement is beginning already. As I have said, some Schools have changed and are changing wonderfully. The Boy-Scout Movement will have fundamental results. May I respectfully invite every reader's very earnest consideration to that very striking movement—"The Agenda Club." But still this colossal opportunity confronts the Public Schools.

Will they take it while there is yet time?

A Public Schoolboy

AMERICAN AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, *July* 7, 1911

IT may seem a rash statement that second only to the interest of the British Empire in the proceedings of the Imperial Conference has been that of the United States, but I believe it to be a fact. I do not mean that it has been a popular topic of discussion or that the average newspaper reader has followed the proceedings of the Conference with close and intelligent attention, but to those persons who appreciate the great forces of Empire, and who know that the relations between the Mother Land and her self-governing Dominions were never so lightly held—with one exception, that epoch-making year in British history, 1776—as they are now, the results of the Imperial Conference have been awaited with the keenest interest. In the United States the number of people who study international relations and understand their meaning becomes larger every year. Not so long ago the man who had a clear conception of the play of world forces and could see their bearing on the United States was so rare as to be a curiosity, and foreign politics were disregarded because they were supposed to have no concern for the American. Now it is very different. Experience has brought knowledge, or perhaps it would be more correct to say experience has dispelled some ignorance. Foreign affairs are still a sealed book to most Americans, but there are enough of the literati to whom the pages carry their message.

To this class the meeting of the Imperial Conference was an event of the highest importance. Americans are not wanting in patriotism, and the patriotic American naturally hoped that the Conference would prove fruitless, although he feared that wisdom might guide its counsellors. It was with intense relief that he learned the Colonial Premiers had enjoyed themselves

hugely during the Coronation festivities, but had done nothing to tighten the links in the chain of Empire. The upper class cultivated American whose vision is wide enough to enable him to grasp international politics is neither an Anglomaniac nor an Anglophobe, although, as a rule, he admires England for all that she has done and the influence she has exercised in the spread of civilisation and the example she has set in good government. But first and foremost he is a patriotic American, and if his thoughts were translated into words I think they would be expressed something like this:

> I want to see America sit at the head of the council table of nations. I want to see her primacy so universally recognised that only the presumption of ignorance would dispute it. I want her to exercise the voice of authority, and to be able to enforce it if necessary. And then next to my own country, I want to see England strong and rich, but neither so strong nor so rich as America.

Americans who think imperially recognise that so long as the British Empire remains intact the dream of American primacy will not be realised, and only when the Empire is disintegrated will Great Britain be forced to surrender first place. This does not mean that the American would deliberately do anything to bring about the downfall of Great Britain, but all history has taught that nations, like individuals, rise and decline and die, that all nature lives to decay and decays to live again, and if it be inevitable that nations must at last yield their greatness, and that the span of national existence like that of mortal is limited, then the same destiny that has ordained that Great Britain shall fall has selected the United States to rise. The American will not assist destiny, but he will make no attempt to resist it.

Americans may underestimate the difficulties that beset the British Empire, having only superficial knowledge they may not be able, perhaps, fully to understand the task of British statesmen, but applying the test of their own experience they are puzzled why a modification of the same principle that has worked, all things considered, so well in their own case cannot be applied to meet the problems that British statesmen must solve if the Empire is to be kept together.

The difficulties confronting us [said a man of high position and wide knowledge who takes keen interest in British affairs] at the time when we adopted the Constitution were not, I think, any less than those which now face Britain. We were confronted with the alternative of becoming an Empire in the truest sense of the word or remaining simply a Confederation and always in danger of some member of the Confederation withdrawing because of jealousy or some equally trivial cause. Relatively the distance that separated the colonies was greater in our day than is the actual distance that separates Canada from England or Australia from England or Canada to-day, and the means of communication were slower, much more difficult and much more uncertain, for electricity and steam have made thought instantaneous, and the Englishman of Canada or Australia thinks the same thing at the same moment as the Englishman of England. Moreover, the conflict of interests was greater at the time of our birth than are those of the British Empire to-day. Part of our people derived their support from manufacturing and part from agriculture; some of our people lived on the seaboard and looked to the sea to feed and clothe them and give them wealth, others lived far inland, never saw the sea and had no knowledge of what the sea meant for their happiness and security. The interests of the different States were antagonistic, for the manufacturing States wanted cheap raw materials and cheap food-supplies and taxed manufactures, the agricultural States wanted cheap manufactures and the products of the soil protected. There was the danger of each State imposing its own tariff against its neighbour, which would have made an imperial policy impossible. We escaped that danger by free trade within the Empire, and while our fiscal system has not been universally approved, while some of our own people have attacked it as inequitable and conferring benefits on favoured States at the expense of others, yet, all things considered, it has worked well and created an Empire so firmly welded that we have no fear of its disintegration.

We solved our problem by giving our people a dual citizenship. We made them citizens of the State as well as citizens of the Empire. We gave to the States the largest measure of local self-government, and at the same time we retained the overlordship of the Empire. We made a mistake just as you have done. We gave our States such an excessive measure of self-government that we risked the danger of the Empire becoming subordinate to the State, but we are now correcting that, and the authority of the Empire is increasing as that of the State decreases. The mistake you made was to give your colonies and dominions an excessive measure of self-government without making provision for the effective exercise of imperial control. If to-day we were required to formulate a constitution, with the experience of the past hundred years as a guide, we should, I am sure, still more narrowly restrict the powers of the States and expand the authority of the central government, as you undoubtedly would if you were beginning anew the work of colonisation. Fortunately we were able to find a remedy for our mistakes before it was too late.

It is always a delicate matter to make suggestions. It savours too often of impertinence, especially when it is an outsider interfering in family affairs. But I have never been able to understand why the English, with their genius for government, have not applied to the British Empire some form of the

federal principle. You could not, of course, now federate the British Empire in the same way that we federated the colonies, but why you do not create a federal council I do not understand.

What do you mean by a federal council? I asked.

I mean a council composed of delegates from Great Britain, Canada, Australia, and so on to constitute a permanent body, who would meet every day or once a week or as often as might be necessary, and who would discuss, sometimes in public and sometimes in secret, the affairs of the Empire, so that, in a word, you bring the Empire in one room instead of scattering it all over the globe.

But would Canada, for instance, be satisfied to have its tariff regulated by the action of its delegates in the federal council, or, even more obnoxious, to have its tariff regulated over the protests of its delegates, because those delegates were outvoted by the delegates representing Great Britain, Australia, and other dominions?

No, decidedly not, but that would not happen. The federal council, at the beginning, at any rate, would simply have consultative powers, but would have no right of final action. For instance, Canada contemplates reciprocity with the United States, which may—I do not say it will—be of benefit to Canada and of corresponding injury to the rest of the Empire, but the Empire knows nothing about it until it is *fait accompli*, or at least so well on the way to completion that it is impossible to stay action. If Canada perfunctorily informs the British Government of her intention the British Government gives her assent, because she can do nothing else, Canada having complete control of her own tariffs. If, on the other hand, Canada, through her delegates to the federal council, announced her intention and the bearing of Canada's contemplated action on the Empire at large was discussed, Canada might be willing to make a sacrifice or to forego the advantages for compensation granted in other directions.

What compensation could be granted? England can grant no tariff concessions to Canada not enjoyed by the United States, for example.

Not now, of course, but that would follow as a matter of course. So long as England believes in free trade the federal principle is impossible, for protection lies at the very root of federalism—the protection of your own people and your own country against the competition of other peoples and other nations, and federalism and free trade are an impossible mixture. When a majority of the English people are in favour of protection, federalism in some form or other will follow as a matter of course, although it may then be too late really to be effective. So far as Americans are concerned the longer that day is delayed the better it is for them. Take this matter of reciprocity as a concrete illustration. I am positive the President is right when he says that reciprocity will be a good thing for the United States, and if it is a good thing for Canada so much the better, as the arrangement will last all the longer. We are able to make this arrangement only because England has nothing better, or even so good, to offer Canada. If she had there would be no chance for us.

I have quoted this man at some length because it shows how Americans are thinking and that they are shrewd enough to see what to Englishmen is obscure. Americans are very careful now to say little or nothing about annexation as they know what a ticklish subject it is, and they want to do nothing to alarm Canadians. But a great many Americans no longer regard the talk of annexation as chimerical. Whether annexation is near or far, it must be plain to every one that if the result of reciprocity is advantageous to the Dominion, it will make her enjoy more intimate relations with the United States, and the intimacy of those relations will be at the expense of the Mother Country. It is inevitable. Sentiment counts for much, but, unfortunately, dollars and cents count for more. The average Canadian, who is not an Englishman, but a Canadian, that is Canadian born and the son of a native Canadian, may have a sentimental affection for England, but if it is the United States that is making him rich, if the United States has given him something which she has given no one else, while England gives him nothing which she does not give every one else, would it really be surprising if the Canadian, who has never seen England, who knows nothing about England, and who has no blood ties with England, should come to think that the United States was of more importance to him than England?

Last November, when the Democrats elected a majority of the members of the House of Representatives and Governors in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Ohio, the Republicans were so despondent that they were willing to concede the election of a Democratic President. Even Mr. Taft shared the general depression. He believed that fate intended him to be a "one-term President," than which nothing can be more humiliating to an American statesman; that he was unpopular, and to some extent he was responsible for the party disaster. Mr. Taft's personal fortunes were at a low ebb last November, and the party was no stronger than its leader. In a little more than six months there has been a remarkable change. Last November men were seriously discussing whether it would be politic to refuse Mr. Taft a renomination and perhaps snatch victory from defeat under a new commander. To-day

there is no such talk. Mr. Taft's renomination is conceded, and certainly if the nomination were to be made now he would have no opposition in the convention worth mentioning. Mr. Taft is undoubtedly more popular now than he has been at any time since he entered the White House. Canadian reciprocity has helped him immensely; it was a master stroke in itself, and circumstances have conspired to turn it doubly to his advantage, for while it has helped him it has brought embarrassment to his enemies.

Reciprocity is popular with the people, who think they are going to profit by the arrangement with Canada, and so long as the people believe that naturally they support the President who is fighting their battle. The more the people think that reciprocity is to their advantage the greater their dislike of the men who are opposing it, the "Insurgents" from the middle west, who are solely responsible for the long delay in the passage of the Bill. But for them reciprocity would now be a law. The President is fortunate, too, in having the support of his political opponents, the Democrats, and almost the entire Press of the country, as the newspapers believe that reciprocity will cheapen the cost of paper. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the President should now find himself as popular as he was unpopular a few months ago, and that the Republicans should be much more hopeful.

"President Taft is stronger than he ever was." This is the opinion of Victor L. Berger, the only Socialist ever elected to Congress.

> He will be renominated without serious opposition. The Insurgents by opposing reciprocity have lost their opportunity and are disintegrating every day. . . A year ago it seemed as if Taft was hopelessly unpopular. La Follette was to be put up for President as the leader of the Insurgents. It was not expected that he would defeat Taft in the convention, but that with Taft as the Republican nominee it was thought the Democrats could elect a President. If La Follette had been a statesmen he would have stood by his guns and retained his following. But he didn't, and now his followers are slipping away from him.

The Anglo-American arbitration treaty has also helped Mr. Taft and has secured him the support of the churches and the people who oppose "militarism" in every form.

As Republican hopes have gone up Democratic have gone

down. It is the misfortune of the Democrats to be burdened, like some families, with undesirable connections. In Congress the Democrats have done admirably and their work, and the manner in which they have executed it, has met with the approval of the country, but their weakness is outside of Congress. New York, always the witches' caldron of Democratic politics, is again boiling and the brew is offensive to the nostrils of decent people. Governor Dix, of whom much was expected at the time of his election last November, has proved a disappointment, and Mr. Murphy, the Boss of Tammany Hall, is supposed to be in complete control of the legislature at Albany and to be manipulating it for his own benefit.

The New York *World*, the most influential Democratic newspaper in the United States, is making bitter war on Murphy and demands that an independent organisation be created to oppose Tammany. The situation, it says, is not hopeless, but no time must be lost if Murphy is to be overthrown and power wrested from him. A Republican paper taunts the *World* with using Murphy as an excuse to support the Republican candidate for the presidency next year, to which the *World* replies:

Possibly Mr. Taft's re-election by reason of Democratic apathy toward Murphy and general hostility to Tammany might be a good thing for the country. Mr. Taft is immeasurably stronger than he was a year ago, and is steadily growing. He has survived the great blunders of his Administration, such as the Ballinger appointment, the Cabinet of corporation lawyers, the subserviency to Roosevelt, the defence of the Payne-Aldrich tariff, dollar diplomacy and the Kerens-Hammond money bag appointments. He is stronger now than he has ever been before since his inauguration. Who can tell how strong he will be a year from now, and especially in New York, without whose vote no Democratic President can be elected, if the reign of Murphy and Tammany goes unchecked?

Without the vote of New York it will be impossible for the Democrats to elect their candidate, and if the *World* bolts the ticket and the independent voters show their disgust of Murphy and Tammany methods by voting for Mr. Taft, New York is lost to the Democrats, and as New York goes so goes the presidency, according to a political proverb that has almost the force of a law.

However, the Democrats, far from being despondent, are in

very optimistic mood and make light of any difficulties they must overcome. The truth is that neither side will have a walk-over, and if the two parties a year hence hold their relative positions of to-day the chances will slightly favour the Democrats.

The adoption by the Senate of a resolution submitting to the various states an amendment of the Constitution for the election of senators by direct vote of the people instead of by the legislatures is a constitutional change as important as that now being attempted in England. Members of the House of Representatives, the Lower House as it is popularly called to distinguish it from the Senate, the Upper House, are elected by districts like members of the House of Commons, while senators are elected by the joint vote of the two houses of the legislature. The theory of the Constitution is that the House of Representatives represent the people and the Senate the State, and on that theory each State has two senators irrespective of the size or population of the State. It was supposed that the senators would be men of greater calibre than the representatives; and that only men of the highest character and ability would be selected by the legislatures to represent the State in Washington. The seat of all corruption in American politics is not Congress but the State legislature, and a seat in the Senate has been too often sold by a venal legislature to the highest bidder, or it has been given by the boss as a reward for party services. For more than a quarter of a century there has been an agitation to deprive the legislature of its power and to elect senators by the vote of the State at large, for while it is comparatively easy to corrupt a legislature the members of which can, as a rule, be cheaply bought, it would be more difficult to corrupt an entire State, and the expense would of course be much greater.

The House had previously adopted the resolution and the Senate passed it with slight modifications, so that these differences must be reconciled before the resolution is submitted to the States, and it must be ratified by three-fourths of them to become effective. Assuming that the legislatures will heed what is clearly a popular demand, many men question whether anything will be gained by the change. It is true that it will cost more to buy a seat in the Senate, but that will make little difference

to the man who has the money and is willing to spend it, and it will perhaps make it impossible for a poor man to come to the Senate; and there are to-day and always have been senators solely dependent upon their salaries. A rich man can send his agents throughout the State and by the use of money and other means secure votes, while the poor man would be placed at a decided advantage. It will be interesting to see whether the standard of the Senate is raised by the change or whether corruption in elections assumes only another form.

One reason why there is so much corruption in American politics is that with the exception of two or three States there are no effective Corrupt Practices Acts, and things done by candidates or their agents that in Great Britain would land them in prison are either permitted or winked at in America. The use of money is practically unlimited, and unless the buying of voters or members of the legislative is so open that it creates a flagrant public scandal it passes unnoticed. The State of Oregon, which has given birth to several fantastic political devices, has a Corrupt Practices Act which other States might profitably place on their statute books.

The Oregon law provides that the Secretary of State shall issue a pamphlet in which each candidate is permitted to use space not exceeding four pages, in setting forth the principles for which he stands and the reasons why he should be nominated. His opponents may occupy an equal number of pages, but they are required to sign their names to their arguments and are responsible under the libel laws of the State. Candidates must pay from $10 to $100 a page for this space, the amount varying with the importance of the office. A copy of this pamphlet must be mailed to every registered voter not less than eight days prior to election. In practice, the Secretary of State mails the pamphlet to the voter as soon as he registers.

After the nominations have been made, the Secretary of State issues another pamphlet, which is also sent to every registered voter, in which each party may occupy a space not exceeding twenty-four pages at a cost of $50 a page, and each candidate four pages at $100 a page. In addition a candidate may spend not to exceed fifteen *per cent.* of one year's salary in the primary

campaign, and ten per cent. of one year's salary after he has been nominated. If a candidate for senator should expend the full amount permitted by law it would amount in all to $525, which is much below the average election expenses of a member of the Senate. Every candidate is required to file a sworn itemised statement of his expenses within fifteen days after election, and a similar statement must be filed by every person who expended or contributed $50 or more in support of or in opposition to any candidate. The penalty for violation of the Act is a fine of not more than $5000, or imprisonment for not more than one year, or both, and a candidate violating the law forfeits his right to the office. Whether the law is strictly enforced in Oregon and there is less corruption than in other states I am not informed.

American supervision over the affairs of Central America is growing apace, and if the Senate shows the same statesmanlike grasp that has been displayed by the President and the Secretary of State the turbulent republics of Central America will not only enjoy peace for the first time in their history, but their commerce will be developed for the benefit of the world no less than for themselves. The Secretary of State has signed treaties with the Governments of Honduras and Nicaragua by which the finances of those republics will be reorganised by American bankers. These treaties do not contemplate an American protectorate or that dread of the American, an "entangling alliance," but provide for a readjustment of the debts of the two countries and the honest collection of their revenues. In every Central American republic the prize of revolution is the Custom House, and it is to obtain control of the dues from imports that "patriots" are willing to sacrifice themselves and pull down the President in power. The Custom House is the one sure means of revenue; internal taxes may be evaded or avoided by those means of which the Latin American is a past master, but the importer must pay his duties before his goods are released. The Central American republics would be able to balance their budgets if their taxes were honestly collected, but from the moment money is paid at the port of entry there are leaks, and the Treasury receives only a *percentage* of the

receipts, the remainder being the reward of "patriots" big and little.

Under these treaties American bankers will advance sufficient money to enable the republics to pay off their creditors, and the Customs, in charge of American officials, will be pledged as security. The hold of the United States on Central America will, of course, be strengthened, and it is this "benevolent supervision" that has aroused antagonism in the Senate, especially among the Democrats, who object to the United States becoming involved in the affairs of Central America. If American bankers guarantee these loans and a revolution should threaten the security on which the loans are based, the United States would be compelled to intervene, which is contrary to Democratic ideas. Yet it is apparent that one of the great Powers must occupy this relation to the Central American republics, and in view of the Monroe doctrine that duty rests upon the United States. It is not a matter of choice. It is an obligation imposed upon the United States which she cannot shirk.

A. MAURICE LOW

BEET SUGAR AS A BRITISH INDUSTRY

THE agitation in favour of establishing the sugar beet industry in the British Isles has now reached a stage at which it is desirable to give as many definite facts as possible and avoid generalities. I am as much opposed to over-statements in favour of the industry as to the many quite absurd arguments circulating against it, and which I fear the space at my disposal will not allow me to criticise as fully as I desire. I make no apology for inviting attention to this question, because, when a subject can be regarded as of importance from its economical, sociological, scientific, political, agricultural, and commercial aspects, it may safely be said to be one of more than ordinary interest. Now, the sugar industry has played a great part in many countries in connection with all these points, but it is to chemists and scientists that the world is largely indebted for its wonderful development. It would be hard to find in the whole range of human progress a more striking example of the enormous benefits arising from the triple alliance of Science, Industry, and Agriculture.

It is surely a most remarkable fact that such agricultural scientists as Messrs. Rabbethge, of Klein Wanzleben, and others should have been able, by careful cultivation, observation and selection, to produce a beet-root containing 15, 16, 17 and even in some cases over 20 per cent. of sugar, when it is remembered that the sugar contents of the original primitive wild beet are only about 2 per cent.

If the world owes much to chemists for cheap sugar, the debt to the engineering profession is scarcely less great. It is only by comparing the rudimentary processes by which sugar was extracted from the beet at considerable cost, to those in use in a modern factory, that this can be realised. A problem of great difficulty had to be resolved by the chemist

and engineer. We here have vast quantities of a perishable article—tens of thousands of tons (some of the large factories on the Continent treat as much as three thousand tons of beet a day)—arriving at the factory, and having to be handled in a very short time. A beet factory only works from sixty to, at the outside, one hundred days a year, and the beets arrive by waggons, rail, or boat, in an unending stream, whilst they cannot be stored for long. The margin of profit is very small, and the mere rapid handling of this vast quantity of material is a serious problem, so that for economical and other reasons the process of manufacture must be a continuous one. From the time the beets are shot into the yard, on or alongside the flumes by which they are carried to the washing machines, thence to the cutting machines, automatically elevated, weighed, treated in diffusion batteries, limed, crystallised, &c., either as raw 80 per cent. or refined granulated sugar, there must be no stop in the process of manufacture. A modern beet factory, with its many boilers, miles of piping, hundreds of valves, pumps, batteries of diffusers, defecators, filters, evaporators, centrifugals, &c., is, indeed, an engineering triumph.

Although in an article dealing with this subject it might be reasonable to expect much technical detail, I may state at once that I am not going into details of technical manufacture, for I don't profess to have the necessary expert knowledge. I am merely a humble outsider, much interested in land and agriculture, and in the great rural problem. I have been also much struck by the enormous influence which the sugar industry has had in the scientific agricultural development of other countries, and the absolute ignorance of the subject prevailing amongst all classes here, with the exception of those actually concerned in the sugar trade, and a few others.

Let us first of all consider some of the general aspects of the question. Sugar is an important article of food, in fact, it may be said to have become an absolute necessity in these days. Our total imports of sugar and molasses last year were 1,884,681 tons of a value of £25,282,484. Of this amount 1,322,515 tons of the value of £17,593,139 was beet sugar from the Continent of Europe, and 562,165 tons of cane sugar of the value of £7,689,350, of which only 130,139 tons of the value of £1,843,088

came from the British Colonies. 1910 was not quite a normal year, for prices were greatly enhanced by abnormal speculation, so I give the figures for 1909 as well. These were: Total imports, 1,918,968 tons, value £22,370,683. Of this 202,489 tons, value £2,232,785, was unrefined cane. A very small proportion—85,298 tons, value £1,002,147—came from our possessions. The imports of beet sugar and molasses amounted to 1,621,508 tons (£19,137,998), and it may be of interest to mention that the bulk came from two countries, viz., 789,224 tons (£9,641,518) from Germany, and 333,408 tons, value £4,251,650, from Austria. It will thus be seen that we are to a great extent dependent for our sugar supplies on the continental beet industry—much more so than most people imagine. It is surprising to find how many educated people there are who, until recently, had never heard that sugar was made from beet, whilst others thought that all sugar consumed in England was made from cane.* Being thus dependent on the Continent, it is easy to imagine how prices might at once rise against us to an alarming extent in the event of any widespread continental commotion.

It is difficult to understand why our great confectionery manufacturers, who are wholly dependent on foreign sugar for their raw material, should be so concerned about the present import duties on sugar, amounting to one-fifth of a penny per lb., and should apparently pay so little attention to the possibility of developing the home industry which might provide large quantities of raw material at their own doors.

The sugar industry is one which employs a great deal of labour, and in these days, when the continental armies absorb practically the whole of the male population below a certain age, a general conflagration could not help interfering in a disastrous way with the supplies of sugar. According to the report of the Royal Commission on the Supply of Food and Raw Material in Time of War, the average stock of sugar in this country is only equal to three months' supply. Anything,

* The idea, which one so often hears given expression to, that beet sugar is not so sweet as that made from cane is a pure fallacy. Chemists say that it is not possible, when once sugar is refined, to detect any analytical difference between cane and beet, and the difference observable between the sugar generally found abroad and that used in England is purely one of manufacture.

therefore, which can render us and our great sugar-consuming industries less dependent on continental supplies must be worthy of our earnest consideration.

We have next to consider the agricultural position in England. During the last fifty years some 4,000,000 acres of land that formerly grew corn have been laid down or allowed to go down in grass, very often of an inferior description. Whereas some eighty years ago we grew corn sufficient to feed 23,600,000 out of a total population of 24,600,000, or 96 per cent. (1831–5), in 1901–5 the proportion had sunk to 10·6 per cent., or 4,500,000, out of a total population of 42,400,000; in fact, more corn land has gone out of cultivation than the entire area which now grows wheat in these islands. The result of this has been that we are to an alarming extent dependent upon the foreigner for our food. Our agricultural population has diminished by one-half, and we are constantly hearing complaints as to the inefficient cultivation of the land, and the importance of doing all we can to prevent people from continuing to migrate into the urban industrial centres. What is urgently needed is any industrial development closely connected with, and dependent on, agriculture, and providing plenty of employment in the rural districts at wages which will tend to keep the people there instead of flocking into the towns. Anything, therefore, which will do this, and will, at the same time, encourage the development of what is known as scientific and intensive farming, anything which will increase the fertility of the land and bring grass land once more under the plough, cannot fail to be of importance to this country. If the sugar industry has had the effect of producing these results in other countries, it is surely desirable to see if it could not be made to produce similar results in the British Islands. Some interesting figures were given in a recent article by Mr. Saxon Mills which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, as showing the advance Germany has made since 1880.

TONS.

	Rye.	Wheat.	Oats.	Potatoes.	Sugar.	Hay.
1880	4,952,325	2,345,278	4,228,128	19,466,242	415,000	19,563,388
1908	10,736,874	3,767,767	7,694,833	46,342,726	2,139,000	27,076,097

	Cattle.	Pigs.
1883 . .	15,766,702	9,206,195
1907 . .	20,630,544	22,146,532

Exports of manufactured goods:

1880	. . .	£88,500,000
1907	. . .	£231,966,000

As a contrast, with the single exception of oats, all other crops in the United Kingdom since 1885 show a decline; some of them a considerable decline. As stated, the wheat produced at home only suffices for 10·6 of our population. Taking corn crops as a whole the area cultivated has declined by nearly 40 per cent. in the last thirty years, and during the same period there has been a decline of one-sixth in the area under green crops. Again, unemployment in this country has become a matter demanding the close attention of the legislature, and the expenditure of large sums provided by the taxpayer. Surely it is, therefore, of interest to neglect no opportunity of developing, on sound lines, any industry which does not exist amongst us at the present time, and which would give employment to our people when it is so badly wanted. Such are some of the broad aspects to which I would invite attention, for the purpose of considering whether it would not be highly advantageous from these points of view if the beet-sugar industry could be established in this country, whether the difficulties in the way cannot be overcome, and if not, why not?

Let us first see what has been done abroad. Two years ago there were 1400 beet sugar factories in the world, of which Germany had 354, Austria-Hungary 222, France 252, Russia 277, Belgium 77, Holland, 27, Sweden 21, Denmark 8, Italy 35, Spain 32, North America 70, and Canada 6, whilst Great Britain was, and is, represented by the depressing word *nil*.

The above list shows how widespread is the sugar industry, and under what diversity of climates it flourishes. When this industry is discussed, three countries only are usually mentioned—France, Germany and Austria-Hungary, but here it should be noted that it flourishes equally well in many smaller countries. It seems to me a striking fact that a small country like Sweden, with its population of 5,476,000, that is to say, less than Greater London, should be able to support a sugar company with a capital of no less than £7,500,000, operating twenty-one factories. Denmark, with its population of 2,600,000, has two large companies which have been very successful; and even such industrially backward countries as Italy and Spain manufacture their own

sugar. The number of acres under beet cultivation in the various countries referred to was then five millions, whilst in Great Britain we had last year, and for the first time, a few hundred acres, mostly growing experimental crops, the larger portion of which was exported and sold to foreign manufacturers.

What is the reason of this? In the first place, the continental industry originated under the pressure of circumstances caused by the difficulties of obtaining cane sugar during the Napoleonic wars, and continental nations at once realised the importance of the industry. By direct bounties, by remission of taxation, and by various forms of encouragement, the industry was gradually developed, huge sums were spent in improving the method of manufacture, whilst we here in England were first of all satisfied with our imports of cane sugar, and afterwards, in our pursuit of cheap supplies, we were content to profit by the surplus of beet sugar from the Continent, which was sent to these markets and frequently sold at prices considerably under cost. By their system of taxation, and by their bounties, foreign manufacturers, protected by their tariffs, were able to make large profits in the supply of their own markets, and to send us their surplus at any prices which could be realised.

Under these circumstances, it became impracticable to make a start here on commercial lines, because, very naturally, nobody in his senses would put up capital for an industry which was liable at any time to be undersold and destroyed by foreign bounty-fed supplies. This bounty-fed sugar not only had the effect of stopping any development in our country, but it also began to do great harm to cane sugar. Continental consumers became restive in consequence of the high prices of sugar in their own countries, but their respective governments and manufacturers were so jealous of each other that it was a matter of great difficulty to get them together for the purpose of mutually agreeing to abolish the bounty system. This, however was at last effected by the Brussels Convention in 1903, and, from that moment, it became possible for the first time to look upon the sugar-beet industry as one which might be profitably established in the British Isles. It is difficult to understand the short-sighted attitude adopted by those who at the time so hotly opposed the Brussels Convention.

During the long period of inaction, however, various prejudices had sprung up, and owing to one or two unsuccessful ventures some forty years ago, when neither the machinery for extraction, nor the sugar-beet itself was so highly developed as it is to-day, the public over here got the idea that the British climate was unsuitable for the proper ripening of the roots. It is only by constant experiments that we have at last been able to convince people, who ought to have known better, that roots quite equal to, if not better than, those grown on the Continent can be produced in these isles. We have proved conclusively that excellent sugar-beet can be grown here, and it has now become a business question pure and simple as to whether the growing can be made to pay.

After all, it is difficult to see why the climate question should ever have been raised at all. The industry is a profitable and lucrative one in Northern France, Holland, and Belgium, with climates very much akin to ours, and it seems strange that there should be any valid reason why with us the industry should be impossible, or of no commercial or agricultural value at all. It was always contended that we had not enough sunshine here, but sunshine is not everything with beetroot. It requires a considerable amount of moisture in the spring and summer, though fine weather in the latter part of August, in September, and October is of great importance for the purpose of creating a sufficient percentage of sugar in the roots. I think the experience with our climate is that we usually have a very fair amount of fine weather during these months.

Then we are told that the question of labour is an insuperable one. That certainly is a difficulty, but it is one which ought to be got over by careful organisation. It is true that far more labour is required on the land for beet cultivation than is the case with our present system of agriculture. But is not this what is wanted? I should have thought that the fact of this labour being required would make all thoughtful persons desire to spend some public money in the encouragement of such an industry instead of utilising it for doles to unemployed and the establishment of labour colonies.

Wages on the Continent have been steadily rising for years past, and in many parts, where the sugar industry is quite

successful, labour is fully as expensive as in this country. It is quite a mistake to state that beet cultivation cannot be carried on without a large amount of cheap imported labour. It is perfectly true that in the huge beet fields that are found in some parts of Austria, in the Magdeburg district of Germany, in Denmark and Sweden, it is the practice to import every year large numbers of labourers—frequently women—from Poland, Lithuania, and other countries. In the Magdeburg district some nine hundred Polish women are imported every year to do the singling of the roots, the careful and necessary hoeing, and to assist in the lifting at the end of the season. They are housed in barracks built for the purpose, fed, and looked after, and the cost of all this, together with the wages, comes out at about 3*s*. a day, which cannot be said to be absurdly cheap for female labour. It is a healthy occupation, and I will undertake to say that these women who work in the beet fields produce far stronger children than many of our British women who spend their lives in the unhealthy atmosphere of factories, workrooms and slums. A large amount of extra labour is now obtained from our towns for pea, fruit, and hop-picking. Why should it be impossible to organise such labour for beet culture? There are, however, many places on the Continent where these large beet farms are not found, and where beet is raised without the aid of imported labour.

From the point of view of machinery and plant, we have a distinct advantage in this country. The continental industry has been built up and developed stage by stage, and, while many of the factories are modern, well-equipped, and up-to-date, others have antiquated plant, and are laid out in an uneconomical manner. If we could start the industry here we should be able to avail ourselves of all the accumulated experience of Continental engineers. We should have nothing but the best and most up-to-date plant, and after we had got well started we should be able to compete on satisfactory terms with the large run of continental factories. We have also an advantage in our cheap and excellent coal and lime, and it should be remembered that many foreign factories have to be run with imported English coal. Seeing that a factory dealing with some 50,000 tons of roots would be consuming about 6000 tons of coal in the course

of a three months' "campaign," it will be appreciated that this question of fuel is an important one.

Then again, we have the advantage of ready local markets amongst our own people for the refined granulated which it is proposed should be manufactured. This would mean a saving in the matter of freights, rehandling, and profits.

Now, why is it that we are experiencing such trouble in making a start? The main difficulty is this: besides being new to our people it is an industry in which you have to show two profits. If the growth of the sugar-beet is not a profitable crop to the farmer he won't grow it, and so the factories cannot obtain the necessary supplies. Then again if the factories fail to make a profit by selling their finished product they cannot continue working, and the industry as a commercial proposition becomes impossible. A factory, therefore, has got to pay the farmer such a price as will satisfy him, and, at the same time, not make it impossible to earn profits. The whole question, therefore, hangs on what price a factory can get for its output and for its by-products, and on its manufacturing costs.

I will now proceed to deal very briefly with the agricultural side. There are many people going about saying that the time for experiments has passed, and that what we want is something practical in the way of a factory. This latter is very true, but the time for experiments is by no means passed. The time for small experiments, to show that we could grow the root, has certainly gone by, but we are still with very incomplete data for the purpose of showing the actual quantity of sugar per acre we could produce in commercial quantities, and the cost of growing it. Many of our experiments lead us to think that with our moist climate we can do rather better than on the Continent, but we want further proof of what we can really do year-in year-out when growing beet as a commercial crop.

I speak advisedly of sugar per acre instead of weight of crops, because our farmers, who are accustomed simply to judge root crops by their weight, have to be educated to understand that unless you can produce a satisfactory percentage of sugar in your roots, a heavy crop is not necessarily better than a lighter one. If by growing a high quality beet Mr. Jones can produce, with fifteen tons to the acre, as much sugar from a given area

as his neighbour Mr. Brown does with seventeen tons to the acre, then Jones is the better off, because he has two tons of roots per acre less to lift and cart to the factory, and the factory has less matter to handle and work.

What is now wanted is the growing of some experimental crops of ten acres or more on properly prepared ground and under the careful supervision of experts. If this can be done in various localities, and a careful record kept of all expenses, together with the *actual* weight—not the estimated weight of the crop—and reliable analyses of the roots, the information obtainable will be of a very valuable nature. Such crops, too, grown in different districts would have a high educational value, and would enable surrounding farmers to see how beet should be grown if it were being produced to supply a factory, and to note the results on rotation crops. As far as we have been able to judge by the experiments that have already taken place, the cost of producing an acre of beet should not exceed £10, including rent and the cost of raising. There is much to be learnt as to the provision and organisation of the extra labour required for thinning, hoeing, and lifting roots when grown in quantities, but on good land it should be possible to grow crops of fully thirteen to fifteen tons per acre, and with a sugar contents of 15 to 17 per cent. This, however, must vary somewhat with the seasons. Now, the ordinary farmer will not grow a crop of the size indicated unless he can find either a profitable market, or else be guaranteed against loss, and, therefore, it is necessary that those who would embark on such experimental crops should in some way or other be guaranteed such a price as they would get if a factory were erected and working in their neighbourhood. If the farmer could grow fifteen tons of beet, and be paid £1 a ton for 15 per cent. of sugar, with a bonus for every unit of sugar above this figure, he ought to make a profit which is well worth his consideration.

It must be remembered as well, that the leaves of a sugar-beet crop are far more abundant than those of mangels or swedes, and that, either dried or fresh, they are excellent fodder for all kinds of stock. In a crop of beet producing about fifteen tons of roots, I am informed that about six to seven tons of more or less withered leaves would also be produced, whilst the fresh leaves often weigh as much as the roots themselves. These are of considerable

value either as cattle food or for ploughing into the ground, and I believe it is generally calculated that the value of the leaves for either purpose is about equal to the cost of lifting the roots —say about 20s. or 25s. per acre. In connection with this I may state that a German specialist, Mr. L. Kuehle, of Gunsleben, in a paper he read in October 1910 before the Magdeburg Committee of sugar manufacturers, made this startling announcement. He said that the drying of these beet leaves was a matter of very great importance. Germany had some 500,000 hectars * under beet, and harvested some 10,000,000 tons of green beetroot leaves from this area. Artificially dried these would weigh about two and a half million tons (metric), of which the nutritive value calculated according to analysis of Prof. Kellner equals some 7 marks 27 pf. per 100 kilo, or an annual value of 180,000,000 marks. Now, the harvest of green leaves, taking into account the loss in siloing, would not be more than two and a half million tons of the value of 10,000,000 marks a year. I leave this gentleman responsible for these figures, which have been reproduced in many technical journals without criticism. It is, however, a mistake to simply judge of the value of sugar-beet by comparing the price which the farmer obtains for his crop with what he would get for a crop of mangels. An excellent report was issued the other day by a deputation of three practical gentlemen who were sent by the Maidstone Farmers' Club to Germany for the purpose of studying the question. They summarise their opinions as follows:

The importance and value of beet growing is not to be gauged by the profit to be derived from the crop itself, but rather by its effect upon the whole rotation, or rather upon the whole economy of the farm. It amounts to a premium on good farming. Whereas an English farmer is commonly bound by contracts in his lease or agreement (which he constantly evades, and which he is now encouraged by law to evade) not to sell straw off the farm without bringing on a manurial equivalent, the beetroot grower has every inducement to use his straw upon the land.

Whatever rotation he uses, and there seems to be plenty of variety in the matter of rotation, he looks to the fallow or cleaning crop (beets) to yield the best return of the series. He gets back from the factory a large quantity of excellent feeding material, which he can only turn to the best account by feeding to stock, and for the purpose he requires all his straw for chop and litter. After deep ploughing and fairly heavy manuring for beets he naturally gets a splendid crop of wheat at a very moderate cost—twenty centner per morgen

* One hectar = 2·4711 acres.

(... quarters per acre) seems to be a pretty generally recognised average. It is the common practice to take another white straw crop after wheat, which shows the *lasting* effect of the cultivation for beets.

To our minds the great point to be remembered is that the year of *least* profit in any of our rotations is turned into the year of *greatest* profit on a beet farm. The farmer *lends* the produce to the factory and receives it back slightly reduced in feeding value, but with all the salts and minerals derived from the soil quite intact, and ready to be returned to the land from which they were extracted. It is not surprising that a few years of this treatment increases the letting value of the land. Agricultural land in the neighbourhood of Magdeburg has doubled in value since the introduction of beet growing.

Now for another point which has been raised against beetroot by several gentlemen who do not appear to have studied the question sufficiently. It has been suggested that a beetroot crop is essentially an exhaustive one to the soil. Obviously it is quite impossible for me to deal with the question fully in this article, and I confine myself to quoting an authoritative opinion, that of Prof. Ware. This well-known American authority and author of several works on the sugar-beet, in his important book of several hundred pages on cattle feeding with sugar-beets, sugar, molasses, and sugar-beet residuum, writes:

The ash absorbed by growing one ton of mangels is 38·2 pounds, while with beets it is 34·5 pounds, thus proving mangels more exhausting to the soil than sugar-beets. If we admit that twenty tons of mangels may be grown to the acre, a total of 764 pounds of plant food will be absorbed. If ten tons are an average * yield to the acre for sugar-beets, the ash taken up by that crop will be 345 pounds. Consequently we are not far from correct in asserting that by neglectful cultivation it will take one half the time to ruin the soil in growing mangels than it does with beets. If, on the other hand, scientific rules of cultivation are practised when growing beets, the diminution of the fertility of the land need not be dreaded.

There is no doubt that the proper way to gauge the value of sugar-beet is to consider it with respect to the whole rotation of crops. I believe it is quite erroneous to look upon it as an exhausting crop. If it were, why is it that in Germany it is followed without further manuring by a heavy crop of wheat? There is no getting away from the fact that wherever sugar-beet is grown it increases the fertility of the land and the value of the succeeding crops. I was assured by leading men in the Magdeburg district last year that if beet cultivation were to be abandoned there, the result would probably be a diminution of some 25 per cent. in the value of the wheat crops. Beet cultivation requires

* The average in America.

that the ground should be ploughed deeply and heavily manured in the autumn. If not ploughed deep the roots are apt to grow fangy: these are bad for factory purposes and are difficult to clean. The opinions of men of the highest authority in various countries could be quoted to show the wonderful effect of the beet crop on those following and the way that everywhere beet cultivation has raised the value of the land, but a few striking statements taken from an official paper presented to the United States Senate entitled "Changes in Farm Values 1900-1905," may suffice.

It says:

> The beet-sugar industry, where installed, has been one of the most potent factors developing agricultural conditions, not only in sugar production, but in all agricultural features associated . . . as this industry develops in the West, it is the main feature attracting and supporting many things and uniting them in an intensive agricultural husbandry. As it works out in the West it is the "Mother Lode" of Agricultural development. It is and will continue to be the most important medium developing the benefits and promoting the success of our national reclamation act. Through its by-products in the older States it has asserted a strong influence on agricultural interests. It has stimulated the animal industry and the consequent products of the same. The effect of the beet industry on "local business generally" has been very pronounced. Where installed, it has remarkably recouped and energised all kinds of local business. It has revived and made our towns already established. In places where towns did not exist it has made new ones which have become important centres of trade.

Reverting now to the cultivation, the roots must be carefully singled and singled at the right time, and then the hoeing must be continuous, and must be done so as to entirely cover the roots with soil. When once the leaves are well up, they shade the ground so completely that weeds cannot flourish, and, consequently, sugar beet is particularly valuable as a cleaning crop. The worst of it is that the British farmer is very slow to move in a new direction, and he naturally requires to be convinced, first of all, that the beet will pay him to grow, and secondly, that beet slices constitute a cattle food worthy of his attention. In consequence of all this, it will probably be very difficult to obtain adequate supplies for a factory unless a really tempting price is offered for the roots.

Now we come to the factory difficulty. The industry is one which does not permit of small factories being economically, that is to say successfully, worked. It is inadvisable to erect a factory

to treat less than 40,000 to 50,000 tons of roots in the season, 100,000 would be still more desirable, and such a factory, with its necessary working capital, involves a sum of from £100,000 to £120,000. Ample working capital is essential for many reasons. It is not easy to get a sum of this description together for a new venture, and it is for that reason that I have been agitating in favour of Government assistance for the purpose of enabling the first factory to be built, and so proving the industry by actual manufacture. In any new industry the manufacturing costs at the outset must, of necessity, be higher than they become later on when men have settled down and learnt their places in their work, and ascertained the most economical way of handling materials. This is generally found to be the case in any new factory erected on the continent where the industry is thoroughly understood. How much more must it be so here in England?

Another difficulty facing a factory in England at the outset is the important one of carriage of roots. Until the farmers have acquired confidence and experience, it would probably be necessary to cover a large area for the purpose of obtaining sufficient supplies of roots for a factory. Now, the greater part of the carriage of these roots from distances would have to be borne by the factory, because if it had to come out of the farmers' profits, those at a distance would not grow the roots. As the farmers acquired confidence, however, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the men in the neighbourhood of the factory who began by growing ten acres would very likely grow twenty or thirty, consequently supplies could be obtained from a less extended area, and the costs of carriage would greatly diminish. For a factory working 50,000 tons of roots a year, supposing one-half the quantity had to bear a cost of 3*s.* per ton for carriage, that would be equal to £3750 or 3¾ per cent. on a capital of £100,000, a very serious item of expense. Any assistance, therefore, which can be given the factories during the first few years of their existence would materially aid in attracting capital.

The question is, how can it be done? and it is unfortunate here that we bump right into the thorny domain of party politics. May I be allowed to say that I do not wish to offend the political opinions of anybody or to advance any political arguments of my own. I merely wish to state certain facts from which readers

are at liberty to draw any arguments they please. I wish, however, that it were possible to eliminate all party politics in a matter of this sort, for one party is sometimes as bad as the other, each one trying to score off the other. If we could have more consideration of this question from the point of view of the good of the country and less from that of party politics, it would be better for all concerned. By the Brussels Convention we are precluded from anything in the shape of bounties either to factories or to growers of beet, but in that Convention it is specially stated that any country is permitted to protect its own sugar to the extent of not more than 2*s.* 6*d.* a cwt. The present import duty on sugar is 1*s.* 10*d.* a cwt., and if this import duty was maintained and no excise duty levied for a term of years, the advantage to a factory turning out 5000 tons of sugar would be a matter of about £9000 a year, and might make all the difference between profit and loss in the initial years of difficulty and of the abnormal expenses I have alluded to.

In a pessimistic paper that was read a few months ago by Prof. Lloyd before the Surveyors' Institution, he referred to this request which had been put forward for Government consideration of the industry. He said:

> The Government has been asked to assist the industry for five years. What use is that? Who would invest capital on a chance that at the end of five years it would be lost. Another large portion of the capital would have to be invested in machinery. But machinery does not last for ever, and even supposing we give it a life of twenty-six years, at the end of that time the capital will be lost unless there has annually been put aside a sum equivalent to the annual depreciation.

As I was the culprit who first of all asked in Parliament for this term of five years' consideration, I would like to point out that for reasons already stated I believe that assistance for this term would be of material benefit. I wish, however, that we could go as far as they did in Austria in 1831 when, after discovering the importance of the beet industry to the nation, all taxation was remitted for a term of ten years, and, as a consequence, factories were rapidly run up, and no less than half a million tons of beet were grown in the first year. The industry went ahead by leaps and bounds, and in the season 1909–1910 the estimated figures of sugar-beet grown were

[illegible],000 tons converted into 1,248,000 tons of raw sugar of which over 700,000 would be exported.

It has been suggested that a large grant might be made from the Development Fund for the purpose of erecting an experimental factory. If this can be done it will be of very great assistance, but, at the same time, besides the necessity of overcoming the difficulties attendant on the provision of capital, it is equally important to make it possible for that capital to earn a profit afterwards. If through being unable to sell the products at such a price as will show profits in spite of initial difficulties, a factory, in the early stages of the industry, goes to the wall, a great set-back will be given to the whole movement. I do not see any legitimate way of overcoming these initial difficulties except by assistance in the way indicated. Once these difficulties were overcome and experience gained the factories might very likely be able to stand alone.

The most practical idea that I have heard put forward is that the Development Commission should purchase a tract of some 5000 acres of suitable land around a good factory site and lease this on easy terms to an approved company, which could thus produce itself most of the beet it required, and under proper conditions which would be an object-lesson to the whole country.

I am convinced that the capital for the factory could, under these circumstances, be found. Arrangements could easily be made for growing tobacco, hemp, and the other experimental crops mentioned in the Commission's recent report, whilst the capital value of the land would be steadily increasing under the influence of the new cultivation.

A further objection raised by Prof. Lloyd was that there was no security for the capital which would have to be invested in expensive plant and buildings which would then be of little value if the factory proved a failure. Such an argument might just as well be directed against any form of industrial enterprise, and if it had been the practice of our forefathers to invariably work on these lines, we should never have become the great manufacturing nation that we are.

Equally surprising is his extraordinary remark as to the necessity of writing off an adequate sum annually for depreciation of plant. I am not aware that this is a proceeding

peculiarly necessary in a sugar factory, and I think that any business man will agree with me that any manufacturer, in any line of business, who did not follow this practice would soon come in conflict with his auditors and end in financial disaster.

I agree with all that Prof. Lloyd said with regard to the necessarily conjectural nature of many of the estimates of profit that have been put forward respecting the possible earnings of factories, but many of his estimates of loss are just as conjectural, and some quite erroneous. I can only repeat that if sugar factories are commercially successful in other countries no valid reason has been shown why they should not be made commercially successful here, having regard to all the points that I have mentioned.

I do not agree with him as to the value which he places on what are known as the beet slices for the purpose of cattle feeding. I only know that the dried form in which slices are now turned out causes them to meet with high approval on the Continent of Europe, where £5 and £6 a ton is readily paid for them, and where the demand is greater than the supply, and there is reason to believe that in our large towns, where so many mangels are bought by cow-keepers, when once dried slices became known they would be highly appreciated. Mangels contain over 85 per cent. of water, and as a Lincolnshire farmer, who is a great believer in these slices, said to me not long ago: "Why should a cow-keeper continue to pay carriage on 85 per cent. of water if he can buy dried slices and has got a pump in his own backyard?"

I entirely agree with the contention that the figures which are sometimes given of dividends and profits earned by foreign sugar factories should be regarded with great caution. A list of such dividends appeared in a recently-published document, and one factory was there said to have earned 108 per cent. That might have been so, but this figure is entirely misleading unless accompanied by details setting out the capitalisation of the factory, and whether it has not been largely written off by profits earned during the many years of high prices and prosperity. The system of financing factories on the Continent is so entirely different from what we shall probably have to contend with here, that comparisons of this sort are apt to be

very deceptive. I don't think myself that any great fortune is to be made out of the factories themselves. If we can attain an average of five to ten per cent. we should be content with that. If greater profits than these can be made, then all the better, but do not let us start with inflated estimates.

I have stated that the difficulty we have to contend with is the necessity for jumping right straight away into an expenditure of some £100,000 as a commencement. There is, however, very possibly another way in which a beginning might be made on smaller lines, and that is in the manufacture of jam or palatable syrup from beet syrup. I know of one man in Belgium who is making very considerable profits on a capitalisation of not more than three or four thousand pounds, which was spent in putting up a quite simple plant for the purpose of treating about twenty tons of beet a day. These roots are heated by steam in large boilers, the bottom of which is then opened, and the roots, reduced to a soft condition, fall out into a carrier which takes them to a pulping machine. The soft pulp is then pressed by hydraulic power in an ordinary hydraulic filtering press, and the juice is squeezed out, the residue, in the form of cakes, being sold when dried for cattle food. The juice is then clarified, treated with a little molasses, thickened by evaporation, and afterwards used either for making cheap jam, or is sold as syrup.

There are a good many factories in Germany carrying on this business on very profitable lines, and this syrup meets there with a ready sale. I cannot see any reason why, if the matter was taken up here by somebody conversant with the trade and with a knowledge of the public taste, it should not be made a success in this country. I understand that a very good installation could be erected for about £5000, irrespective of buildings which would not be of an expensive nature. It could treat twenty to twenty-five tons of beet a day for, say, ninety days, in all about 2000 tons. This quantity at fifteen tons to the acre would only require about 130 acres under beetroot, which surely could be easily managed in the immediate neighbourhood of the factory. Beet syrup, of course, contains certain salts which are apt to make it unpalatable, and the purifying and flavouring of the syrup would consequently have to be studied. If found to be a popular

condiment in Germany, why could it not also be made suitable to the English market? I commend this matter to the careful consideration of any who may think it worth while to look into it, and if found to be practicable it might be an excellent way of starting beet cultivation on a smaller basis than is now required for a full-blown sugar factory.

In conclusion, special attention might be directed to the great assistance which the sugar industry might render to the co-operative movement. I think it would be very unwise in most districts to start any factory in this country at the outset unless it had the control—either by ownership or lease—of a considerable acreage, say, 2000 or 3000 acres. This would enable the agricultural profits from improved crops and stock feeding to be combined with the manufacturing profits. A successful enterprise of this description would give a great impetus to the starting of factories on a co-operative basis, whereby those who provide the roots are themselves interested in the profits of the factory, as is so often the case in successful continental factories.

This is the really sound way of running the sugar industry.

A hundred factories working in the country would only give us about one-third of our sugar consumption. The capital expenditure for plant alone in these factories would be about six millions, to say nothing of up-keep and renewals. The real benefits from the industry will be derived from the improvement of our agriculture, and the amount of employment afforded in the rural districts and in the engineering trades.

It is extremely difficult to get the British farmer to combine in any form of co-operation, although we see the immense benefits of such a system in Denmark, Germany, and more recently in Ireland. Greater co-operation amongst our agriculturists would be a lasting benefit to the country, and no industry that I know of offers such inducements to successful co-operation as the one with which this article has attempted to deal. I wish once more to urge in the strongest possible way that this question of establishing a sugar industry is one of national importance, and if it could be made successful, its extension would be rapid and its beneficial results far-reaching.

DENBIGH.

THE VOICE OF THE BRITON ABROAD

By some inscrutable decree of Fate, it has been ordained that this Coronation Year—when Britons in all parts of their world-wide Empire would fain do nothing but rejoice—shall also be, for that Empire, the year of Crisis. To begin with, there is the disastrous situation which has been brought about by the determination of the Coalition Cabinet to hold on their revolutionary course regardless of the needs of the Empire, and which, by reason of the high stakes played in this desperate game, has been raised from the level of a party to that of a national crisis.

Throughout the Empire the course of that crisis has been followed with the closest attention, and it is with mingled feelings, in which anxiety is all but merged in relief, that the long-drawn struggle, with all its hypocrisy and make-believe—and yet with all its peril—is seen to be approaching its final stage. Great though that crisis is, however, in its possibilities of disaster for all that England holds dear, there is an Imperial crisis of still greater moment, whose gravity lies in the fact that it affects the fortunes not merely of a State, but of an Empire of many States.

To say that the British Empire has arrived at the parting of the ways is to use a phrase which has so often been in men's mouths of late that it stands in danger of losing its force. Yet it is clear that there now exists for the Empire no middle way. Once for all it has to be decided whether to-morrow will find the British Empire a dazzlingly glorious fact or—a memory among the "might have beens."

Incredible though it may seem, these stupendous alternatives are viewed with absolute unconcern by a large number of people in the land which gave that Empire birth. It is as if a

parent should view unmoved the last dread journey of its offspring—careless, at the same time, of the fact that the passing of that offspring portends its own extinction. Such is the shameful legacy of Cobdenism, in whose moral mire some millions of Englishmen wallow to-day. However, there are others who cherish a saner and more natural creed—who refuse to believe that the greatest political entity of all time is predestined to perish in the very hour of fruition. And there are millions of free-born Britons outside of the Motherland who view with alarm and indignation the prospect that this unspeakable sin of Imperial suicide—which must involve them also in its ruin—seems likely to be committed before their eyes without a word being said or asked of them. Taxation without representation is an evil principle, in opposing which Britons have shed their blood in the past. To it no Briton of the present would dream of submitting. But the movement now in progress under the ægis of the British Government involves an injustice—nay, a tyranny—immeasurably greater. It is destruction without consent—destruction of immense and vital interests, without the consent of those to whom these interests belong. It involves the ruin of an Imperial polity against the wishes of its constituents. A very simple calculation will suffice to show that the vast majority of British citizens are emphatically opposed to the anti-Imperial policy which the present Government madly persists in pursuing and which can only end in "disaster, death, and damnation" for the whole Empire.

Broadly speaking, there are three types or classes of Britons—partners all in the same great Imperial concern:

(1) Those who, native to the Mother Country, "only England know";

(2) Inhabitants of the Oversea Dominions who have no personal acquaintance with the Mother Country, or with the Empire outside of the Dominion to which they belong;

(3) Those who add to their knowledge of the Mother Country some practical knowledge of the Empire. A brief consideration of these classes, and of their respective claims as Imperial citizens, will lead to some conclusions of equal interest and significance.

A great historian and philosopher once observed that the

population of England consisted of "some thirty millions of people, mostly fools." In one respect at least the dictum embodies a large measure of truth. Whether through ignorance, prejudice, or susceptibility to the persuasion of interested parties, a considerable percentage of the population in question, endowed as they are with a Parliamentary franchise for which their fathers fought and died, do certainly not know how best to profit by the blood-bought privilege. Indeed, it might almost be said that the precious boon is less honoured in the use than in the abuse. One may go further, and draw attention to a fact the truth of which the Empire has already realised to its cost—namely, that the enfranchised fool is more often to be found in the ranks of the so-called Liberal than in those of the Unionist Party. And this—let us hasten to say—not necessarily because of any inherent inferiority in education or intelligence, but because the traditions and trend of thought of that party are all in the direction of political narrow-mindedness. When a great party abandons itself more or less exclusively to schemes of purely domestic interest framed with an eye to electioneering contingencies, it tends to become selfish, petty, and parochial. Wholly absorbed in material considerations and in measures suggested by the conditions of its immediate environment, the members of such a party inevitably lose the wider outlook on life. They grow deficient in imagination; they lack fire; and the worst form of political folly—for a nation called to greatness—becomes the mainspring of their policy. Such at least is the moral the Empire draws from the results of the last two elections. Although the affairs of the country and its oversea possessions were, as they now are, in an extremely critical state, some millions of voters on the British Parliamentary register oscillated between the selfish fear of an additional halfpenny on the quartern loaf and the sordid hope of further financial doles from a "Liberal" Government. With such congenial soil to work upon, it became a simple matter for the emissaries of the Coalition to effect the return of a Little-England Ministry by such appropriate misrepresentations as that the Unionist ideal of closer union of the Empire on practical lines would surely involve an increase in the price of bread.

The Briton abroad recognises, perhaps more clearly than his kinsmen at home, that the several sections of the "Liberal" Party are each actuated by a species of mania—more or less petty—to the exclusion of all other ideas. The numerically potent Nonconformists have their precious axe of Disestablishment to grind; the Irish, with their American money-bags, care for nothing but Home Rule; the Socialists thirst for the blood of all who are possessed of more of this world's goods than they themselves. As a result of the agglomeration of these several and diversely inspired elements into a "party," the destinies of the Empire at this most critical hour of its career lie in the hands of a Government to whom parochialism is the breath of life; a Cabinet that battens on Little Englandism; a Ministry of all the Cranks. Is it surprising that under such leadership Imperial affairs make no progress? The Empire waits—it has waited long already; patience gives place to anger and disgust—but in vain. The fog of parochialism still enwraps the predominant partner: the Imperial Idea leaves the Liberal Party cold. When the great theme comes up for discussion in Parliament or Conference it is officially blanketed. The exploded bogey of the "little loaf" is still used to compel the "Cabinet of Cabinets" to toe the border-line of farce. Thus for the sake of a few misgotten votes from short-sighted fools—the loss of which might lose it the spoils of office—the Government disregards the portents of approaching doom, bangs the door on the advances of the Dominions, and, babbling of eternal peace, falls on the neck of a Power whose avowed aim is the break-up of the British Empire.

Passing from the Homeland where, it must reluctantly be admitted, public opinion—owing to the circumstances outlined above—is miserably divided between the policy of union and the policy of drift, let us endeavour to gauge the sentiment of the Briton abroad on the condition and prospects of the Empire. As the leading exponents of oversea opinion, from the Premiers of the self-governing Dominions downwards, have repeatedly assured us, Imperial sentiment is unquestionably stronger in these sections of the Empire than in the Mother Country itself. The loyal and generous provision made by New Zealand and Australia towards the naval defence of the Empire, and the

fervent celebration of Empire Day in Canada, are only two out of many evidences of Imperial sentiment that may be recalled. However, as was inevitable from the first, there has arisen in the self-governing portions of the Empire what might be called a sub-national sense. Local affairs must of necessity bulk largely in the mental vision, especially, of those inhabitants of the several Dominions who have no personal knowledge of the rest of the Empire; and this must tend to the creation of a certain provincialism analogous to that petty localism which is the bane and blot of English national life. There are doubtless many inhabitants, shall we say, of the North American Dominion who are Canadians first and Britons afterwards—to such an extent that this sub-national sense, originating in the consideration of local interests, militates against the purely Imperial; and constitutes, equally with the parochialism of the Mother Country, a menace to the Imperial cause. An illustration of this tendency and the evil consequences it may entail is furnished by the extremely non-committal disposition evinced by the French-Canadian element in Quebec. The ultra-national predilections of this section of the Canadian people cannot fail to react upon the mind of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who is dependent in large measure upon this clique for his political support. This circumstance, in its turn, explains the unsatisfactory attitude of the Canadian Premier at the recent Imperial Conference—an attitude which has elicited strong disapproval from some of his staunchest supporters in the Press. There can be little doubt that the miserable failure of the Conference to rise to the height of its great opportunity will be laid by the historian of the future at the door of Mr. Asquith and of Sir Wilfrid Laurier—and for a common cause, namely, that these two statesmen in the first place, depend for office on the parochialists of England and Quebec respectively; and, in the second place, have neither of them the moral courage to put Empire before party.

While then the great mass of the people of the Oversea Dominions hold sound and sane views on the supreme question of the Empire's future, their outlook is apt to be affected at times by the operation of the sub-national sense, as well as by regard for those local interests in the ordering of which they have a voice. However, there remains a class of Briton who,

not being a citizen of any self-governing Dominion, is unaffected by any such considerations—whose vision includes the Empire, and the Empire only. To this class belong the British resident in the Crown Colonies, in our great Indian Dependency, and in the vast territories and protectorates—wildernesses that are beginning to bloom like Eden under the benignant influence of the Pax Britannica. Noble servants of the Imperial Cause are they—officials, professional men, educators, merchants—seeing to it that "trade follows the flag"; making effective, in Britain's name, the occupation of these vast spaces of the earth; doing the spade-work of Empire, and laying at the same time the foundations of future Dominions. These "unattached Britons" give life to an area of 7,000,000 square miles and cheerfully bear the "white man's burden" amidst a native population of over three hundred million souls.

To these honourable workers in the field of Empire must be added many whose callings necessitate their residence in foreign lands. Whether gathered into vigorous communities like those in China and Japan, or scattered here and there in European countries, in America or in any other part of the world, these Britons abroad are watching, equally with their more fortunate brethren in the Crown Colonies, and with the same solicitude, the course of events in the Homeland. Of all these Britons abroad it is equally true that the more isolated their situation and the more remote, the keener grows their interest in England and the Empire.

Starting with an "inside knowledge" of the Mother Country, these true servants of Empire see her anew, in perspective. They see the land of their fathers with untrammelled vision, with eyes in which experience gives point to sympathy. The opinion of these men is of peculiar value; but it is never heard, nor is there any means of giving effect to it. Much elaborate machinery exists for recording the political views of British bricklayers, 'bus-conductors, farm-labourers, and mill-hands—after the said views have received due manipulation at the hands of electioneering agents and mob-orators; but no means have yet been devised for ascertaining the opinion of men who are probably, on the average, the most intelligent, cultured, and experienced of British citizens.

What is then the view of these Britons whom duty has called outside the confines of the Motherland? It is overwhelmingly Imperialistic—unanimous, to all intents and purposes, in its demand for the consolidation of the Empire, before it is too late, by means of an inter-Imperial system of preferential tariffs. Ninety per cent. of these Britons abroad are of the Unionist faith—mainly because that party, under the influence of a far-seeing leader who—unlike those now in office—aspired to be a statesman, has for years past identified itself with the pressing needs of Empire. The sympathies of the oversea Briton are clearly reflected in the newspapers of the Crown Colonies and Dependencies, where it is quite the exception to find replicas of the "Cocoa Press" or journalistic advocates of Little Englandism in any shape or form. To take a recent instance, it may safely be said that outside of the British Isles, and including even the greater part of the self-governing Dominions, the result of the last General Election was received with a universal sense of disappointment amounting almost to disgust. That the helm of State—which is also the helm of Empire—should for a further and most critical period be entrusted to a party cursed with a fatal myopia, whose attitude towards the supreme issue of Imperial Development is at best one of passive resistance, was regarded in practically every part of Greater Britain as a grave and perhaps irreparable misfortune. With Conference and Coronation synchronising, this year of 1911 was felt to be a golden opportunity, when great things might have been done for England and the Empire. Instead, it has been delivered over to the Keir Hardies, the Redmonds, the Lloyd Georges, to be wasted in Constitution-wrecking and political brigandage. Fifteen millions of oversea Britons will find it hard to forgive the purblind parochialism of England, and the shameless politicians who trade on it, for this colossal crime against the Empire.

The Parliament that sits at Westminster has been dignified with the title "Mother of Parliaments." For this some justification may exist on historical grounds—but in what sense is it "Imperial"? The assembly at present arrogating to itself this exalted prefix includes several score Irish agitators in American pay who desire nothing better than to leave it and do their subsequent best towards the ruin of the Empire. It contains a

number of Nonconformist Welshmen, for whose raison d'être we must look in the religious bigotry of their countrymen; it harbours at least a hundred Radicals who, not content with bowing the knee to the Moloch of Free Trade, take pleasure in proclaiming, on every possible occasion, their Little England proclivities; and it even tolerates some twoscore Socialists whose attitude towards the Empire is scarcely distinguishable from treachery. The present Liberal Government actually proposes to reward these two hundred members of the "Imperial" Parliament to the extent of £400 a year for the obstruction they have offered, or the open hostility they have shown, to the cause of Empire. These are the men who decide, in the Mother of Parliaments, the affairs of a world-wide Empire, while millions of Britons abroad, who have some claim to pronounce on Imperial affairs, have no place within its portals, no voice in the shaping of its decrees. How much better it would be for England and for the Empire if even the forty superfluous Irish Members—superfluous, that is, on the ground of proportional representation—were replaced by as many delegates from the at-present-unrepresented Crown Colonies. Why should not opportunity be taken, at a time when reform of the Lords is in the air, to make that House an Imperial Senate, comprising members elected in all the self-governing Dominions? Or, if the attendance of those oversea representatives *in persona propria* be not deemed practicable, why, in these days of cheap cable communication, should not their opinion be sought on all great questions such as those now confronting the Mother of Parliaments, or at least on all Imperial issues? Why not, in short, a Referendum of the Empire? To give a present case, the question of inter Imperial economic relations is one of vital interest to the Mother Country, to the Dominions, and to the Crown Colonies alike. Indeed, there can be little doubt that this single issue is destined, for good or ill, to bind, or break, the Empire. Is it not monstrous that such a question should be decided without the smallest reference to the millions of oversea Britons whom it most intimately concerns? Is it not monstrous that it should be decided by a scratch majority of political hirelings, cranks, and bigots, and by a set of self-seeking polticians who,

to retain the support of such as these, have prostituted their high calling—who, rather than lose office, would sign away an Empire?

As matters stand, there is but one bond that unites all Britons across the sea. It is the bond of loyalty to the Throne. The Sovereign whom he perhaps has never seen means more to the Briton abroad than to many of the people amongst whom that Sovereign lives and moves. Nowhere is the toast of "The King" so enthusiastically honoured as in the remotest outposts of the Empire, where a score, maybe, of weather-beaten Britons are dutifully and often thanklessly bearing the heat and burden of the day.

But nothing, nowadays, is safe from the polluting hands of your Radical iconoclast. The distant sons of Empire have learned with horror and disgust of the unscrupulous and degrading use to which the arch-wirepuller of Downing Street (at the bidding of the future President of Ireland) proposes to put the prerogative of his King. If anything, at this eleventh hour, can prevent the dragging of the Crown of England in the mud, to suit the basest purposes of the party game, it is the just indignation which this contemptible proposal has aroused from end to end of the British Empire, and which for years to come will be laid—the party politician's unpardonable sin—to the charge of an effete and decadent Liberalism.

With that clear foresight which heredity and environment deny to so many of his brethren at home, the Briton abroad sees a vision of the not-distant future, to which the portents following in the wake of the last, Liberally damned Conference point the way. It is a vision of England, a decade hence, *alone.* Ireland has become a Republic under American protection—with a ruined and depopulated Ulster as the heritage of a bloody civil war in wh ch American filibusters played a conspicuous part, while English "statesmen" continued to descant on the moral impossibility of war with the United States. Canada is an American satrapy, forced by economic pressure into a position of political and commercial subservience. Australia and New Zealand, to save themselves from the Japanese menace and the wave of China's advancement, have been obliged to sue for American protection, and are undergoing the process of

"commercial absorption" at the hands of the same enterprising Republic. South Africa has succumbed to Germany, who now dominates the entire continent south of the equator. Having thus realised the dream secretly cherished at the time of the Boer War, the "War-Lord of Europe" is rapidly making ready for the hour when the once "Great" Britain—sunk at length into the position of an impoverished second-rate Power, with a population of thirty millions as against the Teutonic seventy-five—shall fall, a ripe fruit, into her quondam rival's capacious maw. The fifty Crown Colonies and Protectorates have long since been divided up amongst the several Powers, Germany and the United States securing the lion's share, in the Eastern and Western hemispheres respectively. The great Dependency of India, first the scene of a mutiny beside which that of 1857 sinks into insignificance, presents a ghastly orgy of civil and inter-racial strife, while Russia and Germany have entered into negotiations for a joint invasion and occupation of what was once "the brightest jewel in the British Crown." *Sic transit gloria mundi.* England and her incomparable Empire have gone into the limbo of the past. And the epitaph over that Imperial Grave was written so that he who runs may read. The British Empire, it said, had perished from *parochial disease of the heart*—which malady, always dangerous, had been aggravated by the fact that "the statesmen responsible for its welfare, at the most critical period of its career, and from purely selfish motives, neglected to read the signs of the times, forbore to make provision for the future, and refused—in the face of argument, invitation, entreaty—to bring into harmonious co-ordination the various members of the body."

E. Bruce Mitford.

BRITISH AGRICULTURE AND ITS CRITICS

A REPLY

MR. BEAR's article under the above heading in the June number of the *National Review* calls for some comment on my part, in that he concerns himself to a considerable extent with the views put forward in my book, "Land Problems and National Welfare." I regret that one who has studied agricultural problems as much as Mr. Bear has done should have failed fully to understand my meaning, and that he himself should have joined the ranks of those who cry, "All is well with English agriculture," when in almost every paragraph of his article he makes admissions which are, to say the least, contradictory to the general attitude he takes.

I am very far from wishing to disparage English agriculturists; in my book I pointed out how extraordinarily competent our exceptional agriculturists are. But my one aim was to show how our greatest industry is, and has been, neglected by the nation at large and by successive Governments. In face of that neglect I think the cultivators of the soil have made a most gallant fight.

It is the political and economic neglect of land that it is so necessary to combat. As a result of that neglect the agricultural industry is not organised in England as it should be. With that statement few practical agriculturists who study the agrarian problem will disagree. In fact, I do not think that Mr. Bear himself will dispute it; for it is a general statement, and Mr. Bear says that he agrees with my objects as generally stated!

Then he says that he thinks that on the whole English agriculture has faced the crisis, and adapted itself to the new situation

as well as reasonably it could be expected to do. Yet I find him admitting that farming in England has deteriorated, and this during a period when in other countries (Free Trade or protected) agriculture has been progressing by leaps and bounds; as, for instance, in Belgium, where the poor land of Flanders by skilful cultivation has been turned into a marvel of productiveness—by no means entirely under market gardens, but in small farms producing rye, oats, wheat, potatoes, and beets, and carrying milking cows and pigs.

Mr. Bear asks what else could be expected in our case, seeing that agriculture has been sacrificed for the sake of cheap food. In Denmark agricultural produce is cheap, and yet there the industry has been soundly built up, and so too in Belgium and Holland. I am sorry to have to refer to Denmark again. I am getting tired of that country myself; but I must make clear why, unlike Mr. Bear, I consider that Denmark affords the best example for us to study. It is just because the Danish agricultural labourer's wages are very nearly equal to our labourer's average wages, and because the standard of living is rather higher with them than with us. Mr. Bear is the first person I have found who has not been struck with the high standard of living in Denmark. In other countries it certainly is lower than in our own, except as far as the actual cooking goes; and there, alas! I fear the poorer classes of Englishwomen show to great disadvantage in comparison with their Continental sisters.

Mr. Bear thinks the deterioration of our farming greatly exaggerated, and he quotes the Blue Book comparisons of the yield of cereals per acre. I am glad that he recognises that to a certain extent the high English yields may be accounted for by the withdrawal of the poorer lands from cultivation. He does not supplement this statement as he should by saying that the low yields per acre of many Continental countries are due to the fact that the thrifty cultivators grow grain on land which we should not attempt to cultivate at all—which naturally lowers the average. I am becoming even more tired of citing this fact than of referring to Denmark.

Mr. Bear admits that "though there is a considerable area of indifferently cultivated arable land, the chief evidence of this deterioration is to be found in the very poor pasture."

He does not, however, point out how very large is the amount of this poor pasture, and what a serious economic loss it entails. Yet Mr. Bear says that we have met the economic crisis reasonably well, though in almost the same breath he speaks of reduced rentals. Now rentals reduced below the economic limit are not a benefit, but a wrong, to the agricultural industry. In general terms, land that lets at ten shillings an acre in England would fetch twenty shillings on the Continent, and land at twenty shillings would fetch forty. Yet the farmer prospers.

Or I may quote from a letter received from Mr. A. D. Hall, of Rothamsted:

> I think you could get much stronger evidence than mine from the mere fact that, for the same class of land, rents are much higher in Scotland than in England, and the farming correspondingly better. It was only last year that Mr. ——, of —— ——, apropos of the enormous rents that he has to pay for his magnificent farm, said that he believed that much of the bad farming in England was produced by the low rents prevailing, or rather was the outcome of the way landlords had accommodated indifferent tenants instead of making them farm better.

No one knows better how the farmer's capital per acre has declined. In the good old days £10 per acre was required, but now landlords have to be satisfied fairly generally with £5 per acre. And the amount and quality of the cultivation bestowed upon the soil varies in degree with the amount of capital per acre.

Mr. Bear thinks that the deterioration in farming has been exaggerated. I hope at all events he does not think that the possible developments outlined are exaggerated. For I must give him the credit of wishing to see English agriculture organised and developed to the fullest possible extent. Yet I fail to see how reiterating the fallacy that "all is well" can help the progressive movement in agriculture. We must face facts as they are, and determine that the conditions necessary to secure an organised and flourishing industry shall be created.

Now to turn briefly to the question of statistics. The figures of the Board of Agriculture are quoted in my book with a twofold object: first, to make the public at large realise what a tremendously important industry agriculture is, even at the present moment, with its turnover of £200,000,000 a year; and secondly,

to show that in spite of this the yield per acre is low, owing to the amount of poorly cultivated arable land and poor pasture to which Mr. Bear refers, and that there is room for an enormous increase in its total production of food-stuffs. In round numbers there are about 50,000,000 acres classed as cultured land in the United Kingdom, and from off this area about £200,000,000 worth of food-stuff is sold. The English Board of Agriculture is noted for the accuracy of its figures; and all my calculations are based upon the Board's published statistics, and those of its eminent official, Mr. R. H. Rew.

But Mr. Bear waves all this aside: "Our agricultural returns cover only holdings over one acre, a limit not common in other countries." Is he really unaware that the returns for Belgium have their limit at the hectare; cover nothing, that is, below two and a half acres? While for Denmark the limit is one acre and a third, again less inclusive than ours.

Mr. Bear finds it hard to understand how our gross production of food-stuffs can only average £4 per acre, when the rent and the cost of working the land must come to as much as that. I feel it is necessary to point out that this is where Mr. Bear's poorly cultivated arable land and poor pasture come in, for the average is arrived at by lumping together the good, bad, and indifferent. And while there is land producing much more than £4 gross return per acre, there is much land that is producing far less. I may also say that in the 1896 Report of the Royal Commission on Agriculture, in the pages devoted to farm statistics, I rarely found the record of a farm where the gross sales exceeded £5 per acre.

With regard to foreign statistics the case is difficult. I pointed this out in my book. My figures are in every case taken from those prepared for the Paris Exhibition of 1900, carefully revised by accredited people in the respective countries. I also pointed out that the most important figures are those which show roughly the amount of home-grown food produced per head of the population. For this reason I approve Mr. Rowntree's method of calculating the amount of stock per square mile. It shows the amount of animal food in the whole country.

I will ask Mr. Bear to imagine for the sake of argument that the whole of England has been turned into a vast pleasure-ground,

and only one hundred acres of cultivated land retained. That hundred acres might carry a record amount of stock, but they would not go far to feed the nation!

Again, we must remember that the figures which Mr. Bear gives for the number of stock per hundred acres are made up to a considerable extent of sheep. And sheep and the farming of poor land go together in many parts of the country. And these figures for stock per hundred acres do not include pigs, owing to the difficulty of reducing them to an equivalent in cattle. In respect to these we find that Germany has twenty-five per hundred acres as against our eight. And pigs, by the way, must be of considerable importance in the economics of buttermaking, because they consume the skim milk.

I fear that I cannot quite follow Mr. Bear in his argument that Germany, because it is a protected country, must therefore produce more than Denmark per acre. The chief factor influencing average production per acre is the degree of intensive cultivation. There are far larger areas given over to extensive cultivation in the German Empire than in Denmark, and this pulls down the average. And Belgian farmland, though Belgium is practically as Free Trade a country as Denmark, shows a higher yield per acre than either of the other two countries.

I am accused of disparaging English agriculture. In the light of these explanations, let me repeat briefly my opinions, the opinions of my book.

I there stated that our present dependence on a sea-borne food-supply is a national danger; that our land, capable of far greater productiveness than is generally realised, is being neglected, under-cultivated, and under-capitalised; that, whereas in many foreign countries the working capital of even a large farm may reach £20 per acre, in England the average outlay is no more than from £5 to £7 per acre; in other words, that not enough is being put into our land.

I hold that, if a nation is to retain its full vigour, it must have a flourishing agriculture; and to that end it is urgent that the land—the greatest national asset—should be put to its full economic use.

CHRISTOPHER TURNOR.

THE MEDICAL OPPOSITION TO THE NATIONAL INSURANCE BILL

The extraordinary energy and unanimity of the protests made by the members of the medical profession against the National Insurance Bill must have come as a surprise to the public at large. As a rule medical men are supposed to disagree with one another and have thus supplied materials to many other satirists besides George Bernard Shaw when he wrote "The Doctor's Dilemma." But if in diagnosis differences arise, when it is a question of economic pressure there is not so much difficulty in ascertaining the exact spot where the shoe pinches. For instance, throughout the length and breadth of the land, medical men are absolutely convinced that persons with incomes varying from £100 to £160 a year have no right to receive medical attendance as a charity.

In all parts of the world no set of men have done more gratuitous work for the sake of charity than the members of the medical profession, but there are limits. So it comes about that to-day they have risen to a man against a Bill that would confer upon those whose annual incomes exceed £100 a claim on medical charity.

The question as to who is entitled to such charity has been the subject of acute dispute for more than a quarter of a century. To-day, however, now that this difficulty has been brought to a head by the introduction of the National Insurance Bill, the medical profession have determined that a line shall be drawn somewhere. Nor is the expression of such determination mere exuberance on the part of orators and special pleaders. Funds are already being collected to strengthen weaker brethren in carrying out the national medical strike with which we are

threatened. At the same time these threats are accompanied by a very large concession. The charity line has been drawn by the British Medical Association at £2 a week, or £104 a year; yet thirty shillings a week, with perhaps a sliding scale where there are numerous children, is the highest income allowed in the arrangements made and approved by the representatives of the medical profession.

In the above introductory remarks, instead of the term "wage-limit" usually employed, the word charity has been purposely introduced. Some word had to be used to awaken attention to the forgotten fact that the present situation and difficulty is due to the attempt to convert into a national institution enrolling the majority of the community, small organisations, mostly of a local character, and founded for purely charitable purposes. Unless we go back to the forties, and especially 1848, it will be difficult to understand the present situation. In those days as to-day, there was a Socialist party that threatened the very basis of society. On the other hand, all parties acknowledged the existence of dire misery and the imperative necessity of doing something to lessen the widespread distress. There were legislative efforts, such as the Factory Acts, introduced by the Conservatives in the British Parliament, and there were revolutions, barricades, street fighting in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and many other places. While the distress thus found its political expression, thousands of well-intentioned persons were devoting time, money, and bringing their social influence to bear so as to create institutions and organisations which, however unpretending and circumscribed, might prove of positive benefit at least to some of the sufferers who were in the immediate neighbourhood. The idea of a national organisation only arose later when local bodies had become sufficiently powerful to think of federating one with the other. These attempts were essentially practical, it was always a question of pounds, shillings, and pence. There was the Trade Union movement, as yet very weak, which strove to raise wages; co-operative trading, which sought to reduce the cost of living; and the organisation of provident aid societies, which attempted to provide for a rainy day. Mr. Lloyd George's Bill has grown out of the latter efforts, and this is a serious defect; for a National Bill should

not be the outcome of a movement in which only a section of the community is concerned.

What then was the situation in the forties? The cost of living was high, wages low, hours of labour long, unemployment very prevalent. But little was known about sanitary science, the death-rate and morbidity-rate was appalling and epidemics frequent. Then the benevolent approached members of the medical profession and pointed out that there were many worthy labourers and skilled artisans who could not possibly pay even the lowest scale of medical fees. Consequently they drifted to the workhouse or resorted to quacks; drugged themselves—often with fatal results; and sometimes ran up a bill with a medical man which they rarely, if ever, paid. But though these poor people could not pay medical fees when ill, they might when well and in work subscribe a few pence per week so as to receive medical and financial benefits when their health failed them. The great wave of humanitarian feeling which swept Europe in the forties and gave birth to so many Utopias—poetical and romantic conception of social harmony—did not fail to influence the members of the medical profession. Better than most people medical practitioners had good reason to know how deep was the distress. When therefore they were asked to accept the beggarly terms involved in the penny a week contract system they gladly assented. To them this was no commercial transaction, still less did they dream of founding a vast national institution. It was a question of relieving immediate distress among their own poverty-stricken neighbours.

The philanthropists in the forties who persuaded poor people to subscribe a penny a week so as to secure medical aid when ill, did not imagine they were going to establish a national precedent for grouping together, not the starving, miserably paid workers of their time, but the most successful and thrifty sections of the well-organised and much-better-paid artisan and industrial classes of future and more prosperous generations. Nevertheless a few medical men in different parts of the country were able to discern not merely the immediate results but to see probable after-consequences. At Coventry and at Northampton, during the earlier part of last century, there were doctors who protested against the combining of local charities, such as

medical dispensaries, with the organisation of provident funds. These protests retarded the creation of the Coventry Dispensary. The Royal Victoria Dispensary, founded to celebrate her late Majesty's visit to Northampton in 1845, received in donations £1000 when started. This fact was considered sufficient to stamp the institution as a charity. But it was soon forgotten, and to-day there are, counting the families of the members, some 20,000 persons depending on this dispensary for medical advice in case of sickness who would be very indignant if told they were recipients of a charity. Yet, when in 1845 medical practitioners at Northampton consented to give their services to individuals paying a penny, or families paying twopence a week, their sole object was to assist a charity. The result is that a powerful institution has grown up, a medical monopoly has been created, 20,000 persons have been placed out of the reach of the ordinary practitioner, and are attended as if they were worthy subjects for charity, though many of them are in comfortable situations and well able to pay the usual medical fees. The early opponents were fully justified in objecting to the penny a week contribution. The sum was not enough to constitute a real payment for medical attendance, but it sufficed to blur, then to completely obliterate, the charitable character of the institutions.

Gradually the idea spread throughout the country that a penny a week was sufficient payment for medical services, and that by bargaining hard these could be obtained for even a lower price. The medical profession are themselves greatly to blame for allowing such impressions to spread. But resistance was impossible without organisation, and this bore too close a resemblance to Trade Unionism, which was all very well for common workmen, but was altogether "bad form" for such very dignified and superior personages as the members of the medical profession. Such snobbism, however, did not trouble the medical profession on the Continent. The French doctors, for instance, fully availed themselves of the Law of 1884 sanctioning the creation of Trade Unions. *The Union des Syndicats Médicaux de France* has now more than 8000 members and they are also fighting against the after-consequences of the philanthropical institutions developed in the forties. In France

the efforts which were made under similar circumstances and at the same time as in England are known as the Mutualist movement. The same may be said in regard to Belgium. The Friendly and Benefit Societies of England correspond most closely to the Mutualists of the Continent, and then there are any number of other and minor organisations. In these the old philanthropic spirit has entirely disappeared and is sometimes replaced by the most sordid and degrading motives. A description of this transition would fill a lengthy and important chapter in the social history of England and of many other countries. For the true understanding of the actual situation it is essential that the public at large should realise to what an extent the medical profession has been degraded by these penny a week payments. Of course every one must feel that whatever tends to lower the medical profession increases the prevalence and evil consequences of disease. The revolt against the National Insurance Bill is a revolt against a measure that tends to strengthen some of these mischievous institutions and to perpetuate a system of payment that has disastrously affected the honour and capacity of a large section of the medical profession.

The generic term for this method of payment is the contract system. It is the tallyman system applied to professional services. A doctor is bought, like a mangle, for so much a week, and, indeed, it is quite a common thing to employ the same collector for both mangle and medical services; the only difference is that a much larger sum is paid for the mangle. During sixteen years I have travelled off and on in different parts of Great Britain, Ireland, and the Continent, calling on all concerned to inquire into the working of the contract system. The *Lancet* has published several hundred columns giving the detailed results of these investigations. Under the heading of "The Battle of the Clubs," some of these reports were reprinted in the form of what an irreverent friend has described as "a shilling medical shocker." It is generally friends who do these things, and they are very dreadful when we bear in mind the superlative dignity the profession endeavours to maintain, but which would have been better upheld by protecting its poorer members from the degradations which constitute

the "shocking" features of the reprint in question. There may be nothing degrading to the medical profession if a poor man saves a penny a week so as to pay for medical advice when he is ill; but if a publican undertakes to provide such medical aid so as to secure regular custom for the consumption of his beer and spirits, it is another matter. The poor man's penny savings, if they remain in his own hands, do not last long, and even those who are not poor find it very difficult to keep their economies intact. Therefore philanthropic provident societies combined charity—the collection of donations—with the collection of savings. The two sources of income, especially in times of sickness, went to help the distressed. Then the Friendly Societies were started, without the charitable element, and after that there came all manner of private speculations, from vast insurance companies to petty slate clubs started by publicans.

In all these institutions, from the highest down to the lowest, it is the medical man who invariably serves as the chief attraction and the principal victim. The income of members of the profession is lowered because persons who might have been paying patients are induced to join a "sick and annual." At N——, some ingenious publicans not only offer the services of a doctor but, if this fails in its object, they also undertake to provide a decent funeral. As this is a somewhat melancholy subject, drink is the natural antidote, and the publican who acts as the cashier for the organisation does a good business. At G——, the seafaring population have a number of public-house slate clubs where they pay sixpence a week, or 26s. a year. From this income the medical officer receives 2s. 6d. a year, but this is not quite so bad, for the members are hardy mariners who do not often fall ill, and when they do suffer it frequently happens they are away at sea. The medical officer must however attend those who are ill on shore, and they likewise receive some financial help. Nevertheless at the end of the year there generally remains enough money to divide and give each member from 10s. to 15s. towards the expenses of the Christmas festivities. The weekly sixpences have, of course, to be handed in over the public-house bar, and when these payments are effected some drink is ordered "for the good of the house." Thus the doctor becomes a precious

auxiliary of the publican, and all this in the name of providence—which is assuredly a virtue that should be encouraged.

Of all mischievous institutions founded in public-houses, a woman's slate club at W—— appeared to me to be about the worst. There were ninety members, all women, and it was the rule that they should meet once a fortnight. On these occasions each member was to pay a subscription of sixpence and three-halfpence for ale. The printed rules of this club specially provide guarantees for the payment of the beer money. The beer would be served whether the member was there to drink it or not; and those who were present enjoyed the privilege of drinking the beer of the absent members. Thus the sober women who abstained paid for the extra share consumed by the more inveterate and punctual topers. The women who had too much work and could not come at the appointed time lost the beer charged to their account, a consideration not calculated to encourage industrious habits. Most of the members were married women, and were induced to join so that if they fell ill they would not become a burden to their husbands, but be attended by the medical officer of the club, and there would be quite a large sum of money forthcoming to cover funeral expenses. Thus under the pretext of making provision against misfortune, these women had a good excuse for frequenting a public-house and encouraging each other to drink. The desire to insure against sickness has led to the creation of innumerable abuses, and in some cases to the direct promotion of intemperance among women as well as among men. Now, however, that we are promised a national scheme of insurance, it is natural to anticipate that the abominations just described are destined to disappear. But, as a matter of fact, many of these are likely to remain. For instance, married women are not included in the scope of the Bill, therefore the women at W—— have just as good reason now as before to join burial and beer-drinking medical clubs. Nor must it be imagined that W—— is an exceptionally black spot. There are many other such drinking and prudential clubs elsewhere, only I mention what I happen to have seen. The point is that if the State proposes to replace individual enterprise in the provision of sick relief, then care should be taken to efface the worse effects that have resulted

from private enterprise. Public-house benefit and sick clubs should be the first to go. It seems on the contrary that, under one pretext or another, a good many of them will remain.

It may however, and with justice, be urged that, though all this is very bad, it only affects a few medical men and a very small section of the public. What is undoubtedly of widespread national importance is the normal working of the contract system. The public does not realise that this system is really even more injurious to the patients than to their medical attendants. Indeed the pity of it is that there are some medical practitioners who have made quite a good thing out of it. Consequently the reform needed is that which will do away with rather than strengthen the contract system. Under this system the medical officer, whether in the employ of a large friendly society, an insurance company, a provident dispensary, a trade union, or one or more of the innumerable medical aid societies or clubs, is either paid a fixed salary or so much per member inscribed on his list. The latter is the more usual form of payment. The amount given varies, but in the majority of cases it is a penny per week. In the olden days, when the medical practitioner put such subscribers on his list as a matter of charity, he was, of course, careful not to have too long a list. This, therefore, did not bring him a large increase of patients, and he could consequently devote all the time necessary to take proper care of these poor people. Nor did he look too closely after the cost of the drugs they needed. It was not a matter of business, but a work of love. In the course of time, however, and especially under the teaching of the benefit societies, the impression was spread that the medical men were paid and sufficiently paid by the penny a week. This conception should have been nipped in the bud; but, in the absence of any sort of organisation or mouthpiece by which the profession might have made itself heard, it was, on the contrary, encouraged by the conduct of some medical men themselves. Instead of denying that a penny a week could possibly pay for professional services and drugs, many practitioners set to work to organise their practice in such a manner as to make it pay. If their patients persisted in saying that a penny was enough, they would contrive to give them just a penny's worth of attention. Thus

has a noble profession been degraded. Of course, under such conditions, instead of accepting only very few subscribers, the object now was to get as long a list as possible.

A thousand subscribers meant a little more than £200 a year, and the people who gave their penny a week thought their doctor was well paid since he got such a nice little income. Of course, if there were 2000 members, then the doctor was described as very well paid. In some cases the pay was undoubtedly quite sufficient—for the services rendered. The system could only work profitably by a degradation of medical practice. In many instances the patient only saw their medical officer on rare occasions; they were generally attended by an unqualified assistant. To-day the employment of unqualified assistants is prohibited, and this at once made the profession much more eager to abolish the contract system altogether. Contract work in practice means, it will be seen, quantity instead of quality, and therefore tends to lower the value of medical science. There is another great evil, it has created monopolies and reduced the area on which independent medical men might have hoped to obtain clients. At L—— and N—— I found that three-quarters of the population belong to medical aid organisations of some sort, and the local practitioners do not always get a penny a week for attending to them. The L—— Dispensary charged a penny a week to its members, but deducted more than half that sum for management, and the medical staff did not receive 2s. per year per member. The same conditions obtain at the S—— and M—— D——. At the C—— Provident Dispensary the medical officers got 1s. 10d. out of the 4s. 4d. the members paid per annum. As these provident dispensaries have more than 10,000 members, they could, so far as membership goes, be included among the "approved societies" under the Bill.

It is unfortunate the public does not realise what such payments mean. In some cases where the members do not suffer much ill-health because they are young, vigorous, and engaged in wholesome occupations, a penny weekly subscription may provide from ninepence to a shilling for each consultation given. More frequently, if at the end of the year the medical officer divides the sum he has received by the number of consultations

he has given, he will find that it only amounts to from three-pence to fourpence per consultation.

In France, the medical officers of the Mutualist Societies obtain from one penny to five pence per consultation. If in England the average is a trifle higher, the English practitioner provides drugs, and this is not allowed in France. To make such work pay it is necessary to see thirty to forty patients in an hour. Indeed, near B——, there was a club doctor who stationed his wife outside the inner surgery door. As soon as a patient had been one minute with the doctor, she began tapping at the door, and it is said that he thus succeeded in seeing sixty patients in an hour! Of course, this is not science, it is little better than guesswork, and the economic forces that have reduced medical men to such a low level are naturally viewed with antipathy and apprehension by the medical profession.

To understand how the medical profession consider the National Insurance Bill, it is necessary to look at the question in the light of the above experience. Here is a noble profession that has been dragged down into the mud by the contract system. So terrible has been the pressure both at home and abroad that medical men, throwing their class prejudices aside, have formed themselves into militant trade unions, have collected strike funds, and gone out on strike. Strike breakers have been called in against them, and these were duly ostracised by the profession. When the friendly societies found it impossible to come to terms with these rebellious medical officers, they sometimes amalgamated to import a medical practitioner who would devote all his time to them and do their work for a fixed salary. This meant that the medical practitioner in question abandoned all hope of obtaining private practice, of rising in his profession, or of associating with his fellow professionals. Obviously, these men did not hold good positions or they would not consent to become mere servants of benefit societies or provident clubs. They are the "blacklegs" of the profession, and are treated as such. The Insurance Bill ought to be framed in such a manner as to assist the medical profession in the arduous task of purifying its ranks from the evil consequences brought about by such methods of insurance as are actually in existence. But Mr. Lloyd George does not propose to abolish the contract system,

and spoke, on one occasion, of respecting vested interests, meaning apparently the monopoly of medical practice created by friendly societies and handed over to the keeping of blackleg doctors.

The friendly societies, big or small, and all such medical aid organisations, are the natural economic antagonists of the medical profession. Apart from the degradation brought about by smaller bodies, as described above, the main grievances are that medical monopolies are created, medical men are converted into the mere servants of lay committees, consisting sometimes of very rough and uncouth individuals, and forced to treat on charity terms men and women of good position who could easily pay the usual fees. Thus the field for independent medical practice is restricted to the great and material loss of the profession. How will the present Bill alter these conditions? The friendly societies, which a hard and disastrous experience has taught the medical profession to view with suspicion, are to be taken in hand tenderly, their power and prestige is to be enhanced, they are to become government institutions, and the principal wheels of new machinery about to be set up. Those persons who are not members of the approved friendly societies can, it is true, be insured through the Post Office, but the conditions are so unfavourable as to constitute almost a coercive force compelling all concerned to join at once one of the approved institutions. Such flagrant favouritism shown to the worst enemies of the medical profession was not calculated to allay the apprehensions of medical men. The further fact that in France, in Belgium, in all industrial countries, the medical men have had to fight and organise strikes against the friendly societies of those countries shows there is inherent antagonism which is not peculiar to medical men of England. This hostility existed long before Mr. Lloyd George appeared on the political arena, and it is surprising that in framing his Bill he took so little notice of these deep and strong feelings.

The friendly societies and kindred bodies provide the means by which a very large number of well-to-do people avoid paying medical fees. There is nothing in the National Insurance Bill to prevent the continuance of this abuse. Over and over again the medical profession has approached the friendly societies

calling upon them to establish a wage-limit, but this has always been refused. Now that the Government has taken the matter in hand it might be supposed that the first care would be to justify such interference by the prompt removal of all crying abuses. A considerable number of tradesmen belong to friendly societies, own house property and earn several hundred pounds a year, and yet only pay a penny a week for medical attendance. As an example in point, the medical officer of a friendly society at L—— explained to me that though he only obtained, on an average, threepence per consultation, he had to attend many prosperous tradesmen. One of them had actually been Mayor of L—— and paid for himself and family about *eleven shillings* a year! During the previous year there had been a good deal of sickness in his family, and had he paid for medicine and attendance 2s. 6d. a visit, his bill would have amounted to £35. But seeing the property he owned, the ex-Mayor might very well have been charged 5s. a visit, and this would have made £70. The difference between the 11s. or so actually paid and £70 represents the sum the medical profession lost in this one single instance because no wage-limit is enforced. It is because there are so many such cases that Mr. Lloyd George hesitates to enforce the £2 a week wage-limit which the British Medical Association insists upon. Such a limit would prevent the ex-Mayor of L—— and many other highly influential local notabilities from obtaining medical services at rates intended only for very poor people.

As important for the profession and for the public is the principle of the free choice of the medical attendant. In this matter Mr. Lloyd George professes to be in agreement with the profession, and says it would be well if all qualified practitioners were at liberty to inscribe their names on the panel from which the insured would select their medical adviser. But if this is done, what will become of the existing medical officers who are the salaried servants of friendly societies and other medical aid organisations. Their vested interests, such as they are, must of necessity vanish, their monopoly would be destroyed, their services could no longer be forced upon the members of the society by which they are employed. As this degrading servitude is, in many cases, accepted by medical men who have

may been unable to create a practice of their own, they are not likely to be often selected if their name merely appears on the panel by the side of all the other names of practitioners exercising in the neighbourhood. Besides, it has always been the ambition and aim of friendly societies and such bodies to employ medical men, to exercise authority over them, to order them about. On the other hand, the medical profession has always denied the right of a committee of laymen, ignorant of medical science, to govern medical officers. If, in spite of such considerations and the likely opposition from the friendly societies, the Bill does establish the principle of the free choice of medical adviser, this at least will be a good result. In Germany, under the Compulsory Insurance Law, the *cassa* or committee of management, composed for the most part of workmen, has opposed the free choice of medical advisers, and this was the cause of the two great medical strikes that took place in Cologne in 1904 and 1909. It does not seem clear as yet that the English friendly societies will be more easy to manage under the National Insurance Bill than are the German *cassa* under the Bismarckian Laws on compulsory insurance.

Finally there is the question of the mode of payment. Mr. Lloyd George does at least recognise that a penny a week is not enough, though it is enough and more than enough where the extreme poor are concerned. But the extreme poor are left out of consideration by the Bill. Government interference is denied just where it is most needed. The Bill deals with a section of the population that is already fairly well able to take care of itself. Therefore the medical profession urges that it is not a question of charity, and consequently there is no reason for accepting low rates of payment. The remuneration must be according to the income of the people concerned, and by far the best system is payment by results. The most efficient service will be secured by payment per consultation given.

The weekly subscription may go to form a fund for such purpose, but the medical officer should only be paid for services rendered, and at the time when they are rendered. This is the ideal system, and it is being gradually applied where medical men have had the opportunity to argue their case.

They were then able to show that a fixed tariff of fees could

be established, meeting most cases, and that the payment of such fees as the cases arose was practical and in the best interests of both doctor and patient. This end has been achieved more especially in France; and in France, Belgium, Germany, the medical profession are watching with much concern the progress of the *British National Insurance Bill*. They are, of course, troubled to find that their old enemy the friendly societies are to be pampered. They hope this does not mean that the progress they are making on the Continent will receive a set-back through some bad example given in England.

ADOLPHE SMITH.

GREATER BRITAIN

CANADIAN AFFAIRS

1

The approaching retirement of Lord Strathcona from the office of High Commissioner for the Dominion of Canada will be universally regretted. But for his indefatigable courage at a time when nearly all the world's financiers were agreed that an ocean-to-ocean railway through British North America would not "pay for the axle-grease" (a saying that summed up the practical man's unpractical habit of taking short views thirty years ago) the Canadian Pacific could not have been built in time to prevent the "Americanisation" of the high prairies, and Sir John Macdonald's ideal of a transcontinental confederacy under the British flag could not have been translated into terms of steel. Moreover, Lord Strathcona has been not only a maker of modern Canada but also a maker of the Empire; there is no stronger advocate of the constructive idea of Imperial Preference, and none who has more consistently enforced by works as well as by words the modern theory of the Empire as an Imperial partnership. His whole career, be it added, shows what can be done by one who prefers doing something to saying—something! In the presence of great issues he has always abstained from mere talking and awaited the psychological moment when a few words, based on a thorough study of the situation, would have the weight of tangible things and the force of timely actions. At the age of ninety-one he has earned his retirement, but we shall continue to seek his advice as one of the "Elder Statesmen" of the Empire, and hope to live long enough to help him celebrate his own centenary.

At all times and in all places he has acted as a missionary of practical Imperialism—to such extent, indeed, that the Americanising element in Canadian politics has occasionally criticised his attitude in regard to Imperial affairs. But altogether apart from his official position, he has been too great a power in his native and in his adopted country for those whom the late Mr. Goldwin Smith described as "citizens of the Continent" to challenge his right to justify the faith that is in him. "We have to let him alone," said one of the most influential of Canadian anti-Imperialists to the writer; "he's just a big natural fact—like Niagara Falls or the Rockies—and we've got to put up with him." No better compliment was ever paid to Lord Strathcona's elemental greatness.

On the best authority I learn that he will be succeeded by Sir Frederick Borden, who has been Minister of Militia since the Liberal Party was returned to power in 1896. But for the fact that his health is not very good, Mr. Clifford Sifton, who has long since outgrown party politics and is now the most profound of Canadian publicists, might have become High Commissioner. And not a few Canadians and friends of Canada (myself among them) would have been glad to see the position offered to Sir Edmund Walker, the President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, who would not only have developed the business side of the High Commissionership, but also proved *urbi et orbi* that Canada has an intellectual life of her own and is not concerned solely with elevators, real estate deals, and tall chimneys. This most uncommercial of the magnates of Canadian banking (which is really the paramount factor in the economic evolution of the Dominion), whose annual address on the progress of Canada's trade and industry and its financial bill of health is invariably a document as interesting as it is instructive, is a liberal and enlightened patron of all the arts, and, as I have good reason to know, is as good a judge of a picture, a poem, or the performance of a symphony by the famous Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto as any Canadian living. However, it is unlikely that he would have accepted the appointment, even if he had been asked to act as Canada's ambassador to the Mother Country.

But, after all, no better High Commissioner than Sir Frederick Borden could have been found. He is wealthy, open-minded,

and open-handed, and the possessor of that singular gift, which not even Thackeray could dissect and define, of asserting his personality without apparent effort in all sorts of society—but especially in that with a capital "S." He will be very popular in London; as popular, no doubt, as he is in Canada with the leading men of both parties. He is a cousin of Mr. R. L. Borden; the connection has made for the mitigation of party warfare. He is an excellent man of business, and should prove a faithful adviser of all who wish to invest themselves or their capital, or both (the best investment of all), in Canada, as well as of those Canadians who come to London to find the money for sound undertakings. As to Sir Frederick Borden's Imperialism there can be no shadow of doubt. While he has been Minister of Militia the expenditure on Canada's land forces and defences has been multiplied fivefold, despite the constant opposition of that element in the Liberal Party which will have it that defencelessness is the cheapest form of self-defence. He has always supported any practicable plan for the co-operation of Canada's forces with those of the rest of the Empire, and he is a strong and uncompromising supporter of the Canadian naval policy, which has made so many rifts in the "solid Quebec" that is the chief asset of his party.

2

The Reciprocity controversy has been renewed and will become more and more acute as October approaches, when, it it almost certain, the Government will appeal to the constituencies for the ratification of this fiscal policy. The curious fact in the situation is this—no attempt is to be made to carry a Redistribution Bill before the General Election, though there is time to do so; and, supposing Reciprocity is as popular in the West as Liberal organisers would have us believe, the increased representation of the three Prairie Provinces would work to the advantage of the party in power. The probable explanation is that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's advisers are convinced that victory is secure without the help of the enormous addition since the last census to the numerical strength of the Western electorate. After all the West would not receive as large an increase of representation as appeared probable before it was known that the natural addition to the

population of Quebec (which cannot lose or gain a member under the constitutional conditions imposed by the British North America Act) has been larger than was anticipated. The electoral unit (*i.e.* the population entitled to return one member to the House of Commons) must now be about 30 000, an increase of 20 per cent. on the unit which was the basis of the last Redistribution Act. It would not, of course, be difficult to force a new Bill through, despite the fact that the Opposition can become an Obstruction to any extent theoretically in the Canadian Parliament where the closure and the guillotine are as yet unknown. In practice there is a limit to the use of obstructive tactics, since the people who look on Parliament as a place where things are done as well as said would exact a penalty from a party which held up the nation's business for an indefinite period. But concessions would have to be made to the Opposition if a Bill were to be passed within a reasonable time and the Government, thinking the victory of 1908 will be repeated, are not disposed to abandon one jot or tittle of the full and complete measure of jerrymandering, which is to leave them in a favourable position for the General Election of 1915. These political strategists look far ahead; it was Sir John Macdonald who taught them to do so, preparing his party's entrenchments along the blue hills of time. But as tacticians, they are not so accomplished; at the present moment they overlook the fact that the people are no longer on their side. A party which habitually thinks of itself as "the people" (as the Liberals in the Mother Country and the Democrats in the United States are wont to do) often falls into this blunder.

The protagonists of the struggle are all in the field. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's reception in Quebec was made the occasion of a great gathering of the faithful. At Quebec an address was presented by the Mayor on behalf of the city, which touched on the general belief that his counsels had prevailed at the Imperial Conference. His journey up the river from Quebec to Montreal was a triumphal progress; every wharf along the unwinding banks was thronged with his admiring compatriots, and no sooner had the cheers of one group died away as the steamer crawled along in the channel than those of the next began to be heard. At Montreal the shipping was decorated in his honour and the Liberal clubs

presented addresses in which he was praised for his attitude at the Conference and described as the Champion of Canadian autonomy. The word had been passed round; the cry will be none the less effective with the conservative-minded habitant because it is an old, old cry and meaningless in these latter days when Canada is more independent of the Mother Country than the Mother Country is of Canada. It will shout from every Liberal poster and handbill during the elections and, in my judgment, will go far to solidify Quebec in the interests of Liberalism. It is impossible not to admire the brilliant astuteness of the Canadian Prime Minister. Compared and contrasted with him, Mr. Asquith is a fumbler and Mr. Balfour a bungler; only M. Clemenceau at his simplest and subtlest (*e.g.* when he gave one hundred francs to the leader of the discontented wine-growers in the Midi to pay his fare home and into oblivion) could have claimed equality with him as a tactician.

Meanwhile Mr. R. L. Borden is slogging away in the West. His tour has had the effect of consolidating the Conservative party beyond the Great Lakes and putting an end to the dalliance of its local leaders with Reciprocity. Thus the Convention of the Saskatchewan Conservatives at Moosejaw, which was attended by two hundred delegates, has declared unanimously against Reciprocity, in favour of increased preference for British manufactures and for the restoration of public lands and all natural reserves to the Provinces. The result leaves Mr. F. G. Haultain, nominally the leader of the party in that Province, who declared himself a supporter of Reciprocity, in an impossible position. It is too soon yet to say whether Mr. Borden's honest and uncompromising criticism of the policy of Americanisation has detached votes from the other side. His meetings have been well attended even when held in the enemy's country, and he has been received everywhere with enthusiasm. But the Westerner is always ready to act on the maxim *audi alteram partem* and to applaud any speaker who manfully declares the faith that is in him, and Mr. Borden's warm reception cannot be taken as a proof that he has set the pendulum swinging. Next month I hope to speak of his campaign in the West at greater length.

E. B. O.

AUSTRALIAN AFFAIRS

AUSTRALIA'S domestic affairs are of comparatively little interest just now; they are moving gently forward under the impulse given—and along the lines laid down—by the Labour victories of 1910, and it is only the incurable reactionaries who really believe that the defeat of the *referenda* in April means any kind of setback to Labour's propaganda. The figures of that April voting, when you compare them with those of the victory twelve months before, show well enough their own cause, the temporary split among Labour supporters; and it is ironically suggestive to note that the Opposition Press is reduced to boasting of a victory which it shares with the extreme Socialist wing of its opponents. But many voters have taken the chance—that is the beauty of the Referendum—to give hints to a Ministry they would never think of unseating; and to argue from April 1911 to April 1913 is merely futile self-deception.

The land-tax has been declared constitutional, as the best lawyers on both sides of politics knew, and said, it was. Now the disgruntled landowners must learn—as the disgruntled sugar-planters of Queensland learnt, to their own and the country's great advantage, some years ago—that obstinacy does not pay, while intelligent acceptance of the new conditions does. The key to the land-tax problem is that you pay exactly the same sum whether you use your land properly or not, while you receive a great deal more from it if you take the trouble to use it. And it may be added for English readers that the only man who knows how to use a block of Australian land properly is the man who lives on it and has an intimate personal knowledge of its conditions and requirements. Australian estates cannot be managed from London, or by English-trained agriculturists until they have studied the new country for some years. The successful men, under our new conditions, will be the men who live on their estates for the greater part of the year; the successful companies will be those that get the best managers they can find, pay them well to do their work, and give them a free hand about expenditure. To direct an Australian bank from London may have its advantages; to direct the management of Australian estates at

such long range is foolishness. So, at least, I have been told quite recently by successful men and directors of successful companies—and they should know.

Politics are rather at a standstill. Prime Minister and Premiers being away, their substitutes have been playing—not always gracefully or in the best of taste. That, of course, gives the Opposition its legitimate chance to scoff, or to grumble, and the chance has been taken. But it is play all the time. The genuine leaders are coming back, and every one is waiting to see what difference their visit to England will have made in them; for on that will depend a good deal of Australia's future. If they return with fuller knowledge and wider views and impulses steadied by new responsibility, Australia will gladly settle down to develop her resources quietly under rulers she already trusts, in a *timid* sort of fashion, more *than* any she has *had before*. But should they have found themselves, set down in the Empire's heart at one of the most critical moments Britain has ever known, among partisans merely and parliamentarians, aggressive or timid, self-seeking or half-indifferent, but judging all things from a party standpoint and considering every measure or amendment as a bait to catch votes—well, one rather trembles at the possible effect. In Australia we are apt to take ourselves lightly and our work seriously; if we go into a fight with a light heart, it is not because we under-estimate the importance of the fight. Our politicians have not learnt to hobnob, cheerfully and irresponsibly, with opponents whom they look upon as bent on the ruin of the country. And if our Federal Ministers find your leading men engaged in such pursuits, they will, in the first place, come to think that the crisis cannot be grave or the leaders in earnest; and, in the second, be drawn by all their instincts to whatever party or section of a party really is in earnest, and to any man, however fanatic, who sincerely believes that his ideas will benefit the country and not merely give a momentary advantage to his party. Among the Coronation guests we have sent home some men to whom politics is already a mere game; but it will be fatal if the Conference and its surroundings convert our Ministers to the same view.

Meanwhile it is pleasant to know that they have not been seduced into acquiescence with the declarations of your Labour

extremists. Mr. Fisher seems to have been airing a desire that nations outside the actual Empire should be invited to take part in some Conference—whether he means the Imperial Conference is not quite clear. If so, he speaks for very few Australians; though the idea of some closer tie between the Empire and the United States has been for some years much favoured by a large section of our community—an anti-Labour section for the most part—which knows nothing about the U.S. except that its fleet paid us a very friendly visit, and is consequently quite ignorant of the many anti-British influences that so profoundly affect American politics. But this excursion into idealism counts for little beside Mr. Fisher's sturdy protest against Mr. Keir Hardie's floppy pacificism, and his steadfast refusal to be dragged into your local party politics. It cannot be too often repeated that the Australian and the European Labour movements, while making ostensibly for the same end, the bettering of conditions among the less prosperous classes and the consequent improvement in type of the average citizen—as, of course, do all modern "reform" movements—yet make for that end by different and not even parallel roads; and any attempt to attract people down one road by pointing to the progress made along the other must be either ignorantly or deliberately deceptive.

The present industrial policy of the Commonwealth, however much some of its half-unwilling adherents may try to conceal it, is part and parcel of its policy of Protection, which again is one section of its Defence policy. To maintain a British community safe and sound, half the earth away from Britain and in the midst of populations with very different standards of living, it must be made self-supporting in all necessaries, and able-bodied and intelligent throughout: every "passenger" in the boat is a source of grave weakness, whether he be over-rich or over-poor, idle because he need not work or idle because he is unhealthy or unemployed. Britain, no doubt, has equal need of the same transformation. But the stress on us, isolated in the far Pacific, is greater and more urgent; and it is the instinct of our Labour Party—the truly British instinct, after all—to work steadily and by continual small changes towards that end, making little or no alteration in the social framework that does not bear definitely on the attainment of their goal; whereas your

British Labour Party has been led away by the bad example of Continental theorists into un-British yearning for immediate and forcibly produced Utopias, altering the whole scheme of British society largely for the sake of alteration.

About the earlier results of the Imperial Conference itself there is little talk in Australia one way or the other. From the moment when Sir Joseph Ward blurted out at a Sydney banquet his scheme for an Imperial Parliament of Defence—which he seems to have learnt up hastily and unintelligently after he had left New Zealand, knowing neither the true source of the scheme nor the intention with which it was originally planned—it was a foregone conclusion that he would find no acceptance for it either in the Conference or in any of the Dominions. It was a bad blunder—the worse because over-enthusiastic Imperialists in London mistook it for the utterance of a genuine representative of New Zealand opinion, instead of what it was, the crude outcry of a man who merely wanted to be the first to say something, whether the time was ripe for it or not. In New Zealand it was promptly repudiated by men and newspapers of all shades of opinion, and its rejection by the Conference was welcomed all over Australasia with relief. More harm is done to Imperialism by self-advertising friends than by its bitterest enemies. The admission of Dominion Ministers to the inner circle of the Imperial Cabinet has been doubly welcome: it raises the *status* of the Dominions in the Empire, and it cannot but have a sobering and broadening effect on the men who now govern the Commonwealth. The mere fact that, as I have already indicated, Mr. Hughes and Mr. O'Malley have been rather "letting themselves go" recently makes every one happy to feel that Mr. Fisher and Mr. Batchelor, when they return, will be able to control them by virtue of wider knowledge and greater authority than they previously possessed. As for the failure to modify the Declaration of London, a considerable amount of disappointment is expressed in mercantile circles; but such a moderate (if on the whole anti-Labour) organ as the *Sydney Morning Herald* acquiesces in the decision of the Australian representatives—who in their turn seem to have accepted without demur the statements of Sir Edward Grey.

It is obvious [says the *Herald*] that the only useful opportunity for consultation was before the British Delegates had been instructed what to demand and what to concede. . . . Had Australia been a foreign country she would have been consulted. . . . At present her representatives are left with no middle course. The Declaration . . . must now either be accepted or rejected as a whole. . . . As to the details of the proposed code, Sir Edward Grey appears to have disposed of the objections put forward by Mr. Batchelor on behalf of Australia.

In spite of disappointment, therefore, Australians are not disposed to quarrel with their Ministers' action; for our Ministers are bound to take yours seriously, and to throw the burden of Imperial policy on the British Cabinet's shoulders without protracted protest, except where special Australian interests are involved which British Ministers are unlikely to understand. If the choice made is ruinous, it is the men of your choice who have made it.

There is one matter, by the by, in which special Australian interests are involved, of which it is difficult to speak without offending, while yet some protest is due or overdue. I refer to the choice, made by British Ministers, of the men who are to stand in Australia for the Imperial connection and the King who symbolises it. At present the results could not be more uncertain if names were drawn haphazard out of a lucky bag. We may get excellent men—it is not invidious to mention Lord Northcote for the Commonwealth, Lord Jersey and Lord Chelmsford for New South Wales, Sir Thomas Carmichael for Victoria; we may get anybody. There seems to be no principle of selection, no reason (at any rate, no reason affecting the public interest) why one man is chosen rather than another. Occasionally, it is true, some vestige of a quite unworthy reason becomes apparent. Because officials at this end, coming in contact with the people who pose in London as "representative Australians," get into their heads a vague idea that Australia's chief use for Governors is to cadge banquets and balls out of them, the Colonial Office seems now and then to pick a man merely for his wealth, or his lavish habits of hospitality, or (with a memory of the Melbourne Cup) his racing proclivities. No more fatal mistake could be made nowadays. Australia's use for Governors to-day is to get sober and well-informed advice out of them for our often very amateur Cabinets—and to get also a sober and decent standard

of living, for the benefit of our small "society" cliques who try to ape the reported doings of your Smart Set. The idea that any one in the Commonwealth outside those noisy but insignificant cliques wants a Governor, or a Governor-General, to entertain lavishly, or to spend a penny more than Australia pays to him, is to-day dangerously erroneous. Men chosen in accordance with it may please the cliques and their London relatives; but their effect on the rest of Australia—which is the Australia that counts—is to associate the British connection, and even the Empire's King, with wretched snobbery, vulgar extravagance, and occasionally worse vices still.

CORRESPONDENCE

A SOUTH AFRICAN PROTEST

To the Editor of the NATIONAL REVIEW

SIR,—As a constant reader of the *National Review* I wish to protest against your persistent boycott of South African affairs. While admitting that you had ample reason for discouragement at the time of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's leap in the dark, yet I claim that many events have happened since then to prove that South Africa is capable of dealing even with the meddlesome attentions of a Radical Party. Why, then, should you treat her with this contemptuous silence? She is always to remain a portion of the Empire, and she is as much, if not more alive than some older Dominions to the responsibilities which this membership entails. She offers a vast field for the expansion of British trade and British emigration, both of which are steadily increasing, but would grow still more if you and others would assist in restoring confidence in her future. Surely you do not intend through all ages to ban her because one party gave Responsible Government to the Transvaal a few years before the other party would have given it. I submit that it is time that these controversies were laid aside and that South Africa should take the position that is her due, by the side of the other Dominions in your pages.

Yours faithfully,

HUGH A. WYNDHAM.

July 19, 1911.

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

Orgy of Sentimentalism

ALTHOUGH we are told every other day by the Ministerial Press that there is not the remotest cause for anxiety concerning the European situation, while it is not obscurely hinted that the peace of the world is already indebted to the fortitude of his Majesty's Ministers at recent critical moments—two conflicting and irreconcilable theories of the position—every one with eyes can see for themselves that the outlook is fraught with peril which no patched-up settlement between France and Germany over Morocco will permanently dispel. The German bully is on the war-path with specific objects. The autumn, for some mysterious reason, is the bullies' chosen season, as we have seen in past years. In 1911, however, operations opened unusually early, as it was only July 1, as described in a well-informed article elsewhere, that the German gunboat *Panther* pounced on one of the choicest ports on the Atlantic seaboard of Morocco (the very day the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany reached the Fatherland after their Coronation picnic) incidentally in order to open "conversations" with France. We know those "conversations." We are sick of them, though we have no reason to be surprised at them, because British policy is largely responsible for these ceaseless attempts to blackmail her partner in the *entente cordiale* with a view to testing the solidity of that understanding. The

five years' orgy of sentimentalism in this country and the poisoned reports on the character of British Ministers, which form an integral feature of German diplomacy, coupled with the German Emperor's low estimate of our public men, formed by personal contact, have convinced Wilhelm II. and his advisers that under no conceivable circumstances will Great Britain fight, and that consequently now is the time to establish the Teutonic hegemony of Europe, and to reap the reward of many years' labour and sacrifice in building up the German Navy while automatically expanding the German Army. We do not say that all Germany wants war, because any war would involve a serious dislocation of trade, but even the peaceful part of the German population believes that the German Government knows how to make war profitable; consequently popular resentment against growing armaments, of which we hear so much in Radical papers, does not necessarily make for peace any more than does the much exploited growth of Socialism in Germany, which, if as formidable as is pretended by our Cobdenites, may not inconceivably precipitate the action of the powers that be.

A Perilous Factor

ONE perilous factor in the problem of peace or war has unquestionably been supplied by the unbroken series of silly speeches, of which we have suffered such a plethora this year on the subject of International Arbitration, which, by the way, is not one inch nearer realisation than it was before our politicians of both parties made such painful exhibitions of themselves at the Mansion House and elsewhere. The situation is altogether too grave for Party capital to be made out of it; moreover, the Unionist record is none too good, but every one in Europe regards the ill-starred disarmament overtures of the British Government to Germany and the ignominious Ministerial declarations made in Parliament year after year, in order to placate our peace-at-any-price Party who are greater incentives to war than Krupp & Co., as indicating either a total inability to see things as they really are, or else as evidence of British decadence. Ministers have played with a vengeance into the hands of our formidable enemy, just as though they had been manipulated from Potsdam, as indeed several of them were, for there was a strong Potsdam party

in the Cabinet in early days, just as there is a strong pro-German party in the Press to-day, chiefly composed of aliens who require very careful watching and some of whom ought undoubtedly to be expelled the country in the event of complications. We have learnt from the Life of Bismarck how skilfully foreign journalists were employed for the purpose of writing articles to be reproduced in the German Press for the furtherance of German policy, and it is a matter of common knowledge that the Austrian and French Press were made use of for anti-Austrian and anti-French purposes on the eve of the wars in which Prussia smashed those Powers. If we are capable of learning anything, this aspect of German diplomacy should be borne in mind. British editors should be ever on their guard as to their sources of information on all questions in which Germany is interested, as there is no limit to her chicanery, just as there is no limit to British gullibility. We trust that late in the day as it is, his Majesty's Ministers realise their appalling misjudgment of the European situation and their hideous mismanagement of Anglo-German relations, though with the "sympathetic" translator of Schopenhauer at the War Office, who has been wrong in every opinion he has ever expressed about Germany, we cannot be too sanguine.

Does Whining Pay?

CABINET Ministers find it impossible to grasp the elementary fact—because it is a disagreeable fact which would disarrange all their projects—that Germany is the challenging Power, and that we are the challenged Power. Consequently gushing speeches about the German Emperor's devotion to England or the German people's devotion to England, or German Professors', or German Pastors', or German Merchants' devotion to England, or indeed any discourses on any form of German devotion to England and of Germany's passionate love of peace, especially peace with England, are interpreted in Germany, whom we have taught to despise us, as so much evidence of British hypocrisy or fear, and in neither case is the cause of peace promoted. If we have not lost our self-respect we have at any rate done our utmost to prevent others from respecting us, and no international relations can be stable or peaceful unless they are founded on mutual respect. Our whining for disarmament has but strengthened the impres-

[illegible] caused by our ill-timed gush. It is therefore obvious, as we have already insisted, that the British bear a heavy burden of guilt if the peace of Europe is threatened at the present time or in the near future, all the more as, while reducing our diminutive Army to please a few cranks, we have allowed doubts to arise as to our intention or capacity to maintain our naval supremacy. The feelings among the friends of peace throughout the Continent at recent vagaries in British policy can hardly be imagined, and certainly cannot be exaggerated. The apprehensions of those Powers whose interests are identical with British interests, and in supporting whom we are merely serving and saving ourselves because we should inevitably share any disaster that might overtake them, may not find much public expression as yet, but there is a good deal of quiet thinking being done in friendly capitals which is not exactly flattering to John Bull. The only hope of permanent peace lies, as we are weary of saying, though every crisis confirms this elementary view, in convincing the aggressor that aggression would not pay owing to the solidarity and belligerent strength of the peaceful Powers. Where do we come in in such calculations?

Furor Teutonicus

FROM St. Petersburg to London men are marvelling at our lethargy, while our enemies openly proclaim that England has ceased to count in the Councils of Europe. Should this be a cause for rejoicing to professed friends of peace, because it simply means one of two things, either the outbreak of war the moment it suits Germany or else the Germanisation of Europe without war and the complete effacement of England, to be followed by her annihilation? Irish Nationalists hate England sufficiently to desire her downfall, but, if we may judge by recent utterances of representative men in other sections of the Coalition, they are by no means prepared for a sacrifice of vital British interests, and they fully appreciate our special obligations to France. This is all very well as far as it goes, but peace will not be preserved by speeches, any more than war will be won by them. Even our sentimentalists acknowledge when it comes to business that the world is still governed by the strong hand.

[illegible] Englishman [illegible] in the [illegible] hostile and foreign menaces, that [illegible] sufficiently strong to defend our immense and world-wide dominions, and to enable us to do our duty as one of the guarantors of European peace. No sane Englishman would dream of saying a word calculated to endanger any reasonable conclusion to the prolonged "conversations" between France and Germany. Nor, on the other hand, should any doubt be allowed to be entertained anywhere in Europe that a wanton, unprovoked aggression upon France would be equivalent to an aggression upon England. This is not a Party policy but a National policy, adopted by successive British Governments, though unfortunately our preparations have not kept pace with our policy, and as a consequence the war party in Germany is steadily gaining ground and the *furor teutonious* is openly preached. Thus the *Pall Mall Gazette* (August 25) reports a significant speech delivered by General von Einem, the former Minister of War, who has recently resumed active service as the Commandant-General of the Seventh Army Corps, published in the *Tagliche Rundschau.* The occasion was a banquet given at Detmold, where General von Einem appealed in terms to the *furor teutonicus* as a holy spirit animating the German nation:

> We stand here on historic ground. One thousand nine hundred years ago (*sic*) there came into existence the *furor teutonicus*, which delivered the German people from oppression, and our enemies have since felt this power very often. For the last hundred years this power has helped, under Prussia's guidance, to make free our fatherland, and enabled us to conquer, and many present have seen, forty years ago, the existence of the *furor teutonious*, the realisation of the existence of which was a force which made them victorious.
>
> If we in the future will also be victorious we must be strong in determination and in the knowledge of the existence of this spirit within us. The *furor teutonicus* is with us to-day, and we ourselves know it. It will be good for others if they also realise its existence.

What would be the fate of any British or even French General who made such a provocative speech at such a disquieting moment? Why does the German Emperor, who is head of the German Army, tolerate these incitements to war by his own generals unless he wants war, or unless he believes either that England can be intimidated into abandoning the entente with France, or France intimidated into abandoning the entente with England.

The entente is the objective of German policy, because it prevents Germany from taking the partners in detail; that is why its existence appeals to all intelligent friends of peace, and why patriotic Englishmen resist the efforts of the Hebrew Press to prevent the expansion of the Dual Entente into a Triple Entente, consisting of Great Britain, France, and Russia.

Constitutional Crisis

WHEN we went to press last month, the political world was in the throes of a grave crisis, and the Unionist Party was in mortal peril owing to the sudden desertion of their Leaders, who with scarcely a word of warning hoisted the white flag on July 22, and proclaimed an unconditional surrender to the Demagogues over the Parliament Bill, which they were sworn to amend or reject. The circumstances were painfully suggestive of collusion between the two Front Benches, against which we have warned Unionists month by month. Indeed it is less interesting to note whether there was collusion between Foozle and Boozle, as the Leader of the Opposition and the Prime Minister are becoming popularly known, than when collusion began. In reviewing the proceedings in the House of Commons we have frequently complained of the astonishing lack of "go" and "gumption" in the Opposition, which appeared to be suffering from paralysis of the poll. The general effect of Unionist supineness was to prevent the country from taking an intelligent interest in the fortunes of the Parliament Bill or from realising its Revolutionary character. The attitude of his Majesty's Opposition was all the more amazing because it was palpable to everybody that there was no popular driving force behind this odious measure, which could have been smashed to smithereens by men who meant business. When Members of Parliament were reproached for their seeming lassitude they usually excused themselves on the ground that some wonderful Committee had the matter in hand; moreover, it was unnecessary for anybody else to do anything as Mr. Balfour was making such fine debating speeches. So he was. He is incapable of doing otherwise; but few persons hear these speeches, and nobody has time to read them. The Unionist Leader never made any serious attempt to destroy the Parliament Bill, which Lord Hugh Cecil was almost alone in treating as it deserved. We are disposed

to think, if he had had the support of such a first-class fighting man as his brother Lord Robert Cecil, the Bill would never have left the House of Commons. As it was, the Party allowed itself to become emasculated by its Leader's habit of treating his "right honourable friends on the other side of the House" as responsible statesmen, solely animated by a desire to do their duty by King and country. This was an incomprehensibly bad chapter in Unionist annals, and with so many able men among the rank and file it is extraordinary that they should have been wholly unable to organise such a movement as subsequently developed in the House of Lords, thanks to the splendid initiative of "a mere backwoodsman." Why were there no Die-Hards in the House of Commons?

Third Reading Trick

UNTIL the famous scene of July 24, when at last flesh and blood rose in revolt against the suspected collusion of Foozle and Boozle, and the latter was howled down in order that the former should be prevented from publicly betraying the Unionist cause by announcing the accomplished fact of surrender, the gagged and guillotined House of Commons had done little to arouse the country as to the revolution engineered by the Radical Caucus without serious opposition—to put it mildly—from the Unionist Caucus. The Prime Minister, while paying occasional lip-service to double chamber Government, as embodied in the ill-starred Preamble which Sir Edward Grey left to die in the first ditch, consistently spoke as a Single Chamber man. What was far more serious, the Leader of the Opposition followed his friend's example, and could at no time conceal his hostility to the creation of a serious Second Chamber such as exists in every civilised community, and is indeed a condition of the maintenance of civilised Government. It was not until the Bill reached the House of Lords that it encountered the opposition it deserved, and even then it was the Back Benches rather than the Front Benches which realised the danger, and determined to fight. It is no reflection on other Peers who have so greatly distinguished themselves in this conflict, to credit Lord Willoughby de Broke with being the first to realise the dire possibilities of the Parliament Bill, the risks residing on the Front Bench, and the urgency of organising resistance independently of officialdom, about which

from the outset there was an aroma of "skedaddle" blowing strongly from the direction of Basingstoke, permeating Lansdowne House and the purlieus of Carlton Gardens. On the third reading in the House of Lords (July 20) Lord Halsbury made his noble protest, but was nevertheless tricked, as any colleague might have been tricked, into assenting to the Third Reading by the explicit assurance of the Leader of the Opposition that he would adhere to his own amendments. Here are Lord Halsbury's words: "If an attempt were made to force the Bill through without the safeguards introduced by Lord Lansdowne against the injustice and tyranny, especially the tyranny of political Caucus, he should look upon himself as a coward and unfit for the position he held if he submitted to it without challenging a Division. In voting against the measure he would be doing what he regarded as a solemn duty to God and to the country." Nor should Lord Willoughby de Broke's prescient and uncompromising declaration be forgotten: "He wanted to make it clear that he withheld opposition to the third reading on the distinct understanding that the essence and substance of Lord Lansdowne's amendment to Clause 2 was the irreducible minimum. They would not assent to any arrangement of any kind conceivable by which the amendment would be whittled away."

The Scuttle

NONE of Lord Lansdowne's admirers have so far attempted to justify his conduct in allowing Lord Halsbury, who was at the moment master of the House of Lords, to assent to the Third Reading under the delusion that he (Lord Lansdowne) would stand to amendments which there is every reason to believe he had already decided to abandon. The dates and his own declarations rise in evidence against the Leader of the Opposition. Having got the Bill out of the hands of the House of Lords, and having returned it to the House of Commons, which became, so to speak, the man in possession, the white flag was hoisted over Lansdowne House (July 22) after a stormy meeting, at which Mr. Asquith's unduly affectionate letters to the leaders of the Opposition—beginning respectively, "My dear Balfour" and "My dear Lansdowne," though subsequently altered for the public benefit into more formal terms, lest suspicion should be aroused as to the extent of the jiggery-pokery—

were produced as conclusive reasons for an unconditional surrender of the Unionist Peerage. Never in the history of the British Parliament (and it is saying a good deal) has there been a more disgraceful transaction than what is known throughout the country as "the Great Betrayal," which renders the responsible personages totally unfit to occupy the positions they have hitherto held, and if anything in public affairs were surprising we should be surprised that the Unionist Leaders should care to continue "leading." Lord Lansdowne proceeded to issue his Scuttle manifesto, summoning his followers to acquiesce in the Parliament Bill, lest there should be a creation of Peers, while the Scuttle press eclipsed its Cocoa *confrères* in blackguarding every peer who refused to don the white feather. But the gutter squirts of Fleet Street and Printing House Square, by daily use and abuse, lost all their power, and became positively useful by the indignation they aroused in "bingeing up" the peers to do their duty. The chief sufferers were Black Michael (Lord St. Aldwyn's soubriquet), Lord Scamperdown and others, whom the Scuttle press exhorted to form a Judas Iscariot Party on the Unionist flank. Neither daily vilification of their motives, nor falsehoods as to their numbers, had the smallest effect on the No-Surrender peers, who regarded their traducers with the contempt they deserved, and realised more strongly than ever that the fate of Constitution, Government and Opposition, depended upon them alone now that Lord Curzon had persuaded his Leaders to follow his sinister and scandalous counsel.

A Dinner

WHEN Englishmen mean business they dine, and the dinner to Lord Halsbury (July 26) was a great event. We are able to present our readers with a verbatim report of the admirable speeches delivered by men who had often spoken well before, but never so well as on that historic occasion when they were, at any rate for the time being, emancipated from the paralytic effect of Foozledom and Boozledom, and were engaged in no mere parliamentary game of Ins and Outs, but were simply concerned to uphold a great principle. By common consent it was one of the most striking political demonstrations of the last quarter of a century; it was no mere episode in an ephemeral conflict, but the opening of a new era

in the history of Unionism, in which men will be prepared to stick to the principles in which they believe, and to put aside those pitiful tactics and accursed opportunism which have been the ruin of Unionism. Even the Foozle Press dared not boycott the Halsbury Banquet, while the Boozle Press began to treat the movement seriously, and paid them the compliment of christening Lord Halsbury and his friends "The Die-Hards," presumably to distinguish them from the Die-Softs and the Fly-Hards. It was a tribute of respect, which is always accorded by men who stick to their guns to opponents who do the same. Lord Curzon and the Fly-Hards grew more furious day by day, while the Curzonese press foamed at the mouth and the pen, as evidence accumulated from all parts of the country that the ex-Viceroy had backed the wrong horse as the Unionist Party in the constituencies was heart and soul with Lord Halsbury and his colleagues. The action of Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne was regarded with unconcealable consternation. The former's declaration: "I agree with the advice Lord Lansdowne has given his friends; with Lord Lansdowne I stand; with Lord Lansdowne I am ready, if need be, to fall," caused no small merriment, being popularly paraphrased: "With Lord Lansdowne I am determined to run away."

Foozle Folly

THE impotence of the Metropolitan Foozle Press was almost painful, while the Provincial Foozles were equally incapable of stampeding our sturdy rank and file. The Mandarins were terrified, and after their wont began backing down. Lord Lansdowne was daily issuing a list to the newspapers of the Noble Lords who were willing to bolt, and these heroes ultimately "totted up" to between three and four hundred. Meanwhile the Die-Hards lay low as to their numbers and names, a shrewd decision which caused further hysterics in Fleet Street. Nervous Radicals not unnaturally demanded that as Lord Lansdowne had capitulated and was prepared to pass the Parliament Bill, and *ex hypothesi* had come round to the Radical view of its merits, he should take the further step of pledging himself and his friends to support it in the Lobby, as otherwise it might be defeated by the Stalwarts and the common object of the Mandarins on both sides would be frustrated. Some of his followers were ready to respond to this

demand, and transports of enthusiasm were evoked in Printing House Square at the rumour that certain Scuttlers were developing into Renegades. Meanwhile the leadership of the party was clearly imperilled, and Lord Lansdowne felt constrained to issue another ukase explaining that his former ukase had never contemplated that Unionist peers should vote for the Bill; they were only to abstain, *i.e.*, to run away; but Lord Camperdown and Co. not unnaturally argued, and probably Lord Curzon argued in the same way, though he dared not act on his own advice, "either this measure should pass or should not pass. We are advised by our Leaders to allow it to pass; why not make assurance doubly sure by voting for it? Lord Lansdowne's tactics are incomprehensible to us; he does not seem to have the courage of his own convictions." So the Judas Iscariot Party came into being. Who was responsible for it? Why, Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour, who were standing and falling and scuttling together, and it is certainly not for them or any of their followers to hurl the contumelious stone at those who went the whole hog. There was another development—an empty demonstration—essentially ridiculous from one point of view, but useful as showing the power of the Die-Hards, of whom the Fly-Hards were becoming terrified, and invaluable in exposing the Foozle Press, which after exhausting the resources of vituperation in denouncing the Die-Hards and extolling the Fly-Hards—many of whom at this stage of the proceedings are understood to have bought aeroplanes to propitiate the *Daily Mail*—now found itself compelled to do another right-about and support a Vote of Censure on the Government for its conduct over the Parliament Bill, which our precious Scuttle Press had been vociferously demanding should become law without an instant's delay! And yet there are people who regard politics as dull!

Strength of No Surrender Movement

Each succeeding day the No-Surrender Party gathered strength, and Lord Willoughby de Broke and Lord Lovat, who undertook the great burden of improvising an organisation, and whose devoted labours were described by their fellow workers as "beyond all praise," were inundated with enthusiastic messages of support and encouragement from all that is vigorous and

and in the Unionist Party throughout the United Kingdom. As might have been expected in any such manifestation, Birmingham was not backward, although as usual capital could be made out of the poor-spirited articles in the *Birmingham Daily Post*, which is no more entitled to speak for Birmingham than the Scuttle Press of London is entitled to speak in the name of the Metropolis. Mr. Chamberlain, the real representative of Birmingham, who, needless to say, was heart and soul with the Die-Hards, telegraphed on August 2 to Mr. Jesse Collings, who was presiding over a gathering of representative Liberal Unionists of the Midlands—"I cordially support Lord Halsbury's recent action, and approve entirely of the courage he has shown, and am sure the country will follow his lead. Birmingham ought not to be behind-hand at this time." As we have seen, the Party Mandarins found it necessary to "do something," and so about ten days after Scuttle orders had been issued from Lansdowne House, with the approval of Mr. Balfour, there came the comedy of comedies in the shape of a formal Vote of Censure on the Government moved by the Opposition Leaders, who were already pledged to unconditional surrender. However, as we have said, this demonstration was useful as a tribute to the power of the Die-Hards, and as evidence of the impotence of the *Times* and the rest of the Scuttle press which was engineering the Iscariot movement. It likewise helped to "stop the rot" which Lord Lansdowne's action had caused among "natural rotters" and was no small encouragement to our fighting men, while it caused a severe attack of "nerves" to the Boozle Party, who began to entertain doubts as to whether the Foozles were in a position "to deliver the goods" and carry out their pledges to pass the Parliament Bill through the House of Lords without a creation of Peers.

Blackmailing the Crown

We need scarcely trouble our readers with the debate on the vote of censure in either House, which was the usual sham fight between the appointed Mandarins—apart from the note of reality introduced by the Stalwarts. Mr. Balfour commands an unlimited amount of simulated indignation, and appeared to be seriously angry with the Government. Mr. Asquith on his side is

equally adept at displaying resentment at imputations upon his honour, at which he is liable to become lachrymose, and the Boodle Press becomes equally lachrymose, when the plain fact is stated that the Prime Minister has sold his King and country, for which he cares nothing, to say nothing of his party, to Messrs. John Redmond and Patrick Ford. As it was already arranged between the two Unionist Leaders that the Parliament Bill should be placed on the Statute Book with all convenient speed and by common assent, or acquiescence, or whatever you choose to call it, their mutual recriminations on the Vote of Censure possessed the minimum of interest, and the same may be said of the mechanical majority, namely 119 (365 to 246) by which Mr. Balfour's motion was rejected in the House of Commons. Mr. Asquith, "at the strong desire of the King," read the extraordinary ultimatum which Ministers thought fit to present to their Sovereign on November 15, 1910 (November 16, according to Lord Crewe) at the time they advised the "surprise" dissolution of Parliament. In Mr. Asquith's words:

When we sought to advise the King to dissolve Parliament, we accompanied our advice on November 15, 1910, with this statement:

"His Majesty's Ministers cannot take the responsibility of advising a dissolution unless they may understand that in the event of the policy of the Government being approved by an adequate majority in the new House of Commons his Majesty will be ready to exercise his Constitutional powers, which may involve the prerogative of creating Peers if needed to secure that effect shall be given to the decision of the country. His Majesty's Ministers are fully alive to the importance of keeping the name of the King out of the sphere of party and electoral controversy. (Ministerial cheers.) They take upon themselves, as is their duty, the entire and exclusive responsibility for the policy which they would place before the electorate. His Majesty will doubtless agree that it would be inadvisable in the interests of the State that any communication of the intentions of the Crown should be made public unless and until the actual occasion should arise."

That was the communication made by the Cabinet on November 15 to his Majesty.

According to the Premier, the King, "after careful consideration of all the circumstances past and present, and after discussing the matter in all its bearings with myself and with my noble friend and colleague, Lord Crewe, felt he had no alternative but to assent to the advice of the Cabinet. Accordingly on November 18, 1910, two days later, I announced to this House we had

advised the King, and he had accepted our advice, to dissolve the then Parliament." And in answering a question on that same day, Mr. Asquith had used this language: "The King stands aloof from all our political and electoral conflicts, and it is the duty of all his Majesty's subjects, and his Ministers in particular, to maintain and secure his absolute detachment from the arena of party politics." Mr. Asquith's idea of keeping the King clear of party politics is to deliver him menacing ultimatums probably drafted by Mr. Redmond, and exclusively discussed with Mr. Asquith himself and Lord Crewe, who probably informed the King that he would be acting unconstitutionally in consulting any one else. The isolation and loneliness of Kings surrounded by treacherous or craven counsellors is not the least ominous feature of this melancholy episode.

Lord Crewe's Apologetics

THE censure debate in the House of Lords (which took place on the day following that in the Commons, viz., August 8) was in one respect an outrage. It was opened by the arch-Scuttler, Earl Curzon of Kedleston, whose flamboyant oratory becomes a weariness of the flesh, and we do not propose to inflict any of his cheap heroics upon our readers. Happily it was "made good" by the seconder, Lord Halsbury, whose sincere and sterling accents refreshed the House. The chief interest of the debate, apart from the admirable speech of Lord Selborne, was Lord Crewe's pitiable account of the "negotiations with the King," which, unlike Lord Lansdowne, we are unable to regard as gospel, but which is nevertheless interesting owing to its divergence in tone from Mr. Asquith's previous account elsewhere, for which it read like an apology. Our mushroom Marquis did not for one moment pretend to be proud of the part played by himself and his colleagues in reference to the King, which he accurately described as "odious." According to Lord Crewe, it was on November 16 of last year that, accompanied by the Prime Minister, he crept to Buckingham Palace to acquaint the Sovereign with "the decision which the Cabinet had agreed to." It is not surprising to learn, after Mr. Asquith's offensive performance in the Commons, that the King had given leave for this very different version to be produced in the House of Lords though

even now we have not the whole story which would place his Majesty's advisers in a still more "odious" light.

> I have his Majesty's leave to state what occurred, because, since this question of that interview has been made the subject of so much comment, the King naturally desires the facts should be plainly stated. The effect of the interview was that we ascertained his Majesty's view that if the opinion of the country were clearly ascertained upon the Parliament Bill, in the last resort the creation of Peers might be the only remedy and might be the only way of concluding the dispute. His Majesty faced the contingency and entertained the suggestion as a possible one with natural, and, if I may be permitted to use the phrase, in my opinion, with legitimate reluctance. His Majesty, however, naturally entertained the feeling—a feeling which we entirely shared—that if we resigned our offices, having as we had a large majority in the House of Commons, the only result could be an immediate dissolution, in which case it would be practically impossible, however anxious we naturally should be, to keep the Crown out of the controversy. The mixing up of the Crown in a controversy such as that would naturally be most distasteful to its illustrious wearer, who we may regard as the first guardian of its prestige. But it could be scarcely more distasteful even to his Majesty than myself and my colleagues, for reasons which I need not, I am sure, dilate upon. But it is altogether inaccurate, and I might use a stronger phrase, to say that at that time we asked his Majesty for guarantees.

The Vote of Censure on the Government was carried in the House of Lords by a majority of 214 (282 to 68), a large number of Scuttlers assembling for the purpose of salving their conscience for the betrayal of their duties to which they were already pledged. It is astonishing that a man of ability like Lord Curzon, who however is presumably destitute of all sense of honour, should exhaust his lungs one day in condemning the Government for their "gross violation of Constitutional liberty," while two days later he should exhaust his legs in order not to outvote the Government which had perpetrated this unspeakable crime.

True Loyalty

MEANWHILE the Die-Hards had carried their case before the public, magnificent meetings being held in Chelsea and Holborn on the Friday before the August Bank Holiday, perhaps the most unsuitable day in the year for such gatherings, but the attendance and response to the patriotic appeals of the leaders in this great fight left nothing to be desired. Lord Lovat, for whose great gifts the crisis found full scope, presided at the Chelsea Town Hall, where Lord Halsbury was greeted with the utmost enthusiasm and

delighted his audience by a characteristic speech. He was effectually supported by Lord Milner and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who has never spoken so well as during the past month. We earnestly trust that all our Stalwarts, Front Benchers no less than Back Benchers, are finally emancipated from those fatal hypnotic influences which have caused a general paralysis of our Party and that Mr. Walter Long's somewhat equivocal lectures may be allowed to answer themselves. Sir Edward Carson and Lord Hugh Cecil contented themselves with seconding the vote of thanks at Chelsea, the former declaring that that any Unionist Peers who voted for the Government in the coming fateful Division in the House of Lords, would be just as much "puppet Peers" and "blacklegs" as those whom Mr. Asquith was ready to advise the King to make. At Holborn there was another splendid rally at which the speaking was beyond praise, and it would be difficult to award the palm where Lord Selborne, Mr. Wyndham, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord Robert Cecil, Mr. F. E. Smith were all at their very best. Mr. Smith was inimitable on the weathercock press. Lord Willoughby de Broke said the word in season about Party loyalty. "Loyalty to the official heads of the Party in Parliament was entirely remote, and quite out of proportion to the magnitude of the issue we are considering to-day. There is a distinction between what people call the Unionist Party in Parliament and the great Tory Conservative Unionist principles which are implanted deep down in the minds of the people of this country, and of which official Unionism in Parliament is and should be the correct expression. I say that as soon as the official heads of the Unionist Party in Parliament are not prepared to take the means that we consider to be the only means for securing the constitution, the Conservative and Constitutional Party in the country will have to combine and work out its own salvation." This is sound doctrine and true loyalty which we trust will be assimilated by the entire No-Surrender Party in both Houses. Any attempt by whomsoever made to replace our heads under the Balfourian yoke is doomed to failure. B. M. G.

Ministers were restless and alarmed by the steady determination of the Die-Hards, whom from the outset they had elected to treat as mere bluffers like themselves. Ministerial policy varied from day to day. At one moment their sea-green and incorruptible organ, the *Westminster Gazette*, published special articles on the coming charge of the 400 Peers, and the Cocoa Press cackled in chorus. Then the entire Ministerial Press sank into a whisper, overcome by the grotesqueness of its own policy, and meekly suggested that batches of 50 puppets or 100 blackleg barons might be adequate to do the deed. We confess to considerable curiosity as to the communications, whether written or verbal, direct or indirect, between the "opposing" Front Benches at this critical period, before the final decision, described as "daring" by the Foozle-Boozle Press, was reached by our intrepid Premier, namely to allow the Parliament Bill to return shorn of the Lansdowne amendments to take its chance in the Upper House without the creation of one solitary Peer. Was this "daring" or "collusion?" Had Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour given guarantees that an adequate cohort of Unionist renegades should be held in readiness to cast in their lot with the Demagogues and defeat the Die-Hards who, be it remembered, ultimately polled twice or thrice as many votes in the final division as the "well-informed" idiots who haunt the Lobby and regale the public with tit-bits of misinformation anticipated. The renegades mysteriously expanded at the eleventh hour. Lord Halsbury and his followers, as we shall see, defeated the Ministerial Peers so piteously appealed to for support by Lord Morley of Blackburn, as also the Bishops who sacrificed the right to the expedient, but the Iscariots were too many for them. Comment was aroused by Mr. Balfour's significant departure for Bad Gastein on the morning of the eventful division. Was he disgusted with his own folly in sounding a Scuttle, as he is anxious that Die-Hards should now believe, or had he "settled up" with the Premier and consequently knew that the Parliament Bill would be carried by Unionist votes, that the crisis would be over, and that consequently there was nothing to detain him in London as would have been the case had the Parliament Bill been rejected as it must have been without those Unionist votes. On either theory it was not a

An unholy Compact?

brilliant performance on the part of "a Leader who means to lead," as Mr. Balfour described himself at Sheffield eight years ago.

Final Debate

The fateful debate which was destined to decide many other questions besides the Parliament Bill opened in the House of Lords on Wednesday, August 9, when the Lord President of the Council—the designation under which Mr. John Morley now conceals himself—in a singularly jejune speech, moved that "the Commons Reasons for disagreeing to (*sic*) several of the Lords' amendments" should now be considered, after which Lord Lansdowne delivered a speech which excited the ecstatic encomiums of the Cocoa Press, reiterating that he had nailed the white flag to the Unionist Front Bench and was bent on an unconditional surrender to the Cocoa claims. There was not a single argument in the speech. The titular Leader of the Opposition had been completely bluffed by his "opponents" into believing that any opposition to the Parliament Bill would involve an instantaneous swamping creation of peers, which would enable the Government to carry any Radical Bill at any moment. It was a purely opportunist utterance with no reference to principle or any recognition of the Peers' trusteeship of the people. It was the kind of utterance that chills and kills political enthusiasm, and abundantly explains the shrunk and shrivelled condition to which the Unionist forces had been reduced prior to the Halsbury movement. As we have said, Lord Lansdowne was bluffed by his opponents into believing what they wanted him to believe; he never for a moment stopped to inquire whether he was dealing with men capable of speaking the truth when a political object was to be gained by doing the contrary. That is what is so hopeless about a great gentleman like Lord Lansdowne. He believes anything and everything issuing from the lips of the Prime Minister, the Home Secretary, the Lord President of the Council, the Secretary of State for India, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, &c. &c., simply because he is accustomed to associate the occupation of great offices of State with persons like himself, who don't even understand the meaning of the word "bluff," and are totally incapable of coping with your highly

developed Demagogue, who is frequently a mere "factory of falsehood" in his own graphic language. We don't ask that our leaders should themselves trade in lies, but we vehemently protest against their treating the present Premier as virtue personified, or the Lord Advocate of Scotland as another George Washington.

Opportunism

The facility with which the House of Lords was bamboozled by gross misstatements of fact concerning the Royal prerogative by the Ministry of Mendacity proves to demonstration that it is a vastly inferior Second Chamber to what it was generally believed to be by its supporters in the country. Possibly some Peers wanted to believe what they knew to be untrue, and, as we have seen, Lord Lansdowne himself went beyond the permissible in persuading the House of Lords to agree to the Third Reading of the Parliament Bill on the assumption that he intended to adhere to his own amendments at a time when, to put it mildly, capitulation was in his mind. It is impossible for any Party to win on "tactics," which means that whenever timid men think they have a chance of being beaten they will run away. To the inquiry why it was that "whereas in 1909 we made a stiff fight over the Finance Bill of that year, we are not ready to make a stiff fight now," the Opposition Leader answered: "My answer is that in 1909 we fought to the end because we knew that we had a chance of success. Although our success fell short of our hopes and expectations, we succeeded at any rate to this extent, that we were able to put the Finance Bill before the country, with the result that a great part of the colossal majority of the Government of the day was wiped out of existence. But in this case we are unable to force an election. We know, or at least I know, that we have no means of preventing this Bill from finding a place on the Statute Book." Is this the spirit to which the British Empire owes its existence. Is every Englishman to surrender when he runs any risk of being beaten? Does principle play no part in politics? Even on his own opportunist ground Lord Lansdowne is not invulnerable. The postponement of the Budget was an act of courage which received its reward in the shape of a Unionist victory resulting in a

net gain of over a hundred seats, reducing the Government to a state of chaos, bewilderment, and humiliation, which, unfortunately, was not followed up. Our leaders seem too anxious to perpetuate the régime of the Demagogues, or at any rate to make things easy for them. The second election of 1910 was less successful than the first because in the meantime Unionists had allowed themselves to be inveigled into last year's "constitutional bamboozle Conference," at which they were kept in play until it suited their opponents to dissolve Parliament. Nor has Lord Lansdowne any right to say that the Parliament Bill must be placed on the Statute Book until he has seriously tried to prevent it. It has become law because he so willed it. He sneered at Lord Willoughby de Broke's suggestion that the introduction of new peers should be resisted by main force, as he preferred "Parliamentary methods," "and in a case of this kind I doubt whether your lordships would achieve much or add greatly to the credit and reputation of this House if you were to resort to unparliamentary methods, such as often-repeated adjournments and various technical modes of opposing the accomplishment of the policy of his Majesty's Government. I am convinced that such attempts would be unsuccessful, and would probably be much misunderstood in the country."

Lord Curzon's Rôle

CERTAINLY there is no room for misunderstanding the official Scuttle policy. The doom of the House of Lords has been pronounced by the overwhelming majority of the Peers who deliberately shirked a plain duty. The people of this country have no use for a Second Chamber which rejects a measure like the Budget of 1909 because they believed it touched their pockets, and swallows the infinitely more disastrous and damnable Parliament Bill of 1909 because they feared its rejection might diminish their social prestige by an addition to their numbers. Lord Lansdowne is above such considerations; but with the *deus ex machina* of the plot, Lord Curzon—a Coronation earl—and Viscount Midleton, it was otherwise. Lord Midleton was horrified at a possible influx of viscounts; Lord Curzon was appalled at the prospect of further earls. Lord Curzon

"nobbled" Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour, and through their feebleness the Party became committed to what the man in the street regards as a cowardly and snobbish policy. Lord Curzon's offence is peculiarly rank, because, in addition to working for the policy of "Scuttle" and intriguing with the Press on its behalf, he delivered a series of "No Surrender" speeches at private lunches and public dinners from February onwards, calculated, if not designed, to mislead his audiences into the belief that he was a Stalwart among Stalwarts. The *Saturday Review* (August 19) refers to the prevalent rumour "that Lord Curzon was actively canvassing Unionist peers on the day of the division on the Parliament Bill to vote with the Government." Our contemporary charitably adds: "We decline absolutely to believe this; Lord Curzon is not capable of it. But the report is going about, and we mention it that Lord Curzon may deny it, and so stop its spreading. Silence will not kill a slander, as we at any rate regard it, of this kind." Should Lord Curzon issue any denial of this allegation, that, though not prepared to play the Iscariot himself, he advised his friends to undertake the *beau rôle*, we trust that his *démenti* may be somewhat more convincing than his abortive effort to explain away his notorious "fighting" speech in Berkeley Square early in the year, which made a great impression on all who heard it because it sounded sincere, when in ringing accents he challenged the Government "to make their five hundred peers, and become the laughing-stock of every democracy in the civilised world."

Lord Curzon Continued

If Lord Curzon was ready to stomach five hundred new creations in the winter, why did he turn at the possible creation of a hundred or two hundred in the month of August—or even of five hundred? The *Lancet* attributes the vagaries of the strikers to the prolonged heat wave; perhaps the performances of our politicians are to be similarly accounted for. Lord Curzon was in the running as a possible future leader of the Unionist Party. Where is he to-day? Echo answers: "Where?" In his ingenuous rôle of self-appointed protector of the Asquith Cabinet, Lord Lansdowne artlessly inquired in the speech already quoted: "What is the situation

as it presents itself to the minds of many of those whose opinion I greatly respect? They know, and we know, that his Majesty's Government are extremely reluctant to create peers." So they are, and for a very good reason; your bluffer is always reluctant to put his cards on the table. And Lord Lansdowne's conception of the duty of the Leader of the Opposition is apparently to save the face of the Government. We have travelled far from the days when Lord Randolph Churchill declared, "It is the duty of an Opposition to oppose." The speaker added: "That [*i.e.* the reluctance of the Government to create peers] has been freely admitted by Lord Crewe last night. There are all the difficulties of the selection—formidable, I should think—of the selection of five hundred gentlemen whose fidelity is to remain beyond suspicion for eighteen months or two years. Nor can I bring myself to believe that any members of his Majesty's Government desire that the name of the Government should be handed down to posterity in connection with so violent an outrage upon the Constitution. The matter was well summed up by Lord Crewe last night, when he said that the whole of this business was odious to him." If we may be permitted to say so, Lord Lansdowne is astounding. In the first place he swallows the grotesque legend of the five hundred peers, a figure which no responsible Radical has ever dared to quote or to suggest in any public utterance; secondly, he deems that the whole duty of an Opposition consists in sacrificing themselves in order that a peculiarly detestable Government may be whitewashed by the historian. The Unionist Party apparently lives to oblige Lord Crewe, who somewhat late in the day is agonised by the thought that in due time his son and heir might find himself a member of an assembly containing conspicuous "bounders" created by his distinguished father in pursuance of the "odious" advice tendered to a Sovereign in order that a needy, greedy gang of briefless barristers, speculative solicitors, renegade peers, and political adventurers, dependent on the goodwill of John Redmond and Patrick Ford, might retain their salaries in the year of our Lord 1911.

That is apparently the whole policy of the Unionist Party as expounded by Lord Lansdowne, and indignantly repudiated by every Unionist of flesh and blood. Then followed the usual attempt to drag in the name of the Sovereign. Lord Lansdowne inquired: "If it (the creation of Peers) was odious to the noble Marquess [Lord Crewe], may we not rest assured that it was also odious to the Sovereign? In every line of the account last night by Lord Crewe of the communications which had passed between Ministers and his Majesty, in every line of that, I must say, pathetic story, it appeared clear that the course recommended was one that his Majesty was most reluctant to adopt, and one which he would only adopt if no other course was left open to him by his advisers." This passage again provokes comment. The Government of this country depends not only upon his Majesty's Ministers exercising their duties with a sense of responsibility and with due regard to national interests, but also upon his Majesty's Opposition doing the same. Much stress is laid by Opposition orators upon the pathetic position occupied by the King, and upon the cruelly inconsiderate treatment he received from those who owed him special duties under special circumstances. But how far have the Opposition assisted the King? Nothing will induce us, under any circumstances, to criticise his Majesty's action, because we don't know the whole story, but only what it has suited mendacious demagogues to tell us. We recall Bismarck's dictum, "It is easier to deceive a Sovereign than a Parliament," and we remember that the King on his tragic accession to the Throne was surrounded by a gang of blackmailing blackguards determined on their pound of flesh, while there were "sympathetic" persons at Court anxious, owing to political prejudice, to promote the projects of the Demagogues, and perhaps tempted not only to misrepresent the existing position, but to mislead his Majesty on matters of fact concerning the attitude of his illustrious predecessor. Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne must have been apprised of the Sovereign's position. They knew or ought to have known the men he had to deal with; they knew the men he had about him; they knew the outsiders seeking an opportunity of "queering" the Constitutional pitch. Did either of

Neglected Duties

them at any time seek to enlighten his Majesty as to the truth, it was surely the duty of responsible statesmen at such a juncture? That Mr. Asquith never suggested any consultation with his opponents is entirely in keeping with his character, and the detestable transaction in which he was engaged, namely, in putting the Crown up to auction, and knocking it down to the lowest bidder.

From Thermopylæ to Lansdowne House

BUT the Unionist leaders had a duty to perform. They had no excuse for ignoring the character of their opponents, with whom they had sat in conference for several months, an experience that should have taught them that there was no dirty trick the Government were not prepared to play. The future historian will probe the history of the past year, and he will want to know why on the breakdown of the Constitutional Conference and the "surprise" election, which, as Mr. Henry Lygon points out in his instructive article, "Had," was decided upon before that fiasco, the Leaders of the Opposition never volunteered to assist the Sovereign. The fact is, as may be gathered from everything they have said and done, Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour are respectively and perpetually "had" by Lord Crewe and Mr. Asquith. It never occurred to either Opposition Leader to ascertain the truth at headquarters concerning the possible creation of Peers upon which Ministerial statements were designedly misleading until the eleventh hour. Our leaders meekly accepted the "surprise" election and chopped and changed on the eve of the polls, with the result that the Unionists appeared before the country without any policy on any question, and afterwards drifted into the deplorable position from which they were only aroused by Mr. Asquith's bombshell of July 20, when for the first time great, wise, and eminent men who move and live and have their being in Parliamentary politics realised the possibility of a substantial creation of peers, and thereupon resolved—although they had encouraged their Party to do the opposite—to capitulate to the enemy when the engagement had hardly begun. The advocates of Scuttle are hypersensitive as to the epithets applied to their conduct, and any suggestion of poltroonery is furiously resented. Let them select

their own adjective and describe the Lansdowne House policy in any words they please. There were three hundred men at Thermopylæ; considerably more responded to the Lansdowne call to disarm. The latter would have us regard them as the more heroic body of the two. Can we?

Newspapers and Newspapers

It is the Whig habit of compromise which has been the undoing of Unionism, and this particular "compromise" was simply surrender. Ministers as we know "toe the line" to Mr. John Redmond and Patrick Ford, the official Opposition "toes the line" to the Ministers. Wherein lies the moral difference between them? What future can a Party have under such guidance? What prospect is there of defeating Home Rule under men who tamely acquiesce in the Parliament Bill, which, as the Prime Minister has bluntly declared, automatically involves Home Rule? It is not to the Lansdownes, the Curzons, the Balfours, and the Midletons that Unionists will look in the great struggle immediately in front of us, but to that group of men who have shown themselves faithful to principle amidst the hurricane of abuse heaped upon them by the Foozle-Boozle Press—between whom, it must be admitted, there is this striking difference, namely, that the Boozle Press was fighting for the Boozle solution of the Constitutional problem, while the Foozle Press wantonly and shamelessly abandoned the Foozle position and stampeded into the Boozle camp, where it completely out-Boozled the Boozles in vilifying the Grand Old Man and his gallant colleagues. Happily it has so grossly discredited itself by its conduct during the recent crisis that it will be many years before it counts for anything in the Unionist Party, though as soon as the Die-Hards revealed unexpected strength and elicited the enthusiasm of the man in the street all the *Times-servers* who had vied with one another in blackening their characters became only too anxious to black their boots. Per contra it would be impossible to overrate the services of the *Morning Post*, the *Daily Express*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Globe*, the *Saturday Review*, and last, but by no means least, the *Observer*, which set forth the real facts day by day with the utmost ability and force, and completely nullified the poisonous malignity of their con-

temporaries who were spitting venom from the Boozle camp. There has been some discussion as to whether the palm for scuttling should be awarded to the *Times* or the *Daily Telegraph*; we understand, however, that our esteemed contemporary of Wellington Street, the *Spectator*, claims to have been the first to "find salvation" on the Parliament Bill, and to turn its back on previous convictions, which, unless our memory serves us false, at one time took the form of didactic articles explaining to the Peers that the swamping of their House need have no terrors for them, and, like Lord Curzon, after the last General Election the *Spectator* adopted as its motto, "Let them make their five hundred peers," though it subsequently became more Iscariot than the Iscariots. With the *Daily Telegraph*, which is now as rotten in home affairs as it has been untrustworthy in foreign affairs since the death of Mr. Iwan Müller, we dealt last month.

The Debâcle

THE plight of the *Times* is piteous. Of old, our leading journal had some claim to its proud title, as on big national issues it was not afraid to lead, but nowadays it seems to have sunk into the lamentable position of being a demi-semi-official organ of Foozle-cum-Boozle, while upon many questions it is months, if not years, behind the times. We shall not be surprised if it repeats its present rôle over Home Rule, but forewarned is forearmed, and no intelligent Unionist will henceforward pay the smallest attention to the thunder or rather the pellets of Printing House Square. The *Times* has long been a snake in the grass, and now it has come out in the open Unionists know where they are. As a Ministerial organ it will be tolerable. It has contributed one "gem" to the crisis, namely, the application of the word "patriotic" to the renegade Unionist peers who carried the Parliament Bill against their own convictions. Doubtless a year hence the *Times* will encourage another group of "patriotic" Unionists to carry Home Rule. It opens up an interesting vista of possibilities, and the new definition of patriotism is worth preserving—a patriot being a man who votes against his conscience in order to help a Government he detests in carrying a Bill he abhors. Not the least noteworthy incident of the year was Lord Lansdowne's effort *viâ* his Reconstitution Bill to equalise political parties in the House of Lords. Even

in his final "scuttle" speech, already quoted, he declared, "I believe I am only expressing a feeling shared by the large majority of the members of this House when I say that most of us would gladly welcome an accession of new members representing new interests, professions not at present represented, men who would give to this House and to our debates a certain novelty and freshness, in which perhaps those debates are at present lacking." Under his own Bill only one-third of the reconstituted House was to be chosen by the present House of Lords: "I do not think you could have much stronger evidence that this House is not penetrated by those exclusive feelings that are sometimes imputed to us." Then in the name of all that is conceivable we repeat the question which has been asked a hundred times and never answered, Why not grasp the golden opportunity offered by Ministers who, *ex hypothesi*, had obtained the King's leave to introduce a large body of outsiders of different opinions from the present majority of the House of Lords, belonging to a Party grossly under-represented in the House of Lords, whose addition would have added greatly to the authority of that assembly, and who would have been invaluable allies in working for the recovery of those elementary rights appertaining to all Second Chambers in serious communities, of which the House of Lords is robbed by the Parliament Bill?

Stupefying

OFFICIAL Unionism is simply stupefying; all the more because some of the guilty parties pretend that they have sacrificed themselves in order to help the Monarchy, whereas they have done precisely the opposite. From the point of view of the Crown there was something to be said for the King's action as the real reformer of the House of Lords, and it may be assumed that his Majesty would have insisted on suitable creations, thus strengthening his own position and that of the Second Chamber, whose glaring weakness lies in its overwhelming Unionist preponderance, from which no advantage accrues to the country because the Unionist Party is too timid to use its strength, too anxious to conciliate implacable enemies, who are no less determined to destroy to-day the "suspensive" veto of the Peers than they were bent yesterday on destroying

its "absolute" veto, which after all merely consisted in preventing the passing of revolutionary measures behind the back and against the will of the people. What does the House of Lords gain by committing suicide? What has the Crown gained by the folly of the House of Lords?

Lord Knollys

LORD LANSDOWNE was actually driven under the stress of his home-made humiliation to attach serious importance to the paper safeguards in the Parliament Bill, forgetting that paper safeguards can be abolished as easily as they are created when once you set up Single-Chamber despotism such as that now established, thanks to the collusion of our leaders with our enemies. We have also to complain of the disingenuousness with which he harped on the position of the Peers, flooded by "an overwhelming Liberal majority," a prospect of which there has never been the remotest possibility. Had the Demagogues ever been in a position to capture the House of Lords as well as the House of Commons through the instrumentality of the Royal Prerogative, no power on earth could have restrained them. They are bluffers, though they have doubtless been assisted in their bluff by Lord Knollys, an ardent Radical, whose mischievous activities Unionists are as much entitled to resent as would be the Radicals supposing the parts were reversed and an active Tory courtier were helping our Party to violate the Constitution by an impudent misuse of the King's name. Suspicions of Lord Knollys are confirmed by the adulation of which he is the object in the Radical Press. Like many men before him, he may well exclaim, "Save me from my friends." In his account of "the last scene in the drama of the Parliament Bill" the Parliamentary correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* observed: "All through the debate Lord Willoughby de Broke was flitting about from place to place to inspirit the rebel peers and to fortify them in their determination to hold out in the last ditch." All honour to Lord Willoughby de Broke for thus openly discharging his duty as a peer. But the *Daily Chronicle* incautiously adds: "Another peer of a very different stamp from Lord Willoughby, with his M.F.H. outlook on life [whatever that may mean], was also *active in the background* [our italics]. I refer to the sage, courtly,

and venerable Lord Knollys, for long years the friend and the trusted Counsellor of Kings."

Court Cabals

We will not quarrel over the epithets, though we doubt whether they would be applied from the same quarter in the event of the Party positions being reversed. This tribute confirms the view that backstairs intrigue of a peculiarly objectionable kind played no small part in passing this infamous Bill, which, be it remembered, places the Crown as well as every other institution at the mercy of an intoxicated majority of one Member of Parliament. What would Radicals say if Court intrigue secured the passage of a Tariff Reform Bill, or a Compulsory Military Service Bill? Surely they would maintain, what we do not hesitate to maintain, that profoundly as we respect and revere the Monarchy, and deep as is the regard of all loyal Englishmen for the person of the Sovereign, and much as we sympathise with him in the cruel dilemma in which he has been placed by brazen Demagogues and craven and perfidious counsellors, the time has long since passed when our national destinies can be directed by the understrappers of Buckingham Palace. There is no room for Lord Knollys in the British Constitution. The last occasion upon which anything of the kind occurred was over Fox's India Bill, and from that day to this it has been common ground between the Parties that it should never be allowed to recur. King George, we may be sure, is entirely innocent of the misuse of his name during this shameful episode, and the real pathos and isolation of his position, as indeed of all Sovereigns, lies in the tremendous barrier erected by interested parties between a Monarch and the truth. In old days it was occasionally blurted out by some chartered libertine in cap and bells, but the recent crisis reveals the prodigious difficulty of getting the truth through the thicket of political and other intriguers surrounding a Sovereign, Constitutional or otherwise. So far as the public are aware, the views of the Unionist Party, representing at least nine-twentieths of the population, were never laid before his Majesty either at the time the Ministry of Demagogues wrung from their reluctant Sovereign some promise to carry the Parliament Bill last November, or since that date, until after the reception of Mr.

Asquith's threatening letter of July 20 by Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne, who thereupon threw up the sponge, and it was, so to speak, as white-flaggers that they subsequently went to Buckingham Palace in company with another white-flagger, Lord Lansdowne's relative, the Duke of Devonshire, after which—we know nothing except what we have read in the newspapers—his Majesty had the opportunity of hearing the views of Lord St. Aldwyn, who represents no one in the Unionist Party, not even himself, because although, according to his friends in the Radical Press, he was prepared to organise the Unionist Iscariots, he speedily abandoned that task, possibly because he realised that such action might be viewed amiss in the Tewkesbury Division of Gloucestershire, for which his son sits. It will, we think, be agreed on all hands, by Radicals as well as Unionists that the staff work at Buckingham Palace left much to be desired. It should be some one's function under our curious system to lay the facts before the King—his Majesty could hardly be expected to find them in the Press, because for about a fortnight there was a famine in truth—as regards the political situation, which is not controlled by the action of the particular Caucus in power or the particular Caucus representing the official Opposition, but to an increasing degree by various conflicting forces, some of which are obviously more important than the two political hierarchies locked in a permanent sham fight.

Autumnal Prospects

LORD LANSDOWNE cheerfully denies that Unionists "are always going to remain in Opposition. I do not for a moment believe that the country is going to sit down patiently for an indefinite time under the despotism which is being established by noble lords opposite; and when the time comes for the Party which now sits on this side of the House to cross over, we shall no doubt consider it our duty to address ourselves to the great task of Constitutional reform. We shall have to deal with the composition of the House of Lords, the relations of the two Houses, and the limitation of the Royal Prerogative. When that time comes I am free to confess that I think it would be a serious misfortune to us if we found ourselves confronted by an obstinate and perhaps obstructive Radical majority in this House." It is hardly worth repeating

what has been said *ad nauseam*, that our titular Leaders have done everything to relegate their Party to permanent Opposition, and their promise to repeal the Parliament Bill and revise the Constitution is simply moonshine in the face of the fact that the Parliament Bill has been placed on the Statute Book by their own followers. There was much more about the creation of mythical peers, which has been palmed off on Unionist simpletons. Then came Lord Lansdowne's serio-comic declaration that "this is the beginning of a struggle which may last for many years, and of which some of us who are here to-night may not see the end. It is a struggle which we shall pursue with unrelenting energy so long as life and health and spirit are given to us. We may be worsted in this encounter, but we are not going to be annihilated, and when our turn comes it will be our business to rebuild upon the ruins of the Constitution which you have wrecked a new Constitution more appropriate to the spirit of the age in which we live. In that great task we shall want all our resources, all our fighting strength, and above all a united Party." This is *opera-bouffe*, because the speaker is a joint wrecker of the Constitution, which he will never have an opportunity of rebuilding; and not only is he a wrecker, but a determined, if not enthusiastic, wrecker, because the Duke of Devonshire subsequently hinted during the debate that unless the House of Lords passed the Parliament Bill Lord Lansdowne would find his position untenable, and it has since been positively announced in both Foozle and Boozle organs that had Lord Halsbury prevailed both the two Unionist Leaders would have retired from their respective positions. We suspect that this was one of those retrospective resignations by which the British public are electrified from time to time. Quidnuncs have since endeavoured to make our flesh creep by predicting some sensational announcement from Bad Gastein or North Berwick, and some of Mr. Balfour's sycophants are alleged to be contemplating a demonstration in his honour this autumn, which may be emphasised or preceded by a bogus retirement.

We have devoted much space to explaining and criticising the Scuttle Policy, and must pass rapidly towards the great *dénouement*. The No-Surrender Peers, one and all, did splendidly during the two days' debate in the Lords (August 9 and 10); and it is beyond all shadow of doubt that had there been anything approaching a Die-Hard movement in the House of Commons this infamous Bill would never have had the ghost of a chance of reaching the Statute Book. The work that Lord Halsbury and his friends managed to compress into the little time at their disposal was marvellous, and, from the time they were hocussed over the Third Reading—for which they could scarcely be blamed, they had not a scintilla of evidence that the pass had already been sold by the Unionist Leaders—to the end, they did not make one single mistake, unless it be the somewhat superfluous laudation of Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne to which from force of habit leading Die-Hards occasionally gave vent. Lord Halsbury, in the final debate, had no difficulty in brushing aside the pinchbeck opportunism with which his "noble friend" (Lord Lansdowne) had endeavoured to beguile the Peers, and he reiterated his frank and manly views without any attempt at rhetoric but with much force and cogency, saying as he sat down, "I have nothing more to say, except that nothing in the world will induce me to vote for a Bill, or to abstain from not voting against a Bill which I believe to be wrong and immoral and a scandalous example of legislation." This speech offered an agreeable contrast to the somewhat slimy utterance of his Grace The Lord Archbishop of York, which seems to have caused equal repulsion on both sides of the House, coming as it did from a professed man of God, supposed to be animated by the higher law, who unblushingly declared that he sympathised with the side against which he should vote, hypocritically concluding: "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." But what of the man who both loses a city and imperils his church? Lord Salisbury was as robust and vigorous as he has been throughout the crisis, and told his audience some useful home truths. He was never for a moment imposed on by the legend of the 500 Peers, and did not think the public likely to be impressed by the case for surrender. "They hear so many things from so many different

Stalwart Speaking

politicians, and so many of the things they hear turn out to be untrue, that they have become very distrustful of what they are told. Depend upon it, that is the secret of the apathy in the country at this moment. The country has ceased to believe in politicians, and I confess I am not surprised at it." Neither the flowing periods of Lord Curzon, nor their well-drafted resolutions of censure upon Ministers, would have the least effect upon the electors. "They have seen all this sort of thing before, and all they will say is, 'Oh, yes, beating the big drum to conceal a retreat.' It is the old manœuvre—'talk big and do nothing.'" That is what the electors thought when they talked about repealing the measure. Peers would be asked—"Did you vote against it? Did you use your power when you had it? The working man understands deeds; he utterly despises words. I say that to the most reverend prelate." Nothing could have been better for "the most reverend prelate."

Empty Threats

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE was as effective as ever, riddled his opponents with a Gatling gun, and shattered the preposterous twaddle that tapers and tadpoles invariably talk about loyalty whenever loyalty to some individual means treachery to the party and everything it stands for. On such a question loyalty to party leaders bore no relation whatsoever to the immense issues at stake. They had already gone very far in concessions to their leadership; they had agreed to the Second Reading of the Parliament Bill "and also to the Third Reading with very grave misgivings. . . . We put our consciences into the common stock of the party on the understanding, and in the sure and certain hope, that we should be allowed to have a fight at some stage or another with regard to the most important measure that has ever been presented to Parliament." The Duke of Bedford, as always, was thoughtful and telling, and put the case in a nutshell:

It seems to me that to yield to the mere threat of creating Peers forms a most dangerous precedent, especially at a moment when we are making new chapters in our Constitutional history with a reckless rapidity. The same threat can be brought into play whenever required. Once the Upper Chamber has yielded to threats it will always have to yield. This is a procedure hitherto unknown in parliamentary practice. We know it in private affairs as "black-

mail," and it is fatal to yield to blackmail. The moment the threat is produced by precedent established, the Upper House would say, "We are no longer free agents. We are absolved from all future responsibility." The country will have no use for a Second Chamber of that kind.

The Duke of Marlborough declined to be intimidated by the four or five hundred new Peers, who would speedily cease to be docile items in the Ministerial ranks and might be very useful members of the Upper House. Lord Ampthill contributed, as always, a sincere and vigorous speech, the kind of speech that should be made from every public platform. "We regard this Parliament Bill as a crime. We regard the whole manner and method in which it has been promoted as the gravest political outrage that has ever been perpetrated short of bloodshed, and we regard the objects of the Bill as utterly corrupt. That being so, we say we cannot stand by and see this crime perpetrated, this outrage continued, without offering resistance, even though our resistance be entirely hopeless."

Backstairs Panic

Lord Denbigh was the first of the Catholic Peers who have played a great and honourable part at this crisis to address the House in the closing debate, effectively taking up the suggestion of Lord Lansdowne that this legislation may be reversed: "He cannot reverse this measure single-handed. He has to look to his supporters in the country, and I maintain that he is far more likely to get the whole-hearted and unstinted support of the real workers in the country if it is realised that everything possible was done to resist this iniquitous measure to the very last." Lord Scarborough declared that to yield to any form of menace or pressure "short of an adverse vote is to abandon our trust to the nation. Moreover, it would be playing false to that great mass of moderate opinion in the country which looks, and looks rightly, to this House to safeguard the spirit and letter of the Constitution as long as we have the power to do so and at all costs." Lord Scarborough added, "It is only, I venture to think, by doing so that we can honestly free ourselves from the accusation of being accomplices in an act of great violence, and separate ourselves from any

share of responsibility, for what may follow." The first day's debate concluded with an excellent speech from Lord Stanhope, one of the most promising Members of the House of Lords, who, among many excellent points, reminded Lord Lansdowne that avoidance of a creation of Peers now afforded no guarantee against future creations. The present Government had still four more years to run. "Is it not probable that in the next four years his Majesty's Government will bring in some tremendous scheme for the reform, possibly the annihilation of this House, and that the Noble Marquess (Lord Lansdowne), if he returns to power at the end of the four years, will find, not a Conservative majority, but a House more swamped by the reform scheme of the Government than by any creation of Peers that has been proposed? I for one do not fear the bogey of these extra Peers, because I believe thare are far greater dangers if these Peers are not made." The uncompromising attitude and the admirable speeches of the No-Surrender Peers on August 9 caused further panic in the Foozle-Boozle ranks and in the Foozle-Boozle Press. The Halsbury party was clearly a formidable and probably a decisive factor in the situation, and, but for the backstairs intrigue of which Lord Knollys was the pivot, there is every reason to believe that principle would have prevailed and the present rotten collusive régime of Radical mendacity and hypocrisy plus Conservative cowardice would have received its death-blow, and two or three, if not more, utterly inept political leaders, with no sense of duty to their party and still less to their country, would have bitten the dust.

Lord Camperdown's Service

THE second day's debate was opened by Earl Curzon's henchman, Viscount Midleton, one of the most incompetent men who has ever held high office and an untold disaster to the unfortunate Party to which he belongs. He sneered at the Die-Hards as inexperienced politicians, but some men gain their experience at the cost of their country. Then by evident pre-arrangement Lord Rosebery solemnly asked Lord Morley, in which he was seconded by Lord Lansdowne, to give a definite answer to the positive question as to the threatened creation of Peers, which,

with much solemnity, the third member of the collusive triumvirate proceeded to do. The portentous document unctuously read to the House ran as follows: "If the Bill should be defeated to-night his Majesty would assent—I say this on my full responsibility as the spokesman of the Government—to a creation of Peers sufficient in number to guard against any possible combination of the different parties in Opposition by which the Parliament Bill might again be exposed a second time to defeat." What a monstrous mountain, what a ridiculous mouse! It was merely another edition of the bluff upon which Ministers have lived for the last few weeks, thanks to the credulity of the Opposition. Considering that the Leader of the Opposition had already formed a Scuttle brigade of some three or four hundred Peers, most of whom were as anxious for the Parliament Bill to pass as Ministers themselves, while Lord Lansdowne was *ex hypothesi* prepared to resign unless the Scuttle succeeded, Lord Morley's half-sheet of notepaper told us rather less than we knew before. Putting together all the opinions attributed to his Majesty, it is perfectly clear that no specific number of Peers had ever been mentioned, and at the very outside 150 or 200 would have been created to the immense improvement of the House of Lords and the great advantage of the Unionist Party, had Lord Halsbury defeated Ministers, and the operation of creating even this number would in all probability have destroyed the Government. Lord Rosebery then addressed the House in his best Transpontine manner, declaring *inter alia*, "If this Bill be allowed to pass, Europe and the Empire will be spared the sight of a scandal which may go far to weaken the hold of the centre of the Empire on its component parts," &c., whereas the precise opposite is the case. The panic of the Peers has done infinite harm to the prestige of Great Britain, both inside and outside the Empire. Lord Milner had no difficulty in restoring the proper perspective to the discussion, ending his admirable speech with the declaration, "In view of the tyrannous spirit in which this measure has been forced on us, and in face of the combination which has been brought against us, I feel that the right course for those who think, as I do, is to adhere to their position, and I believe that, in spite of the adverse circumstances against which we

are struggling, no one who votes to-night for insistence on this Amendment (i.e. Lord Lansdowne's Amendment) will ever regret it in the future." Lord Camperdown was for once really useful, as his announcement that he intended to vote for the Government brought the most respected of all the Lansdowne Peers to his feet, namely, the Duke of Norfolk, with a speech which made an immense impression on all who heard it, his point being, "If Unionist Peers are to be found supporting the Government in carrying this measure, which we have all so much condemned, I shall feel obliged to record my vote against the Government on this occasion."

Lord Halifax

Lord Camperdown had an equally wholesome effect on Lord Halifax, whose assent to the Lansdowne policy had been one of our few real disappointments. Lord Halifax roundly told the Government, for whom things are usually depicted *couleur de rose* by their "opponents," that it was a matter of common knowledge that they had embittered, if they had not shortened, the late King's life, and "we now know that his present Majesty, at whose Coronation we have been recently assisting, has been sacrificed—I might use a stronger word—in order to buy Mr. Redmond's support, without which the Government could not have remained in office a day." Lord Halifax had now decided "in view of the unprecedented conduct of the Government, and of what I think to be their grave disloyalty to the King, and in view also of what has been so well expressed by the noble duke (the Duke of Norfolk) as to the grave misfortune which it would be to the country and to further resistance if it could be said that this Bill was carried by the votes of Unionist Peers, I find it impossible to reconcile it with my conscience not to go into the Lobby with the noble and learned Earl, Lord Halsbury." After a Scuttle speech from Lord Londonderry, whom Ulstermen would be wise in keeping an eye upon when the question of Home Rule becomes acute, the Duke of Northumberland intervened with a characteristically pointed speech, coolly waving aside the bluff and bluster of the Government which terrorised so many Unionist Peers. "I am not in the least frightened of the creation of these Peers. I cannot say that I welcome them, or that

I would have any respect for them, but I do not see that they can do us any harm, and I think they will indirectly do a great deal of good." The speaker also observed, "What we cannot understand is that they (*i.e.* the Unionist Leaders) do not think that surrender is surrender; they do not think that fighting is fighting." After a Scuttle speech from the Duke of Devonshire, containing dire hints as to what Lord Lansdowne might do if defeated, that distinguished servant of the public, Lord Meath, redressed the balance with an utterance such as we should expect from a man who has played so large a part in educating the rising generation to a sense of duty.

Lord Bristol's Retort

Lord Plymouth, whom no one will venture to accuse—at least no one out of a lunatic asylum—of "disloyalty," contributed a first-rate speech containing this apposite reminder: "I do not profess to remember my history very well; but is it not the case that the French said of the battle of Waterloo that by all the rules of the game of warfare the British troops were defeated, and that it was only because the Duke of Wellington was so stupid as not to see it, and kept on so long that by some chance or another he turned defeat into victory." The faces of the Front Bench conspirators against the Constitution grew longer and longer at the delivery of each stalwart speech, so the Archbishop of Canterbury was put up to say that he had intended to run away, but he had been so affected "by the callousness—I had almost said levity—with which some noble Lords seem to contemplate the creation of 500 new Peers," that he was now resolved to march into the Government Lobby. The Archbishop made no attempt to justify this monstrous misstatement of fact and he cannot complain at the widespread belief that his action was inspired by a dread lest the newly created Peers should contain a contingent of Nonconformists whose presence would pollute this great episcopal preserve. Lord St. Levan declared that he had followed Lord Lansdowne so long in resisting the Bill that he now found it impossible to stop and should continue his resistance under Lord Halsbury. Earl Curzon of Kedleston, whom we are inclined to regard as the principal or at any rate the most active villain of the piece, in an unhappy effort to wind up the debate came into collision

with Lord Bristol, in which the "very superior person" had distinctly the worst of it. If these 400 new Peers* were created he declared; "If that is done the Constitution is gone, as we have known it. We start afresh to build up a new Constitution. God knows how we shall do it. We may do it with success or with failure. Let us realise what is before us——"

THE MARQUIS OF BRISTOL: It is because 400 peers are going to run away to-night.

EARL CURZON OF KEDLESTON: I would sooner run away with the Duke of Wellington than stand with the noble lord.

THE MARQUIS OF BRISTOL: I would rather fight with Nelson at Copenhagen than run away with the noble earl.

This retort put the issue in a nutshell. Lord Curzon and Co. were passionately anxious to run away with somebody. Lord Bristol and his friends were equally determined to stand to their guns.

Lord Selborne

LORD CURZON's homily only added fuel to the flame and brought up Lord Halsbury with another emphatic declaration that he intended to do what he thought to be right. We would in this connection call the special attention of our readers to Lord Ebury's admirable article on the Parliament Bill with its graphic description of the closing scene. Lord Rosebery can never keep out of any excitement and he deemed the moment suitable to make the "profoundly painful" announcement (when is Lord Rosebery not in a state of "profound pain"?) that he should vote with the Government "for a Bill which is abhorrent to me as it practically abolishes the only Second Chamber which exists without substituting anything in its place," though with characteristic casuistry he pretended he was doing nothing of the kind, because the vote was on an amendment and not on the Bill as a whole!!! Lord Selborne promptly rose and exposed Lord Rosebery as the charlatan that he is by reproducing the ex-Prime Minister's statement in the House of Lords on May 29: "I can see no use in prolonging

* It is interesting to note that whereas Lord Lansdowne habitually harped on 500 Peers, Lord Curzon was terrified by 400 and Lord Midleton by 300. The Scuttlers could not agree as to the number of Phantoms they were fleeing from. Meanwhile no responsible Minister dared mention any number.

the existence of this House as a useless sham to delude the people of this country into the belief that they still have a Second Chamber with control over the first. Far better let the naked truth appear. Far better let it be seen by the country that this House is a mere phantasy from which all substance has been stripped than allow it to remain in the paralysed condition in which Noble Lords opposite, and Noble Lords opposite alone, wish to preserve it for their own purposes." Lord Selborne added that he believed those words at the time they were spoken and he believed them to-day. Lord Midleton had for the first time discovered there were great safeguards in the Parliament Bill. "In my conscience and my heart I believe there are none. I believe that a Single Chamber—naked as Lord Rosebery would say—would be safer for this country than a Constitution with an emasculated House of Lords according to this Bill. Therefore the Government's creation of peers has no terrors for me." The question before them was: "Shall we perish in the dark by our own hand or in the light, killed by our enemies? For us the choice is easy. We have nothing to lose by the policy of the Government. We do not believe that the guarantees they have secured go beyond the necessities of passing this Bill. The words that Lord Morley read out to-night, do not differ in effect from the statements of Mr. Asquith earlier in the day. The advice that has been given and the guarantees that have been received will allow the Government to create Peers in order to overcome any possible combination—that is exactly the same as what Mr. Asquith said—but not to cover any impossible combination."

Unionist Wreckers

THEN came the most momentous division of our time. Lord Lansdowne and Co. were lookers-on. The "Contents" (consisting mainly of salaried Peers, Radical Snobs, Unionist Renegades, two time-serving Archbishops and thirteen Bishops—an unlucky number), *i.e.* those who agreed to abandon the Lansdowne amendments and supported the Government on the Parliament Bill, numbered 131; the Non-contents, *i.e.* the Halsbury Party, 114. Ministers, therefore, secured the narrow majority of 17 for their policy of wrecking the Constitution. Great astonishment was felt and great admira-

tion was expressed at the number of peers who followed Lord Halsbury, and the *tellers*, Lord Lovat and Lord Willoughby de Broke, were admitted on all hands to have done their work splendidly. In spite of a combination of influences—all of a discreditable character—such as has never been brought to bear in modern times against the discharge of a legislative duty, the Die-Hards outvoted Ministerialists and Bishops, but they were overborne by the stampede of 25–30 renegade Unionists into the enemy's camp. In other words, the Bill was carried by Unionist votes, a result for which we hold the so-called Unionist leaders responsible, because from the moment the White Flag was officially hoisted and the Scuttle was sounded a renegade development was inevitable. The episode is dealt with in spirited and scornful verses published elsewhere. We feel sure that our readers all over the world will be interested in what the *Observer* has christened the Roll of Honour, namely the 113 Peers who voted with our Grand Old Man, Lord Halsbury. The list is singularly rich in historic names, in men of ancient lineage and real distinction, containing as it does the Premier Duke, the Premier Marquis, the Premier Earl, the Premier Baron, the first soldier of the age and our most eminent scientist, to say nothing of great administrators. Among other features of this list is the devotion of Catholic Peers to the things they believe in—in painful contrast to the Anglican Bishops. That there is something rotten in the State of Denmark goes without saying, but when the crisis came it was not the British aristocracy which failed but the petrified plutocrats mobilised behind Lord Lansdowne, obsessed by a dread lest their Peerages should be depreciated by the Phantom Peers who haunted their diseased imagination. They have ruined the House of Lords and smashed the British Constitution in order to prevent people like themselves from being called "my Lord" by their butler, their footman or their parlourmaid. They will not even succeed in this paltry object because before it disappears the Upper House will assuredly be flooded on one pretext or another, and the noble 500 who approved or acquiesced in the Parliament Bill will have no one to thank but themselves and when they make their final exit the general verdict will be "serve them right."

Roll of Honour

Here is the list of Peers who by following Lord Halsbury did what they could to justify the existence of a hereditary House and created a nucleus of a regenerated Unionist Party which will mean what it says and will say what it means:

Dukes

Norfolk (E. Marshal)
Bedford
Leeds
Marlborough
Newcastle
Northumberland
Somerset
Westminster

Marquesses

Bristol
Bute
Clanricarde
Salisbury
Winchester

Earls

Abingdon
Amherst
Bathurst
Cathcart
Clanwilliam
Clarendon
Coventry
Crawford
Denbigh
Devon
Erne
Erroll
Fingall
Fitzwilliam
Halsbury
Hardwicke
Kinnoull
Lauderdale
Leitrim
Limerick
Londesborough
Loudoun
Lovelace
Malmesbury
Mar
Meath
Morley
Northesk
Plymouth
Portsmouth
Radnor
Ranfurly
Roberts
Rosslyn
Rothes
Scarborough
Selborne
Shrewsbury
Sondes
Stanhope
Strathmore
Waldegrave
Wicklow

Viscounts

Barrington
Churchill
Combermere
Falkland
Gormanston
Halifax
Hood
Llandaff
Milner
Templetown

Bishops

Bangor
Worcester

Barons

Abinger
Ampthill
Ashtown
Atkinson
Bagot
Brabourne
Clifford of Chudleigh
Clonbrook
Colchester
De Freyne
Deramore
Digby
Dynevor
Ebury
Farnham
Forester
Harlech
Holm Patrick
Hothfield
Kensington
Kesteven
Kilmaine
Leconfield
Leith of Fyvie
Lovat (teller)
Massy
Merthyr
Monkswell
Mowbray
Muskerry
Northcote
Raglan
Rayleigh
Rosmead
St. Levan
Saltoun
Sandys
Sempill
Sinclair
Southampton
Stanmore
Tollemache
Vaux of Harrowden
Vivian
Willoughby de Broke (teller)
Wynford

An Appeal to Die-Hards

As was only to be expected, the "Great Betrayal" by Unionist Leaders and the suspicious circumstances attending the Division in the Lords have provoked vehement protests from all parts of the country, and in many cases keen Unionists are so disgusted by all this treacherous intriguing, flagrant cowardice, and snobbery that they are inclined to throw up the sponge and retire from active politics, while others talk of forming new organisations. As regards fresh forms of activity, we have

nothing to say, but we make a most earnest appeal to all Die-Hards to remain in every Unionist association they belong to and to join every other Unionist association they can. This is no time for patriotic men to forsake the Party. They must capture the Party and prevent its remaining the happy hunting-ground of timorous Whigs and cynical philosophers with their attendant satellites of snobs, scuttlers, and renegades.

The "Labour" Imposture

RADICALS were given very little time in which to gloat over the suicide of the House of Lords, as Ministerial energies were immediately required to cope with the monster of disorder called into being by Frankenstein at Limehouse, which has wrought hideous havoc in Liverpool and is still at work at the time of writing in Llanelly. This prodigious outburst of industrial unrest—sufficiently grave in itself without the wild and hysterical exaggerations of the Press, which becomes more excitable every month—had begun before the fatal Division in the Upper House, which, it must be said, aroused no popular enthusiasm whatsoever, though were Cocoa cant well founded "the emancipation of the people from their hereditary enemies" would have caused unparalleled rejoicings from Land's End to John o' Groats. It would appear that besides surrendering to phantom Peers, noble Lords have fled before a phantom people. Not a dog wagged its tail. Not a cat purred. Not a cock crowed. The "people" were too much absorbed in their own dismal affairs to take notice of parliamentary proceedings, though the scandalous conduct of the Coalition in the House of Commons, particularly the Labour Party in voting themselves £400 a year apiece at a total cost of about £250,000 to the taxpayers, undoubtedly stimulated the great strike movement which began with the dockers and carriers of London under the auspices of extra Parliamentary agitators, such as Messrs. Gosling, Tillett, and Mann. These regard the Labour Party in Parliament as a party of humbugs led by an arch-humbug, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, which has become simply an annexe of the National Liberal Club, while most of its members are patiently awaiting the happy moment when they can be jobbed into comfortable billets like Mr. George's camp followers from Wales. The only

subject in which our so-called Labour Members have been seriously interested this year is the payment of Members of Parliament, and when at last the deed was done which converted them personally into "capitalists" in their own jargon, an immense impression was made on the fifteen shilling and the £1 a week class, while a tremendous handle was given to their watchful competitors in the promotion of class hatreds. But we must never forget, while denouncing the agitators, who feed on hatred and are immediately responsible for dangerous dislocations which at one moment threatened to paralyse our national activities—even allowing for all newspaper hysterics—that a very large section of the working classes are in every sense of the term perilously poor, and live under conditions which make our great industrial centres hotbeds of Socialism and anarchy. The rate of wages revealed in the course of recent strikes and the actual demands of many of the strikers as regards wages and hours of work demonstrate conclusively that this country is the reverse of the paradise of the working man as depicted morning, noon, and night by Cobdenite journals financed by protected plutocrats.

"Bunty"

THE strike of London dockers, carmen, &c., who led the way apparently attained rapid success—at any rate paper success—by the capitulation of their employers, and it must be said that there was comparatively little disorder in the metropolis though Liverpool, if one may believe twenty per cent. of the statements in the Press, was a welter of anarchy for many days, the centre of mischief being the constituency which returns Mr. T. P. O'Connor to Parliament. Then the long smouldering, discontent of the railwaymen broke into flames, and a national railway strike was threatened, though at first it was regarded by the politicians as so much bluff. The utter impotence and ignorance of the Labour Party were never more manifest than during these anxious moments—they had apparently exhausted their influence in voting themselves £8 a week. The Cabinet was as completely taken by surprise as they would be by a German invasion, but the public were exhorted by Ministerial journals to make large allowances, as the Prime Minister was alleged to be suffering from laryngitis, though the

general anxiety as to his health was allayed on the announcement that he had been able to witness the performance of "Bunty Pulls the Strings" at the Haymarket Theatre.* He could scarcely have been better employed had he gone in the right spirit. "Bunty" would certainly have prevented the railway strike, over which Mr. Asquith made a huge blunder, which has cost the community no little suffering, to say nothing of incalculable material losses, and if he had any sense in his head the fatuous Master of Elibank would be a little less lavish in the public buttering of his colleagues. The railway men were suffering from pressing grievances—imaginary or otherwise—over the working of the Conciliation Boards which our Mr. George forced upon the Companies in 1906 amid a general chorus of enthusiasm. Mr. Asquith characteristically met the aggrieved Trade Unionists by offering "a Royal Commission" to inquire into the working of these Boards. Visions of an eternal investigation under the auspices of Lord Balfour of Burleigh or Lord St. Aldwyn, with its accompanying pyramid of Blue Books and its litter of reports crossed the mind of the discontented signalman and the aggrieved shunter, and afforded the mischievous brethren of "Unity House" the pretext they had been itching for of proclaiming a general railway strike, although they only represented about one-fourth of the railway men. All through, so far as we could observe, the Companies acted in an exemplary manner and were even prepared to accept the foolish proposal of the Government.

The Public will Pay

THE Ministerial blunder was speedily retrieved in point of time, though after the harm had been done. It is easier to proclaim than to stop a general strike. It was explained to the strikers that a "Royal Commission" was only the Premier's little joke, and that what he had really meant was a Special Committee to sit at once and report as soon as possible on the working of the Conciliation Boards, and on this basis the strike, which though temporarily formidable was in the nature of a fiasco, was ultimately brought to an end, on the

* Let us in passing say that this is one of the most delightful plays ever seen on the London stage, and the acting of this attractive Scottish Company is beyond praise.

looking that the public should pay for the improvement in the conditions and wages of the railway employés which the Companies might be compelled to undertake as the result of the report of the Committee, which is now sitting and consists of the following members, the Right Hon. Sir David Harrel, K.C.B., K.C.V.O. (chairman), Sir Thomas R. Ratcliffe Ellis, Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., Mr. Charles Gabriel Beale, and Mr. John Burnett—a selection generally approved by both parties. Meanwhile, during the very short period of the railway strike, which completely dislocated traffic at certain points, and caused a serious rise in prices and threatened semi-starvation, the community went through painful, if illuminating, experiences which we trust will not soon be forgotten, though our sensational Press endeavours to prevent anything from being long remembered by switching us on to one fresh excitement after another. In the first place, we had a faint foretaste of what we should endure in the event of war, but it was very faint, as it was necessary to employ some 50,000 troops in order to keep open communications, to support the police in coping with disorder and in securing the transport of the necessaries of the life of the nation. We need say nothing more about these particular strikes, which have been worked for all they were worth by everybody concerned, but we may be at any rate profoundly thankful for one thing, viz., that they occurred under a Radical Government, because had the Unionists been in power, Messrs. George and Churchill would have been playing the part of Messrs. Keir Hardie and Ben Tillett, delivering incendiary speeches wherever and whenever they were calculated to do most harm, while Unionist Ministers would have endeavoured to play the parts recently undertaken by Mr. George and Mr. Churchill, who as responsible Ministers of the Crown found themselves compelled to cope with the class hatreds and consequent anarchy which they and their colleagues have done so much to arouse. The police and the troops behaved splendidly, and literally saved the situation, and after its initial weakness and blundering the Government discharged its executive duties with promptitude and efficiency, which we refrain from commending lest we be accused of exploiting the differences between Liberalism and Labour which enlivened the closing days of the session.

Bishops in Politics

Among the most suggestive comments provoked by the pitiful performance of the Lords Spiritual on August 10 was an article in the *Saturday Review* entitled "The Bishops in Politics" (see *Saturday Review*, August 19). In passing we venture to congratulate our contemporary on the brilliant part it played throughout the Constitutional controversy, to which it contributed many illuminating articles. The writer points out that the Bishops "seldom lose an opportunity of claiming to be above Party and indifferent to political considerations. That is, most of them do. A few confess frankly to strong Party bias, and make no scruple of voting accordingly. The Bishop of Hereford is an unblushing Radical; Bishop King of Lincoln (God rest his soul) was an unblushing Tory. And may not a Bishop have his politics like other men? Is he not a citizen as well as a Bishop?" He certainly has as much right to his political opinions as anybody else; he does not cease, because he is a Bishop, to be either an Englishman or a man. "He must not let his politics affect his work as a Bishop, or intrude into the pulpit. But in political matters he has as much right to be a politician as a layman. So far we respect Bishops like Dr. Percival and Dr. Gore, who frankly voted for the Parliament Bill because as good Radicals they liked it. Just as we respect the Bishop of Worcester and the Bishop of Bangor, who straightforwardly voted against the Bill." On the other hand,

had the Archbishop of York, for instance, voted frankly as a Radical or a Socialist, and not claimed to be voting for the Bill from no idea of supporting it, we should have liked his performance a great deal better. There is this difference between your Radical Bishop and your Conservative Bishop—in the bulk—the Radical never forgets his politics, and always backs his Party to the extent, as it seems at any rate to the onlooker, of often preferring his Party to his Church when their claims conflict; the Conservative, on the other hand, whenever he can, votes on the Radical side and is punctilious to do nothing for his own Party.

"Apparently the Unionist Bishops think they can always count on the Conservatives; therefore it is safe to flout them, if by so doing they can buy off for the moment Radical hostility." This exhibition of episcopal opportunism has profoundly disgusted laymen who have fought hard for what they believe to be right, only to find Bishops doing what they know to be wrong:

Whatever the Episcopal motives, this requires explanation. The Bishops

[illegible] it very well, for they explained and protested much. And it sounded very much as if they were excusing themselves. After all, it made no difference; the Bill must pass: they could not stop it, so they might as well vote for it and gain some other end. Nice teaching this; that you may assist in the perpetration of a wrong if you are not able to prevent that wrong. That was the thinnest excuse. Then they were shut up to a choice of evils. It was not a choice of evils. They were free to oppose the Bill they disapproved; there was no evil in that. *Assume, even, that they had to choose between voting* with the Government and the flooding of the House with illegitimate peers. They ought to have chosen the evil for which they had no moral responsibility If the peers were made, it would not be their fault. They should have chosen the plain path and opposed the Bill they disapproved. Then they pleaded the urgency of saving the King and the country the ignominy of the peers being made. What moral teaching is this! Had not the King consented and promised? Had not the Government resolved? Do the Bishops really hold that he who purports to do something ignominious is relieved from all ignominy because an accident prevents him from doing it? Morally both the King (whatever his responsibility may be) and the Government had already done this thing. We could understand a mere man of the world making this distinction; but it is something of a shock to find a Christian Bishop doing it. The thing not being actually done might make a practical difference in remote parts where the truth might never be known; but none morally. Finally we were told that they did this to avert a greater evil. Put plainly, they did evil that good might come. No one will say it is not an evil to vote for a Bill you utterly disapprove. Were any Sunday school child to propose to any Bishop to do something wrong to prevent another wrong, that good might come, he would be solemnly rebuked and very likely told "that is what Roman Catholics teach." Anyway none of the Roman Catholic Unionist peers palavered with his conscience, but every one voted straight against the Bill he disapproved.

Unless we are greatly mistaken our Archbishops and Bishops will find that in the long run they have paid dearly for the cheap cheers of the rag-tag and bob-tail of the National Liberal Club.

Cruelty of Cobdenism

ONE of the many morals of the recent strike, the recurrence of which in some shape or form is as certain as anything can be, was enforced in an excellent letter contributed to the *Morning Post* (August 22, 1911) by Mr. Page Croft, who from the outset has been a devoted Tariff Reformer, and though, like other Tariff Reformers, his labours have been partially paralysed by ambiguous leadership, he sees as clearly as any one the intimate connection between labour unrest and our benighted fiscal system, to which the suffering and discontent of our people is largely due. They crowd the workhouses, they enter the lunatic asylums, or betake themselves

to some country where labour is protected against unrestricted foreign competition. Others hang on here with little or no prospect of any improvement in their condition, and turn in ever increasing numbers to the baldest form of Socialism or Anarchy, while so-called Labour Members betray the real interests of the workers at every turn, vote themselves eight pounds a week, become the henchmen of Boozle and the heroes of the Boozle Press, occasionally receiving fat official appointments and extravagant encomiums for their magnificent services from the Chief Whip of the Boozle Party, which is largely financed by foreign millionaires, some of whom are domiciled in England though their hearts and interests are abroad. To the millionaire, especially the happy millionaire whose individual interests are protected by cast-iron agreements precluding foreign competition, or to the Cocoa magnates—who are protected in the most lucrative branch of their industry by heavy tariffs against foreign competition, on which they have waxed fat and kicked—the system of protection for their own goods, and Free Trade in everybody else's goods, is ideal, because it gives them preposterous advantages over other industries and enables them to secure the pick of the working classes for their own.

Protected Free Traders

WHILE unfortunate Railway Boards, shipping companies, &c., are struggling desperately to secure an exiguous profit for their shareholders, observe that monopolists like Messrs. Brunner, Mond and Co., besides paying enormous dividends, announce "voluntary" additions to the wages of their employés. Again, could there be more striking object-lessons in the value of restricted competition than the advertisements with which the Cocoa and Chocolate magnates cover the hoardings and embellish the newspapers depicting the enchanting conditions under which their employés labour, or in the dividends and wages of Messrs. Brunner, Mond and Co.? Is it not curious that these identical individuals maintain newspapers to preach Free Trade while their huge fortunes are founded on one or other form of Protection, which *ex hypothesi* enables them to treat their workpeople better than other workpeople, and thus disproves the erroneous assertions of their own organs that the exclusive benefits of Protection accrue to employers while its disadvantages fall on the employed?

Surely this topic is worthy of a note in the *Westminster Gazette*, or a leaderette in the *Daily News*, and is not altogether beneath a "snub rosa" in the *Morning Leader*, or even a lecture in the *Nation*, as Mr. Page Croft points out.

> The wages of railway workers or dockers are dictated by the wage-level of the country as a whole, and although railway workers may contend that they are being paid an unfair wage, the fact is nevertheless indisputable that there are many always ready to fill the first vacancy on the railway, and one would naturally, therefore, ask why it is that these men do not seek employment elsewhere, and why they are even known to leave agricultural pursuits in order to obtain employment on the railway. It is indisputable that the wages of this country are kept at their present low level by the national policy which admits products of labour from any competitive source, under whatever conditions they may be manufactured, to the detriment of British labour as a whole, and of the wage bill in particular.

While labour in many other countries is improving its position, labour in this country is actually worse off than it was twenty years back, and Cobdenites themselves are compelled to confess "in this time of national stress that British real wages have been stationary or falling, whilst at the same time the cost of food has risen by something like 15 per cent." We heartily concur with Mr. Croft's concluding exhortation:

> Tariff Reformers, then, have a clear duty, and that is to start a fresh campaign throughout the country, to press with renewed vigour their policy, and to bring home to every man and woman in the British Isles the cruel wrong which our fiscal system is inflicting upon the poorest in the land, to point to the only policy by which industry can be secured and wages raised, the only way to once more bring happiness, peace, and content into the cottage homes of our country.

It is, however, perfectly idle for Tariff Reformers to keep up the farce of pretending to the working classes or to any other classes, none of whom will believe it, that there is any chance of our getting a serious measure of Tariff Reform under present auspices. Tariff Reformers, like other people, have got to clear their minds of cant, and after their extensive and peculiar experiences since Mr. Chamberlain "resigned" or was manœuvred out of the Unionist Government in the autumn of 1903, they are no longer entitled to tell the people of this country that a Unionist victory means a victory for Tariff Reform.

AGADIR

Agadir is the finest harbour in Morocco. Situated on the Atlantic coast, some seventy-five miles S. by E. of Mogador, at the end of a spur of the Lesser Atlas, it boasts a population of about six hundred souls. What the natives do, and how they live, nobody seems to know. Agadir is not only, as its Berber name implies, a fortified place, but also a closed port. Some people remember, vaguely, having been there. German ships, especially in the coast trade, passing to and fro, with, it may have been, a cargo of contraband arms for Cape Juby, have for years been a familiar spectacle to the natives as they gazed out to sea. The few Germans on board ship who troubled to look shoreward with a speculative eye reflected that with hotels and villas the place might be turned into a sort of Atlantic gambling-hell, and might become a second Monte Carlo. In more recent years others of their compatriots, more practically minded, have come ashore by stealth, bringing gifts for the natives. Others, again, have come down the coast from Mogador. Foremost among these venturesome spirits have been the members and agents of that prolific family of Westphalian ironmasters, dealers, traders, explorers, and miners, the Mannesmann brothers, who made their money by inventing the hollow steel tubing out of which, among other things, modern lance-shafts are cut. They bribed the natives, and in pursuance of their aim, which is to create for themselves a mining monopoly in Morocco, they surveyed the land and doubtless pegged out their claims. They were able to report that the Sus valley was rich in natural products, that the Tarudant trade was prosperous, and that Agadir ought to be opened to commerce under the auspices of the German flag. It is perhaps to the fruits of these explorations that the maps of this region published by the Pan-German League owe their relative completeness.

To the world in general Agadir and the Sus remained mere names until at the end of last year the French cruiser *Du Chayla*, which was patrolling the coast on the look-out for gun-runners, put in at Agadir. Her commander went ashore, called on the local Kaïd, and then left the harbour. That was all. But the Germans tried to make an incident out of this humdrum episode in the police-work of the French ships. Questions were asked in the Reichstag. On December 12, 1910, the German Foreign Secretary, Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, stated:

In the present case a French ship entered the port [of Agadir] in the exercise of police functions—to wit, the pursuit of smugglers of arms. The French Government has given us the express assurance that no other purpose was pursued, and, in particular, that there can be no question whatever of an opening of the port. Since the French Government has given us this loyal assurance we have utilised the opportunity of establishing afresh our agreement with the French Government in the view that the opening of one of the closed ports can take place only by act of the Sultan, with the assent of all the Treaty Powers. At the same time we assume and take for granted that all measures, and especially the fixing of the date for such an opening of the port, must be announced in such good time that there can be no possibility of the interested parties of one State getting an advantage as compared with the interested parties of another State. I think, therefore, that we can regard this particular case of Agadir as entirely disposed of, and that we have no cause for uneasiness.

Six months later, at noon on July 1, the German Ambassador in Paris, Baron von Schoen, walked into the French Foreign Minister's room at the Quai d'Orsay and announced to M. de Selves that at that very hour the German gunboat *Panther* had cast anchor off Agadir, and would remain there until all danger to German native *protégés* had subsided. M. de Selves had only assumed office that week, and was on the eve of leaving Paris in order to accompany President Fallières as Minister in attendance during his visit to the Court of the Netherlands. But like his uncle, M. de Freycinet, he has the grand manner, and much of that veteran statesman's shrewdness. The German Ambassador probably spent the worst quarter of an hour of his life when M. de Selves, after inquiring whether the despatch of the *Panther* was a *fait accompli*, pointed out how difficult the German demonstration would render any subsequent conversations. Unfortunately French statesmanship has not fulfilled the promise which the initial attitude of the Foreign Minister

seemed to hold out. A "conversation" was opened in Berlin, and has been allowed to drag on for weeks under the menace of the German warships at Agadir. The French talk of their dignity and national honour, and yet they have submitted to Germany's negotiating not only sword in hand, but with a knife at their throat. The omission to demand the withdrawal of the German ships from Agadir as a condition precedent to any negotiations may prove costly.

The ostensible cause of the German intervention is too trumpery to be seriously considered. In the light of Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter's statement in the Reichstag last December this act of trespass is indefensible. Even German statesmen ought to hold themselves bound by their words for longer than six months. When, a few weeks before the *Panther* was despatched upon her errand, a report was circulated in the German Press to the effect that the German Government was preparing to send three cruisers to the coast of Morocco, the thunderbolts of the Wilhelmstrasse were hurled down upon the heads of the untimely gossips and scandalmongers who had dared to calumniate the pure intentions of their country's Government. The cat had been prematurely let out of the bag, and although the cat ultimately proved to be a *Panther*, the Agadir *coup* was not so convincing a manifestation of German might as the wily Foreign Secretary and his Pan-German satellites had primarily designed it to be. This gunboat, and the ships which subsequently relieved her, had orders to show the German flag off Agadir, for the ostensible purpose of protecting German "interests," without regard for the fact that in a closed Moroccan port there could be no legitimate foreign interests to protect. If the lives or interests of German subjects had been in danger the proper course, as such sticklers for international propriety as the Germans ought to have known, was for the German Government to lodge complaint with the Inspector-General of Police through the German representative at Tangier. As a matter of fact, while the conception of the German plot against France was deeply laid, its execution was precipitated by the events which led up to and followed the relief of Fez.

When, last April, the French Government announced that, at the request of the Sultan, a French force was to be despatched

in order to relieve Mulai Hafid's capital, which was invested by insurgent tribes, Germany raised no objection. The German General Staff, which so grossly miscalculated the result of the South African War, and, in spite of the grotesque display made by the German contingent in China in 1900, attempted to quell the Herrero rising in South-West Africa by the book methods of Continental warfare, appears to have believed that the French might get stuck on the road to Fez. The German Government for its part imagined that if ever the French reached Fez they would hoist the tricolor over the Dar el Maghzen and generally make themselves at home. The French must have got wind of this. They not only refused to remain stuck on the road, but no sooner had General Moinier relieved the capital than the French troops returned to the Shawia. That was more than German flesh and blood could stand. With France "occupying" Fez and taken, as the Germans had confidently hoped, *flagrante delicto*, there would have been an excellent opening for a "conversation." Germany could then have said to France: "Very well; there you are at Fez, and there you mean to remain. You have broken the Algeciras Act, and now you will have to pay for it—through the nose." But the French left nothing to chance. Before Germany could move they had returned to the Shawia, and had restored the *status* upon which the Agreement of 1909 was based. But the prospect of a resumption of the French military operations after the hot weather left Germany a loophole. As she could not say to France, "What will you pay to stay at Fez?" she sent a warship to Agadir in order to be able to say, "What will you pay to get me out?" Not a very moral proceeding, but an extremely effective one, since, whatever the issue of the Berlin conversations may be, Germany not only stands to extort territorial advantages to which she has absolutely no right, while France will be paying twice over for recognition of her political predominance in Morocco, but she will have established a precedent for blackmailing which may come in useful at some future date. The Agadir *coup* is only a trial shot. Great Britain, as the French perceive when they say to Englishmen, "Tua res agitur," is the prey which Germany has marked down for herself. The Germans are just getting their eye in.

There are other considerations which precipitated the German action upon this occasion. The Reichstag elections are close at hand, and, little as the outsider can gather with regard to the state of popular feeling in Germany, momentous issues depend upon the result. The governing classes and parties contemplate with grave foreboding the approach of the day when Herr Bebel's prophecy will be fulfilled, and when the Socialists will be strong enough to hold the balance in the Imperial Parliament. Something tangible, the non-Socialist elements feel, has got to be accomplished in order to keep things going. Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, a chip of the old Bismarckian block, will surely meet this "national" want by reasserting the position of the Empire abroad. "West Marokko deutsch!" has been the cry of the Pan-Germans ever since the conclusion of the Anglo-French Agreement. Now is the time to intervene. And the *Panther* steams to Agadir.

Other pretexts and excuses for the German action crowd in as afterthoughts. France, so it is alleged, has not fulfilled her part of the bargain under the Agreement of 1909, by which the two Powers are pledged to promote the co-operation of their nationals in economic enterprises in Morocco. If anybody has a right to complain it is England, whose interests, but for their vitality and ancient standing, would have gone under long since if they had had to depend for their survival solely upon French goodwill. The German complaints are altogether unfounded. In the Société Marocaine de Travaux Publics the Germans have had assigned to them as their share a participation amounting to no less than 30 per cent. In the Union des Mines Marocaines, the operations of which are calculated to serve as a basis for the new mining *règlement*, the Germans, among other nations, are represented by many of their principal iron and steel works and syndicates. As regards railway construction the French offered the Germans adequate participation in the projected Shawia and Ujda lines. The negotiations on this point were suspended because at the interviews between Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter and the French Ambassador, M. Jules Cambon, at Kissingen towards the end of June the German Foreign Secretary proposed that the whole question of the Moroccan railways should be settled out of hand. To this proposal the

French Government was not, for the moment, prepared to accede.

France for her part can with justice complain that from 1880 to 1910 Germany has broken the letter and the spirit of every Franco-German agreement, both implied and expressed, with regard to Morocco. In 1880, the year of the Madrid Conference, Bismarck instructed the German delegate to support the French view. The history of the Algeciras Conference and of the codicil to the Algeciras Act, the Agreement of 1909, is a matter of general knowledge. And in July 1911 the German Government flagrantly breaks the pledge which it had implicitly offered only six months earlier.

In order to get at the springs of German policy it is necessary to get on to general ground and back to a period which is, however, not so very remote. When Bismarck confirmed Lüderitz's seizure of the South-West African territory in 1884 he did it more with a view to annoying England than with any genuine hope of making anything out of the new acquisition. And so with nearly all the other German colonies. They have been acquired of set purpose, but at haphazard. German emigrants, who go by tens of thousands to the United States and to the British dominions, settle only by tens in the German colonies. They have had enough of the German official and his ways at home. And yet, untaught by experience, the Germans are continually on the look-out for fresh possessions. They have no gift for colonisation, such as distinguishes the British and the French, and yet they are for ever complaining that by the time they were old enough to sit up at table the world's dish had been cleared of its daintiest morsels. Arrogant *parvenus* that they are, they imagine that because they beat France in 1870 they must have a navy, coaling-stations, and colonies. They have seized what they could get in Africa and in the Pacific, they have taken up a mortgage on Shantung, and for the last ten years they have been trying to wedge themselves in between France and England in North Africa. For what purpose? In order, as they declare, and as time-serving journals in England re-echo, to find an outlet for Germany's surplus population! The pretext is senseless and shamelessly untrue. Excepting the locust-swarms of officials, the German colonies are as bare of German settlers as a man's

hand. "Ah, yes," say the Germans, "but these colonies of ours are the waste places of the earth, and that is why we want fresh territory."

Supposing that France had granted Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter's impudent demand that she should surrender the French Congo and her contingent rights to the Belgian Congo, does any one dare assert that fifty genuine German settlers would have been attracted to those regions in as many years? The pretence is as idle as are all the arguments which are current in Germany with regard to the "necessity" of a strong navy in order to protect German maritime interests. Nevertheless there are some who consider that if Germany could get thoroughly "bogged" in her attempts to get astride of a section of Central Africa, her struggles might serve not only to attract and hold the attention of a united British Empire, but likewise to divert her own attention from the exclusive contemplation of the North Sea and the Vosges. Time will show.

The immediate concern of every Englishman ought to be clearly to understand the spirit which prompts acts of violence like the Agadir demonstration. Public opinion in England is too apt to think of Germany as consisting of an Emperor and an Army, with their natural proclivities counterbalanced in some mysterious way by an industrial and prosperous population, the Socialist portion of which is regarded as an effectual curb upon any "Imperialist" aspirations which the *bourgeoisie* may suddenly develop. All this is perfectly true, but it is only half the truth. The exigencies of the domestic situation, as appears to be the case this year, may at any moment render it necessary for the "governing" classes to create a diversion in order to rally the mass of non-Socialist opinion. The response which is made to these appeals to "national" sentiment shows that the German nation has not been demoralised by prosperity. Instinctively it remembers that Germany has not yet become wholly industrialised, and that the greater part of German industry is agricultural in origin. It is this subconscious recollection that creates the bond of union between regions so diverse as Westphalia and East Prussia, or the highlands of Bavaria. Only those who have watched both of them at work can realise why the farmer who has never seen the North Sea and the

ironmaster who has never been further than its shores are at one in spreading the gospel of German naval supremacy. The Agadir *coup* appealed to the imaginations of them all. It may be that a suspicion of the truth has begun to dawn upon men like the British Chancellor of the Exchequer. Inspired by a generous but mistaken enthusiasm, Mr. Lloyd George went to Berlin three years ago in order, as was announced, to learn something about the working of German Old Age Pensions. Indiscreet friends whispered that, if things went as it might be hoped they would, it would be possible to reduce the British Navy Estimates by a million or so the following year. The world has travelled a long way since then. Mr. Lloyd George's speech at the Mansion House on July 21 is first and foremost a reply to the German Imperial Chancellor's curt dismissal of British advances with a view to disarmament.

Many people ask themselves what part the Emperor William plays in all this. There are some who consider that by sending a German warship to Agadir while the Emperor was absent from the seat of Government Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter hoped that he would be able to create a situation for which there would be no solution but war. Theories of this kind might be consistent with the belief that the Emperor is averse from the idea of war. Indeed, if only out of solicitude for his young and still growing navy, his Majesty may have a deep-rooted prejudice against trying conclusions just yet. As a matter of fact, however, it is probable that the Emperor and his advisers are in agreement with regard to the policy which in recent years they have pursued towards France. For the moment their primary object is to detach her from England by fair means or foul. In the German view, since England has rejected Germany's hand (outstretched not in disinterested friendship, but in order to pick up the trifles unconsidered of the British Empire), she must be made to smart for it. If England refuses of her own free will to endow Germany with colonies and coaling-stations, England's friends are to be blackmailed and bullied. Blackmail of the politer kind, in the form of more or less clandestine negotiations, has been levied upon France by Germany for the last two or three years. The history of recent Franco-German negotiations for the formation of a Cameroon-Congo syndicate has still to be written. German

policy throughout the Morocco question has been nothing but blackmail. The worst of these clandestine negotiations, however, from the German point of view, has been that the French Parliament is apt to become suspicious, and then the French Government has had to drop the conversation in a hurry.

The *Panther* was sent to Agadir as a public intimation that Germany desired to renew the *tête-à-tête* with France. The Germans have had their way; they do not want to go to war if they can help it, and they will not shoot so long as blackmailing can be made to pay. Whatever the result of the Berlin conversations may be, Germany always stands to clear more than enough to cover the expense of keeping two or three warships in Moroccan waters. But for the very decided attitude of Great Britain the prospective profits from the transaction might have been greater. The Emperor (who appears to have imagined that he had made pretty sure of the people who mattered in England, and that those who did not matter were engrossed in the Constitutional squabble) has had part of his calculations upset. Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, who knows no more about England than about the moon, took his master's word for it that England had been squared or lulled into indifference, and now he finds that the proposed Franco-German bargain will have to be approved by England. All this is very mortifying, no doubt, but still Germany gains and stands to gain more than she has any right to claim.

Apart from the pernicious precedent which Germany has been allowed to create for herself, the situation presents even graver dangers of a special kind. Hitherto one of the most constant factors in Franco-German relations has been the uncompromising refusal of France to admit German securities to quotation on the Paris Bourse. Are the French willing and able to persist in this attitude? Recent specific attempts to promote Franco-German banking syndicates have failed, but the basis upon which organisations of this kind could immediately be founded already exists in the shape of active co-operation between many of the leading French and German financial houses. Germany needs capital even more than colonies, and in France there is a superabundant supply of ready money. The unremitting efforts which are being made to familiarise French public

opinion with the idea of an open financial partnership with Germany testify to the existence of tendencies which, in view of the peculiar conditions of French political life, may ultimately prove irresistible. When once the wire between Berlin and Paris has been established, the Germans will see to it that it is not again disconnected, and when the "colonial" topic has become exhausted the financial issue will be raised. These negotiations will serve the double purpose of weakening the tie between France and England and of infusing fresh life into German industrial enterprise. There is no room for scepticism about this prospect. France is not an industrial country in any such sense as Germany has proved herself to be. The French have money to sell, and they want a market for it at higher prices than they can obtain at home. They are quite content to starve their own industry for want of capital so long as they can get 4 per cent. or 5 per cent. for their money instead of 3 per cent. They do not appear to realise that the very absence of any stable industrial conditions is the primary cause of the perpetual unrest among the working classes and of the predominance of the revolutionary unskilled labour elements which light-hearted observers profess to regard as a sign merely of healthy reaction in the French body politic. *Quem deus vult perdere . . .!* Not only have the French a superabundance of money, but their business methods are so closely akin to those of the Germans that partnership in financial enterprises, which are bound sooner or later to assume a political aspect, becomes almost natural. To-day it is no longer a question of establishing points of contact, as, for example, in the Near East, but of raising upon a broad and deep-laid foundation an edifice complete in every detail. The one doubtful factor is how long public sentiment in France will be able to resist the attractions of a profitable speculation.

As regards the question of Alsace and Lorraine, the position to-day is that Germany has more to fear from the survival of the "*Revanche*" feeling in France than from a revival of sentiment in the Reichsland itself, however sullen the mass of the conquered population may appear to be. The defiant exuberance of so-called "gymnastic societies" in Lorraine and the ostentatious enlistment of Alsatians in the French Foreign Legion are manifestations which cannot permanently be kept alive by the special

pleadings of Maurice Barrès and the Ligue des Patriotes. How long will these appeals continue to find an echo in the hearts of the great mass of Frenchmen?

Englishmen, above all others, must be prepared to face the outlook as it presents itself. England is the Power which stands in Germany's way all the world over. Not in the way of legitimate expansion, since nowhere are Germans more at home and nowhere is German trade more prosperous than under the British flag. England is the barrier against that restless form of *Weltpolitik* which the Agadir *coup* exemplifies, and which aims at nothing less than deposing Great Britain from that "great and beneficent position" which, as Mr. Lloyd George said in his speech at the Mansion House, "she has won by centuries of heroism and achievement." So far Germany has failed to inveigle England into a partnership with herself. As she is not yet strong enough to stand up against the British Navy, she has decided to undermine the British position by weakening the ties of the Entente Cordiale. France is to be blackmailed and bullied until she has been made to realise that a working agreement with Germany is likely to be more profitable to her than her understanding with England. According to some views, for the moment Germany does not contemplate war, as she is doubtful as to the triumph of her navy, and since, if France allows herself to be squeezed, it may be possible to get more out of her by blackmail. In any case the blackmailing business is all gain and costs nothing. France, for her part, is still prepared to resist, and is grateful for British support. But she wants to be left to make her own terms with Germany. The desire is legitimate, provided that British interests are not affected. At the same time it must be realised that Agadir is only an episode. Whether the *coup* succeeds or not it will be repeated at intervals in some form or another. France, anxious as she is to reap without delay the fruits of her expedition to Fez, has shown herself to be willing to come to terms. Upon the next occasion, as some people imagine, she may not prove to be so obliging. This theory would have seemed more plausible if the French had made a resolute attempt to secure the withdrawal of the German ships from Agadir before acquiescing in the Berlin conversations.

The links of the golden chain which already binds France to

Germany are growing stronger every year, and if the wire between Berlin and Paris is kept open the day may not be far distant when France will find that her "interests" are all of them drawing her, not across the Channel, but towards the Eastern Frontier.

The moral of Agadir is that, at a moment when the world is being told that the growing interdependence of economic interests among the nations is tending to render the chances of war more remote, the German action has come as a reminder that rights without the might to protect them are vain and profitless. Theorists glibly speak of the "law of acceleration," and attempt to apply it to the conditions of human civilisation. The fallacy of these speculations lies in the assumption that progress, even in Europe, has been uniform. Germany, notwithstanding her undoubted achievements in science and industry, has never been and never will be included in the circle of the so-called "Western Powers." She remains where she is, in the centre of Europe, and her primitive instincts have been tempered only by cunning. For the moment she may not be strong enough to face the combined might of England and France. As she has failed to disarm British suspicion she is endeavouring to detach France from England. Every shady trick, financial or other, will be employed by Germany, and force will be used if and when it suits her. The aim of British policy must be to be ready to adapt itself to every conceivable emergency. Above all, England must be prepared to stand alone. The pernicious habit of dismissing this, that, or the other prospect as improbable or altogether impossible must be abandoned. While the Coronation festivities were at their height more than one British politician was warned that the next German move might be to occupy a Moroccan port. The idea was scoffed at and scouted as absurd. At noon on July 1 S.M.S. *Panther* anchored off Agadir.

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THE PARLIAMENT BILL

A SKETCH OF ITS ORIGIN, PROGRESS, AND ADOPTION

When the record of these times comes to be written they will present no episode of greater interest than the Parliament Bill.

To the student it will seem strange that a hereditary House of Lords which for centuries had discharged well-defined constitutional functions, not only to the satisfaction of the great majority in its own country but also in a manner which elicited the loudly expressed commendation of foreign critics, should in half a dozen years so completely have lost confidence in itself as at the bidding of a handful of demagogues to commit *felo de se*.

This is how it came about.

For a considerable time prior to the outbreak of the South African War, the Conservative Party had been in office, and on the whole its policy, foreign and domestic, had commended itself to the approval of the country. Its Education and Licensing Acts were creditable achievements and useful measures, as the result has proved, but they had excited bitter resentment among influential groups of Radical politicians, who resolved to feed fat their grudge whenever an opportunity occurred.

The cost of the war, reacting upon an inelastic fiscal system, caused a good deal of distress among the masses who had forsaken the country and, owing to the gradual falling off of many local industries, were unable to retain the employment in search of which they had migrated to the towns. Hence when Mr. Chamberlain promulgated his policy of Tariff Reform and Imperial Preference, involving small taxes on the importation of food-stuffs, the malcontents saw their opportunity, and, throwing all scruple to the winds, indulged in a revel of mendacity which in the judgment of posterity will bear hardly on their memories.

It was easy to persuade thirteen millions of people on the

wage of hunger that any policy which could be represented as likely to increase the price of the loaf was unspeakable barbarity, and such minute possibility in this direction as the policy involved was exaggerated by the malcontents until it assumed colossal proportions.

Mr. Chamberlain, by the force of his reasoning, brought hundreds of thousands to his side, but Mr. Balfour's inability to make up his mind on the subject caused a serious rift in the ranks of the Unionist Party. Hence the origin of the Parliament Bill can be distinctly traced to that obstinate insistence upon outworn economic theories which induced many influential Conservatives either to refrain from opposing or to support Radical candidates at the election of 1906, with the result that the Unionist Party suffered severe reverses, which culminated in the disaster of Mr. Chamberlain's breakdown before the new Parliament had been long in existence.

Meanwhile the Government had been entrusted to a Cabinet of demagogues, including one prominent Socialist, who in his election address had declared himself opposed to all hereditary dignities, and two or three firebrands, of whom it was not to be expected that they would stick at anything likely to promote their personal advancement. This Cabinet at once resolved to pick a quarrel with the House of Lords, an object not difficult of attainment, for they incontinently "toed the line" of revolutionary courses. Beginning with an attempt to divorce education from religion, they proceeded with a raid upon property as much entitled as any other to the protection of the law, and finally they produced a Budget based upon lines specifically marked out for them by prominent Socialists, with a clearly indicated intention of revolutionising the principles which have hitherto applied to the ownership of property. Thus the breach with the House of Lords—which is the natural guardian of religion, of good faith, and of legal stability, and which quite early in their career they had attacked in resolutions acclaimed by an obedient majority—became complete.

So far, however, the Lords had carried the country with them. There was no agitation at all in favour of the Bills which they had rejected, and when they referred the Budget of 1909 to the constituencies at the election which occurred in January 1910, the Radical coalition lost 100 seats, England declared against the

Cabinet's financial policy, Ireland was known to be hostile to some of its main provisions, and the Budget, which it had been triumphantly announced would be passed as soon as the Session opened, had to be postponed for several months while arrangements were being made to get it carried by the votes of those who, but for ulterior considerations, must infallibly have voted against it. So far, in fact, as the election had turned upon financial policy, the Government were in a minority and the action of the Lords was completely justified. When the arrangements above referred to were completed and a majority of the people's representatives did vote in favour of the Budget, the House of Lords were presumably right to pass it, because, however sordid the compact by which the majority was obtained, a general knowledge of it had not elicited any adequate repudiation by the country, and anything was preferable to creating an impression that, after referring an issue to the decision of the people, the House of Lords would fail to abide by the verdict. It was after that that the House of Lords began to make the mistakes which led up to the final tragedy.

There has undoubtedly been a growing conviction—more prevalent, perhaps, in Scotland than elsewhere, but not necessarily dependent upon political leanings—that the Upper House, owing to the numbers which it suited the convenience of modern Ministries, and especially Liberal Ministries, to add to it, had become excessive in numbers, and that, being a hereditary House, it should be limited to those who could show some reasonable claim to fitness for the exercise of legislative functions. It is true, no doubt, as may be gathered from the tone and substance of its debates, that practically the limitation exists already, but many people who do not read debates are unaware of this, and being, perhaps, acquainted with one or more peers who do not appear to them well qualified to take part in the government of their country, resent their being placed in a position to do so. A very reasonable deference to this growing public opinion prompted the House of Lords to pass a resolution that in future the mere possession of a hereditary peerage should not entitle the holder to sit and vote in the House; but concession, as sometimes happens, degenerated into panic, and when the House, upon Lord Lansdowne's initiative, passed further resolutions, one of which deprived it even of suspensory control over

financial measures, which is far less than Second Chambers in other civilised countries possess, it completely stultified its own action in deferring the Budget of 1909 and the action of nine-twentieths of the nation which supported it in that course. Small wonder if, after such a slap in the face as that, Conservative feeling was not stimulated to any high degree of activity when the election of 1910 was suddenly sprung upon the country.

Unionist politicians often complain—and not, I think, without cause—of the indifference to great political issues which largely pervades the middle classes, who might, if they chose, exercise an influence disproportionate to their numbers. They are too prone to think that so long as the routine of their lives, their business, and their pleasure are not actively endangered, political issues can take care of themselves, and nothing tends so much to encourage them in their apathy as evidence that those who are supposed to take an interest in and to be conversant with politics are as ready as they are to sacrifice their principles for the sake of a quiet life. That was precisely the frame of mind in which they were overtaken by the election in December 1910, the features and incidents of which are germane to the subject under consideration.

That election was forced upon the country by the Government at a season convenient to themselves, but exceedingly inconvenient to everybody else. It was held upon an expiring register, so as to debar many who were entitled to a vote from the exercise of their privilege. Under cover of a Conference which terminated suspiciously on the eve of Mr. Redmond's return with his pocket full of Patrick Ford's dollars, all likelihood of it was kept dark, so as to ensure first run in matters of organisation. And how was the issue placed before the country? Not in the shape of the Parliament Bill, for, though certain general principles in the form of resolutions had been discussed and confirmed by an obedient majority in the House of Commons, the Bill purporting to embody them had not been read a second time even by that House, and had not been discussed in the House of Lords at all—a very necessary opportunity having thus been denied to its opponents of showing that, although the provisions of the Bill undoubtedly provide ample protection to the people against the Peers, if that is what they desire, it hands the people over, bound

hand and foot, to the domination of the Caucus which, according to the novel conditions of Parliamentary practice, is the Cabinet of the day.

The essence of the cry upon which the Government took its stand was that six hundred peers were trying to trample upon the liberties of the people, and sympathising cartoonists exhausted their ingenuity in depicting a peer as the scum of creation, but although the cry of Peers *versus* People was put forward with every distortion which envy, hatred, and malice could suggest, the Radical coalition wielded other weapons of falsehood which had a potent influence upon the result of the election. No one can have forgotten the scandalous falsehood invented by Mr. Ure, and greedily adopted by the baser sort of his allies, that if the Conservatives came to power the recipients actual and expectant would lose their old-age pensions, or the never-ceasing appeal to the poorest of the population, almost equal in its falsehood and perhaps even more influential in its effect, to reflect that if Tariff Reform were achieved "their food would cost them more."

Notwithstanding all this artifice in the arrangement of time and the fabrication of cries, and in spite of the Prime Minister's fervent appeal to the country for a majority that would enable him to pursue his policy unfettered, what happened? The Government on the balance did not win a single seat, and lost largely on the balance in votes. Such a moral defeat would not as a rule seem to justify a revolution, but there are situations when revolution is the only alternative to the loss of emolument and power, and as that was the precise situation of the Government, the Parliament Bill, which pulls down everything and puts nothing in its place, was speedily introduced. In the course of its introduction the Prime Minister insisted a good deal upon the fact that the veto of the monarch was practically interred, a circumstance upon which he founded the inference that the veto of the Lords was bound to follow it, so that the government of the country, entrusted by the Constitution to King, Lords, and Commons, should henceforward be vested in the Commons alone, who are elected upon a franchise subordinating the rights of intelligence and property to the dictum of numbers, a state of things which would never have come

to pass if its promoters had not relied upon the existence of the House of Lords as a counterpoise to extreme developments of democratic licence.

The main ground upon which the Prime Minister supported his thesis was that the House of Lords, after refraining from its exercise for a long succession of years, had used a constitutional right which no one has ever disputed to refer the Budget of 1909 to the consideration of the people. This argument has so often been used and is so miserably inadequate to the conclusion based upon it that in any review of existing circumstances it must be dealt with squarely and once for all. Its first flaw is dishonest suppression of the fact that the attack upon the House of Lords was in full operation long before the Budget of 1909 was born or thought of. Then as regards lapse of time, if fifty years have elapsed since the House of Lords exercised their right of rejecting a Budget, that right has over and over again been referred to and reasserted as one that could be exercised if necessity arose, and no greater necessity could arise than that in which a Chancellor of the Exchequer was found capable of misusing the function of his office, which is to furnish supplies to the Crown in order that the business of the country may be carried on, for the furtherance of far-reaching political objects and for the oppression of political opponents. On the side of the House of Lords there was undisputed constitutional right and precedent, even if somewhat remote; on the side of the Chancellor of the Exchequer there was neither the one nor the other. Unless that proposition can be disputed, the argument falls to the ground and must disappear from the armoury of all candid controversialists.

So much for the Prime Minister's argument in reference to Money Bills, which are so defined in the new Act as practically to include the entire sphere of legislation, but, lest anything should escape the net that also must be dealt with so as to preclude all question of co-ordinate authority between the two Houses and to establish Single-Chamber government, subject in these exceptional matters to a period of grace which has a plausible semblance, but is little more than an ingenious device for keeping the forces of the Coalition together. To the ordinary mortal it might seem that sufficient for one Bill was the object thus foreshadowed on February 21, but two months later, when the

Bill was in Committee, the Prime Minister went out of his way to throw the limelight upon its ultra-revolutionary significance.

The Unionist Party, which, although in a minority as compared with the Coalition, is numerically the strongest Party in the House of Commons and represents nearly half the nation, insisted that even if Single-Chamber government was to be decreed at the bidding of Socialists and traitors it ought to be subject to some restrictions, and they selected, amongst other matters to which the decree should not apply without reference to the electors, such items as the Act of Habeas Corpus, the Bill of Rights, the Act of Settlement, the privileges and prerogatives of the Crown, the Protestant Succession, and Trial by Jury. The Prime Minister would not hear of exceptions, and on an amendment moved by a member of the Opposition he used, amongst others, the following remarkable words: "It [the Bill] is not an end in itself. It was never represented as an end in itself. . . . Nobody invents a machine for the sake of the machine itself to exhibit in a museum as a triumph of mechanical ingenuity. The machine is there to do work. If this amendment or any of this series were carried, the machine would be paralysed as regards a large part, if not the whole, of its work." If the reader will look back to the schedule of subjects enumerated, he will probably feel somewhat disconcerted by the nature of the work which the machine is intended to accomplish. There was an impression up to that time that an important part of its intended work was to "substitute for the House of Lords as it at present exists a Second Chamber constituted upon a popular instead of hereditary basis," a project with which the exclusion from the purview of the Bill of any subject above mentioned would in no way have interfered; but this branch of its function, if it was ever intended to be operative, had obviously vanished from the Prime Minister's mind.

After the above-quoted definition of the Bill and its uses given by the Prime Minister on April 20, assuming always that a majority in the popular Chamber of a civilised country approved and would abide by that definition, all further discussion might well have been regarded as superfluous verbiage, but the Unionist Party in the House of Commons, hoping against hope for some concession of value, stuck to their guns till the middle of May, when, after the drastic employment of recent inventions for the suppression of free speech, the Bill left that House.

It was in the week that elapsed between that event and the second reading in the House of Lords that the independent peers who intended to treat the matter from the point of view of conscience unalloyed by whispered considerations of expediency ought to have made a determined stand. Already there were signs of weakness among leading men in the Unionist Party. Already such ominous expressions as an "ugly smudge" to be removed from the Statute Book were beginning to be heard. Already the delusive bait of being able to say "No" twice was beginning to attract the faint-hearted and feather-bedded; but the time was short—too short for any organised movement, which at the moment there was no one forthcoming to lead, while the imminence of the Coronation was a natural bar to any step which might cloud its lustre; so after a promise of vital amendments in Committee, the Bill was allowed to pass its second reading without challenge on May 29. It was not till some days later, Whitsuntide having intervened, that at a small meeting of peers known to be firm in their convictions, convened by Lord Willoughby de Broke, who has been the life and soul of the movement throughout, active measures were concerted "to stop the rot." Later in the month of June Lord Lansdowne gave notice of that historic amendment which it was clear that the Government, in their servile position, could not accept, and which he eventually commended to the House of Lords in terms too often quoted to need repetition. This amendment was carried by a very large majority, and a remarkable feature of the division was abstinence from the Ministerial lobby, which reduced their number to less than fifty. Nevertheless the "White Flag" still kept waving; it was clear that the demon of surrender was rampant, and there were rumours, even before the Report stage, that Lord Lansdowne was not prepared, even on his own amendment, to fight to a finish. Here again the party of resistance lost an opportunity which did not recur. They should at once have sought satisfactory assurances from Lord Lansdowne, and, failing to obtain them, should have taken a firm stand against the third reading, but the position was not free from difficulty. The general feeling was, no doubt, that after the language used by Lord Lansdowne in the House of Lords in moving his amendment, to ask assurances from him on the subject of adherence to it would have been to offer an

unmerited slight to a man whose straightforwardness had never been questioned; at any rate, though the suggestion was made and the matter discussed, no action was taken, and with the third reading unchallenged, on July 21, the last and most important outpost fell into the hands of the enemy. It was on that occasion that Lord Lansdowne let fall the phrase about adhering to amendments "so long as we remain free agents." There was nothing essentially sinister in that unexplained phrase, but undoubtedly if Lord Lansdowne knew at the moment he uttered those words that he did not consider himself a "free agent"—and the surrounding data are consistent with such an inference—a *suppressio veri* must be debited to his account which will remain difficult to reconcile with the character he bears. Anyhow, on the day following the murder was out.

From that moment the "Resisters," with Lord Halsbury at their head, took up a determined attitude, and resolved that the citadel, at all events, should not be surrendered without a fight, an attitude sufficiently backed by enthusiasm outside the walls of Parliament to justify regret that it had not been adopted while there was time to elicit an expression of public opinion upon a widely extended scale.

The final act in the drama is fresh in public memory, but it was marked by two or three incidents which, as they could scarcely be followed by those who were not present, it may not be amiss to recall. It was not until well on in the second day of a general debate taken by arrangement between the Front Benches upon an irrelevant issue—viz., acceptance of the Commons amendments which were not in dispute—that Lord Morley of Blackburn imparted some reality to the proceedings by reading, as the result of questions with the reply to which the questioners were presumably well acquainted, a statement defining the extent of the guarantees which had been extorted from the Crown. That form having been gone through with what looked like an over-acted affectation of reluctance, the debate continued upon the same irrelevant issue as before. Ultimately the Lords' amendments were reached, and were negatived *seriatim* without division till Lord Lansdowne's came upon the *tapis*. Upon this Lord Meath continued some interrupted remarks and Lord Plymouth also spoke. Then, just as excitement was becoming tense, for it was believed that the division would be close, the Archbishop

of Canterbury approached the table to announce that when he came down to the House that evening he had not intended to vote, but "that the callousness, he had almost said levity, with which some noble lords seemed to contemplate the creation of 500 peers" had altered his mind, and that he would vote with the Government. Where he got his figures from, as no number had been mentioned in Lord Morley's statement, is a mystery, the solution of which it is perhaps not expedient to seek, but the criticism with which it was embodied suggests a few words of comment. During the evening the chief speakers against adopting the Bill without the Lords' amendments had been the Dukes of Norfolk and Northumberland, Lords Milner, Halifax, and Plymouth, and if these were the persons against whom the Archbishop made his charge of callousness, not to say levity, it was one of those instances of prelatic arrogance of which it is difficult, without experience of them, to realise the possibility. But if these were not the culprits, who were they? With the single exception of Lord Meath, no other peer who spoke in the same sense made any reference to the creation of peers!

Shortly after the intervention of the Archbishop, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, whose conduct throughout the piece has given rise to some not unnatural criticism, rose from the front Opposition bench, and the purport of what he had to say was this—that of two distinct counsels given by Lord Lansdowne to his supporters, of which the first was not to vote *for* and the second was not to vote *against* insistence upon his amendment, those who disregarded the first would languish in the cold shade of his (Lord Curzon's) disapproval, while those who disregarded the second would bask in the sunshine of his tolerance. After a characteristically spirited intervention by Lord Halsbury, who showed in a few sentences that there was something of deeper significance in his case and that of his followers than could be reached by pontifical reprimand or pro-consular threat, excitement growing to the verge of impatience was controlled by Lord Rosebery's appearance at the table. He had spoken earlier in the evening without definite indication as to the vote which he intended to give, and now reappeared to say that, though he had recently written a letter urging the majority of the House of Lords to abstain from voting, he could not risk the danger to which the House would be exposed by insisting upon the amendment, and would

consequently vote with the Government. Lord Selborne then with some difficulty obtained a hearing to quote an extract from Lord Rosebery's speech upon the second reading of the Bill to the following effect:

> I can see no use in prolonging the existence of this House as a useless sham to delude the people of the country into the belief that they still have a Second Chamber with control of the purse. Far better let the naked truth appear. Far better let it be seen by the country that this House is a mere phantasy from which the substance has been stripped, than allow it to remain in the paralysed condition in which noble lords opposite, and they alone, wish to preserve it for their own purposes.

The average man reading those impassioned words would probably conclude that the worst had happened, and that it was sheer waste of time to guard against further danger to so hopelessly degraded an assembly. If so, the following extract from the same speech would doubtless tend to confirm his opinion:

> I do not think that anybody here cares very much to know what the scheme of the Government is for a new Chamber on an elective basis, because I repeat most emphatically the words quoted by Lord Hardinge just now, that "if this bill passes in its present form *it does not matter one farthing or one straw what the Second Chamber is going to be.*"

At the conclusion of Lord Selborne's remarks the curtain fell, and when it rose again the suicide of the House of Lords was an accomplished fact through the agency of twenty-nine Unionist peers who had assented to the following doctrine: It is right to do what you know to be wrong if by doing so you can prevent others for whose actions you have no responsibility from doing what in your judgment is greater wrong.

Those Unionist peers can possess their souls in peace because the doctrine had also been endorsed by two archbishops and eleven bishops, but it is questionable whether, when the doctrine comes home to the clergy and the laity in their respective sees, it will tend to strengthen the position of the Anglican Church.

Lovers of the Constitution, nevertheless, much as they may deplore and justly as they may resent the situation, will neither despair nor sulk, but endeavour to reunite the pieces of the vessel which a handful of well-meaning opportunists have assisted a party of iconoclasts to crush.

EBURY.

TO THE NOBLE ABSTAINER AND THE NOBLE RENEGADE

I

LINES TO A NOBLE LORD WHO ABSTAINED FROM VOTING IN THE DIVISION UPON THE PARLIAMENT BILL

My Lord, you chose, we hear, the braver part
In the death-struggle of an ancient caste.
"You would have fought; you had a fight at heart;
It was your wish to struggle to the last."

But though to fight you were so much inclined,
Your duty to a Leader held you "true."
My Lord, are you yourself without a mind?
Have you put Honour in commission too?

About the dead we will at least be true.
And your great House is dead, abandoned, shamed.
Your sons, my Lord, will ask wherein did you
Contest a measure which your mouth defamed.

My Lord, your part, I think, will live as long
As manly virtues are by cowards feigned.
The stern old warrior taught you right and wrong;
But you, my Lord, you censured—and abstained.

DIE-HARD.

II

LINES TO A NOBLE LORD WHO VOTED WITH THE GOVERNMENT IN THE DIVISION UPON THE PARLIAMENT BILL

WE heard your specious plea for common sense.
But you—you have no place in honest talk.
We read your heart; we spurn your base defence.
You knelt because you loved the Caudine Fork.

My Lord, you tell us you will fight again.
"The choice was odious; 'twas a grievous lot."
But will you fight? Your leaders may refrain.
The traitor does not fight again. He's shot.

My Lord, I think we understand your view.
You did not yield. You rather would have died.
You saved the King ('twas this that weighed with you).
My Lord, the People think your lordship lied.

Where all is lost we can at least be frank,
And brand the truth on those who sold the pass.
You shrank from an enlargement of your rank;
You vilely voted to maintain your class.

DIE-HARD.

[These spirited verses, which undoubtedly represent the feelings of the natural man, draw a sharp distinction between the Unionist peer who allowed the Parliament Bill through by default and the Unionist peer who actually voted for it. The episode is wholly odious, but is the guilt of the latter so manifestly greater than that of the former? Lord Halsbury explicitly declined to distinguish between the Scuttlers and the Renegades. From the moment the Scuttle was started by the Unionist Leaders so-called it was obvious there would be Renegades.—EDITOR, *N.R.*]

"HAD"

On Thursday, November 10, 1910, the Constitutional Conference met for the last time. It had failed. No settlement could be arrived at. The final stumbling-block was Home Rule. The Unionist leaders went away with sincere regret. They had done their utmost for the sake of peace. They had made immense concessions without any result. The Conference had been summoned as a tribute to the memory of a great peacemaker, and it had failed.

On the other side regret was not the dominant feeling. If anybody still believes that the members of the Government ever intended the Conference to be anything but a fiasco, he must be a simpleton indeed. Ministers entered that Conference merely to gain time. Had the crisis come to a head in the summer of 1910, the Radicals might have been compelled to go to the country with the cry of "Who killed the King?" hurled at them from all sides. Anything was better than that.

So the Conference met, and for several months negotiations went on. Was not some compromise possible? Would not the proud Peers abate one jot of their intolerable pretensions? Yes: the proud Peers, it seemed, were prepared to give up almost anything in the cause of peace. Hereditary principle and financial veto were light-heartedly abandoned. It almost seemed as if some compromise would be reached, and the Government representatives were almost in despair, till at last the fatal question of Home Rule was raised.

Here, then, was the material for the quarrel which Mr. Asquith and Co. were longing to pick with the Unionist leaders. It did not much matter what happened in the Conference. Its members were pledged to secrecy, so the real cause of rupture remained concealed, while the Radical press was filled with lying

insinuations to the effect that it was only the absurd pretensions of the Peers which had rendered a settlement impossible.

The Radicals never meant the Conference to come to anything. The proof of this is that for weeks before it broke up the Radical agents in all parts of the country had been busily but secretly preparing for an election. Removals were being traced, canvass cards were being prepared, nothing in all the great paraphernalia of political mobilisation was neglected, and when all was ready, "to the last button on the last gaiter," they prepared to strike—below the belt.

Habitual readers of the *National Review* probably do not entertain a very high opinion of his Majesty's present advisers, but even to them it may come as something of a surprise to be told that the actual date of the dissolution had been determined before the last meeting of the Conference!

The last sitting took place on Thursday, November 10. The Radical leaders met the Unionist leaders in friendly conclave, animated apparently by a real desire to make one last attempt at securing a settlement, but, as a matter of fact, two days before, on Tuesday, the 8th, the Cabinet had finally decided upon an election in December!

Deny it who may, that is an absolute fact, and we may well ask ourselves whether, since Party Government first began, so dirty a trick was ever played by one Party upon another.

The motive of the Government was plain. It was worth anything to them to be able to claim that in two successive elections the people had supported them in their attack upon the House of Lords. With such an argument in their possession it would be easy to persuade the King that the guarantees must be given. The King stands above Party, and could never be expected to see through the shabby manœuvre. Only prolonged and intimate experience of Radical methods enables any one to plumb the depths of their dishonesty.

And so the trick succeeded. The election came upon us "like a thief in the night." (This last flicker of Lord Haldane's expiring conscience was perhaps intended as a warning; but our leaders made the fatal error of believing in the fair professions of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George.) Though their hopes of winning thirty seats miscarried, the Government still found

themselves with a fine majority in the House of Commons; still, it is true, dependent upon the Irish vote, but still quite prepared, as before, to barter Mr. Asquith's solemn pledge* for the solid emoluments of office. They were ready for the election. We were not. Literature, posters, canvass cards, were theirs in abundance. The latest lies were published and brought up to date. Libels prepared at headquarters were circulated against Unionist candidates. In all constituencies the Radical organisation was complete. In most ours was faulty to a degree, and all because we had trusted them.

Upon this act of the constitutional drama the curtain was rung down on August 10, when the House of Lords let the Veto Bill pass practically unamended into law. But the events of that act should be learnt by heart by all who profess and call themselves Englishmen and patriots.

One of the great Parties duped, deceived, and lured to destruction by peaceful professions; an English King hoaxed by advisers who a few months before had sworn fidelity to him, persuaded that a treacherous ambuscade was a fairly fought battle, and that his prerogatives should be used to bind on his whole people fetters that are loathsome to almost one-half; and finally the nation bribed, cajoled, betrayed, tricked into committing itself to a policy which it had hardly considered, and delivered bound into the hand of its sworn enemies across the Atlantic.

Truly we have been "had." King, Lords, Commons, and Country.

HENRY LYGON.

* "It seems to me plain honesty as well as plain policy that we shall claim and exercise freedom from the Irish Party. In my opinion it would not be wise for the Liberal Party to assume power when it would only be retained by the support of the Irish vote."—MR. ASQUITH

"A SHOOTING STAR"

"If I had a son born," wrote Horace Walpole to his friend George Montagu in 1763, "and an old fairy were to appear and offer to endow him with her choicest gifts, I should cry out, 'Powerful Goody, give him anything but parts!'" When he delivered himself of this somewhat commonplace observation Walpole had in his mind a character that provides perhaps the *finest example in the world of the disadvantages that so often* attach to the possession of genius. Charles Townshend has been justly termed by Macaulay "the most versatile of mankind"; Hume said of him in 1759 that he "passed for the cleverest fellow in England." Burke, in his famous panegyric of "that prodigy," declared that never, in this or any other country, did there arise a man of more pointed and finished wit, and (where his passions were not concerned) of a more refined, exquisite, and penetrating judgment. Alexander Carlyle, the companion of his youth and afterwards domestic chaplain to his wife's family, picturesquely described him as a meteor, momentarily dazzling but too unstable to leave a strong or lasting impression. Wilkes, too, compared him to a bright celestial luminary, but not a fixed one; and Lord Rosebery in his *Chatham* makes use of the same simile when he refers to him as "a shooting star." He had almost every great talent, says Horace Walpole, and every little quality. With such a capacity he must have been the greatest man of his age, had his faults only been in a moderate proportion—"in short, if he had had but common truth, common sincerity, common honesty, common modesty, common steadiness, common courage, and common sense!" Lacking these, his extraordinary talents secured for him a transient and ephemeral fame, and to-day he is only remembered, if at all, as a statesman whose disastrous policy helped to rend an Empire

asunder, an orator of whose power nothing remains but the faint reflection of that wonderful rhetorical blaze, kindled by "half a bottle of champagne poured upon genuine genius!"

Born on August 29, 1725, Charles Townshend was the second son of the third Viscount Townshend and of Audrey (though she preferred to call herself Ethelreda) Harrison, of Balls Park, Hertford. His mother was famous alike for her eccentricity and wit, but such specimens of the latter as have survived the passage of years scarcely seem to justify her reputation. Two of her sayings may, however, be worth quoting. The Royal practice of attending all the public and social functions of the day, and of appearing wherever a candle was lighted, provoked Lady Townshend's contemptuous disapproval. "This is the cheapest family to see," she dryly observed, "and the dearest to keep, that ever was!" And on another occasion, being asked whether it was true that George Whitefield, the Calvinist preacher, had recanted, "No," she wittily replied, "he has only canted!"

Charles spent his youth at Leyden where, according to his fellow student Carlyle, he displayed unbounded capacity and application, and proved himself both good-natured and affectionate. As a young man he was tall and handsome, with a fine figure, a loud voice, a louder laugh, and an unusual vehemence of gesture. He made many friends at Leyden, and of the companions of those early days with whom he was destined later on to come into close contact the most notable were Wilkes and Dowdeswell. The former he afterwards alternately defended and abused in the House of Commons; the latter, like himself, eventually became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was the object of his constant and bitterest attacks.

At the age of two and twenty he was returned to Parliament by the electors of Great Yarmouth, and for the next few years wisely attached himself to the Earl of Halifax at the Board of Trade, where he acquired a departmental experience the value of which he was afterwards to appreciate as a Minister of State. It was not, indeed, until he had sat in Parliament for six years that he made any sort of impression upon the House of Commons, and his first important speech was not delivered until 1753. Lord Chancellor Hardwicke had just brought in a Bill to put a stop to the notorious system of "Fleet Marriages,"

which was becoming a gross and intolerable public scandal, and, besides being a source of grave danger to society, robbed the clergy of the wedding fees which they naturally regarded as legitimate perquisites of their profession. The needy and unscrupulous parsons who ran the so-called "marriage shops" were always ready to unite in the bonds of holy wedlock any couple who could produce a bottle of wine or a silver piece. Sentimental young men of rank were thus frequently tied for life to title-seeking harpies, and, like poor Olivia Primrose, whom young Squire Thornhill callously added to the list of his half-dozen other wives, wealthy heiresses were ensnared by ineligible scoundrels into marriages from which there was no escape.

The Lord Chancellor's measure aimed at the suppression of these practices by making all such unions illegal and forbidding that any one should be married save in accordance with the ritual of the Established Church. Such a law was obviously unjust to Roman Catholics and Dissenters, but members of these denominations were in a negligible minority, the House of Lords passed the Bill cheerfully enough, and it was not until it reached the Commons that any serious opposition was met with. Even here some of the reasons given for throwing out the Bill were scarcely calculated to effect their object—as for instance the argument raised by several members that ladies of good family would never submit to the indignity of being "asked" three Sundays in succession in their parish church—and the supporters of the measure easily outnumbered its opponents.

Townshend was one of those who attacked the Bill, and though from a rhetorical point of view his speech was an undoubted success, he seems to have treated the whole question with that lighthearted flippancy which marked his habitual attitude towards public affairs. Walpole says that he was never sufficiently in earnest about any subject to consider it seriously, and did not care whether he himself or others were in the right, his only object in speaking being to show how well he could adorn a bad cause or demolish a good one. In the debate on the Marriage-Act he made a humorous and eloquent appeal on behalf of impoverished but brilliant younger sons, like himself, whom he pathetically pictured as being prevented by Lord

Hardwicke's Bill from mounting to the level of their luckier elder brothers by means of those runaway matches with heiresses which was their one ladder of escape from penury and obscurity. Any fears he may have entertained as to his own future prospects seem, however, to have been groundless, for though the Marriage Act soon afterwards became law, it did not prevent his alliance, two years later, with the wealthy Caroline Campbell, daughter of the great John, Duke of Argyll, and widow of the Earl of Dalkeith, eldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch and grandson of the Duke of Monmouth.

Before his marriage he had already held office in the governments of the Dukes of Newcastle and Devonshire, as First Lord of the Admiralty and Treasurer of the Chamber, and his undoubtedly high abilities, combined with the fact of his being guardian to the Duke of Buccleuch and cousin by marriage to Lord Bute, ensured for him the offer of various important political posts under the different Prime Ministers to whom he so readily transferred his allegiance. Thus we find him in turn Secretary for War, President of the Board of Trade, Paymaster-General, and finally Chancellor of the Exchequer. But for his inordinate vanity he would have held the post of First Lord of the Admiralty for a second time when Grenville succeeded Bute as Prime Minister in 1763; but his conduct on this occasion cost him the loss not only of the Admiralty but also of the position he already held at the head of the Board of Trade. When he was summoned to St. James's to do homage on his appointment, he took it upon himself to carry with him his friend Sir William Burrell, whom he had made a Lord of the Admiralty without consulting either the King or the Premier, and declined to kiss hands unless Burrell were also admitted to perform the same function. This so infuriated the King that he refused to see Townshend at all, and sent word to say that he had no further use for his services. His place at the Board of Trade was given to Lord Shelburne, and Lord Sandwich was appointed to the vacant Admiralty.

This incident had the effect of modifying Townshend's political opinions, and caused him temporarily to sever his connection with Grenville. But his relations with the latter had always been of an ambiguous character, and his political

views varied from day to day in accordance with the mood of the moment. Thus, in the month of September 1763, we find him writing to Lord Temple in praise of Pitt, saying that he had firmly but quietly resolved never to withdraw his support from a man whose name, character, and principles he so loved and revered; and in October he was calling Grenville and his followers "weak and rash usurpers of power." By the following January, however, though he continued to praise Pitt in the House of Commons, he was secretly making overtures to Grenville, sending him messages to say that he wished him well, and privately declaring that Pitt was a man whom "nobody could act with." When he failed to elicit anything but a polite snub in return for his servile advances he retorted by making a violent but unsuccessful attack upon Grenville. Nevertheless, in March, two months later, he was once more conveying expressions of his esteem to the Prime Minister through a mutual friend, saying that his opposition was at an end and that he felt he could act with him in any situation. And at last, by dint of giving constant and cordial assurances of his readiness to assist the Government in any conceivable capacity, his importunity bore fruit, and in 1765 he was appointed Paymaster-General. He continued in this post throughout the brief administration of Grenville's successor, until in the following year he was offered by Pitt that Chancellorship of the Exchequer which he had just told Rockingham that he would not accept from any man living.

Townshend's post at the Pay Office was worth £7000 a year, while the Chancellor of the Exchequer's salary only amounted to £2700. Pitt's offer therefore threw him into a state of the most lamentable indecision and, like the donkey between two bundles of hay, he suffered agonies in his efforts to gauge the comparative merits of the two posts. He was only given twelve hours in which to make his choice, and after spending the greater portion of that time in the throes of the most painful mental irresolution—sitting at home in his nightshirt receiving all his friends and asking their advice, sending messages to his brother and to the Duke of Grafton, both of whom were out of town, and running to the window whenever a coach passed, to see if it contained either of them—he determined to sacrifice salary to advancement, and signified his willingness to become Chancellor

of the Exchequer. Having done so, he almost immediately regretted his decision, and asked to be permitted to change his mind. This he was allowed to do, but when two days later he again sought out Pitt to say that after all he thought the Treasury would suit him well enough, the Premier declined to listen to him. He then hastened to the King to tell him how passionately he desired the Chancellorship, but on his way to St. James's changed his mind for the third time, much to the surprise of the monarch who had been apprised by Pitt of Townshend's reasons for approaching him. Finally, when he had again reverted to his original determination, his cause was successfully pleaded by the Duke of Grafton (by this time returned to town) and he was gazetted Chancellor of the Exchequer before there was time to draw back.

But although he was now actually a member of Pitt's Cabinet, loyalty to his leader and his fellow Ministers was a quality in which Townshend was conspicuously deficient. He openly despised Lord Shelburne and the Duke of Grafton, both of whom were his colleagues, spoke contemptuously of Lord North as "Blubbery North," and daily fraternised with Grenville, to whom he abused the Premier and ridiculed the administration of which he was himself a member. It was, indeed, his frequent practice, after attacking some opponent in the House, to cross the floor, take his seat beside the man he had lately vilified, and pour contempt upon his own party. And so notorious did his vacillations become that a facetious newspaper of the day remarked—commenting on one of those slight attacks of illness from which he suffered whenever he needed an excuse to absent himself from debates at which inconvenient questions were likely to be raised—"We hear that the Right Honourable Mr. Charles Townshend is indisposed, at his house in Oxfordshire, of a pain in his side; but it is not said *in which side!*"

That party loyalty which is so prominent a feature of our modern political life, without which indeed it would be almost impossible for a government to remain in office, seems to have been almost unknown in the days of Townshend. Politics for him and other men of his kidney was a mere game in which each played for his own hand, the sole object being to remain at all costs on the winning side. And a study of party politics

as understood and practised by the Grenvilles and Rockinghams —"the fools and the rogues," as Walpole calls them—would tempt one to agree with the spirit of Lord Northington's well-known couplet:

> What that rogue loses, this rogue wins,
> Both are birds of a feather;
> Here's d—— the Outs, and d—— the Ins,
> And d—— them all together!

The so-called party system, though already nearly a century old, still remained in an embryonic state, and was destined to undergo many drastic changes before it reached its present fairly satisfactory condition. Ever since the reign of William III. it had been customary for kings to appoint their Ministers exclusively from one or other political camp, but it was not always easy to be sure of the exact party to which particular politicians owed their allegiance, and Cabinets often included men who not only had opposed each other bitterly a year or two before, but even continued to do so although nominally presumed to be in agreement. The Administration of 1766 is a case in point, being composed of a motley crew many of whom were mutually unacquainted or hated one another cordially. Pitt put together on this occasion a Ministry so "chequered and speckled," a Cabinet so variously inlaid, that patriots and courtiers, Royalists and Republicans, Whigs and Tories, treacherous friends and open enemies, joined to form what Burke rightly calls a "diversified piece of mosaic" which it was unsafe to touch and unsure to stand upon.

Townshend's natural vacillation, his apparent inability to conform wholeheartedly to the views of any one party, thoroughly fitted him for a place in such a heterogeneous assemblage. "He was attached to nobody," says Walpole, "and trusted by nobody," and had long ago deserved the title of "Weathercock" with which his enemies were wont to dub him. No faith could be put in his assertions, no confidence in his promises, and the most ample evidence exists of his fickleness and unreliability. When a member of Lord Bute's government in 1762, he contemptuously referred to it as "a pretty lutestring administration which would do very well for summer wear," and it is not to be wondered at that Henry Fox should have written to Bute

to warn him that Townshend "must be left to his worst enemy, himself; care only being taken that no agreeableness, no wit, no zealous or clever behaviour, ever betray you into trusting him for half an hour." In the same year, when the preliminaries of the Peace Treaty of 1762 were being discussed, Townshend, who had come down to the House prepared to speak against them, changed his mind when Pitt, who opposed the Peace, was forced by indisposition to leave the Chamber at the end of his speech. He nevertheless strenuously asserted ever afterwards that he had always been in favour of the Peace. Again, two years later, when the misdeeds of Wilkes were being debated by the Commons, he declared that he "abhorred" the man—his old schoolfellow at Leyden—though he was secretly receiving him at his London residence and strongly opposed his being outlawed. Wilkes retorted by publishing a squib, in which were depicted two lists, of the Ministerialists and Opposition, the one drawn in charcoal, the other in chalk, and between the two, with one foot on either list, Charles Townshend, "the grand archtype of political scepticism," like Mahomet's coffin, in suspense. The same idea is also suggested in another contemporaneous caricature of a Cabinet Council, entitled "The Royal Nursery," in which Townshend is represented with a weathercock in his hat and a "whirligig," or spinning-top, in his hand. That this was the prevailing view taken of his character may be gathered from that description of him in *Humphrey Clinker*, with which every reader of Smollett is doubtless familiar.

Political life in Townshend's day was notoriously corrupt. Members of Parliament engaged in stockjobbing transactions of the most dubious character, and even Cabinet Ministers occasionally profited by their official information to enrich themselves at the expense of their fellow countrymen. In 1763, for instance, Lord Bute contracted a loan of three and a half millions for the public service, and distributed the shares among his friends. The scrip immediately rose to a premium of eleven per cent., and the country lost nearly £400,000 in consequence. A few years later no less than sixty members of Parliament were implicated in similar shady financial transactions, and the conduct of Townshend, who was then Chancellor of the

Exchequer, was not above suspicion. On this occasion the Duke of Grafton gave a banquet to the principal citizens of London to discuss the terms of a loan which it was proposed to raise. After dinner, when the terms had been settled and the financiers present were eagerly putting forward the claims of various friends who wished their names to be included in the list of subscribers, Townshend pretended to make some mathematical calculations on a sheet of paper, declared that the loan was already fully subscribed, and hurried home, reserving for himself the greater portion of the shares.

Burke and other of his apologists have sought to palliate Townshend's very obvious failings on the grounds that they were largely due to that thirst for fame which was the fruit of his inordinate conceit. Vanity, as his friend Sir George Colebrooke said, was his ruling passion; it ran away with his discretion and blinded him to anything but the attainment of his own success. We have already seen how it lost him the Admiralty, and other instances of his overweening self-esteem and egotism are numerous. His brother, George Townshend, was supping one evening with a party of youthful companions, when the conversation happened to turn upon the National Debt, and an argument arose as to whether or not it was a benefit to the State. "I am sure it is not," said George, "and though I can't tell you why, my brother Charles can, and I will send to him for arguments." He thereupon sent across to another tavern, where Charles was having supper, and the latter, only too delighted at such a chance of airing his superior knowledge, called for ink and paper and wrote out four pages of arguments which he despatched to his brother with a message to say that when his own party had broken up he would come and give him some more.* On another occasion, when Flood lamented the fact that he had missed one of Townshend's speeches, the latter insisted upon taking the Irishman back to his rooms and repeating the oration, word for word, with all the original gestures and emphasis. And almost his first act on being made Chancellor of the Exchequer was to hurry off to Sir Joshua Reynolds to have his portrait painted in his robes of office.

* It was often said of him that he had to make up not only his own mind, but also both of his brothers.

Looking back across the intervening century and a half with no key to his character save that supplied by the gossipy reminiscences of Walpole, Grenville, and other possibly prejudiced contemporaries, it is difficult to understand wherein lay the extraordinary charm of a man who, to the cold eye of the critic, must appear a singularly unreliable, unscrupulous, corrupt and conceited individual. He probably owed his great popularity both in and out of Parliament to those talents as an orator and that ready and good-natured wit which caused him to be described by Burke as "the delight and ornament of the House and the charm of every private society which he honoured with his presence."

Though but few of Townshend's sayings still bear repetition, he compares favourably in this respect with other bygone humorists. When Miss Chudleigh, the witty maid-of-honour,* had a fit at the Opera—with a view, it was hinted, of attracting public attention—and Townshend was asked what sort of an attack she was suffering from, "The true convulsive fit," he replied, "only to be had of the maker!" Of another young lady, the wealthy Miss Draycote, who showed symptoms of incipient corpulence, he remarked that "her *tonnage* would soon equal her *poundage*." He likened Lord Bute's hesitating and dreary delivery to "minute-guns," and after Colonel Barré had attacked Pitt with his usual truculence, and was being handed a biscuit by a fellow member, "You should feed him on raw flesh!" muttered Townshend. Lastly, when the motion to increase the judicial salaries was carried by a majority of 130, "The Book of Judges has been saved by the Book of Numbers!" he facetiously observed.

Like most wits, Townshend preferred the society of intellectual inferiors to that of his peers, and was very jealous of any display of brilliancy of which he was not the originator. He took good care to give men like Garrick or Foote no opportunity of outshining him, and the only rival who ever seems to have stood up to him successfully was Selwyn. Colebrooke describes a dinner at which the two engaged in a lengthy verbal duel in which

* When reproved by the Queen for the levity or laxity of her conduct, "Chacun a son *But!*" she replied, referring to the supposed intimacy between the Premier and his Royal mistress.

Townshend came off decidedly second best. He bore his opponent no ill-will, however, and politely offered him a lift home in his carriage. "Remember," Selwyn could not resist saying, as they parted at the door of White's Club, "this is the first set-down you have given me to-day!" As is the case with most wits, too, his fund of humour was not inexhaustible. Dr. Johnson tells a story of Townshend driving down to some pleasure party in the country in the same chaise with Fitzherbert, Lord St. Helen's father, and obstinately declining to make the return journey with the same companion. Fitzherbert rightly suspected the cause of his objections. "In this way," he chaffingly observed, "the same jokes will serve you going and returning!"

Townshend's idea of a perfect companion was, as he himself declared, a man who never opened his lips, listened attentively to everything one said, and always laughed in the right place. But it must not be imagined that he was himself altogether incapable of holding his tongue, though his choice of a suitable occasion for silence was not always very opportune. During his visit to Dalkeith he gave a dinner-party in Edinburgh to Home, Ferguson, Carlyle, and a few other select friends. Throughout the meal and for nearly an hour afterwards he remained mute and allowed his guests to do all the talking. Suddenly, however, after he had drunk a little claret, he seemed to awake from his reverie, and soon silenced the whole table with a torrent of colloquial eloquence, giving his guests back all their own ideas clothed in the finest language and delivered in the most impressive fashion.

If Mr. Gladstone was right in defining oratory as the art of receiving from one's audience in a vapour that which one pours back upon them in a flood, Townshend would appear on this occasion to have justified his reputation as an orator. And not on this occasion only, for his wonderful gifts of rhetoric evoked the universal admiration of his contemporaries. Thurlow, not given to saying smooth things, calls him "the most delightful speaker" he ever heard; Flood declared that there was nobody else to touch him in the House of Commons—"He is an orator—the rest are speakers!" Walpole admitted that Burke's wit, ready though it was, seemed artificial beside that of Townshend: the latter "had but to speak, and all he said was new, natural,

and yet uncommon"; his speeches, "like the satires of Pope, had a thousand times more meaning than the majestic blank verse of Pitt." And Lord Waldegrave in his *Memoirs*, after observing that he cannot tell whether Pitt or Townshend were the "greatest master of abuse," asserts that if the former was the more awful and impressive, the latter was undoubtedly the more acute and witty.

Although Townshend never studied any question accurately or attentively, and possessed a smaller stock of knowledge than many of his Parliamentary rivals, he had a positive genius for debate. He could state his case clearly and skilfully, and explain that side of a question which he supported with a lucidity that was altogether admirable. His arguments were powerful and logical, neither too obvious and commonplace to convince the more intellectual of his hearers, nor too abstruse to appeal to the simple-minded. His apprenticeship at the Board of Trade had given him an intimate acquaintance with the commercial interests of the country, he had a natural aptitude for business and a brilliant imagination upon which he could always fall back successfully to extricate himself from some difficult situation into which his vacillations had led him. And though he was naturally a superficial student of affairs, he did not grudge spending a good deal of time and labour upon the preparation of his speeches. It was his habit, on the eve of a great debate, to dictate to a secretary a long oration summing up all the arguments bearing upon that particular side of the question which he instinctively favoured. He would then go out and talk the matter over with men of opposite views, returning presently to dictate a second speech based upon the fresh arguments he had just heard. When, however, the moment for speaking arrived, he would deliver neither of the speeches he had dictated, preferring to rely on his memory for whatever was best in both. Thus he, as it were, extracted the very essence of his subject, and was able to present with all the freshness and spirit of an impromptu utterance such passages from his written speeches as insensibly suggested themselves to his memory, and enjoyed all the security of preparation without its constraint and formality.

Bolingbroke rightly compared the House of Commons to a pack of hounds, growing fond of the man who shows them

sport and "by whose halloos they are wont to be encouraged." And since Townshend always showed sport, whether he was engaged in attacking foe or friend, it is not to be wondered at that he should have been so general a Parliamentary favourite. Nobody, with perhaps the single exception of Pitt, possessed a style of oratory so perfectly suited to the Lower House. He hit his audience "just between wind and water," as Burke graphically puts it. He was truly "the child of the House," never thinking, doing, or saying anything but with a view to it, and daily adapting himself before it, as at a looking-glass. But it was personal ambition and not any respect or affection for Parliament that inspired him, for when a certain Mr. Harris, the new member for Salisbury, was making a maiden speech, and Townshend learnt that he was the author of two books on "Virtue" and "Genius," "And what the devil brings him here?" he cynically inquired; "I am sure he will find neither the one nor the other in the House of Commons!" *

Of all Townshend's many rhetorical triumphs the oration that is commonly known as the "Champagne Speech" is alone remembered to-day, and that only in the account given of it by Walpole in his letters to Miss Berry and Sir Horace Mann and elsewhere.

On May 8, 1767, the question of depriving the East India Company of its territorial revenues was being discussed in the Commons. As Chancellor of the Exchequer Townshend should have been in his place on the Front Bench to lead the debate on a matter which so nearly concerned his department. He preferred, however, to dine with Sir George Colebrooke and Sir George Young, and though his colleague General Conway repeatedly sent for him during the course of the evening, he did not arrive in the House until eight o'clock. He at once rose to speak, and was then seen to be wearing a patch over one eye, which he said he had injured three days before. He characteristically began by calling God to witness that he had never been consulted on the motion under discussion, though that very morning he had drawn it up himself with the aid of a dozen colleagues who were now sitting beside him in the House. And

* In some versions of this story the subjects of Mr. Harris's volumes are given as "Logic" and "Grammar."

in this spirit he continued for an hour, pouring forth a perfect flood of wit, ridicule, satire, and absurdity, and a mixture of nonsense and cleverness, of wisdom and buffoonery, in the course of which he rubbed away the black patch which covered his eye and disclosed nothing but the most infinitesimal scratch beneath it. His variety of tones and gesticulation surpassed those of the best actors of the day, and to his delighted audience it seemed as though they were watching Garrick "writing and acting extempore scenes of Congreve."

It was generally assumed at the time that the brilliance of his oration was largely due to the effects of his recent dinner, but Sir George Colebrooke declares that his guest only drank a third of a bottle of champagne and that the speech was not an impromptu effort, but one which he had long intended to make, which accidentally found utterance on this occasion. Whatever doubt there may be as to the cause of his speech, there is none as to the results. It was a speech that nobody but Townshend could have made, and nobody but he would have made it if he could. It was at once, says Walpole, a proof that his abilities were superior to those of all men, and his judgment below that of any man. It showed him capable of being, and unfit to be, Prime Minister. "He beat Chatham in language, Burke in metaphors, Grenville in presumption, Rigby in impudence, himself in folly, and everybody in good humour." And amid a scene of indescribable enthusiasm and applause he concluded his amazing performance by comparing his own government to what he had himself so often been called—a weathercock.

When at length the House rose, Townshend went to supper at General Conway's, where he was the life and soul of the party. His host happened to ask him how he could possibly have commenced his speech by telling such a palpable lie as to his lack of responsibility for the East India motion. "I thought it would be better to say so," he answered ingenuously. It is not therefore altogether surprising that his conduct should have provoked Chatham to contemplate depriving him of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and to write to the Duke of Grafton that "Mr. Charles Townshend's fluctuations

and incurable weakness cannot comport with his remaining in that critical office."

Townshend was indeed a true weathercock, turning with every varying gust of party passion, every fitful breeze that private interest created. But it was on the question of the Stamp Act that his fickleness and inconsistency reached the culminating point. In 1763, when England had wrested the Mississippi and Ohio valleys from the French by force of arms, and money was needed to pay for the war, Grenville, backed by Townshend and Lord Mansfield, had resolved to impose a colonial tax. The scheme was, however, temporarily abandoned until two years later, when the Stamp Act was introduced. Townshend warmly supported the proposal, but in the following year he was equally ready to join Rockingham in voting for the repeal of the Act. In 1767, however, when he presented his first Budget, and his proposed land tax was defeated —an occasion when the Ministry should properly have resigned— he suggested raising the deficit thus caused by reintroducing the Stamp Act, of which, he said, he had always thoroughly approved!

Five days after the "Champagne Speech" Townshend brought in those measures for dealing with America which roused so violent a spirit of hostility upon that Continent and led to the storm of revolt which was not allayed until all connection with the Mother Country had been finally severed. He did not live to witness the result of his American policy, for in September he fell ill, and the great surgeon, Sir William Duncan, who was sent for, found the patient suffering from what he called "a slow fever of the putrid kind," which he pronounced to be fatal. Townshend seems to have resigned himself to his fate with wonderful courage, laid aside his cap and bells for good and all, and astonished his friends by the cheerful and philosophical attitude he adopted towards death. He died at the early age of forty-two, and was mourned not only by a large circle of friends but also by many who disapproved of his failings, but could not withhold their admiration of a man whose brilliancy reflected glory upon his age and country. "A great nation like ours," said Fitzherbert to Richard Cumberland,

"should have a Charles Townshend in it, for show, just as a grand menagerie should have an ostrich!"

Cynics have ofttimes warned the budding politician to avoid feeling too strongly upon any question, engaging himself too deeply upon any side, or failing to retain an open mind. Talleyrand declared that excessive altruism or unselfish devotion to a party or a principle was not only excessively boring, but imperilled a man's chance of success. With such a view of political responsibility Townshend would doubtless have agreed wholeheartedly. Like Mr. Biglow, he was thoroughly alive to the fact that

> A ginooine statesman should be on his guard,
> Ef he must hev beliefs, nut to b'lieve 'em tu hard!

and the secret of his Parliamentary success probably lay in the fact that, as Burke says of him, he was never troubled with too anxious a zeal for any matter, and was consequently "never more tedious or more earnest than the preconceived opinions and present temper of his hearers required, to whom he was always in perfect unison." He conformed exactly to the feelings of the House and seemed to guide because he was always sure to follow it. He was apparently quite unconscious of his inconsistency, for we hear of his being introduced by Fox to Miss Bellamy, the actress, and lecturing her on her "want of stability." Perhaps, indeed, it would be wrong to label him inconsistent, and we may charitably compare him to that worthy politician whom Lowell immortalised:

> Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man:
> He's ben on all sides that give places or pelf;
> But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—
> He's ben true to *one* party—an' thet is himself!

HARRY GRAHAM.

THE HOMING POWERS OF ANIMALS

According to Alien, the animals of Germanicus took part in the wonderful performances at the Roman theatre, and Pliny tell us that the spectacles presented to the assembled thousands were marvellous demonstrations of animal sagacity, even elephants executing a pyrrhic dance, the silent actors at such fêtes being feasted afterwards on a scale that would surpass the most prodigal magnificence of the present day; and though such records of a long past age doubtless have lost nothing in their telling and must be accepted *cum grano salis*, they go to show docility, affection, memory, sagacity, and other dispositions of the members of the higher animals. When Herodius visited Babylon 500 B.C. elephants were employed in domestic duties, and a hundred years later Ctesias saw them rooting up palm-trees at their drivers' orders.

But it is more the memory, faithfulness, and homing characteristics of animals that it is proposed to consider. The wonderful homing power of birds is too well known to be given in great detail. Their long and keen sight from very high altitudes may explain a great deal. One has only to observe the falcon hanging in the air above and watch how he vanishes to the frightened cry of the red grouse, to whom he deals the fatal blow amidst heather the same colour as his victim. But no such theory can hold water where the horse, dog, elephant, &c., are concerned.

The following example of a dog's natural homing instincts being put into practice is beyond question, as it came under the immediate notice of the writer, and can be verified by at least half a dozen disinterested persons. A friend of the writer's owned a collie dog, not by any means pure-bred. When about six years old it seemed to resent the tradesmen's messengers calling at the

house, so to avoid danger he was given to the writer's father's shepherd at the home farm, some forty miles away from its home where it had been since puppyhood; but the same snapping tendency prevailed amongst the sheep as at the previously mentioned messengers, and the dog was sent by train to Bristol, sixty-five miles away, and then taken by road five miles to a village. After a lapse of seven days he was back at the shepherd's home footsore and weary. He had tramped the whole way along roads which by no possible chance had he been within one hundred miles of, excepting when shut up in the guard's van of a Midland train, or nearer than sixty miles during the month he spent with the shepherd.

The returning to their old haunts of dogs and cats is of less rarity than with horses, though the latter have a wonderful inborn gift of remembering any road or place over which they have previously travelled. The writer has many times had practical demonstration of this, when lost in a lonely land, he has been overtaken by night and missed a turning, which is not infrequent if hounds finish a long way from home with a strange pack; but the following narrative shows both the planning out and ultimate development of a fixed intention of a horse to return to its former manger. A horse bought by the writer in County Kerry was brought to England and hunted on the borders of Gloucestershire; it was then taken to the North and lent to a sister, who moved three months later to within twenty-five miles of the horse's former home, but in a part where it had never been before; and even if it had, as will be seen, it would not satisfactorily explain the line of route taken by the animal, but rather the reverse. After a rest of a few days at its new *rendezvous* the horse was during the daytime turned out to grass, being summer-time. It was noticed that it cared little about grazing, and seemed to be examining the situation by walking round the field and gazing into space. On the third evening when the groom visited the field it was nowhere to be seen. After a careful examination of the fences, hoof-marks showed the jumping-place, and so across many fields and along country roads, but seldom on the latter for any great length at a stretch. Inquiries elicited the fact that a strange horse had been seen by the yokels, whose attention it evaded, still keeping to the open country. It was found by a

lodge-keeper late the same evening patiently waiting to be admitted. Needless to say, such faithfulness for the old surroundings was rewarded by allowing it to remain in the place evidently loved so well.

Even in the days of very long ago, and certainly since we have learnt more about electricity, magnetism, and the wonderful unseen power of wireless telegraphy, it is much more generally admitted, and particularly by those who have dipped into the subject, that we are more or less, some more than others, affected in no small degree by local conditions, so that subconsciously we are controlled by the environments into which it is our lot to be placed. If such is the case with the unseen influence over the human, why should man not influence and throw off some of his personality to the animal to be absorbed by the latter? So it is not surprising if domesticated animals show more intelligence than their wilder *confrères*, and in turn develop attributes, as in the cases already quoted, apparently of their own; but doubtless many members of the wilder tribes show remarkable powers of a retentive memory, with some homing instincts. The subject of the next case quoted had for a short space of time been in captivity, but not of a sufficient duration to materially alter its nature neither is there proof that any of its forebears had been under control.

The elephant cannot be classed as a domesticated animal; it has artificially, so to speak, been trained and made of the greatest usefulness to man, but, unlike the horse, dog, or ox, born in the wilds of the jungle, with all its many admirable qualities it is at best only the captive servant of man, but never his companion. A friend of the writer's who had spent many years in India, and whose word there is no reason to doubt, narrates the following: An elephant that had been in captivity for some three or four years and had shown considerable aptitude for the various duties he was called upon to perform, was found one morning to have broken its parole, and returned to a life of freedom. Some fourteen years afterwards a party who were out to capture some elephants, upon getting half a dozen into close quarters, a driver noticed one that seemed to resent the confines of the kiddah in a lesser degree than the others; at the same time, perceiving one of the ears of the elephant in question had a large

V-shaped piece out of the left ear, this mark immediately recalled to memory the fact of a similar blemish in the one that had escaped so many years before. Calling out the name the elephant had been known by, a startled look came into the beast's beady eyes, and though at first resenting a closer acquaintance, after a very little time the attendant was able to stroke and feed it through the stockade. Upon the return journey it quite fell in with the revived conditions, and upon the second day this animal was placed in front, and though it could not for many years have been within miles of the line of route, yet each bend or turn in the jungle was taken without hesitation, and so to the old home of civilisation without any help from the driver.

Jesse, in *Gleanings in Natural History*, recalls to mind a personal experience of an elephant's intelligence in obtaining what it wanted. When feeding it with potatoes, which the animal had been taking from his hand, the animal failed to secure one which rolled just out of the reach of its trunk. Contemplating the situation for a few seconds he blew a gust of wind against the potato, causing it to rebound against the wall, and thus to come within reach.

The remark is often made, "How small the world is!" and doubtless the greater the facilities for bridging space the more shall we realise the truism. Without doubt the animal intellect is chiefly deficient in reasoning powers, and though present to a limited extent, it is the degree to which such powers have matured in each individual instance, together with the surrounding circumstances, that make all the difference observable between various species or members of the same family.

If photographs of what passes through the brain could be reproduced, the film of a certain Irish terrier's reasoning power, who travelled both by sea and land to resume its daily life in the land of its birth, would be indeed interesting. A family named Ridley, living in the neighbourhood of Bourne (Lincolnshire), gave an Irish terrier of the female gender to a visitor who had just secured an appointment as superintendent of a shipping line of steamers in New York, to which port he sailed, taking his newly acquired canine friend with him. They were on excellent terms; the dog was a general favourite on board. "Patsey" always accompanied him morning and evening, in addition to boarding

the various vessels to which his work took him. This continued for months, when one evening "Patsey" was not to be found. Some three weeks later, about 2 A.M., the daughter of Mr. Ridley was roused by the alternate barking and whining of a dog; that many dogs have a distinctive voice peculiarly their own all lovers of our canine friends know; but, half awake and half asleep, Miss Ridley concluded she had been dreaming, with "Patsey" the subject of her midnight thoughts, but again the sounds were heard. Being now thoroughly awake, Chaucer's description of a dream, versified by Dryden, might well have occurred to her:

> Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes;
> When Monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes.

She went to her brother's room and told him that she had heard "Patsey's" voice. He remonstrated with her for disturbing him and giving way to such stupid fancies, for only some ten days before a letter came from Commander C——, R.N.R., saying the dog was well and happy, but again the barking was heard, and the brother concluding that dogs have their voice-doubles, and thinking that it must be a poor beast that was lost, the two went down together. The door was no sooner opened than a poor, thin animal rushed in, and though evidently very tired, its excitement knew no bounds. The only explanation was that its new owner had suddenly returned to the neighbourhood; but why, as he had no other connections than the Ridleys in the east of England? The mystery remained unsolved.

Now for the explanation. A young ship's doctor was on his way to join his ship in New York Harbour; a dog came jumping up to him, and before he knew had crossed the gangway. Being nearly midnight, not liking to turn the dog away to the tender mercies of the dock police, he allowed it to remain in his cabin. Early the next morning he was busy, particularly so with a serious case amongst the stokers, and the ship sailed with the forgotten stowaway. By daylight he recognised the dog, as often when on leave the doctor visited the Ridleys, the families living only some three miles apart. Patsey had tramped from Liverpool when the vessel arrived.

When writing upon the subject under review one can hardly ignore bird-life *in toto*, particularly if brought home to one as the

following was. At a military station where the writer was quartered a few years ago it was noticed that a swallow was slightly lame; when rising to fly it had to give a long series of hops before getting on the wing, so preferred to remain chiefly by the sheet of water near the quarters. The swallow, we all know, is a fly- and insect-feeding bird, but this one did not reject crumbs of bread, and as an experiment one day some very finely shredded cooked meat. The feeding went on during the summer, but of course autumn came and brought the usual bird migration. With the return of spring came the swallow, and quite early our maimed friend. This followed for another season, so that beyond all question, though thousands of miles across sea and land, hill and dale, richly cultivated valleys and sun-scorched desert, this mere atom of bird-life, with only the aid of its self-constructed beacon-lights and landmarks, found its way back each successive year to perhaps the one small spot on the earth's surface where there was some small compensation for its physical handicap. Such birds are not infrequently seen at sea a hundred and fifty miles from the nearest land.

More than one naturalist asserts that these birds return year by year to their old nests, and as most swallows breed twice during the season this must be a great saving of labour, as their nests are not easily or quickly built. Cuckoos are credited with returning in successive years to the same spot, and take advantage of the nests of other birds in which to deposit their eggs and find foster-mothers for their fledglings. The hedge-sparrow seems to be the chief victim, and it was noticed by the writer that the immigrant in question made use of a nest of one of these birds in the same hedgerow for at least three seasons running, also that a member of the cuckoo family with a peculiar and distinctive note year after year made its short April to June sojourn in an orchard near the writer's house.

Even fish, that are usually credited with being the least intelligent members of the animal world, return to their own waters. As a typical instance, note the salmon's avoidance of one stream and decided preference for another. The Avon that runs through the Midland counties and joins the Severn at Tewkesbury has never been known to contain a salmon, but the latter-named stream is famous for this, the choicest of fish, who unfailingly

make their annual visit to the sea, but upon returning never take the wrong river, though the two are so much alike that the writer has in the dusk more than once on a steam-launch made a mistake, for the junction is V-shaped and the waters of equal colouring.

Cats have the reputation for attaching themselves to places rather than people, and their dislike for water is equally well known. A member of a clergyman's family quoted a case where the cat's personal discomfort stood for little when overtaken by home-sickness. The head of the family died, and the vicarage passed into the occupation of the new incumbent. The cat was removed, with what household effects were not sold, to a residence some fifteen miles away. After a short space of time the black cat was missing, though every effort was made to trace it, as it was likely to become a mother; as is often the case at such times, it was thought that probably it had stolen away and would turn up in all its pride with its offspring; but it seemed to have absolutely vanished. In a few weeks' time an old servant who lived near the vicarage said it had been back some weeks and taken up its residence in a loft over the stables, a groom giving it milk and food. In the journey from the opposite side of the county, without making a wide *détour*, it was necessary to ford a brook; this the animal had evidently swam, for the groom, when recognising the cat, noticed the wet state it arrived in one evening.

Reason differs from instinct in its power of accommodation to circumstances, whereas instinct ever remains unchanged. Man's reasoning powers enables him to alter his habits to suit changed conditions; and if, as previously suggested, the animal intellect is still in a low state of evolution so far as reasoning is developed, it may have exceptionally evolved along the lines of capability with desire, enabling it to return to the old haunts even if suffering considerable hardships in doing so.

E. T. Humphries.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, *August* 9, 1911.

WHILE the date of the adjournment of Congress is still uncertain, in all probability it will be reached in the course of the next few days, and it is possible to cast up the legislative account and strike a balance. The President profits most by the work of the session, the Democrats in the House have added to their political capital since last spring, the Democrats in the Senate are about where they were, and the ridiculous, drum-beating, vociferous Insurgents, whose idea of statesmanship is to put some one "in a hole," are almost in a state of political bankruptcy.

Mr. Taft has reaped the largest dividend. He is so much stronger than he was last November that it is almost impossible to measure his gain. In November, after the election which turned the control of the House of Representatives over to the Democrats and gave no party in the Senate a working majority, Mr. Taft's political fortunes were at a very low ebb. Under the American political system the loss of the House of Representatives in the middle of the President's term is always construed as a rebuke to the President. As a matter of fact it may be simply an expression of hostility to the House and need not be intended as a reproach to the President, but the public accepts it as indicative of dissatisfaction with the party, and as the public never makes fine distinctions, and the President is the head of the party, naturally he is the greatest sufferer.

Intimate contact with politics and politicians is apt to encourage cynicism, but the events of the last few months would seem to prove that politics, after all, are no different from any other relation of life, and that in politics as in everything else honesty pays. Mr. Taft is stronger and his opponents are weaker because Mr. Taft has played the game squarely; and this I can

say with all the better grace because the thing that has so immensely strengthened him is a policy with which I am not in the least in sympathy. Canadian Reciprocity is as heavy a blow at the solidarity of the British Empire and the maintenance of the Imperial connection as has been struck in our time; but no matter how distasteful and how injurious Canadian Reciprocity may be to Great Britain, one must do Mr. Taft justice and deal fairly with his motives. If he had been prompted by dislike of Britain or a sordid hope to curry favour with a certain class of voters he would be entitled to little respect, but no such purpose moved him. He had the statesmanlike vision to see that Reciprocity was an excellent thing for his own country, even if it proved not quite so profitable for Canada and was decidedly injurious to Great Britain. Mr. Taft does not believe that either Canada or the Mother Country will lose by the arrangement, but that is only incidental. Mr. Taft is President of the United States, and not the Prime Minister of Canada or the Premier of Great Britain. His duty is first to his own country, and if he proposes a bargain that will profit his own country at the expense of foreign countries, surely no one can blame him if the rulers of those countries are so foolish as to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage.

Mr. Taft did not play the politician. That has commanded the admiration of the country, and it is that which has made him so popular. Had Mr. Taft been a politician and nothing else, did he always keep his ear to the ground, were he the sort of man willing to sacrifice dignity, honour, or conviction for the sake of popularity—and in America you may translate popularity into votes—he would have negotiated the Reciprocity agreement, because it was popular, sent it to Congress, and washed his hands of the whole affair. His position would have been impregnable. "I did not only all that was required of me, but more even," he could have said, not only with truth, but with effect. "I secured a very advantageous arrangement with Canada. I brought pressure to bear on the House, and the House ratified it. In the Senate I failed, and I leave it to you, the people, to judge between me and the Senate."

No President seeking "popularity" could ask for a better issue than that. A President seeking popularity could well

believe that the stars in their courses were fighting for him. For the Senate is not a popular body. The people do not trust it. Unpopular as a President may be, he is never so unpopular as the Senate, which an ignorant people, always the victims of demagogues, believe to be corrupt, indiffereut to public welfare, in league with the paid agents of monopoly and greed. No one who knows the Senate will subscribe to such a vicious characterisation; but the wise are few and the ignorant are many. Mr. Taft would not play politics. He would not advance with a great beating of drums and rush from the field at the first shot. He would not make one of those cowardly compromises that have so often been no less disgraceful to the President who proposed it than to the Congress that accepted it.

When last April Mr. Taft called an extra session of Congress for the sole purpose of passing the Reciprocity Bill he was bluntly told that he had committed political suicide. April was only a few months removed from November, and the scars of November were still fresh. It was a new play in politics for a Republican President to ask the support of a Democratic House, with the knowledge that he had a hostile Senate. Even those of us who pride ourselves most on being uninfluenced by tradition are unconsciously the creatures of precedent. Mr. Taft's action was unprecedented, therefore it was dangerous and foolish. It would have been easy enough for Mr. Taft to follow the line of least resistance and retire, throwing the responsibility upon Congress. Mr. Taft would not. "I'll take the responsibility," he said. "I stand to lose more and gain less than any one else. Stand by me if you will or desert me if you must, but I go through with it." Thus he stood and let results work themselves out.

The Americans have the sporting instinct keenly developed. They dearly love a fight. It is Mr. Taft's good fortune that he had a hostile Senate. If the Senate had been as compliant as the House the public would have remained indifferent, the spice of controversy and doubt would have been missing, and the President would have received no higher popular approval than that given to the Senate. But when the Senate took one corner of the ring and the President the other, why then it became a very pretty fight, and the man in the street, who had only very vague ideas

about Reciprocity, took the same sporting interest in the measure that he did in a boat race or a "mill" between heavy-weights for the international championship; and there are any number of staid citizens who back their champion even if they know nothing of the rules of the P.R. and would resent with indignation the suggestion that they put a "bit" on the battle. The public did not care how much the Senate was trounced; the more punishment this bully got the better the spectators at the ringside enjoyed what they had gone there to see. So long as Mr. Taft went quietly about his affairs he attracted no especial notice, but when he metaphorically stripped and put on the gloves against the Senate his followers came from all sides. When the Senate was beaten to its knees a great roar of applause went up.

The next few months will determine whether Mr. Taft is a man of luck. Reciprocity, for at least a year to come, may do Mr. Taft a great deal of harm, and perhaps even more good. Assuming that the Laurier Government is returned to power and the agreement is put into effect, everything that goes amiss will be laid at the door of Reciprocity. If there is too much rain or not rain enough and crops are short the farmer will know who, or perhaps more correctly what, is to blame. If consumption falls off and employment slackens or wages are reduced Reciprocity will have to answer for it; if the cost of living goes higher instead of lower Reciprocity will be denounced as a sham. Reciprocity, in a word, will be the family cat who breaks the crockery and eats the jam. A jam-eating, crockery-breaking cat is often a very convenient thing to have in a household, and saves many awkward explanations. But if Mr. Taft's luck stands by him, if next year the corn ripens and the hens are diligent about their business and people are prosperous and fairly contented, they will have no fault to find with Reciprocity; they may even be induced to believe that Reciprocity encouraged the hens to redoubled efforts and has some magic of its own. In that case the American people, who are a good deal addicted to *laissez-faire*, will be satisfied to let well enough alone with Mr. Taft rather than to take chances with a Democratic President. That, of course, is looking into the future; for the present Mr. Taft may well feel content with what he has accomplished and the prestige it has given him.

The Democrats in the House share with the President popular approval. They might have played politics with Reciprocity, for it was a Republican measure, and a Democratic majority is not morally or legally bound to put into execution a Republican policy. But the Democrats, under the admirable leadership of Mr. Oscar Underwood, the chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means and the leader of his party on the floor of the House, treated Reciprocity without regard to partisanship and passed it through the House against the votes of a majority of the President's party followers. Having done this, they proceeded to pass Bills to revise the tariff in accordance with their own economic ideas. Naturally these Bills have not met with the approval of the Republicans or High Protectionists, as they reduce the existing rates of duties, but that was to be expected, and the Democrats knew, of course, that they must expect the criticism of their opponents. But what has weakened the force of the criticism has been the inability of the Republicans to attack their opponents on any ground other than political, and that the public takes for what it is worth. The Democrats have gone about their work conscientiously, intelligently, and without friction. Their economic views may be wrong—and of course the Republicans are convinced that they are ridiculous and dangerous—but at any rate they have been carried out in a thoroughly efficient manner. There have been no internal differences and no attempts to override authority; the majority has been compact and has worked with a definite purpose; the old days when the Democrats in Congress were powerless even as a minority because there was no leadership and no cohesion have gone, and this revitalising of the Opposition is a very wholesome thing. An arrogant majority is not more dangerous to constitutional liberty than an impotent minority, and the one is always the result of the other. Much that has happened in the United States during the last few years, and that has been as greatly to the detriment of the United States as all the rest of the world, would have been avoided had the Democrats been a fighting minority instead of a quarrelling, disorganised cabal.

The Democrats in the Senate have come out of the session with less credit. Among them are several men of great ability and intellectual power, but their leadership has been weak and

unintelligent. Personal ambition and lax discipline have interfered with their success. On several occasions they threw away their opportunities when they might have profited handsomely had they worked in harmony and seen the wisdom of formulating a policy and adhering to it without swerving. The Senate Democrats have done nothing absolutely foolish or disgraceful, but their record would be more brilliant if they had displayed more common sense.

The Radical group of the Republican Party, the so-called Insurgents, are proportionately weaker as Mr. Taft has become stronger, and it is their own fault that they have given of their strength to their enemy. The Insurgent dislike of Mr. Taft is well known, and their efforts during the session have been directed to embarrass him, or, to use the popular expression, "to put him in a hole." That is a manœuvre which may be as dangerous as sometimes it is deadly. If you can put your antagonist in a hole you may enjoy the sardonic pleasure of watching his unsuccessful efforts to extricate himself; but if he remains on the outside the would-be hole-putter is made to look ridiculous, and his feelings as well as his clothing are apt to be damaged. That is the plight in which the Insurgents find themselves at the end of the session. They are mentally and morally dishevelled. Those newspapers that did not approve of Insurgent methods or policies gave them, prior to last November, the credit for sincerity and believed that the Insurgents were honest in their intention even if they were extreme in their views, but now they openly accuse them of insincerity. I might quote some of the most important and unprejudiced newspapers, but that is not necessary. Insurgency, that at one time was regarded as the leaven that leaveneth the whole lump of politics and make it wholesome, has lost its savour. So far the Insurgents have done nothing except to make glaringly apparent the humbug of the professional reformer.

Now that Reciprocity has become effective so far as the United States is concerned, it is a pertinent question whether Canada has not put her head in a bag from which it will be impossible for her to escape without very great difficulty and cost. It is believed that Canada will gain by a freer access to the American market, not, of course, to the same extent that the United States will by having the Dominion as a dumping-ground

for the overflow of American factories, but sufficient to make the arrangement of value to Canada for the next few years. Then the United States will want a still larger control of the Canadian market, insisting on a preference on American goods that compete with Canadian manufactures, a demand that even Sir Wilfrid Laurier might be nerved up to rejecting. The American response, of course, would be, "Very well, if you don't give us what we want we shall withdraw what we have already given you." In other words, Reciprocity would be used to bludgeon further concessions from Canada. Far-sighted Americans see in Reciprocity the first step to annexation—not annexation brought about through force of arms, but by the commercial pressure that a larger, richer, and more powerful country can always bring to bear on a smaller, poorer, and weaker neighbour. Canada would either have to yield to the American demand, which would profit America at the expense of Canada, or if she rejected it she would have to readjust her commercial relations, a costly and vexatious process. On both sides of the line there would go up a cry for peace and a quiet life and a swelling bank account. Dollars and peace, the promised land, Canadians would be told, are to be had for the asking, and only such a trifling thing stands in the way as a little bit of sentiment wrapped up in a few yards of coloured bunting. "What difference does it make whether the American or the British flag flies over you?" Canadians will be asked, "which is the only difference between us."

There are statesmen who believe in all sincerity that it is in the interest of a smaller country to establish the most intimate commercial relations with a stronger, as it is the surest and most economical guarantee of peace. This theory is correct only in part. It is a means of concord, but it may be purchased at too high a price to be worth the cost. Biology has proved that the union of the weak and the strong is at the expense of the weaker, just as certain crops so heavily drain the soil that in a few seasons the soil has lost its productive capacity. A strong nation may exhaust the commercial vitality of a weaker, whose protection is intercourse, but not surrender.

Last month's article in this Review on the pessimism and hysteria that have seized the American people has attracted the attention of the leading newspapers of the country, the majority

of which admit that the facts stated are true—and they could not do otherwise, as their columns were relied on for the evidence to sustain my assertions—but they apologise and extenuate them.

> The truth is, as we see it [the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* remarks], that America is now passing through a mental and moral crisis somewhat similar to that of Germany from 1880 to 1890. We have swallowed overdoses of German Socialism without knowing what it really is. We have had to fight the battle of Bismarck against those who would overturn civilisation, without a Bismarck to help us beat down these follies with sturdy common sense.
>
> Our academic chairs have played with Socialism without understanding that it would mean the abolition of all their pleasant privileges. Our pulpits have declaimed it without understanding that it means a denial of a hereafter and the elimination of God from the human soul.
>
> That is what ails us.
>
> These are the poisons that cause the Great American Pain.

President Taft has taken public notice of, as he says, "the demoralisation that has been produced by the hysterical suspicions of good people and the unscrupulous and corrupt misrepresentations of the wicked."

> It is a most remarkable state of mind for a nation to get into [the Springfield *Republican* comments], and the most noteworthy thing about it is its endurance. It is now three or four years old, and gets worse rather than better. . . . We must say that it is getting to be nearly time for the nation to sober up a little. We are neglecting the important things, like the due taxation of wealth, and running hysterically around after past and gone alleged offences.

Perhaps a sign of returning sanity is the public repudiation of Mr. Bryan by the Democratic majority of the House of Representatives, for Mr. Bryan began the work of destroying faith in all things that other men have completed. The Democrats having in a measure recovered from the infliction of Mr. Bryan's self-imposed leadership, and the new leaders having determined that Mr. Bryan must no longer be permitted to wreck the recreated party, Mr. Bryan, whose ambition is boundless, is once more engaged in his congenial occupation of bossing or smashing. With the beginning of this session, when the Democrats came into power in the House after sixteen years of wandering in the wilderness of Opposition because they were foolish enough to follow Mr. Bryan, Mr. Bryan assumed the right to instruct the House and to threaten those men who resisted his demands to subordinate their judgment to his wisdom. Mr. Bryan has been particularly bitter in his attacks on Mr. Underwood, the chairman

of the Committee on Ways and Means, and publicly accused him of framing tariff legislation for his personal advantage. In the House a few days ago Mr. Underwood denounced Mr. Bryan as a falsifier, and the Democrats vociferously applauded Mr. Underwood, while not a single man said a word in Mr. Bryan's defence. It is the most significant thing that has happened in politics in a great many years, and it is regarded by political observers as indicating that Mr. Bryan will have little to say in the selection of the next Democratic Presidential candidate.

The Anglo-American arbitration treaty will in all probability be ratified at the next session, although the Senate will attempt to amend it and foreign influences will scheme to secure its defeat, but without success, I think it is safe to predict, as public sentiment is in favour of the treaty and it will require a good deal of courage or recklessness on the part of any senator to do such an unpopular thing as openly to antagonise it. As a matter of fact the United States ought to pay Great Britain handsomely for the arbitration treaty and the modification of the Anglo-Japanese treaty of alliance, for the United States undoubtedly breathes easier since it has been told that Japan does not intend to declare war and American ports are not in immediate danger of bombardment from British squadrons. This dread of complications with Japan has been a very real fear during the last few years, and the American newspapers frankly show their relief and urge that Japan be induced to conclude an arbitration treaty with this country. But if senators oppose the British arbitration treaty on technical or petty grounds there is little encouragement to Japan or any other nation to risk the humiliation of having its treaty rejected by the Senate.

The treaty, as will be seen from the published text, is a benevolent intent of expression on the part of the negotiators and will do no harm, but it will not bring about the millennium, and it does not in any way alter the relations between the two countries. It does not morally or legally make arbitration obligatory, and, what is of more importance, it does not bind the present or future Senates to agree to arbitration, as some misinformed people believe. It still leaves the Senate full liberty of action. It makes arbitration permissible, but not mandatory. If the Senate consents to a matter in dispute being referred to arbitration, that

may be done, but if the Senate should see fit to reject a proposed treaty of arbitration the new treaty could not be invoked. In a word, what may be done in the future can be done to-day. The President always has the power to negotiate a treaty, whether it relates to arbitration or a cession of territory or any other subject, but the treaty is without force until it has been ratified by the Senate. That power conferred upon the Senate the Senate retains, so that we end where we began, and the Senate is able to permit or prevent arbitration as it may think proper.

Losses by fire are heavier in the United States than in any other country in the world; they are from five to twenty times greater than in European countries. At first sight there may seem to be little connection between bad manners and fires, but the relation is more intimate than may be supposed, and it is because of bad manners that insurance companies doing business in America have to pay so dearly. In reading of a building destroyed by fire—too often accompanied by a heavy loss of life—you find the cause assigned to "a lighted cigarette dropped on oil-soaked waste," or "a lighted cigarette thrown on the floor," or "half-burned matches." The average American is too indifferent about the rights of others and too careless about the observance of conventions to care where he drops the end of his cigarette or to see whether the match which he has used to light it is still burning when he flicks it away. In factories or other places full of inflammable materials there are either no rules against smoking or else the rules are wilfully ignored, and the risk incurred seems to make no impression. In hotels, especially at the sea-side, where the construction is generally of wood, the smouldering cigarette and the still burning match are thrown about in the most reckless fashion; it is apparently too much trouble to put them in an ash-tray or to stamp them out. The latest factory fire in New York, which resulted in the deaths of a score or more of the operatives, was caused by an employé smoking and criminally throwing his cigarette on the floor, but the same utter disregard is shown by men who ought to know better. The house of a yacht club was destroyed—with the usual loss of life—because a young man, a member of a "first family," threw a cigarette on a floor that had been waxed for dancing. Given an ash-tray or the floor, and the average American seems to regard

the latter as the fit receptacle for his ashes and cigarette-ends, perhaps because it comports with the American idea of largeness and unconfined space.

I have before referred to the spread of prohibition in this country, and especially in the South, where it has been adopted chiefly in the hope of preventing the negro obtaining whisky. The negro is lazy, shiftless, and insolent enough under the most favourable circumstances, but when he is full of the villainous stuff that passes under the name of whisky in the South he too often becomes an irresponsible beast, a menace to the community. It is the whites who make whisky and sell it to the blacks, and the manufacturers of whisky were no more willing to lose their profits than the negroes were to be denied their drink, and as a result of prohibition there is a very curious condition of affairs. Owing to the dual system of State and national Governments, while a State can prohibit the sale of liquor within its borders it cannot prohibit a person purchasing liquor for his own consumption outside of the State and having it sent to him by post or express. The manufacturers promptly took advantage of this, and are now selling, so the Interstate Commerce Commission has discovered, 20,000,000 gallons of whisky a year in "dry" States. This nefarious traffic—for while it is legal enough according to the strict interpretation of the law it is an utter perversion of the prohibition statutes—shows again the absurdity of the American system of State Governments and the necessity of giving the Federal Government greater powers. It must cause commotion on the other side of the Styx that the leading newspaper of Virginia—a State that has always held the "sovereign power" of the State to be sacred—should frankly admit that the only way to cure the evil is by the exercise of the Federal power. The *Times Dispatch* of Richmond, a city exporting half a million gallons of whisky annually to the "dry" States, says: "There is something radically wrong with the law or its administration when such a thing as this is possible, and it is as certain as anything can be that the law will be strengthened and its administration enforced, even if it shall be necessary to invoke Federal control of the traffic."

A. Maurice Low.

THE CREED OF AN AGNOSTIC SPIRITUALIST

WHEN Professor Huxley joined the famous Metaphysical Society of pious memory, he made an unpleasant discovery. He found that all the other members had a theory of the universe, while he had none. Every variety of philosophical and theological opinion was represented, and each man was an "-ist" of one sort or another. This made the newcomer uncomfortable; for, "however kind and friendly they might be, I, the man without a rag of a label to cover himself with, could not fail to have some of the uneasy feelings which must have beset the historical fox when, after leaving the trap in which his tail remained, he presented himself to his normally elongated companions." So the genial biologist took thought, and invented what he conceived to be the appropriate title of "agnostic"; for, as it seemed to him, the *most striking feature of his own mental make-up was that he was* not very sure about anything, and in particular was unable to say he knew anything about the metaphysical facts concerning which the gnostics of church history (and of the Metaphysical Society) discoursed so fluently. Consequently he invented a label which expressed his opinions. He simply didn't know. He was agnostic.

The same word describes my own general attitude. I have no deep sense of certainty about anything. I am prepared to stake a good deal on the uniformity of nature in a general way—thus "proving" my belief, in the way considered by Kant to be the best test of belief—but I am not prepared to say that I *know* even that the sun will rise to-morrow morning. We might run into a comet during the night. You never can tell. Therefore, like Mr. Shaw's butler in the play, I am agnostic. I do not know. As Montaigne's motto runs, *Que sçais-je?*

So far, I should gratify the soul of "Darwin's bulldog," for whom I have a great admiration and respect. But I have other opinions—mere opinions, not dogmas—which would sadly discredit me in his eyes. I am not exactly a Spiritualist in the most usual sense of the term, and I object to having the label affixed to me without some vigorously qualifying adjective: but I admit at least that I am a psychical researcher, and a psychical researcher who has been convinced, rather against his will, that things happen which orthodox science does not account for, and which suggest to me the possible or probable agency of minds other than those of people at present in the flesh. Therefore I suppose that I am somewhat of a spiritualist, but, seeing that I am not at all sure of my interpretation of the facts—though I am pretty sure about some of the facts themselves—I invent the title of Agnostic Spiritualist, which terrific combination I am, so far as I know, the first to adopt as label. Now to the details. What do I believe, and why? I will answer the second question first, because it precipitates us into the middle of the facts.

Some six years ago, I heard a good deal from several friends of mine about a "medical medium" living a few miles from my home. This woman, it was said, went into a trance, was ostensibly controlled by a deceased medical man, who correctly diagnosed the ailment of any sitter, without any statement or hint on the part of the latter concerning his malady. This did not interest me much, the possibilities of face-reading, lucky shots, or hint-gleaning in various ways being so great. But at last an intimate friend of ours had an experience which shook my robust scepticism. It did not destroy it, but it certainly shook it. The friend in question took a lock of hair cut from the head of a cousin (a young man) living a hundred miles away, *whose ailment was totally unknown to her*. The diagnosis was full and detailed. Among the symptoms described was a redness and incipient blistering on one side of the face: this, however, was said to be temporary, and unconnected with the illness. The sitter took notes, and sent a nine-page letter to the lad's mother, describing what the control had said, and asking if it was correct. It turned out that it was. The "temporary redness" was caused by the application of a mustard-leaf to ease neuralgia, which had nothing to do with the disease. I do not advance this

as evidence of "spirits." I have no evidence for the identity of the control, and the question is therefore entirely open. Probably it is a secondary personality of the medium, and not a spirit at all. What I suggest, is—not from this experiment alone, but from a mass of similar ones, for I immediately began testing the medium myself—that somehow or other, by handling a lock of hair or worn object belonging to an absent person, a medium can sometimes produce knowledge which neither fraud, chance, nor thought-transference from the sitter can account for. As a matter of fact, I have little or no belief that "spirits" have anything to do with this kind of phenomenon, for it happens that another medium with whom I have experimented seems to do equally well, *without any trance;* he merely sits passively, handling a worn object—say a handkerchief—and waiting for ideas to arise in his mind. It sounds very absurd, but the fact remains that he is right in such a large proportion of his cases that chance coincidence is out of the question. Such knowledge as I have of the phenomena of this man does not enable me to say—as I can in the other case—that thought-transference from the sitter is ever completely excluded as a possible explanation; but I am convinced that some unrecognised channel of knowledge there is by which perceptions reach the medium's mind, welling up (or *drifting* in) from some region as unknown to his own consciousness as it is to that of his sitter. After these suggestive little experiences, and after sundry experiments with "mediums" who turned out quite useless, being mostly self-deluded hysterics who could produce no evidence, my friends and I "struck oil" in the shape of a medium who gave astonishing results; results which, in the course of about a dozen sittings, convinced a circle of sceptical Haeckelians that—in spite of the vigorous assertions to the contrary of the famous Jena professor—there must, after all, be "something in it." This medium, a man of about thirty, with very bad eyesight, would describe "spirit forms," giving full names, date of death, age at death, and many other details. And he was practically always right. The names and descriptions were applicable to some deceased person formerly known to one or other of the sitters, usually a near relative, though occasionally some friend turned up, asking, *e.g.*, how his widow and children were getting on, and sending messages.

All this, of course, suggests tombstones and inquiry. This was our first supposition, and we worked it for all it was worth. But several incidents seemed to indicate that it was inadequate as a complete explanation. For example, one morning when my friend Knight was dressing, alone in his room, he said: "*Mother, if you can hear me, will you write me a letter through Watson's hand to-night? He is coming for a sitting.*" (Knight's mother had died about a year before, and was the chief ostensible communicator at these sittings.) My friend glanced at his watch as he made the request, and noted that it was seven minutes to eight. In the evening the medium came, and for the first time produced some automatic script. It purported to come from Mr. Knight's mother; and in it there occurred the inquiry: "At seven minutes to eight o'clock to-day do you remember any particular sensation, because I was in close touch with you then?" I need hardly say that Mr. Knight had given the medium no hint of the morning's incident. Also his servants were not spiritualists, and he had no reason to believe that he had been overheard. Was it coincidence, thought-transference, or spirit agency? I do not know.

On another occasion, again at Mr. Knight's house, the medium said: "Does your brother know that I am here to-night? I have just had an impression of him and his wife standing behind you. The lady seems to have inflamed eyes." The time was noted—9.25—and the sitting proceeded. Some little time afterwards Mr. Knight's brother came into the room, and it turned out that he had entered the house unheard at about 9.23, had listened at the door of the seance room—the first words he heard being Watson's question just quoted—and had then gone into another room in order not to disturb the sitting. His wife had not accompanied him to his brother's house, *because she was suffering from headache and inflamed eyes*, caused by a bicycle-ride in the afternoon against wind and dust. There was no reason to suppose that the medium had any normal knowledge of this. If he had not, the incident looks like either clairvoyance or thought-transference from the mind of the brother, who, however, was not trying to "transfer" anything. Whatever the true explanation, there is certainly no necessity to invoke "spirits" in this case.

At another sitting Watson described two spirit people who

had died nearly at the same time. One of them was old—about seventy. Name, George Stonor. The other was his daughter, aged about thirty at death. The medium got the impression that Mr. Knight's mother had given these people financial help at a time of great trouble. This is true, but Mr. Knight says that the matter was kept very quiet, in order to spare the Stonors' feelings; and he is sure that only about three people ever knew about it. The incident occurred many years before the date of the sitting, and Mr. Knight had not thought about it for a long time—indeed, had almost forgotten it. At the time of the sitting he was unable to say whether "George" was correct for the old man's name. He remembered him only as "Mr. Stonor." But on looking the matter up he found that the name was "George," and that the ages at death were seventy-three and thirty-two respectively. There is no reason to believe that the medium either knew or had ever heard of these people, still less of the financial help. His introduction to Mr. Knight did not come about until some time after the death of the latter's mother, who, for her part, never knew Watson.

On another occasion the medium saw the "form" of Mrs. Knight, wearing a handsome brown silk dress, high in the neck, of "watered" material, trimmed with white. He felt that some history was attached to this dress, and that Mr. Knight's sister—who is married, lives two hundred miles away, and has never met Watson—would be able to elucidate the matter. The description of the dress conveyed nothing to Mr. Knight, and he wrote to his sister describing the incident. She replied that her mother had ordered a dress answering to the description shortly before her death. It was never worn, for it was delivered only the day before she died. I have seen a cutting of the stuff and the white lace trimming, which correspond to the description. There is no reason to believe that the medium had any normal knowledge of the dress. Thought-transference from the sitters seems pretty well excluded, for no one present knew anything about the matter. It must be admitted that this incident suggests the genuineness of the entity purporting to communicate; for the dress *had* a "special history" attached to it, and a representation of it would certainly seem, to a hypothetically surviving Mrs. Knight, a good piece of evidence of identity. It is the kind of thing we should

expect, on the assumption that the communicators are what they claim to be.

For some reason or other, Mr. Knight makes an unusually good "sitter." The medium says that he rarely gets such good results. It cannot be accounted for on the supposition that Mr. Knight involuntarily drops hints which guide the medium, for at almost every sitting there were other persons present, and no one of them was ever able to detect any hint or involuntary guiding remark, either on the part of Mr. Knight or anybody else. The spiritualistic explanation, of course, is that his mother, to whom he was greatly devoted, and who had died but recently, was consequently still near him and able to give evidence of her identity, not only by retailing facts about herself, but by bringing other deceased members of the family. For it must be mentioned that the medium saw, described, and named about thirty dead relatives of Mr. Knight on his mother's side, in most cases giving ages at death and date of their decease, often with complete accuracy as to the year—no attempt at month or day—and always very near the mark, if not exactly hitting it. For example, "Over seventy" and "About thirty" were the vaguest expressions used for ages at death, and in these two cases the actual ages were seventy-three and thirty-two. Apparently the medium sometimes had to guess the date of death, as well as the age, from the appearance of the phantasm. Recently dead people look solid and lifelike; long dead people are tenuous and shadowy—a symbolical indication, perhaps, that they are progressing further and further away from the conditions of earth.

One of these long dead people gave Mr. Knight a rather curious bit of evidence. The communicator purported to be his grandmother, who had been closely associated, after the death of her husband, with the business owned by the latter, a business with which my friend Knight is and has for long been connected.

"What was the nature of the business you were interested in?" he asked.

Reply, by automatic writing:

"Oil, oil."

"Anything else?"

"Covers."

"What kind of covers?"

"Waggon-covers."

"Can you mention anything else?"

"Yes. T."

Apparently this was all that could be got. The interest of these fragments lies in the fact that though the firm's products are now floor-coverings—linoleums—they consisted in the grandmother's day of *oil-cloths, waggon-covers, and tarpaulins*, the trade in which has now been dead for many years.

On the fraud hypothesis, the medium would have been much more likely to say "linoleum" than "waggon-covers," and there is also a suggestion of an attempt at "oil-cloth" and "tarpaulin," which he is unlikely to have heard mentioned in connection with this firm, either accidentally or as a result of (assumed) inquiry.

A very large mass of this kind of evidence was obtained at these sittings; and, though some of it could perhaps have been normally procured for the purpose of fraudulently palming it off as spirit messages, we are quite sure that a great deal of it could hardly have been so obtained.* Thought-transference is a legitimate supposition in explanation of some of the facts, but here again it does not cover all, for in some cases the sitters were inclined to deny the accuracy of a statement (say, concerning the Christian name of a long dead grandmother) which after all turned out to be correct.†

My own results with this medium were of the same class, though less copious, for I was able to have one sitting only. My mother and another deceased relative purported to be present, and were described. Their names, ages at death, and date of the latter were correctly given, and their characters hit off—the latter not with complete accuracy. The name of a living relative who has never seen the medium, and who, so far as we are aware, is not known to him, was correctly given, and his relationship to one of the "spirits" was indicated.

* It is worth mentioning that at several sittings strangers were introduced—people living in distant towns—without giving any names; and in several of these cases evidence was freely forthcoming concerning deceased relatives, just as with Mr. Knight.

† Some cases of this kind are described in my just published book, *New Evidences in Psychical Research*, with introduction by Sir Oliver Lodge (London: Rider, 164 Aldersgate Street).

By automatic writing the medium got "Roundfield Place," and a few other words, purporting to come from my mother, who died in 1886. "Roundfield Place" was our address at the time my mother died: but we left the house in 1897. I have no reason to think that the medium had ever heard the name. About three years after the date of this sitting, and a month before the writing of this article, I happened to write to this medium, and in his reply he said that while writing it he had heard a voice say, "Tell him that John Hey is interested in his welfare." He also felt that John Hey "was an old man when he died," but went on to say that the name was unknown to him, and that he had no idea as to whether it would mean anything to me or not. As a matter of fact, John Hey was my grandfather—my mother's father. He was over eighty when he died in 1889.

Now I am quite aware that all these details could have been obtained by hunting up tombstones and by inquiry. But it would have been a difficult and expensive quest. My immediate ancestors are buried in a private cemetery which I doubt if the medium has ever seen. It is many miles from where he lives. And, as to the financial side, the total amount which I disbursed to him was half a crown, which he accepted under pressure, and out of which he had to pay a railway fare of eightpence. He often refuses payment after a bad sitting, and the maximum of Mr. Knight's payments to him was half a sovereign. If he is a fraud, he cannot make any profit, after deducting expenses; for the hunting up of information concerning Mr. Knight's deceased relatives would involve several long journeys. But I lay no great stress on that. I think we must consider a medium a rogue until we have proved him honest. If the knowledge he shows *can* have been normally acquired, we must assume that it *has* been so acquired, even if the "medium" makes no profit. Perhaps he does it for fun.

But in the case under discussion there are features which no detective work will explain. The "seven minutes to eight" incident is one of them. And there are many others of similar kind, which I have not space to describe.

The upshot of the whole thing is that though I was sceptical at the start, I now believe that the medium has some kind of sixth sense or clairvoyant gift by which he acquires knowledge

in a supernormal way. This knowledge presents itself to him in an externalised form—he sees spirit forms, and hears voices—and I believe he is quite sincere, subjectively speaking, as to his experiences. What the true explanation is, I refrain from saying in any dogmatic fashion. Some of the phenomena point to thought-transference or clairvoyance, as in the case of Mr. Knight's sister-in-law's eyes. Others, like that of the brown dress, and the financial help given to the Stonors, and perhaps the "seven minutes to eight," at least suggest—though they are far from proving—the agency of a surviving mind which formerly manifested itself to us through an earthly body. I therefore hold that in certain cases a spiritistic interpretation of some of the facts is justified as a working hypothesis. I think this is so in the case of Mrs. Piper, and perhaps in that of the late Stainton Moses.

This is the extent of my swing in the direction of spiritualism. As to the agnostic part, I say that spiritualists in general seem to me to be much too ready to accept phenomena at their face value. They are astonishingly lacking in perception of what constitutes evidence. If a stool waltzes about, or a table lifts itself up in the air, without discoverable cause, they cry "Spirits," and are "lost in wonder, love and praise." For my part, I am not convinced that these physical phenomena ever do occur in a supernormal way. The possibilities of sleight of hand are so great that I cannot feel quite comfortable about accepting the statement even of people much better qualified for this kind of investigation than I am. I admit that I am impressed by the fact that Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, Professors Richet and Morselli, Dr. A. R. Wallace, and Messrs. Feilding, Carrington, and Baggally (probably the cleverest trio now living, for such investigations) have been convinced. I am impressed: but that is as far as I can go. And, if I ever did get these phenomena of waltzing stools and levitating tables under such unexceptionable conditions that I was forced to the belief in some supernormal agency, I should still decline to accept "spirits" as the necessarily true cause. In fact, it would not be an explanation at all. A physical fact requires a physical theory; and such phenomena as these alleged levitations, &c., if they ever occur, must be explained on mechanical principles, or must be left unexplained. We need not fret much, even if the latter course

these necessitated. Gravitation is unexplained; and when such a universal phenomenon as the falling of bodies is too much for us, we need not expect to solve problems which perhaps are more difficult still, and which certainly are concerned with phenomena of a dubious, elusive, and perhaps illusive nature.

To return to the mental phenomena, which are much better worth studying, chiefly because it is so much easier to exclude fraud. A word is desirable on the matter of proof. We are sometimes asked or challenged to produce a crucial instance which shall amount to "proof"—of telepathy, or clairvoyance, or spirit agency, as the case may be. Those who make such a demand are thereby convicting themselves of great ignorance in the domain of logic. This inquiry is an inductive inquiry, like all sciences which are concerned with observing natural phenomena. A scientific theory is an explanation which is arrived at after amassing and collating a large number of observations. It is "proved" when it fits all the phenomena, and is found to cover new ones in the same department. But it can never be proved "mathematically," or in such cogent fashion as to coerce belief. An alternative hypothesis is always possible. The sphericity of the earth is established, so far as professional men of science are concerned; but we still have flat-earth cranks who make the facts fit their hypothesis, by aid of what seem to us absurd and outrageous suppositions. But their hypothesis is possible; therefore the sphericity of the earth is not "proved" in the way that some of our critics ask us to prove our supernormal theories.

In other words, proof in the scientific sense of the word is a cumulative sort of affair. We can bring forward no crucial instance which will prove any of our theories, any more than chemistry or physics can "prove" Dalton's atomic theory or the new ideas as to the electrical constitution of matter, by reference to one single fact. It is a question of heaping up evidence, and then making cautious inferences. And one consequence of the nature of the case is that our evidence necessarily appears weak when it is presented in little bits, as in the present short article. A few sticks from a faggot may easily be broken if taken separately; but the whole faggot may be unbreakable. And to those of us who have gathered a whole faggot this is what happens. We cannot break it. "The facts beat me," said Wallace,

"There is a point," says Andrew Lang, "at which the explanations of common sense arouse scepticism."

I, personally, have reached that point. I distrust and disbelieve the non-investigator's offhand decision that ordinary fraud, or other known cause, will account for all the phenomena. I think that some of them indicate that human beings have occasional gleams of faculties which are not yet recognised by orthodox science—faculties of telepathy, clairvoyance, or what not. And I am inclined to think that some others of the phenomena may eventually be found to be most satisfactorily explicable by postulating the continued agency of disembodied minds.

I am inclined to think so, but I am not sure. I have none of the "glorious certainty" which our departed leader F. W. H. Myers attained. I hope he was right, and I certainly regard his great work (*Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death*) as an epoch-making book, in the true and full sense of that much-abused phrase. But I do not know. I am an Agnostic Spiritualist, with the emphasis on the adjective.

An article on this subject is incomplete unless it has something to say about the famous Subliminal or Subconscious Self; but I think the less said the better. The advance-guard of psychologists—even those who accept supernormal phenomena—are beginning to fight shy of that dubious entity. The term "subliminal self" is not an ideal one, and it does not explain anything, though it may make us feel more comfortable by appearing to do so. We have given up referring conscious phenomena to a Consciousness and then thinking we have explained them: we must give up referring subconscious phenomena to a Subconsciousness, which is, equally, only an abstraction. It is justifiable and useful to call certain actions, &c., "subconscious"—*e.g.*, intelligence-indicating but not consciously realised acts, such as the playing of the several notes in a well-learnt piece of music—for intelligence of a sort seems to be involved, and we need a word which shall indicate that the intelligence is not that of the main stream of our mental life. But when we go a step further, and invoke a Subconsciousness or Subliminal Self, we get into perilous territory.

And when, having invented such a conveniently mysterious

entity, we proceed to credit it with telepathic and clairvoyant powers and what not, we are slipping out of scientific method altogether. Having credited man with two minds, one of them with apparently unlimited potentialities, it is easy, of course, to do very wonderful things, as a well-known writer did in a book which has had a very large sale. In fact, in the latter case the author became so enamoured of his Mind Number Two, and so impressed by its possible powers, that he rose above such prosaic matters as mere evidence, and began to make the most astonishing statements, entirely unsupported by facts. He airily remarks, for example, on the hundreds of cases he has cured by instructing his Mind Number Two to send out suggestions of cure to distant patients, while his Mind Number One was taking its nightly rest. I confess that I am utterly unable to believe the statements made.

Telepathy may be a fact, but our investigations do not lead us to believe that the process can be commanded like that. And, further, the claims made by the writer in question go far beyond mere thought-communication, for there is the *cure*, as well as the communication, to account for. And though our hypnotic specialists can do wonderful things sometimes, I am sure that none of them known to me have had such successes as those alleged, even with the advantage of being present, bodily, with the patient.

No, this "absent treatment" I consider beneath contempt. The patient may sometimes be benefited, by his own expectation and faith, but that is a very different thing from what is claimed by some of these good people who write about "laws of psychic phenomena." With regard to such claims, I am more than agnostic, I am completely infidel. By all means let us "follow the facts" with an open mind; but let us be very sure that they *are* facts, before theorising. And let us refrain from postulating omnipotent "Subconscious Minds," which would, of course, explain *everything*—or, as I hold, *nothing*.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

PRODUCTION: AN ECONOMIC NOTE

In the course of controversy on fiscal questions I have more than once become acutely conscious of the very unsatisfactory nature of the figures on which arguments are based with regard to the comparative extent and prosperity of our trade and that of our rivals. We are told that:

Our annual exports are, say	£450,000,000
And our annual imports, say	600,000,000
That Germany's annual exports are, say	£340,000,000
And Germany's annual imports, say	425,000,000
And that the United States of America's annual exports are, say	£400,000,000
And the United States of America's annual imports, say . .	300,000,000

On these figures the Free Trader bases his boastful claim of "triumphant" Free Trade. "Look at Germany with her millions of men, and the States with their teeming millions; and yet our little island, by the help of Free Trade, exceeds their figures of trade!" We all know this passage, and many more like it; and we answer it with equally conventional cut-and-dried arguments as to the German and American totals increasing more rapidly than ours, and so forth: all very true as far as they go, but *incomplete*.

Like many another man, I have long felt that export and import figures reflect only one side of a nation's activities. In this, indeed, I am following in the wake of that very prominent Free Trader Mr. Lloyd George, whose appointment of a Census of Production manifested his sense of the incompleteness of the Board of Trade returns. But that census is itself incomplete, for it does not comprise agricultural and pastoral production; and it is of no use in itself as a means of comparison with other countries.

Now I am perfectly well aware that no *exact* figures of international comparison can be arrived at; but at the same time I

claim that by the use of a very simple formula or convention we can arrive at an infinitely better basis of comparison than we use at present. I aim at a formula for expressing the total *annual production* of every country, and thereby gauging its real productive effectiveness and power.

A country produces enough to provide for the needs and demands and total consumption of its own inhabitants, plus a certain amount of surplus output which it exports, minus a certain amount of merchandise and produce which it imports. Now the second of these items—our exports—is an ascertained factor; and so is the third—our imports. The first, and by far the largest, item is an unascertained factor; and here it is that we must make use of the most generally acceptable convention that we can find.

What is the average expenditure per head of population on food, drink, clothing, and all purchased commodities? No human ingenuity can calculate this for certain, but I understand that the best statisticians calculate the average in the British Isles as £40 per head per annum. On the face of it this seems a reasonable estimate; and anyhow it serves as a basis for my proposition. My equation, therefore, reads as follows:

Our total annual production = the goods and produce consumed by 44,000,000 inhabitants at £40 per head	£1,760,000,000
Plus our exports	450,000,000
	£2,210,000,000
Minus our imports	600,000,000
	£1,610,000,000

In other words, our production consists of all we consume and all that we export, minus our imports, which obviously we do *not* produce. These imports form part of our home consumption, and part of the material for part of our exports, so that their deduction as above is unassailably logical.

Now the above figures of assumed production would be of no particular value by themselves; their full importance is shown only when we apply the same formula to our chief rivals. For argument's sake let us apply it to Germany and the States. In the case of Germany:

We multiply 61,000,000 inhabitants by £40, and arrive at £2,440,000,000
Plus exports 340,000,000

£2,780,000,000

Minus imports 425,000,000

£2,355,000,000

And in the case of the United States of America the figures would be 85,000,000 inhabitants multiplied by £40 per head £3,400,000,000
Plus exports 400,000,000

£3,800,000,000

Minus imports 300,000,000

£3,500,000,000

These figures, when compared with ours, show a most extraordinary difference from the mere figures of "foreign trade" which are usually presented. Let me make at once, however, one necessary rectification. In the above examples I have reckoned the consumption per head in each country at £40. Obviously one figure will not do for all countries, as the standard of living must necessarily vary in each. If an imaginary Free Trade controversialist will grant me £40 as our figure for Great Britain, he will claim that it should be less for Germany, and he will admit that it should be more for the States. It is all guesswork, but if we say £30 for Germany as against £40 here, we are probably allowing more than enough for the greater frugality of the German; and it would not be unfair to reckon a similar difference in the other direction for the greater extravagance of the American—which would put his average figure at £50 per head. The figures would then read as follows:

Great Britain, as already reckoned at £40 . . .		£1,610,000,000
Germany, 61,000,000 at £30 . . .	£1,830,000,000	
Plus exports	340,000,000	
	£2,170,000,000	
Minus imports	425,000,000	
		£1,745,000,000
United States of America, 85,000,000 at £50	£4,250,000,000	
Plus exports	400,000,000	
	£4,650,000,000	
Minus imports	300,000,000	
		£4,350,000,000

Before pursuing the argument let me state here that I have taken my figures from "Free Trade" sources (*i.e.*, my figures of exports, imports, and populations). The population figures are for 1905; to bring my figures up to date would merely serve to increase the advantage which is shown for Germany and the States, as Germany's population increases faster than ours, and the United States of America's vastly faster. Indeed, the latter's total is estimated to be now as high as 92,000,000 inhabitants.

Now I wish to admit at once that there is much that is unsatisfactory in the above figures. If I were a Free Trader attempting to dispute them I should say:

(1) That as the difference between the plus of imports and the minus of exports (or *vice versa*) varies only from about £1 to about £3 10*s.* per head, the net figures shown above are practically all composed of guesswork figures, and, therefore, of little value.

(2) The figures of consumption per head are not only highly debatable, but also they are swelled by trade profits, both wholesale and retail.

(3) The figures are also affected by the varying scale of duties. (*Per contra*, the large production of gold and silver should be added to the United States of America's total of production.) I admit that there is room for the above and many other similar criticisms; but such criticisms only affect the comparison in detail and degree, not in principle. However, I recognise that the formula will read better if it can be freed of debatable elements, and therefore I offer this way of putting it:

> Great Britain exports £450,000,000, imports £600,000,000, *and supports a population of* 44,000,000 *souls.*
>
> Germany exports £340,000,000, imports £425,000,000, *and supports a population of* 61,000,000 *souls.*
>
> United States of America exports £400,000,000, imports £300,000,000, *and supports a population of* 85,000,000 *souls.*

I am the last man to attempt to decry our splendid foreign trade, but I do submit that the vainglorious drum-beating of the Free Trader is based on a one-sided view of production, and that when the whole case is examined and formularised as above it appears in a very different light. Even so, we have nothing

to be ashamed of, and much to be proud of. But do not let us say any longer, for instance, that our exports and imports total £1,050,000,000 against Germany's total of £765,000,000 and the United States of America's total of £700,000,000, and that therefore our "trade" is greater than theirs. The only true way to measure our trade is by the extent of our annual production or turnover; and this is to be measured not only in terms of foreign trade, but also in terms of the population which we support.

My formulæ will tell heavily, I hope, in the everyday controversies of Tariff Reform *versus* Free Trade, but, quite apart from politics, I venture to think that they should also open out a field of very interesting economic and non-controversial discussion. I have confined my comparisons to the three great protagonists of the commercial world, but statisticians can find room for many more comparisons and many more deductions. For instance, it is pretty clear that the productive power per man is smaller, and the amount spent per head also smaller, in agricultural countries than in manufacturing countries; hence a comparison between Denmark and Belgium, for instance, should be very interesting. Russia, with her immense number of abjectly poor inhabitants; India, China, Brazil, Argentina; all these should provide the most interesting studies from other points of view.

As far as I have gone, it seems to me that my method is not only logically sound, but also that it practically checks itself by bearing out the conclusions of common sense. For instance, on the usual figures of exports and imports the United States of America make a very poor show against us; and particularly poor when their vastly larger population and vastly greater size are taken into account; yet their immense wealth is a byword. My formula proves this wealth in a very striking manner, and thereby appears to verify itself.

A deduction—quite a fortuitous one—that presents itself from my equation is that in any highly developed and civilised country the production for self-maintenance is probably vastly greater than the production for export, and that the latter is to a certain extent a surplus production. In half-civilised countries like India—and Russia, if I may say so without offence—we may see such cases as the export of rice or wheat at a time when the

village cultivators are half starving for want of food; but in fully civilised countries such a spectacle is improbable. The tendency, of course, is to satisfy home wants first, and to sell to one's immediate neighbours before selling overseas. In some cases, therefore, the growth of population may be such as to reduce the amounts available for export. This is not very likely to occur in the case of manufactured goods, where a relatively small number of workmen can produce an enormous output, with the aid of modern machinery; but it is liable to occur in the case of pastoral and agricultural produce, where growth is slower and one man's work means less. A most instructive case of this is shown in the United States of America, where the demands of a rapidly growing population have cut so deeply into the production of wheat and the supplies of meat that these two commodities show smaller surpluses than before for export, and tend to dwindle still further—for export. The mere "foreign trade" statistics of the States, therefore, present a particularly misleading aspect in these instances. It is true that the U.S.A. publish valuable agricultural statistics which rectify the impression in these respects to those who see them; but every field of national production cannot be covered in this way, and some rough-and-ready formula like mine is wanted to show the whole thing at a glance. Thus in comparing at some future date the production of the States, say in 1920, with 1910, the figures would be:

1910: Exports = £ . Imports = £ . Population supported = .

1920: Exports = £ . Imports = £ . Population supported = .

In conclusion let me say that I make no attempt to calculate the accumulations of national wealth, nor to deduct national indebtedness, to reckon the value of transit trade and ocean freights, to estimate undeveloped mineral resources, or to measure in any way the total *wealth* of a nation. That is impossible; but the nearest thing to it is to reckon the *annual production* of a nation, and that is what I have attempted to do.

D. L. B. S.

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE, 1911

This year's Imperial Conference, the sixth in the series which began in 1887, seems to have excited less public interest than any of its predecessors, with the possible exception of the one held at distant Ottawa in days when the Press cable services were still in their infancy. Like three of the others the recent Conference coincided with and was overshadowed by a great Imperial festival. But in 1887 the Conference enjoyed the distinction of being the first of its kind; in 1897 there was the new excitement of the Canadian Preference, responding to the ideas which the new Colonial Secretary had been stimulating in the Old Country; and in 1902 the part played by the Dominions in the war had carried Imperialist feeling to the tiptoe of expectation. This year, on the other hand, there were no special circumstances to counteract the tendency for public interest to be wholly absorbed in the glamour of the Royal celebration. The last session, in 1907, had sufficed to prove once for all the futility of hoping that the present Government could so far subordinate their party instincts as to modify their obstruction to the single method of closer union in regard to which the Dominions were unanimous, and which the people of this country were probably quite willing to adopt, had party leaders not conspired to thwart that issue with another.

In opening the session of 1902 Mr. Chamberlain remarked that the discussions of the Imperial Conference must always range round the three main subjects of political relations, trade relations, and defence. So insignificant, indeed, is the relative importance of other matters that in a brief review of any session they may be disregarded. At the two sessions over which he presided Mr. Chamberlain concentrated the attention of the Conference on the three main subjects, treating them as of co-equal

importance. But the subsequent launching of the Tariff Reform campaign showed that he had realised finally that these three main avenues of closer union are not parallel, but that one is the trunk and the other two are branches which grow from it. Or, to put it another way, of the three policies one is basic and the others are consequential. Political union, or union for defence, presupposes an accepted system of economic co-operation, because economic interests are the primary interests of every community. Foreign relations are not a thing apart. In the ultimate analysis foreign policy is the attitude which a State adopts towards other States for the purpose of extending or safeguarding the economic opportunities of its own people. Armaments are necessary only for the support of that vital interest and have no meaning apart from it. Men do not live to fight; they fight to live. The only sure basis, therefore, for a policy of Imperial consolidation would be a system of commercial co-operation, tending ultimately to commercial union.

That the Conference should be a "non-party" affair is, unfortunately, not possible in practice so long as any question of great Imperial importance remains a subject of party controversy in any one of the constituent democracies. The Conference can neither discuss nor refrain from discussing a question of that character without in effect assisting either the Government or the Opposition party in the divided State. Indeed, the party factor may be more conspicuous to the world when such a question is suppressed than when it is discussed. The present Government, who in 1907 had given little heed to the approaching Conference, appeared to spare no pains this year to safeguard their party interest. Some months before the date of meeting anxiety began to be displayed in the Liberal Press to secure the exclusion of Preference from the agenda should any Dominion feel impelled after all to reopen that vital question. It was reopened, but in an unexpected form, the South African Government giving notice of a resolution to the effect that in the Dominions Preference to British imports should be commuted for expenditure on local defence. Negotiations ensued and the resolution was withdrawn betimes. Later on the Canadian Government, pressed by their opponents at Ottawa,

declared their intention of reaffirming at the coming Conference the policy of Imperial Reciprocity which they had advocated in 1902 and since maintained. Eventually a way was found of dissuading Sir Wilfrid Laurier from his intention. Nor, as the date of the meeting approached, were the Imperialists in London inactive. They busied themselves to stir the Government to "do something." Preference, the natural basis of closer union, being ruled out by party considerations, the effort had to be along the lines of Imperial defence and political organisation, starting with the fallacious assumption that these interests are by nature independent of economic policy. Nearly three hundred members of the House of Commons, drawn from both parties, joined in petitioning Mr. Asquith to resuscitate the scheme of an Advisory Council for reinforcing or superseding the Imperial Conference. Among the Liberals there was a revival of the ancient notion that Home Rule for Ireland might somehow be fitted into a great scheme of Imperial Federation, which might conveniently extricate the Party from an impending dilemma. On the Unionist side a more general idea was that the palpably increasing pressure of foreign armaments might be exploited to induce Imperial union for defence. The circumstance that Canada, leaning consciously or unconsciously on the Monroe doctrine, is blissfully unaware of any such pressure, could be disposed of by a logical refutation, convincing to Englishmen but powerless to alter the Canadian fact. Stress was laid on the importance of determining without delay what arrangements were to follow the lapse of the Japanese alliance in 1915, when also there would be the new factor of the Panama Canal; and on difficulties apprehended from the impending creation of Dominion navies under separate control. At Westminster the motion of an Opposition member, "that this House is of opinion that a discussion of the international situation should be added to the programme of the Imperial Conference," was supported from both sides. Mr. Harcourt, the Colonial Secretary, seemed to give satisfaction by stating in reply that the international situation would be expounded to the Dominion representatives—*at meetings of the Committee of Imperial Defence.*

The first business of the session was to discuss Sir Joseph Ward's proposal of Imperial Federation. It is easy to under-

stand that the New Zealand Premier, being a keen Imperialist and realising the futility of again suggesting Preference to the present Government, would feel impelled to take up whatever alternative might remain. His original proposal was for the creation of an "Imperial Council," representative of all parts of the Empire whether self-governing or not, and "advisory" to the Government of the United Kingdom. But since sending in the resolution he had decided to put forward a larger plan, nothing less than a federal Parliament of the self-governing States with an executive responsible to it. The new Parliament would deal primarily with foreign policy and defence. It would be financed for the first ten years by fixed grants from the several national Parliaments, which were to vote the money outright for the whole period. This was no rough-and-ready scheme, but one which bore some traces of careful preparation. Its rejection was a foregone conclusion; since a group of States which cannot arrange mutual preference can still less arrange political federation. Afterwards the Government brought in a proposal of their own for setting up a "Standing Committee" of the Imperial Conference. It was offered by way of meeting the complaint, particularly urged by Sir Joseph Ward but endorsed by the Australians, that the Conference was ineffective for want of a body to follow up its resolutions and get things done between the quadrennial sessions. As Sir Joseph Ward protested, resolutions are passed time after time on various subjects, but hardly anything ever comes of them. The Secretariat established within the Colonial Office four years ago for the very purpose of following up the work of the sessions has conspicuously failed to meet the need, as was foreseen by Mr. Deakin and Dr. Jameson when their own more sincere proposal was rejected. Mr. Harcourt's "Standing Committee" was to be constituted on a basis inconsistent with that of the Conference which it was supposed to represent. But in any case his proposal was foredoomed, because the motive to political consolidation is lacking.

As to motive force, Sir Joseph Ward relied on the argument that under existing conditions the Dominions are in the intolerable position of being liable to be committed to war by an Imperial Government in which they have no voice. But that argument did not weigh much with any of his colleagues. In general they

seemed to feel that the machinery of consultation, through the double medium of the Colonial Office and the High Commissioners, was already adequate and might be more freely employed in future. Sir Wilfrid Laurier had a still better reason for remaining impervious to the intolerableness of the present constitutional position. He explained that Canada, so far from desiring to be represented in any kind of Imperial Council, was not anxious even to be consulted systematically by the Foreign Office, lest such consultation should carry a moral obligation to participate in an ensuing war. It was no new thing for him to suggest that a self-governing Dominion might, at its own discretion, remain neutral when Britain was at war. But he had never before asserted the principle on so deliberate an occasion or in so important a context. To many, even in Canada itself, the proposition of neutrality, with its corollary of non-consultation, seemed to come as a shock. Yet it was only a manifestation to be expected of the new atmosphere created by the American reciprocity agreement. Economic arrangements of that kind, applied to such a situation as exists in North America, may easily modify a national outlook more rapidly and drastically than had been anticipated. If the Canadian people are to enjoy preference in the neighbouring market of the United States, while treated as foreigners in the distant market of the United Kingdom, it at once becomes more natural for Ottawa to consult Washington than to consult London in regard to the protection of Canada's primary interests, those interests being then dependent on the United States.

A more direct consequence of the American reciprocity agreement was Sir Wilfrid Laurier's proposal that steps should be taken by the Foreign Office to release the Dominions from the obligation of commercial treaties entered into long ago without their consent. His immediate object was to avoid the necessity of granting to a dozen other foreign countries the tariff concessions promised by Canada to the United States in return for reciprocal benefits. It had been objected that the course he advocated would destroy the principle of Imperial commercial unity and create a serious array of new difficulties for the Government and trade of this country. But Sir Wilfrid Laurier's reply was unanswerable:

I do not know at the present time what principle of commercial unity exists, in view of the different tariffs of the Mother Country and the Dominions. The United Kingdom's own tariff is a Free Trade tariff. All the other communities represented at this Board have not that fiscal policy. They have different policies, all based on the principle of raising revenue by Customs duties. . . . Now, when we recognise this fact, that there is not absolute commercial unity but commercial diversity at this moment in the British Empire in so far as fiscal legislation is concerned, it is not difficult to follow the consequences of the Government of the United Kingdom making a treaty which suits its own views and its own requirements, but which will not suit the requirements of Australia, or of South Africa, or of New Zealand, or of Newfoundland, or of Canada. Therefore the principle is no longer at issue. It has been conceded long ago, and it has been recognised that there should be that trade diversity, in the matter not only of fiscal legislation, but the corollary of fiscal legislation—commercial treaties.

As a recent instance he cited the new commercial treaty with Japan, which was "altogether for the benefit and advantage of the United Kingdom" but not of Canada, who had decided not to adhere to it. The Government could not but assent to the Canadian Premier's demand, though they may first have ascertained that he would be willing to abstain from reopening the question of Preference. The acceptance of the resolution opens up a tangled prospect. Canada is definitely repudiating the British or Free Trade interpretation of the most-favoured-nation clause and is preparing to assimilate her practice to the American or Protectionist interpretation. Accordingly the Empire must attempt, while Free Trade remains, to maintain at one and the same time two contradictory principles of foreign policy—commercial treaties being the simplest form of foreign relation. English Ministers, negotiating commercial treaties for the United Kingdom, presumably will continue to insist that "most-favoured-nation" treatment does not depend on "concession for concession." But Canadian Ministers will inform the dozen countries concerned in the immediate case that most-favoured-nation treatment does depend on "concession for concession." The Crown is to set the seal of the British Empire upon both of the conflicting positions. No such dilemma would have arisen had Imperial Preference been adopted here, because there would have been Imperial uniformity in the principles of fiscal legislation and negotiation. After all, were the Cobdenites far wrong when they relied on Free Trade to disintegrate the Empire?

"The most important innovation at the 1911 Conference," remarks the *Colonial Office Journal*, "has been the attendance of the delegates at the Committee of Imperial Defence." That is a true judgment, though the nature and significance of the innovation has not been generally appreciated. The relation of the Imperial Conference to foreign policy had been rapidly developing. Up to 1907 the Conference as such had not handled foreign affairs. In the phraseology of its first President, the "mode" of dealing with questions of foreign policy was by sectional interviews, outside the Conference between British Ministers, and the representatives of the colony or colonies particularly concerned. In 1887 matters treated in this "mode" included affairs in the Pacific and the Newfoundland fisheries. Affairs in the Pacific were treated again in the same "mode" in 1897 and 1902. But in 1907 there was a remarkable advance, testifying to the rapid growth of an Imperial consciousness. Both Australia and Newfoundland took occasion to bring before the Conference itself important questions of foreign policy. By a coincidence the particular subjects of their respective complaints happened to be the same as in 1887, viz., the New Hebrides and the fisheries. Thus foreign affairs, instead of continuing to be dealt with outside the Conference were brought within the purview of that body, which in effect was now being exalted into a kind of court of appeal against the arbitrary action of the British Government in matters of foreign policy directly affecting the Dominions. It looked as though the ultimate sovereignty in the Empire were in process of passing from the Government of the United Kingdom, hitherto accepted as the final arbiter, to the Governments in partnership. The new development was highly embarrassing and disquieting to Downing Street. In the official view the Dominions could have no claim to be consulted, nor any right to interfere, in the larger matters of foreign policy until they contributed substantially to the cost of Imperial naval defence. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had stated emphatically in his opening address to the Conference, "the cost of naval defence and the responsibility of the conduct of foreign affairs hang together." Clearly, on that principle, foreign affairs ought not at present to come within the scope of the Imperial Conference, in which decisions may be taken by

vote on a system ("one Government one vote") allowing no preponderance to the United Kingdom. There are, no doubt, some Imperialists who would gladly see the Conference developing the precedent of 1907 and continuing to discuss foreign policy. They hold that the exercise of this responsibility, however anomalous in theory, would probably be beneficial, tending to elucidate the enabling conditions of a combined foreign policy and to stimulate the naval and military enterprise of the Dominions. On the other hand, as recent events have so clearly shown once more, the divergency of fiscal policies within the Empire, implying a divergency of commercial interests, is certain to be reflected sooner or later in a divergency of foreign policies for protecting those interests. In such circumstances the experiment of discussing foreign policy in the Imperial Conference must be attended with risk. Nor can it be expected that those to whom the idea of Imperial development makes no strong appeal would share the spirit which builds railways ahead of traffic.

In his statement, already mentioned, to the House of Commons Mr. Harcourt referred to the "secrecy" of proceedings in the Committee of Imperial Defence, as though that were the reason for explaining foreign policy at sittings of the Committee instead of the Conference. But obviously it was not the real reason, because proceedings in the Imperial Conference can always be made confidential by its own resolution. For example, the discussion on the Newfoundland complaint in 1907 was so treated and has never been made public. On the other hand, the reason given by Mr. Asquith, in his presidential address, was that the presence of the Committee's experts would be desirable. But there was nothing whatever to prevent any or all of them from being summoned to attend sittings of the Conference, in accordance with the previous practice of several sessions. Probably this deliberate supersession of the Conference by the Committee was meant in reality as a reassertion of the principle, challenged by the episode of 1907, that "the cost of naval defence and the responsibility of the conduct of foreign affairs hang together." Consistently with that principle the Government could give unlimited information to the Dominion Premiers regarding foreign policy, but could not consult them in the sense of initiating a discussion in the Imperial Conference, which

might be followed by a vote. In the Committee of Imperial Defence there could be no question of consultation in that sense, because the Committee belongs solely and exclusively to the United Kingdom. The Dominions have no status of membership therein, nor any right of attendance except in connection with technical defence questions submitted by their own Governments for advice thereon. The Dominion Ministers attended this year, and can attend, only as invited guests, under the moral restrictions which that position implies, to hear what their hosts might be pleased to tell them. The distinction between "information" and "consultation" seems to indicate the real reason why Britain's Committee was substituted for the Empire's Conference as the place for an official statement of foreign policy.

The new departure involved an important enlargement of the Committee's functions. Hitherto the Committee had existed, as was officially explained to the Conference in 1907, for the sole purpose of dealing with purely technical (naval and military) aspects of Imperial defence. It was a radical innovation to extend its cognisance from those purely technical matters to the foreign policy which forms the hypothesis, supplied by the Foreign Office, of the technical problems. By this attempted transfer of function the Empire's Conference was derogated and Britain's Committee was aggrandised.

Of what transpired at the meetings of the Committee nothing will be told officially or unofficially to the world. The immediate effect was to excite great enthusiasm in some of the Premiers, one of whom kept alluding to the event in highly rhetorical language. Doubtless they were informed that the Japanese alliance was about to be renewed for a further period. It may be worth noting that in certain Liberal quarters the renewal came as a "great surprise" (*vide Daily News* of July 15) and was regarded as the price exacted by Japan for the modification required in the interests of the American arbitration treaty. The announcement of Britain's decision to renew the Japanese alliance would not be wholly agreeable to any of the Dominions, all of which, for various reasons, have been inclined to regard it with some dislike. But apparently, to judge by external evidence, Sir Edward Grey had also another and more pleasing policy to

announce. In his memorable speech of March 13 he had told the House of Commons that a treaty of unrestricted arbitration with the United States might be expected to lead to, practically, a defensive alliance, which would keep the peace of the world. Ignorant of America he had not realised that such a suggestion would be badly received there. Hence the subsequent attempts to explain it away. But, having regard to all the circumstances of his statement, there is no reason to doubt that the suggestion was seriously meant. The arbitration treaty was to pave the way for an alliance. The hope of the alliance rested on the successful passage of the arbitration treaty.

The statement that the Government were working for an American alliance would more than compensate any misgivings about the wisdom of the arrangement with Japan. To Sir Wilfrid Laurier in particular (who had already been fully informed by Mr. Bryce) the policy would be extremely gratifying, because it would seem to offer, from his point of view, a sure way of avoiding the "vortex of militarism," *i.e.*, the burdens of national self-defence. At the Pilgrims' dinner, which took place on the evening of the opening day of the Conference, Sir Edward Grey prepared for the morrow by expatiating on the prospective arbitration treaty. He insisted that war with the United States was "unthinkable"—a sentiment which, it is always well to remember, has never yet been reciprocated without qualification by any responsible American statesman. But he also insisted—and of this the significance will presently be seen—that "in any successful arbitration treaty it must be a postulate that there is no conflict between the national policies of the nations which are parties to it." Sir Wilfrid Laurier responded heartily. As to the United States, he declared, "the days of war are passed . . . the day will come when there shall be a grand alliance between all the English-speaking communities, and when that day comes the peace of the world shall be assured for ever." In a similar strain Mr. Fisher, addressing the National Liberal Club at the close of the Conference, is reported to have said that "it had never at any time been contended that the British Empire had reached its utmost bounds." He hoped "that in the near future they would be able to invite other nations to meet in their Conference, especially that great nation which spoke

their own language, and discuss freely what could be done to secure that those who tried to disturb the peace of the world should not be allowed to do so with impunity." It is hardly necessary to criticise the fantastic notion of enlarging the British Empire and its organism, the Imperial Conference, so as to include the United States. But what feelings were likely to be aroused elsewhere by such proposals to establish an Anglo-Saxon world-tyranny? Jingoism could go no further, and was the more provocative in that the menace was not supported by any corresponding organisation for war.

It may be assumed, then, that the policy of getting an American alliance *viâ* an arbitration treaty was a principal feature of Sir Edward Grey's statement, and that the Dominion representatives, if they were asked to express any opinion, heartily approved it. An atmosphere of the kind which would thus be created seemed to dominate the ensuing proceedings. In response to the official invitation to submit agenda for the Conference, Australia had sent in a resolution regretting that the Dominions had not been consulted as to the Declaration of London, and proposing certain amendments of that instrument. Technically, from the Conference standpoint, the grievance was unquestionable. As far back as 1902 the Conference had passed a resolution, with the concurrence of the British Government, affirming the desirability of consultation prior to treaties. And in 1907 Lord Elgin, apologising for the failure to consult Australia in connection with the New Hebrides Convention, had concluded by assuring the Dominion representatives that "every effort will be made to avoid their finding cause of complaint again." But the claim to consultation was, as has been seen, at variance with the principle laid down by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, which sufficiently accounted for the New Hebrides affair. On that principle the Declaration of London likewise was not a matter on which the Dominions ought to be consulted and was properly outside the purview of the Conference. Accordingly the Dominions had not been consulted. But when the Australian Government formally submitted their resolution it was no longer possible to exclude the subject, the Conference being an autonomous body.* Hence, instead of merely explaining the Declara-

* The autonomy of the Conference was fully recognised by the British

tion for the information of the Dominions at a meeting of the Committee of Imperial Defence, the Government had to face the necessity of a discussion in the Conference, with the possibility of a vote being taken. There was nothing for it but to use such opportunities as were available for breaking down the opposition which had manifested itself.

Here was the first occasion for utilising the leverage of the arbitration-alliance vision. Naturally the Chairman had desired that the meetings of the Committee of Imperial Defence should precede the Conference. Priority had to be conceded, however, to Sir Joseph Ward's proposal of a new Council to deal with foreign affairs and defence. But the Chairman very readily assented to the request of the Australians, who felt very keenly about the Declaration, that the discussion on their motion should be the first business when the Conference reassembled after the meetings of the Committee. When the time came the Australians, under the new spell, were already visibly weakening. In the discussion Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith laid the utmost stress on the importance of the Declaration as a stage on the road to universal arbitration. "As we are anxious," said the Foreign Secretary, "especially with the United States, to co-operate in furthering arbitration, I think it is *absolutely essential* that we should go through with the Declaration of London." Sir Wilfrid Laurier was more precise as well as more eloquent. Alluding to the prospective arbitration treaty with the United States he warned the Conference, "If you prevent this agreement being passed you put *a bar and a stop at once on that treaty*, and the reason is overwhelming, therefore, why the hands of the Government should be strengthened by this Conference, as far as it can, being in favour of the Declaration of London."

The question arises, Why should the Declaration of London be indispensable to an Anglo-American arbitration treaty? The international court contemplated by the Declaration could

Government in 1907 and in the preliminaries to the session of 1911. But this session seems to have so weakened the self-consciousness of the Conference that shortly afterwards the Colonial Secretary is actually found proposing to alter, on his own responsibility and in the sole interest of his own Government, the terms of reference to the proposed Royal Commission, as defined by resolution of the Conference.—(House of Commons, July 20.)

have no relation to any disputes between this country and the United States, because it is to deal only with questions arising out of the conduct of war, and war between the two countries is, *ex hypothesi*, "unthinkable." Anglo-American arbitration, since it is to precede and prevent war, ought surely to be just as feasible whether the Declaration goes through or not. Moreover, in the negotiation of the arbitration treaty the American Government have shown a disposition to "side-track" the Hague tribunals and establish separate courts *ad hoc*. The American motive for desiring the Declaration must be sought elsewhere than in the prospect of the arbitration treaty. For whatever reason, the American Government had—as Sir Edward Grey intimated to the Conference—declined to insist on their traditional view of certain practices of naval warfare (a view which coincided with the British tradition and British interests) and were anxious to accommodate the contrary view of the Continental Powers. But that speculation need not at present be pursued further. Clearly Sir Wilfrid Laurier had been given to understand that President Taft insisted on the Declaration being approved. So, rather than jeopardise the arbitration-alliance vision, the Conference suppressed its misgivings and approved the Declaration.

The future alone can show whether the new precedent of explaining foreign policy in the Committee of Imperial Defence, is destined to prevail; or whether the precedent of 1907, strengthened by the fact that in 1911 the Declaration of London was discussed by the Conference, not explained in the Committee, will hold its own despite the effort to reverse it. Two very different conceptions of what is meant by Imperial union are inherent in those conflicting precedents; on the one hand the modern idea of Imperial Partnership, and on the other hand the obsolete idea of Colonial Dependence which the bureaucratic instinct seems unable to outgrow. It is true that under pressure of the Australian complaint the Government renewed Lord Elgin's pledge that in future the Dominions would always be consulted. But there remains the conflict between that undertaking, again given under stress, and the principle laid down by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, which had continued to govern the practice of Downing Street.

As regards commercial relations, the old questions of the All-Red Route and the Suez Canal dues were again reopened, eliciting from the British Government a renewal of sympathy in the abstract and hostility in the concrete. Among other objections they argued that the Panama Canal would alter the situation. Even had they otherwise been disposed to further such projects of Imperial consolidation, it may be surmised that, under present conditions, a whisper from Washington would have sufficed to squelch any proposal calculated to intensify the competition which the American canal will have to face.

But by far the most interesting event was the decision to appoint a Royal Commission. To render the matter intelligible a few salient facts must be recalled. Early this year the American Government succeeded in making an extensive reciprocity agreement with Canada, subject to ratification by the legislatures of the two countries. Subsequently President Taft explained in public addresses that this agreement was intended, on the American side, to forestall "now or never" the commercial union of the British Empire, and to be the first step towards a commercial union of the North American continent, based on complete free trade internally and joint protection against "lower-wage" countries. But Sir Wilfrid Laurier had not regarded the agreement in that light at all. Charged in the Canadian House of Commons with having abandoned the policy of British Preference in Canada, he replied that the policy was unchanged. At the coming Conference the policy of Canada, he declared, would be the policy stated at the Conference of 1902 and maintained ever since, *i.e.*, reciprocal preference within the Empire. It was assumed that he intended to carry out this pledge by repeating the action he took in 1907, when he persuaded the Conference to re-affirm the well-known resolution of 1902. Here, then, was a situation conflicting vitally with Sir Edward Grey's postulate that "there is no conflict of national policies between the nations which are parties" to a general arbitration treaty. On the one hand the American Government had announced a policy having for its avowed objective the abandonment by Canada of preference to British imports, and of the Imperial aim signified by that system. On the other hand, the Canadian Government had re-asserted the Imperial policy

obnoxious to President Taft. Sir Edward Grey could hardly fail to impress earnestly upon the Canadian Premier that a re-affirmation of the 1902 resolution by the Conference, directly challenging the American policy, would imperil the arbitration treaty and the hoped-for alliance. Sir Wilfrid Laurier for his part, could hardly fail to be impressed by the Foreign Secretary's weighty argument. It became a question of "saving face." The solution was found in the familiar device of a Royal Commission, which, as Mr. Asquith hinted, will not be expected to report much before the next Conference, four years from now. Thus President Taft would be allowed a clear run of four years in which to consummate or fail to consummate the first stage of the policy he had announced.

The terms of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's resolution were as follows:

That His Majesty should be approached with a view to the appointment of a Royal Commission representing the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Newfoundland, with a view of (1) investigating the natural resources of each part of the Empire represented at this Conference, (2) the development attained and attainable, (3) and the facilities for production, manufacture and distribution, (4) the trade of each part with the others and with the outside world, (5) the food and raw material requirements of each, and the sources thereof available. (6) To what extent, if any, the trade between each of the different parts has been affected by existing legislation in each, either beneficially or otherwise.

At the Conference of 1897 Mr. Chamberlain, responding to a suggestion made at a meeting of the Australian Premiers at Hobart, had offered on behalf of the Home Government to co-operate in an inquiry into the subject of preferential trade within the Empire. But since that time no Colonial Government seems to have suggested that the existing information was inadequate for the purpose of considering or initiating the policy of Preference. Least of all had the Canadian Ministers, the practical pioneers, made any such suggestion. Indeed, all the Dominion Governments (except that of Newfoundland) had demonstrated by practical action that Preference was a question not of information but of policy. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's own idea, in offering or accepting the Royal Commission as a compromise, appears to have been that the Commissioners should examine particularly the operation of two measures: (*a*) Preference in the Dominions; and (*b*) the "cattle embargo" in the United

Kingdom, which, as he explained to the Conference in 1907, is thought to depress the value of Canadian cattle. Doubtless he had declined in advance himself to incorporate an additional clause on which the British Government insisted, but which was inconsistent with his own conception of what the Commission should do. The clause ran as follows:

(7) And by what methods, consistent with the fiscal policy of each part, the trade of each part with the others may be improved and extended.

Despite his acceptance of this rider when the Government proposed it to the Conference, Sir Wilfrid Laurier is reported to have expressed, in his first speech on landing again in Canada, a hope that the Commission " would remove the British embargo on Canadian cattle." The discussion in the Conference was perfunctory, giving the impression that the whole business had been carefully pre-arranged. But Mr. Asquith himself seems to have lacked time to think out the expedient which the Government had persuaded their Canadian colleague to substitute for his expected resolution. Doubtless Mr. Asquith felt apprehensive lest this Royal Commission should repeat, in a larger context, the inconvenient conclusions respecting the policy of Preference which had been endorsed by the Free Traders selected to serve on the recent Royal Commission on the trade of the West Indies. His own remarks were confused and contradictory: " I think it is important to emphasise that the proposed Commission is to be an advisory body . . . it is not a Commission to suggest, still less to dictate, policies to the different Governments. . . . Nor do we seek advice; nor would it be fitting for anybody outside to tender us advice in regard to large questions either of domestic or of Imperial policy." So the Commission, in Mr. Asquith's view, is to be " advisory " but not to " tender advice," and " Imperial policy " is a matter concerning the Government of the United Kingdom exclusively. Clearly this Commission must begin by deciding, or getting decided, its own status and function.

If the Royal-Commission proposal was primarily intended to smooth the path of the arbitration treaty, and in the second place to accommodate the party interests of the British Government, it remains nevertheless the least negative result of the Conference proper in 1911. The practical utility of the Com-

mission seems to depend on the stamp of men appointed to it, and on the view they take of their business. They should have little difficulty in discovering within the extensive scope of the terms of reference one or two definite questions in regard to which they might usefully break new ground, instead of being content to rehash the abundant information already supplied periodically by the British Trade Commissioners in the Dominions and, in a less convenient form, by the Government departments of the several countries. As to defence, there were departmental discussions which, though always valuable in themselves, do not mark any advance on the principles previously agreed. And as regards political relations the results have been retrogressive rather than merely negative. The repudiation by Canada of the principle of consultation prior to treaties practically annuls the unanimous resolution of 1902. That, however, is not really a point of much importance, because the resolution had never been effective. It was ignored by the Unionist Government in connection with the first Japanese alliance, no less than by their Liberal successors. But the attempt to transfer foreign policy from the cognisance of the Imperial Conference to that of a Committee representing and controlled by the United Kingdom exclusively, was an attempt to derogate the Conference, forcing it back from the position reached in 1907 to that which it had occupied since the beginning. The main value of this year's gathering was of the kind which must always attach to any meeting of the Empire's statesmen or politicians, irrespective of the institution known as the Imperial Conference. Thanks to the concurrent visit of the parliamentary delegations, they have become mutually acquainted on a larger scale than ever before. And there is surely progress in the fact that, whereas the Dominion Governments were not (apparently) even informed of the negotiations leading up to the first Japanese alliance, they were at least informed in connection with the new one. From the standpoint of Imperial partnership information is, no doubt, not the same thing as consultation. Strictly speaking, having regard to the circumstances of the information, the responsibility for the Japanese alliance is not shared by the Dominions. But now that we have reached the stage of information, by means of a precedent in a case of first-class importance, the transition

to consultation should not be difficult, and may be expected to develop as soon as the delusion of alternative policies ceases to obstruct the path of Imperial progress for the United Kingdom.

Just as the delusive idea of limitation of armaments blinded the Government and people of these islands to the Imperial opportunity of 1907, so the new delusion of unrestricted arbitration blinded them to the Imperial opportunity of 1911, dominating the session from first to last. But the collapse of the new delusion seems likely to follow not less speedily than did the collapse of the other. Uneasiness was manifested in quarters sympathetic with the Foreign Office when it was reported from Washington, a few months ago, that the American Government hoped to conclude with Germany an arbitration treaty similar to and simultaneous with the proposed British treaty. Pains were taken to argue, for the ear of Washington, that the relations of exceptional intimacy which alone rendered such a treaty possible between the United States and this country did not subsist between the United States and certain European Powers. The reason of the disquietude was obvious enough. If Germany too has an arbitration treaty with the United States, the latter must stand idly by in the event of an Anglo-German war. Such a prospect knocks the bottom out of the arbitration-alliance vision; but it fits in quite well with the anti-British policy disclosed by President Taft. Nor is there really any apparent reason why the United States should not conclude an identical treaty of arbitration with Germany. The Germans hold, indeed, that unrestricted arbitration is unsound in principle and impossible in practice. But, according to the official summaries of the draft Anglo-American treaty, unrestricted arbitration is not proposed. On the contrary, not a single dispute of any kind is to be submitted to arbitration unless both parties agree that it is suitable for such treatment. Clearly the Americans have no intention, notwithstanding all the gush which has poured from platform and pulpit on the opposite assumption, of submitting to arbitration what they may regard as their vital interests, such as the maintenance on the Great Lakes of a naval squadron in flagrant defiance of the Rush-Bagot treaty of disarmament. Some may reply that if the proposed treaty thus admits of arbitration being refused, there is at least a loophole

through which the United States might come to the rescue of this country in the event of a war with Germany. But that consolation fails, because another clause of the proposed treaty provides for the appointment of a joint Commission which is to examine the non-arbitrable dispute at leisure before matters go any further. In short, just as the "Peace" Conference became a Conference for arranging rules of war, so the "Arbitration" treaty becomes a device by which an aggressive Power may commit the supposed friends of its intended victim to standing outside the ring while the fight is on.

Nor has Sir Edward Grey's wondrous policy been slow to produce more sensational fruit. Confronted with the proposal of an Anglo-Saxon world-tyranny, directly challenging her own national ambitions, Germany decided to force the pace. Hence the sudden seizure of a naval base on the Atlantic, threatening the main arteries of British trade; followed by the cynical demand that France should surrender part of her African territory or put to the test the value of England's friendship. Once more, in the same quarters as before, was heard the piteous appeal to the United States to make good the platform gush. Washington was invited to consider that the safety of the Panama Canal was in jeopardy. But, once more, Germany's new move does not seem to conflict in any way with President Taft's North American policy. Whereas the aspirations of the United States are known to conflict with those of the British Empire, and those of Germany are suspected of doing so, there is no obvious conflict of interest between the United States and Germany. Judging by the events of the past six months, the national ambitions of Germany and the United States have at least a common denominator.

Granting the desirability of an Anglo-American alliance, is that object more likely to be achieved by the abject methods of pacificism; or by those of national self-respect and self-effort, which would weld the Empire into an organic whole, quietly but firmly disregarding the conflicting ambition of the United States or any other foreign Power? There is no excuse for the present generation to ignore the striking lessons of the past fifteen years. In the dark winter of 1895–96, when an American President and the German Emperor took simultaneous occasion

to challenge the Empire, Britain learnt that in the last resort she could rely on the daughter nations and on no others whomsoever. British friendliness in the Spanish war, which was recognised at Washington to have facilitated the easy triumph, was not reciprocated when we found ourselves at war in South Africa immediately afterwards. Of all methods in the world Sir Edward Grey's, so often tried before, is the least calculated to break down the popular notion in America that England is "effete," or the American aversion from entangling alliances. And after the fiasco of Sir Joseph Ward's courageous proposal, cannot it be recognised finally that Mr. Chamberlain was right when he told the country, on the strength of his unique experience, that there is no hope of closer Imperial union except on the basis of reciprocal Preference?

Already 1911 has shown itself to be a critical year. Even the constitutional revolution is secondary, because what is single-chamber or double-chamber government, national unity or Home Rule, republic or monarchy, to a Britain bereft of her Imperial future? The United States, aiming at a continental union incompatible with the unity of the British Empire, recognises the first principle of state-craft and offers to the senior Dominion the reciprocal preference which the United Kingdom has refused. Never was there more imperative occasion for a decisive countermove. The Imperial Conference happens to meet in the nick of time; and with what result? The Blue-Book has been published—*vox et praeterea nihil.*

RICHARD JEBB.

GREATER BRITAIN

CANADIAN AFFAIRS

1

THE Canadian elections are fixed for September 21 (when polling will take place simultaneously in practically all the constituencies) and by the time these Notes appear the two parties will have joined battle in every section of the Dominion. Reciprocity is, of course, the great issue, and all other questions of the day—such as that of the Government naval policy and the religious controversy awakened by incidents resulting from the *Ne Temere* Decree, regarded as an act of Papal aggression by the more zealous Protestants of Ontario—sink into insignificance when compared with it. In the Conservative manifesto, issued on the eve of the campaign Mr. R. L. Borden, the leader of the Opposition, the arguments against the ratification of the Reciprocity Agreement are summarised most effectively. Reciprocity with the United States, the elector is reminded, must be rejected because it "segregates and separates" the Provinces, tempting those of the Prairie region (Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta) to forget their vital connection with the East and to look to the South for a market for their agricultural produce and also for the supplies they require of manufactured goods. If it goes through, then the tie between West and East must be destroyed, and Canada "becomes a commercial appanage of the United States, and virtually surrenders control of her destinies." In a word, commercial union with the United States involves the disintegration of the Canadian Confederacy, the great bridge of United British States which spans the continent. Pointing out that the Laurier Administration never received any mandate, direct or indirect, to surrender the fiscal autonomy of the Dominion, this vigorous and

well-considered appeal declares: "With a firm heart we have taken the stand that the people, and not a temporary Parliamentary majority, shall give the answer which must determine the future destiny of this Dominion and this Empire. That position needs no apology, and we offer none."

The manifesto goes on to condemn the refusal of the Government to permit an efficient investigation of the expenditure on the National Transcontinental Railway, regarding which charges of culpable and corrupt extravagance have been made by engineers of high position working on the project, and now that the Grand Trunk Pacific is approaching completion the unwillingness to grant so reasonable a request leaves an unpleasant impression, to say the least. Next, the Government naval policy is characterised as hasty and ill-considered, contemplating the creation of a maritime force that would be absolutely useless in time of war, and therefore of no practical benefit to Canada or the Empire. This is perhaps the one weak point in an admirable declaration of policy; it is obviously interpolated to satisfy Mr. Henri Bourassa and Mr. F. D. Monk, a former supporter of the Conservative leader, who are leagued together to break down Sir Wilfrid Laurier's influence in Quebec. So much for the critical contents of the manifesto; what may be described as the constructive portion is as follows. If returned to power, the Conservative party engages to carry out:

1. A thorough reorganisation of the method by which public expenditure is supervised. The increase in what is known as ordinary controllable expenditure from $21,500,000 in 1896 to nearly $74,000,000 in 1911 is proof of extravagance beyond any possible defence.

2. The granting of their natural resources to the Prairie Provinces.

3. Construction of the Hudson Bay Railway and its operation by an independent Commission.

4. Control and operation by the State of terminal elevators.

5. Necessary encouragement for establishing and carrying on the chilled meat industry.

6. Establishment of a permanent Tariff Commission.

7. The granting of substantial assistance towards the improvement of public highways.

8. Extension of the free rural mail delivery.

9. Extension of Civil Service reform.

10. The granting of liberal assistance to the Provinces for the purpose of supplementing and extending the work of agricultural education and for the improvement of agriculture.

In conclusion, the Conservative leaders promise "to pledge ourselves to a course of policy and administration which will maintain the independent and unimpaired control of our own affairs by the Parliament of Canada, a policy which, while affording no just cause of complaint to any foreign nation, will find its highest ideal in the autonomous development of Canada as a nation within the British Empire." It will be noticed that no offer of an increased British Preference (which would have been welcomed in the West) is made in the manifesto, and the omission will be regretted by many Canadians in other sections of the Dominion. But it would be useless to repeat the Canadian offer (which still stands) as long as the Mother Country is under the dead hand of Cobdenism. But for the fact that the official Unionist Party is not yet democratised, in the opinion of the average Canadian elector, that side of the Imperial issue might have been duly developed in the Conservative appeal to all Canadians capable of thinking rationally and nationally. If, however, they succeed in bringing about the rejection of the Reciprocity Agreement the Conservative leaders will have performed a signal service not only to Canada, but also to the Empire at large.

2

The Liberal platform may be summarised in the phrase, to go on as we have been doing, only more so. So far as the constructive portions are concerned, there is a striking similarity between the two platforms. As regards the construction of the Hudson Bay Company, for example, both parties are agreed that there should be no further delay. Nor is either opposed to such Socialistic measures as the control and operation of terminal elevators by the State—a measure which is universally and urgently desired in the grain-growing Provinces as a step towards breaking up the transportation monopolies.

But, as has been said, these matters are of infinitesimal consequence in comparison with the issue of Americanism *v.* Imperialism. A few excerpts from Sir Wilfrid Laurier's earlier campaign speeches clearly prove that the Liberal Party is determined to stand or fall by the Agreement. At Simcoe, for example, the Prime Minister began by declaring that Parliament had been dissolved because of the obstructive tactics of the Opposition in

their efforts to prevent the ratification of the Reciprocity convention. And he went on to say:

> The issue is Reciprocity. You, fellow countrymen, are the judges. You are to pass judgment upon the issue. We believe it means much to our young and growing Dominion. We believe that in two countries like Canada and the United States, situated as they are alongside one another, reciprocity of trade in natural products will produce a large measure of mutual benefit to the people. I do not hesitate to say that the greater benefit will be derived by Canada, as the weaker profit more than the stronger. This should never be a party question. This is a free country, and all opinion is free and worthy of respect when it is sincere. If there was a man who gave all his mind, heart, and thought to this policy of Reciprocity that man was Sir John Macdonald. In fact, Macdonald was the Moses of the policy of Reciprocity, but, like Moses, he was destined only to see the promised land; and it may be that, unworthy as I am, I may be destined to be the Joshua of the people of Canada, to lead them to this goal of Reciprocity and neighbourly communication which has been so long before the people.

He was particularly careful to point out (1) that the Agreement could be denounced at any moment, and (2) that it would not render a mutual British Preference impracticable. He repeated the famous offer in terms that cannot for a moment be misunderstood—not even by the Cocoa and Nickel Press in the Mother Country, which will refrain, no doubt, from printing such remarkable passages as the following:

> We go on with our policy, and we say that, if at any time it suits the British people to change their fiscal policy and they decide to give us a preference, we are ready to give them one—and I say more, that the present arrangement is no interference with that policy, it is not fatal to it. . . . If the United States were to find fault with us because we gave a preference to the Mother Country and say, "We will not maintain our Agreement unless you refuse to give a preference to Great Britain," we would say, "Then take your course."

These quotations tell us all that need be known of the Liberal platform. It would be unjust to suggest that Sir Wilfrid Laurier does not really believe that the oil of Preference and the vinegar of Reciprocity will freely commingle and form a pleasant and salutary draught for the young Canadian nation during its growing-time. The theory of a corrupt understanding between the Liberal leaders and the American or Americanised capitalists anxious to get "a slice of the Canadian melon" cannot be seriously considered. Yet we may be very sure that one-sided

Free Trade between Canada and the United States (conceded because no nation of ten millions can compete on equal terms with a neighbouring nation of one hundred millions in any form of industrial rivalry) will so tighten the American grip on the machinery of Canadian commerce that the Dominion would soon cease to be interested in the tremendous potentialities of Imperial Preference.

8

What will be the result of the "grand inquest" of September 21, the most important General Election that has taken place in Canada since 1891? When Parliament was dissolved the Liberal members of the House of Commons numbered 130 and the Conservatives 88, the three seats remaining out of the total of 221 being held by a representative of Labour, a Nationalist, and an Independent. Outside Quebec the parties are on an equality; but of the 65 members elected by the French-Canadian Province 51 are Liberal, 11 Conservative, and the remainder the three unattached representatives mentioned above. The Liberals, therefore, had a majority of 39 over all sections combined, but during the recent session four Liberals (including, of course, Mr. Clifford Sifton) withdrew their support from the Government on the Reciprocity issue. It is statistically demonstrable that the Liberal majority in the House grossly exaggerated the preponderance of Liberal electors. In 1908 568,476 votes were cast for Liberal candidates and 548,494 for Conservatives, the Liberal majority in the constituencies being 20,000 approximately, or less than 2 per cent. of the electors who went to the polls. Therefore it would appear that a very small turnover (1 per cent. in point of fact) would bring the two parties on equal terms so far as their voting strength in the country is concerned.

In several preceding articles attention has been drawn to the swinging of the pendulum in favour of the Conservatives since the General Election of 1908, when it was evident that the groundwork of their Provincial leaders had not been a mere ploughing of the sands. After the General Elections of 1900 and 1904 the Conservative remnant represented little more than that natural antagonism of Ontario to Quebec which is one of the foundation ideas of Canadian politics; after that of 1908 it was evident that the Liberals were once more face to face with a national organisa-

tion of their opponents. The speed of the pendulum's swing increased with obvious rapidity, and it was this fact that persuaded the Liberal leadership to attempt the restoration of their waning fortunes by a return to the discarded principles of 1891, when commercial union with the United States was the chief plank in their platform. Hence the Reciprocity Agreement, for which they had not the shadow of a mandate from the people. And the sequel proves clearly enough that the attempt to reverse Canada's fiscal policy has not had the desired effect. As a result of it many prominent Liberals have seceded from the party and are actively campaigning against the ratification of the Agreement; while many more are secretly discontented with the leaders who arranged so ill-considered a *coup* without consulting them, and are prepared to follow the seceders the moment they feel assured that the game is lost. It is manifest that nothing has been gained in any section of the Dominion. In the Maritime Provinces the position of the Conservatives has been appreciably strengthened; the Conservative majority in Ontario is certain to be increased; and British Columbia is a unit in its opposition to the Agreement. In the three Prairie Provinces the hoped-for addition to the polling strength of official Liberalism is not forthcoming, and the "machine" is well aware that Sir Wilfird Laurier misjudged the situation, exaggerating the influence of the Grain-growers' Associations and their well-drilled spokesmen. The final proof that Reciprocity will not after all "stampede the West" is found in the fact that the Government went to the country before passing the Reconstruction Act, which is the constitutional corollary of every decennial census. It is sheer nonsense to say that the Government feared there would not be time to pass a Reconstruction Bill owing to the obstructive spirit of the Conservative members. The constitutional life of a Canadian Parliament is five years (the late Parliament would not have expired by efflux of time until 1913), and six months would have sufficed to pass the Bill for the readjustment of representation demanded by the British North America Act (Canada's written Constitution) provided it was not a flagrant example of jerrymandering. And if, as the "machine" at first believed, the whole Inner West was solid for Reciprocity, it stands to reason that the Government would never have refrained

from passing a constitutional measure which would have greatly increased the number of Western members and at the same time deprived Ontario, the citadel of Conservatism, of several seats. The inevitable conclusion is that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's hope of increased support beyond the Great Lakes has been confuted by the stern logic of circumstances, and the General Election has been rushed on because the "machine" realises that every passing month diminishes the chance of snatching a victory by a narrow margin. This conclusion is corroborated by the brilliant and unexpected success of Mr. R. L. Borden's campaign, which, I find, has been much more than a success of esteem and electoral courtesy. In the past the Conservative leader has been looked upon as a "cold proposition" by the eager and energetic people of the high prairies. But the R. L. Borden of 1911 has seemed to them a very different person from the R. L. Borden of 1908, the grey and chilly dawn of the Conservative renascence. The Conservative leader has been inspired and transfigured by a great national issue, the greatest ever submitted to the Canadian electorate. Passionate loyalty to the ideals that have made Canada what she is to-day and the *sæva indignatio* of the statesman who sees his people betrayed have made every one of his Western speeches a refiner's fire, and the West, always ready to respond to emotions that reveal the heart of an orator, has been tremendously impressed.

There remains the obscure and difficult problem of Quebec, where Mr. Henri Bourassa and Mr. F. D. Monk, a former supporter of the Conservative leader, are leagued together to break up the big battalions of the Prime Minister's supporters. It is not improbable that they will succeed in winning several seats and in weakening Sir Wilfrid's forces to that extent. In that case there will be a third party in the new House of Commons, which, whatever else it does or refrains from doing, will not support the Reciprocity Agreement.

4

Disinterested observers of the campaign are of opinion that the Conservatives should carry as many seats as the Liberals. In that event the Bourassa-Monk group would control the new Parliament. (The Senate, which is no more than a mere

secondary Chamber, need not be considered.) But even if the Liberals came back with a majority of ten (or a little more) the chief end of the Conservative campaign would have been achieved. It would be impossible to proceed with their Americanising policy because, the close of the Laurier régime being in sight, there would be a cave on the part of the many secretly discontented members. One must not forget how the disintegration of the old Liberal-Conservative Party was brought about under Sir Mackenzie Bowell, the Stafford Northcote of Canadian politics.

So much for the calculations of the political meteorologists, which are given for what they are worth. In point of fact there are factors in the situation the effect of which it is impossible to estimate beforehand. For example, a great number of electors who were content to abstain from voting in 1900, 1904, and 1908 will go to the polls in September. Since the abstaining elector is almost always a conservative-minded person, this x in the equation should work out to the advantage of the forces opposing Reciprocity. Finally, it must be remembered that a generation has passed away since a great national issue was decided on by the Canadian nation. Such issues are the ozone of politics; they kill the microbes of corruption. Also they often reduce to absurdity the most careful computations of the party statistician. I hope and believe that, as in 1891, the plain man who has no great love for parties and party tactics will assert himself and that Canada will prove *urbi et orbi* that she is still capable of thinking nationally, which is for her the only basis of Imperial action.

E. B. O.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE TARIFF REFORM LEAGUE AND ITS TRADUCERS

To the Editor of the NATIONAL REVIEW

THE TARIFF REFORM LEAGUE,
7 Victoria Street, London, S.W.
August 14, 1911.

DEAR SIR,—I am enclosing herewith correspondence between Messrs. Bull and Bull, Solicitors for the Tariff Reform League, and Messrs. Witham, Roskell, Munster and Weld, Solicitors for the Baron de Forest, M.P., in connection with the assertions made by the latter at North West Ham by-election. You will probably recollect that the Baron's assertions referred to his having been offered a peerage by Tariff Reformers if he would give them a cheque large enough.

I sincerely trust that you will oblige by inserting, as far as possible, this correspondence.

Yours faithfully,
T. W. A. BAGLEY, *Secretary*.

3 Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.
July 6, 1911.

SIR,—We have been consulted by the Committee of the Tariff Reform League with reference to two speeches alleged to be made by you which appear in the local *Express* newspaper.

At Upton Lane you are reported as follows: "He (the speaker) was now called a foreigner, but when they wanted him to subscribe to the Tariff Reform League and offered to make him a peer, if the cheque were big enough, he was not a foreigner."

Again at Chant Street you are reported thus: "Continuing, he said that Tariff Reformers had offered to make him, not an ordinary peer, but a viscount, if he would give them a cheque large enough. He was not a foreigner then."

We are instructed to ask you if these reports are substantially correct, and if so, when and where you suggest such offer was made, and by whom.

The statement, though obviously untrue, is calculated to do a great deal of harm, and as the polling day is imminent the object of the misstatement is clear.

We are instructed to emphatically deny the allegation and to state that there is not a vestige of truth in it.

We are sending a copy of this letter to the Press.

Yours obediently,

BARON DE FOREST. (Signed) BULL AND BULL.

TELEGRAM

July 7, 1911.

To BULL AND BULL, 3 Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

The statements made by me in the course of my campaign to which you refer are true, and I adhere to every word of them. If you are dissatisfied please communicate with my solicitors, Messrs. Witham, Munster, Roskell and Weld, 1 Gray's Inn Square, W.C.—DE FOREST.

3 Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.
July 7, 1911.

YOURSELF AND THE TARIFF REFORM LEAGUE

SIR,—We have your telegram of to-day, but we note that you do not give us any authority for your statements or in any way attempt to substantiate them.

We would point out to you that the statement is not only an untrue and unfair attack upon the Tariff Reform League, but also contains a definite suggestion that his Majesty was prepared to confer peerages in consideration of subscriptions to the Tariff Reform League.

Having regard to the efforts which have hitherto been made by all responsible political parties to keep the King's name out of election matters, we cannot help feeling very strongly that this utterly unfounded suggestion should be withdrawn forthwith.

The statements are clearly not actionable, and we are therefore not communicating with your solicitors, a course which would obviously postpone any opportunity for an apology or withdrawal until after the election to-morrow.

We are,

Yours obediently,

BARON DE FOREST, (Signed) BULL AND BULL.
27 St. James's Place, S.W.

3 Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.
July 10, 1911.

DEAR SIRS,—Now that Baron de Forest is a Member of Parliament and a public man, we feel sure you will agree with us that it is more than ever his duty to either prove or retract the allegation he made against the Tariff Reform League in the course of his campaign at North West Ham.

We did not trouble you upon the matter because it is obviously not a legal question, and we were anxious to get a reply before the polling day. Baron de Forest did not see the expediency of this course, but now that the contest is over

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perhaps he will as a man of honour oblige us with the information we seek, viz., when and by whom the offer of a peerage was made to him.

Yours obediently,

(Signed) BULL AND BULL.

MESSRS. WITHAM, ROSKELL, MUNSTER AND WELD.

1 Gray's Inn Square, W.C.
July 17, 1911.

DEAR SIRS,—We are in receipt of your letter of the 10th instant, and have communicated with our client thereon.

We fail to understand the motive which prompts your clients, the Tariff Reform League, to attempt to elicit from the Baron de Forest further information than that which he has already tendered to the public.

The Tariff Reform League is either in a position to refute the Baron's statement in the law courts or it is not, and as the matter was placed in your hands by the League, and Lord Ridley himself announced his intention of taking proceedings, such a course seems to be the only solution by which further particulars can be furnished by our client in relation to communications made to him by certain Tariff Reformers.

We are, however, in a position to assist you so far, by informing you that the communication in question was made to the Baron on behalf of the Tariff Reformers some little time prior to the occasion on which Lord Ridley, chairman of the Tariff Reform League, was instrumental in arranging for a deputation from Tyneside to interview the Baron de Forest with a view to his standing as a Tariff Reform candidate for that division.

We are,

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) WITHAM, ROSKELL, MUNSTER AND WELD.

MESSRS. BULL AND BULL.

3 Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.
July 19, 1911.

TARIFF REFORM LEAGUE AND BARON DE FOREST

DEAR SIRS,—We are obliged by your letter of the 17th instant in reply to our letter of the 10th instant.

The position, as we think you know, is that your client in the course of speeches he made during the North West Ham election alleged that the Tariff Reform League had offered him a peerage.

As we pointed out in one of our letters to your client this statement was not actionable, and we feel sure that you at any rate will appreciate that our reason for saying this was that as the allegations were verbal ones any action would have to be for slander, and no action could therefore lie without proof of "special damage." For this technical reason no action could be brought upon your client's statements, apart from which there might be a further technical question as to whether the League could bring any action for either libel or slander.

We never threatened your client with an action, but we explicitly denied the truth of his statements, and asked him in fairness to give some details to show the truth of his allegations or to withdraw them, and we challenged him to give names and dates. He has avoided doing this, both before the polling day and since.

We note your suggestion that the only means by which further particulars can be obtained from your client are for the League to bring an action. Is not this a dilatory invitation? As your client has consulted you he is doubtless well aware that no such action can be brought, and it is obvious that he proposes to shelter himself behind the technical difficulties we refer to and to decline to give the particulars we ask for. In that case we can only repeat on behalf of our clients that the allegations in question were unfounded and untrue, and we again call upon your client to substantiate or withdraw them.

If he has any regard whatever for the interests of decency and fair-play in political controversies he must surely do one or the other after the direct challenges he has received.

As to the concluding paragraph of your letter, we have consulted Lord Ridley, and he authorises us to say that neither he nor any one else ever made any offer to Baron de Forest on behalf of the Tariff Reform League. So far from Lord Ridley ever having arranged for a deputation from Tyneside or any other division to interview Baron de Forest, his lordship was unable to recommend the Baron as a candidate when it was suggested that he would be willing to stand. If he were a Free Trader then as he professes to be now, how came he ever to consent to receive the alleged deputation? If what he says is true, surely in the face of it he was coquetting with Tariff Reform; but this is a side issue, and we must press for a definite reply to our two questions as to the offer of a peerage.

We are,

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) BULL AND BULL.

MESSRS. WITHAM, ROSKELL, MUNSTER AND WELD.

3 Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.
July 28, 1911.

TARIFF REFORM LEAGUE AND BARON DE FOREST

DEAR SIRS,—We have had no reply to our letter of the 19th instant.

Does your client wish that we should send our correspondence to the Press in the present condition?

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) BULL AND BULL.

MESSRS. WITHAM, ROSKELL, MUNSTER AND WELD.

1 Gray's Inn Square, London, W.C.
July 31, 1911.

DEAR SIRS,—We are loath to waste our client's money and our time upon this absurd correspondence.

Your clients' attempt to insinuate that our client charged the Tariff Reform League with offering him a peerage is amusing. Every one knows that with all its potentialities the Tariff Reform League will be unable, at least for a long time to come, to exercise such a prerogative.

You express very clearly in your previous letter what our client did say, and to this he adheres. His statement does not affect or concern your clients.

He invites your clients to devote their attention more assiduously to their own important and absorbing occupation of propagating their own peculiar economic doctrines.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) WITHAM, ROSKELL, MUNSTER AND WELD.

MESSRS. BULL AND BULL.

3 Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.
August 1, 1911.

BARON DE FOREST AND THE TARIFF REFORM LEAGUE

DEAR SIRS,—We are obliged by your letter of yesterday, and we trust that you will forgive us for saying that the tone of your letter is hardly what we should have expected from your firm. There is naturally no possible personal question between you and ourselves in the matter. We have both simply to act on our instructions and advise our clients as we think right and proper, and your letter is certainly not of the type which we should always have expected to receive from you.

We note that you now suggest that our clients are "attempting to insinuate that the Baron charged the Tariff Reform League with offering him a peerage," and you evidently consider the possibility of such an offer being made as "amusing and absurd."

While quite agreeing as to the absurdity of the suggestion, we would point out that this suggestion is your client's and not ours. The Baron in his speeches during the North West Ham election is alleged to have said: "He (the speaker) was now called a foreigner, but when they wanted him to subscribe to the Tariff Reform League and offered to make him a peer if the cheque were big enough, he was not a foreigner." At another meeting he is reported as saying: "The Tariff Reformers had offered to make him, not an ordinary peer, but a viscount, if he would give them a cheque large enough. He was not a foreigner then." Surely the only possible inference to be drawn from these statements was that Baron de Forest alleged that an offer of a peerage had been made to him by or on behalf of the League.

On our drawing your client's attention to these reports, and asking him if they were substantially correct and if he really suggested that the Tariff Reform League had at any time offered him a peerage, he stated that the statements were true and that he adhered to every word of them.

The correspondence has since proceeded entirely on the basis that the Baron adhered to the accuracy of his remarks and did make this allegation against the League, but declined to give any further information as to who actually made the offer or when it was made.

In your letter to us of the 17th ultimo you stated that the communication

in question was made to the Baron on behalf of the "Tariff Reformers" some little time prior to the occasion on which Lord Ridley, the chairman of the Tariff Reform League, was instrumental in arranging for a deputation from Tyneside to interview the Baron with a view to his standing as a Tariff Reform candidate.

As you are aware, Lord Ridley emphatically repudiates the suggestion that he ever arranged for any such deputation.

If the Baron does not mean that the suggestion as to a peerage was made by the Tariff Reform League, who does he refer to as the "Tariff Reformers"?

We presume from your letter of yesterday that your view and your client's now is that although it would be absurd to suggest that the Tariff Reform League were in a position to offer a peerage, some other "Tariff Reformers" were in a position to do so. The one suggestion seems to us as absurd as the other, and equally untrue.

We have no desire whatever to prolong this correspondence, but we must again ask the simple question whether your client is prepared to substantiate his statements or to withdraw them. We cannot imagine a gentleman in his position declining to do one or the other.

If the sentence in your letter "His statement does not affect or concern your clients" is to be taken literally, we assume that the Baron withdraws the allegation against the League entirely. We can only regret that he did not do so earlier in the correspondence and while the West Ham election was still pending. The original suggestion was obviously made for electioneering purposes and was intended to mislead the electors Does the Baron think that the absurdity of his statements is any excuse for their untruthfulness?

We venture to think that it is really due to the Baron himself that he should say who the "Tariff Reformers" that he was referring to were, as otherwise we cannot help thinking that anybody reading the correspondence will disbelieve his statement entirely.

We are, dear Sirs,
Yours faithfully,
(Signed) BULL AND BULL.

MESSRS. WITHAM, ROSKELL, MUNSTER AND WELD.

1 Gray's Inn Square, London, W.C.
August 3, 1911.

DEAR SIRS,—We have yours of the 1st instant.

The only part of that letter with which we are in accord is where you say that you have no desire to prolong the correspondence, and we do not intend to do so.

Our client has nothing to withdraw, and is prepared to substantiate his statements whenever necessary.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) WITHAM, ROSKELL, MUNSTER AND WELD.

MESSRS. BULL AND BULL.

MR. GEORGE'S INSURANCE BILL

To the Editor of the NATIONAL REVIEW

SIR,—On Friday, August 4, Mr. Lloyd George made a long statement in the nature of a second-reading speech on the position of the Insurance Bill as amended in Committee. The whole tone of that statement was one of extreme optimism and self-congratulation. We were informed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that his scheme had won almost universal assent, that its main outlines, its machinery, its financial provisions had been accepted by the House of Commons, that most of the difficulties in its path had been surmounted, and that every alternative suggestion brought forward had received such ready consideration that the scheme now represents the very best conceivable result to which the combined wisdom of Parliament and the nation could attain.

Mr. Lloyd George's statement was made—most irregularly—on an occasion when the rules of procedure in the House of Commons excluded the possibility of any discussion and effective criticism. Yet it certainly stands in need of such criticism and examination, and all the more because it was so evidently intended to provide the authorised text for the campaign of "popularising" the measure in the country which is now being organised by the Liberal Chief Whip. Mr. Lloyd George asserted, with justifiable satisfaction, that the main outlines of his scheme, as a universal, compulsory, and contributory measure, have been accepted. That may be true, but does it carry us very far? In a measure of this importance everything depends on the manner in which the general principles which furnish its outlines are translated into action.

If the scheme is to be compulsory and universal it must be fair to all the classes included. Yet until the remaining clauses have been amended it is impossible to agree that it is fair to young persons, to women, to agricultural labourers, to soldiers and sailors, to members of the smaller solvent friendly societies, to the deposit contributors, or to clerks, servants, seamen, and others already partly insured against loss of wages through sickness. Many of these, as, for instance, the employés of the railway companies or of such a company as the South Metropolitan Gas Company, are already in receipt of better benefits than those provided by the scheme.

If the scheme is contributory, then the contributions must be based upon some equitable principle and secure proportionate benefits. It cannot be said that Mr. Lloyd George has at any stage furnished the House with any clear indication of the principle on which the contributions were to be apportioned. Meanwhile discussion in Committee has been based upon the assumption that the workman is to pay 4*d*. and the employer 3*d*., the State supplying an additional two-ninths of any benefit actually given. But now Mr. Lloyd George has introduced a new and disturbing uncertainty by pointedly insisting that the distribution of the 7*d*. between employer and workman "has yet to be settled when we come to the schedule." What is he really going to do? He owes it to all who are interested in the measure to make the point clear at once.

In this instance, as in that of the problems referred to above, it is entirely

misleading to treat the difficulties as having been disposed of. Mr. Lloyd George has indicated methods of meeting some of them, has postponed others, and met some proposals for the solution of the remainder by a direct refusal. Even in its main features the final scheme has yet to be made clear before it can really be accepted or condemned. The same remark applies to the machinery of the measure, which Mr. Lloyd George also claims to have won general acceptance. That half of the machinery which is embodied in the "approved societies" has no doubt in quite general terms been agreed to. Mr. Lloyd George has put down or promised amendments which will enable Dividing Societies and Industrial Insurance Companies to create special sections to carry out the State scheme, and, by relaxing the provision with regard to security, will make it easier for them and for trade unions to become "approved societies." He has offered to reduce the membership limit from 10,000 to 5000, and has intimated that he might consider Mr. C. Bathurst's suggestion of pooling the smaller societies in county groups.

To this extent Mr. Lloyd George has met certain obvious objections. It is, however, necessary to remember that these proposed amendments have not yet been discussed in the House, and that they are as yet by no means embodied in the scheme as it stands. In any case, they are very far from meeting all the objections. The membership limit of 5000 will still exclude more than 6000 of the smaller friendly societies. Mr. Lloyd George has criticised the smaller societies on the ground that "they cannot get the best advice, they cannot afford it to begin with; not merely that, but you have an epidemic in a district, and there are cases which make such a drain upon the funds of the society that it becomes bankrupt and has nothing to fall back upon."

This criticism may be true in many instances, but it does not apply to hundreds of small societies, many with a standing of several generations, whose solvency is beyond dispute, who pride themselves on their management, and have the very strongest objection to being amalgamated with societies differently managed, or including on the average worse lives. A series of amendments was brought in by Mr. Worthington Evans with the object of keeping the solvent small societies alive and pooling part of the risks in the State Insurance Fund; but they were entirely ignored by Mr. Lloyd George.

The second part of Mr. Lloyd George's machinery is that of the Health Committee, to which are to be entrusted the administration of all sanatorium and medical benefits, as well as the sickness, invalidity, and maternity benefits of the so-called deposit contributors. The composition of the Health Committees, their powers, and their relations to existing local authorities dealing with problems of health are matters on which difficulties of the most serious character are bound to arise. These matters are still wholly undetermined, and until they are determined it is impossible to declare that the machinery of the Bill has been accepted, or even that it is workable.

As regards the position of the deposit contributors themselves, Mr. Lloyd George has not made any attempt to deal with the objections to that part of the scheme. His appeal to the House not to do anything to encourage "the most thriftless class of the country, and that class which has the least right to the sympathy and financial support of the State," may or may not have been justified, but it furnished no argument whatever in answer to the objection that

men who are compelled to insure by the State should be given equal amounts of insurance, even if on a lower scale than that given by the societies. The only suggestion of any kind for meeting this difficulty that has ever been mentioned was the suggestion put forward from the Labour benches of making a levy upon the surpluses of the various friendly societies to assist the Post Office contributors—a suggestion which seems to us utterly indefensible.

Mr. Lloyd George's answer to all criticisms on this part of his scheme was in effect summed up in the following sentence: "Poor people will be better off than they were before; that is the first thing to get into their minds; at any rate under the scheme they will get 9*d.* for every 4*d.* they put by." As a cue to the speakers who are setting forth to popularise the measure that statement may be very useful. As a statement of fact it is wholly misleading.

Let us examine the actual facts. As regards the 9*d.* the contributor is supposed to get, it is necessary to remember that the State subsidy of two-ninths is not equal to 2*d.*, at any rate until after 1927. Its actual value rises from three farthings in the first year to 1½*d.* in later years. The cost of management is bound to be high, at least ½*d.* higher than under voluntarily managed friendly societies. Moreover, all the younger lives, at any rate, will have deducted from what they receive 1 5-9 set aside to redeem the provision for the inclusion of the older lives.

Then as regards the 4*d.* which the contributor is supposed to pay. Is that, in fact, all he is called upon to pay, considering that the scheme is a universal one? Will not, in the first instance, a large part—probably half, or nearly half—of the State subsidy be paid through the taxes by the very classes who are compelled to join the scheme? Again, whether the employers' 3*d.* is passed on to the consumer, as Mr. Lloyd George once suggested, or shifted back on to the workmen in the shape of reduced wages, or postponed increase of wages, will not that burden in either case fall largely upon the contributors themselves?

In concluding his statement Mr. Lloyd George said: "Within these limits [*i.e.*, limits of finance] I think I have adhered courteously to the pledge I gave at the start, and I have accepted the assistance of the House in all quarters in fashioning and altering the Bill in every direction."

The pledge to which Mr. Lloyd George referred was given on July 7, in answering Mr. Hayes Fisher, and was as follows:

"The right honourable gentleman said if £25,000,000 were placed at his disposal he could frame a very much better scheme. It is quite open to the right honourable gentleman to frame a scheme now. We have so far only discussed two clauses, and I have accepted several amendments, and I have indicated the intention of the Government to accept many more drastic amendments, and I hope to get the help of honourable gentlemen not merely in debating these amendments, but in framing these amendments I am perfectly open to accept any alternative that any honourable member can show will confer greater benefits."

To what extent has Mr. Lloyd George in practice really carried out either the letter or the spirit of that pledge? On July 11 Mr. Worthington Evans endeavoured to move a series of amendments with the object of securing the continuance of the small solvent friendly societies and the pooling of part of the risks undertaken by them through the State fund, and with the object of

securing for the deposit contributor a real Insurance in Health Societies, to be formed by the Health Committees. Mr. Lloyd George, even before the scheme could be fully developed, rose to a point of order and proceeded as follows:

"It seems to me that the honourable gentleman is advocating a completely different scheme. With all respect I submit that ought to have been raised in the debate on the second reading. His scheme completely alters the Bill; it would make it a different proposition altogether, and I think that ought to have been raised by a reasoned amendment on second reading. . . . I do not see how it is possible to put forward an alternative scheme in this way."

In reply Mr. Worthington Evans pointed out that the actuaries' report was published only twenty-four hours before the second reading, and it was quite impossible to make calculations in time for a new scheme for second reading.

Mr. Lloyd George's attitude has been not less obdurate to suggestions of improvement on other important points. An amendment was moved from the Unionist benches to provide that sick pay should commence on the first and not on the fourth day after the commencement of sickness. It was pointed out that the amendment was within the financial provisions, as the actuaries' estimates were based upon sick pay commencing on the first day. The amendment was, however, refused by Mr. Lloyd George, and the Government Whips were put on to tell against it.

An amendment was also moved from the Liberal benches to alter Clause 10 to enable an insured person in arrear to pay only his own contribution and not that of his employer as well. This amendment was also refused, and the Government Whips were put on to tell against it. The Irish Nationalists, who do not want the Bill for Ireland, contributed 36 to the Government majority of 47.

It is clear from the foregoing that the Bill is very far from being in the complete and generally acceptable form that Mr. Lloyd George has no doubt sincerely desired, and has, it would seem, persuaded himself it has already attained, or from being the finished result of the best combined efforts of Ministerialists and Opposition working together. That no doubt will be the impression conveyed by the speakers whom the Liberal Chief Whip is proposing to send over the country. But, as a matter of fact, the Opposition have not been permitted to deal on broad lines with the reconstruction of the measure, and they have not had the opportunity of doing more than repair some of its defects.

Much useful work has no doubt been done by the Opposition in repairing those defects, and much still remains to be done. Indeed, Mr. Lloyd George acknowledged "the valuable assistance I have received from members of all parties." But it depends upon himself whether the Bill in its final form can be supported by all parties; or whether, as the result of continuing to disregard the pledge which he gave on July 7, its defects of construction will ultimately outweigh the merits which it possesses.—Yours, &c.,

L. S. Amery.	L. Worthington Evans.	G. Lockyer-Lampson.
Charles Bathurst.	C. S. Goldman.	Basil E. Peto.
Felix Cassel.	John W. Hills.	Alexander Thynne.
Henry Page Croft.		

House of Commons, *August* 22.

THE

NATIONAL REVIEW

No. 344. OCTOBER 1911

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

Well done, Canada!

So the great and far-reaching conspiracy against the economic integrity and the political independence of Canada, to say nothing of the commercial consolidation of the British Empire, has completely collapsed, as all sound Imperialists anticipated, though few dared to hope for the annihilating condemnation which has been pronounced upon the catspaws of the conspiracy by the wisdom, the patriotism, and the determination of the Canadian people who, not for the first time, have set an example of political robustness to the rest of the British Empire. It would take at least an entire number of the *National Review* to set forth all the ramifications of this conspiracy, which had deep and dangerous roots in three countries, namely, the United Kingdom, the Dominion, and the United States. As regards the part played by American statesmen, of whom the much boomed Mr. Taft was the most prominent, and whose fortunes would appear to be bound up with an irremediable fiasco, we need only say that they acted with an exclusive eye upon American interests. They simply took advantage of the treachery of the Asquith Government, which sought to deal a blow at the Imperial movement with which its domestic opponents were identified by throwing Canada into the arms of the United States. Again, the Americans were well within their rights in exploiting the childish credulity and senile vanity of the Laurier Government, which pretended to

believe that a so-called Reciprocity Agreement between ninety million Americans and nine million Canadians could end otherwise than in the absorption of the smaller nation by the larger one. Politicians in all countries live by fooling their compatriots, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier is at least as adept as Lauriers elsewhere in the specious arts of the demagogue, but what are called on the other side of the Atlantic "the plain people" penetrated the flatulent fraud disguised as Reciprocity, and realised, with Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and in no small thanks owing to the terse and brilliant diagnosis of the issues by Mr. Kipling, that Canadian nationhood was at stake. So, generally speaking, Canadians voted on that fateful September 21 on that question and no other. By common consent Reciprocity held the field, at any rate outside the Province of Quebec, where the struggle was somewhat complicated by Mr. Henri Bourassa's crusade against Sir Wilfrid Laurier, though even in Quebec, when it came to voting, the legitimate dread of the political consequences of "Reciprocity," rather than any "anti-Imperial sentiment" which so shocks our own "anti-Imperial Press," decided the action of the French vote which accelerated the doom of the dabblers in "Continentalism."* Reciprocity was presented by its advocates with all the resources of rhetoric and artifice, backed by a campaign fund of prodigious and unprecedented proportions (to which we may be sure neither American

* The latest returns (compiled by the *Westminster Gazette*) show how general was the rout of Laurierism and how groundless the suggestion that the incoming Premier Mr. Borden is dependent on French Nationalists.

	The Parties at Dissolution.			Thursday's returns.		
	Lib.	Con.	Nat.	Lib.	Con.	Nat.
Ontario	85	51	—	13	72	—
Quebec	52	12	1	37	26	1
New Brunswick	11	2	—	8	5	—
Nova Scotia	12	6	—	10	8	—
Prince Edward Island	3	1	—	2	2	—
Manitoba	2	8	—	—	10	—
British Columbia	2	5	—	—	6	—
Saskatchewan	9	1	—	8	2	—
Alberta	4	3	—	6	1	—
Yukon	1	0	—	—	—	—
Totals	131	89	1	84	132	1

patriots nor British traitors were backward in contributing) as calculated to add immensely to the wealth and well-being of Canada, and to make ten blades of grass grow where one grew before, while the suggestion that such a great nation as Canada ran any risk whatsoever, commercial or political, in entering into partnership with the United States, was dismissed as a huge "joke" by the very men who would have led the way down the slippery path towards annexation. In the flamboyant language of the Georges and the Churchills of the Reciprocity movement, it was the United States which risked annexation by Canada, and these demagogues, as in other countries, were admittedly not without their dupes, though happily they were submerged by the common sense of the community.

Heavy Odds

SHOULD Canada become the Bavaria of the United States was the issue upon which the people polled at one of the most pregnant general elections held in any country in our time. The forces fighting for Reciprocity were both formidable and menacing. In the first place there were the separate interests of the different provinces readily arrayed against one another by unscrupulous politicians; then there was all the prestige and the material advantages commanded by a Government which had held office for fifteen years, under a politician with a legendary reputation, who was supposed to be the idol of one Canadian nationality and the pride of all, whose platform arts enabled him to recommend Reciprocity in the Western prairies as involving higher prices for Canadian wheat, and in the Eastern cities as involving cheaper food and a mighty industrial expansion as the result of opening the gigantic market * next door. Even our own Mr. Ure

* The old man eloquent did not disdain to throw into the scales a threat to withdraw from public life unless Canada gave him another blank cheque, though the withdrawal was hastily withdrawn when the threat had failed of its purpose—while his tawdry clap-trap immensely impressed the impressionables of Printing House Square, who on the very day of the Canadian election (September 21) indulged in "intelligent anticipation of events before they occur" (to recall Lord Curzon's famous phrase), or, in other words, went a magnificent mucker. Our leading journal has developed a positive genius for misjudging great issues.

"Mr. Borden has in the present contest strengthened his personal hold upon all the provinces outside Quebec. His grasp of principle, his power of argument,

might learn a thing or two from the platform advocacy of Reciprocity, while the Cocoa Press would profit by perusing the columns of Liberal *confrères* in the Dominion, some of which are evidently under American influences. Then, again, the perpetuation of Cobdenite Government in England, the withdrawal of the policy of Imperial Preference from the agenda of the Imperial Conference, owing to the intrigues of our Colonial Secretary with Canadian Ministers, together with the paralytic position to which Mr. Balfour appeared to have reduced the British Tariff Reform movement, stimulated Reciprocity-mongers in Canada and discouraged the advocates of the alternative policy. Further, we may be sure, judging from the misleading telegrams with which British newspapers have been deluded for many weeks, that the Canadian public were equally in the dark as to the attitude of the Mother Country, which has been sedulously misrepresented across the water. Add to all this the great and growing alien population in the Far West, and we get some slight idea of the heavy odds confronting the champions of Canadian Independence and Imperial Unity. But a glimpse of their difficulties gives us the measure of their overwhelming victory, which has sent a thrill of joy throughout the British

and his complete disinterestedness have made themselves felt with deep effect wherever he has been. But he has not the qualities which enabled Sir John Macdonald for so many years to endear himself to his French fellow subjects, nor has he disputed the strong faith and affection which they have since brought to Macdonald's distinguished successor at the helm of State. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's is a personality whose charm there are few to resist, and he has thrown himself into this contest with all the great resources given him by long experience of affairs and a born orator's power of speech. Though he will be seventy in a few months' time, he has spoken almost daily, and often two or three times in the day, in the course of a vigorous campaign in all the chief centres east of the Great Lakes. *This is the leadership by which great battles are won* [our italics]. Mr. Borden has thrown an equal energy into his side of the fight, but conditions must have altered strangely if Sir Wilfrid's eloquence has not told with most of its old effect upon the critical constituencies in Quebec. To his own people he speaks with hitherto unchallenged force, and he has a record behind him which they, of all people, can hardly forget. Pointing to his white hair, he has called upon them, with that strain of poetry which so often gleams in his speech, to rally to "the white plume of Navarre." If Mr. Bourassa has really impaired to any serious extent the power of this appeal, he must have won to something not unlike the influence of his grandfather, Papineau, upon his race.

Empire, where it has been hailed not merely as the downfall of men who would sell the birthright of Canada for a mess of pottage, but also as an immense incentive to all Britishers who believe that the future of every Dominion depends on the integrity and consolidation of the Empire, to follow the magnificent example set by Canada, and to shake off the repulsive yoke of the various cosmopolitan and anti-patriotic influences which, at the present time, cripple South Africa and Australia, and keep the clock back in the Mother Country.

The Landslide

THERE has never been a more wonderful landslide. In the last Parliament Sir Wilfrid Laurier commanded a majority of forty-five, which has been transformed in the new Parliament into a minority of nearly fifty, the reversal recalling the historic victory of the national policy of Sir John Macdonald in 1878. Not only is the punishment meted out to the Liberal rank and file tremendous, but specially severe is the condemnation of Ministers personally, of whom no less than eight are reported to have bitten the dust; few tears will be shed at the humiliation which has overtaken the two heroes of the Taft agreement, namely, Mr. Fielding (the Minister of Finance) and Mr. Patterson (the Minister of Customs), whose return from their abject pilgrimage to Washington with Reciprocity in their pocket was hailed with delight by Ministerial organs in Canada which have gradually sunk to the level of our Cobdenite-cum-Cocoa press. Among other defeated Ministers is Sir Frederick Borden, who was about to be appointed High Commissioner in succession to Lord Strathcona, and Mr. Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, much advertised as a "Free Trader" on this side of the Atlantic, while Mr. Mackenzie King, who was at one time regarded as a most promising member of the Liberal party, shared the common fate of his colleagues after certain platform utterances which had better have been left unsaid. Our Foozle-cum-Boozle Press tried to console itself by announcing the defeat of the Conservative leader, Mr. Borden, at Halifax, but even this crumb of comfort was denied them, as Mr. Borden, who has fought a great fight and gained a glorious victory, retained a somewhat dubious seat by a slight but sufficient majority, and saved Halifax from

the stigma of rejecting the man who had saved Canada. Mr. Borden has done more than any one else, with the possible exception of the greatest of Canadian journalists, the editor of the *Toronto News*, to educate his countrymen to the perils that threatened them, and east, west, north and south, he has aroused the enthusiasm, which is invariably evoked by men who fight with ability and single-mindedness in a great cause, turning neither to the right nor to the left. There is nothing of the charlatan about Mr. Borden—no "white plumes of Navarre"—so he has mercifully escaped the hero-worship of the halfpenny press, nor is he to be seen on cinematographs or found in waxworks. As a consequence of the election Sir Wilfrid Laurier will necessarily place his resignation in the hands of the Governor-General, Lord Grey, whose last act before leaving Canada will be to preside over the installation of a Government which may be relied upon to leave nothing undone on behalf of that great constructive policy with which alone the independence of Canada and the development of King George's Dominions are compatible.

One for Mr. Asquith

WHILE heartily congratulating the Conservatives on their magnificent triumph, which, contrary to the prognostications of pundits, renders them entirely independent of compromising associations in Quebec, it must be admitted that they were singularly fortunate in the amazing assistance they received from Reciprocity-mongers. In the first place, in their own country every enemy of the British Empire was as passionate an advocate of the Americanisation of Canada as were the enemies of Empire in England zealous for the triumph of Boerdom during the South African War. This nerved men of all parties with faith in Imperial ideals to ever-increasing efforts, and no one who, like the present writer, was so fortunate as to meet leading Canadian Liberals who were determined to place country before party under the menace of disruption, could entertain any doubt as to the result of the contest so rashly challenged by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The Liberal Unionists of Canada played a conspicuous part in saving the situation. They and their Conservative allies were much assisted by the action of our own Little Englanders, inside and outside the Asquith Government, who hailed Recipro-

city as a death-blow to Tariff Reform, and as the funeral of Imperial Preference. Boozle, alias Mr. Asquith, has been a name to conjure with during the election by those who have not forgotten the gleeful observation of the would-be Imperial undertaker on the announcement of the Reciprocity Agreement: "I think we are celebrating the obsequies of that which used to be called Imperial Preference," during the debate on the Address in the British House of Commons (February 8). In the same speech Mr. Asquith thus emphasised his insult: "In the meantime we may be thankful that the common sense and the political instinct of the electors of this country have saved them from the invitations offered to them to adopt what would have been one of the greatest and most disastrous political impostures of modern times." Sir Wilfrid Laurier felt constrained to meet this disgraceful speech by declaring that Canada adhered to Preference in 1911 as she had in former years, and he publicly pledged himself to raise the question afresh at the recent Imperial Conference; but as the result of some intrigue at which we may be sure that the Plantagenet of the Colonial Office (Mr. Lewis Harcourt) played his usual part, the Canadian Premier remained silent on the question with which his Government was peculiarly identified—presumably to please our Cobdenite Cabinet for some unspecified consideration. During the election, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier realised that the tide was running against him, he made a belated appeal to Imperial sentiment by promising increased preference on British goods; but he had already damned himself in the eyes of his countrymen by his curious conduct at the Imperial Conference, which he had been no less anxious to paralyse than our Premier and our Plantagenet.

Ambassador Bryce

If our public men had any respect for the public, or, indeed, any respect for themselves, we should anticipate that as an incident of the Reciprocity fiasco in Canada, and the equally ludicrous arbitration fiasco in Washington, "Ambassador Bryce" would ask to be relieved of a position in Washington where he has so flagrantly failed to uphold British interests, which is the single duty of his Majesty's representatives abroad—though some of them erroneously imagine that they are earning their salaries by "opening" institutions

which had better remain shut. As we pointed out so long ago as March: *

> It would be idle to deny that the Reciprocity Agreement recently concluded at Washington between the Canadian and American Governments, with the assistance, if not on the initiative, of the British Ambassador to the United States [Mr. Bryce] is a disagreeable prologue to the Coronation. It has caused profound concern throughout the King's Dominions among all those to whom the British Empire is not a cry but a creed. That the Home Government is mainly to blame for this attempted economic dismemberment does not render the incident less disconcerting. On the contrary, it is an element of aggravation which, while depriving Englishmen of *locus standi* as critics of Canadian policy, makes us think the more. In any event we are entitled to ascertain the precise part played in this business by the Asquith Government, and the British Ambassador in Washington—to whom we pay a princely salary, raised, we believe, like many other salaries, since the Radicals came into office—ostensibly to protect British interests. It is unusual and unpleasant to criticise an Ambassador, who is *ex hypothesi* his Majesty's representative in the country to which he is accredited, but it is equally unusual and unpleasant for an Ambassador to remain a Party politician and to play the Party game abroad for the benefit of his friends at home.

And we went on to say:

> This is the accusation definitely formulated by prominent and impartial Canadians, such as Mr. Bourassa, who, it should be remembered, is the leading anti-Imperialist in Canada and an enemy of British Tariff Reform, which makes his statement concerning Mr. Bryce all the more striking. The "Bryce incident" began with a eulogy by Mr. Fielding, the Canadian Minister of Finance, on the services rendered by the Ambassador during the negotiations. Then came a speech delivered by Mr. Monk, a leading Quebec Conservative [Feb. 9] protesting against the indecent efforts of the Laurier Government to rush the Reciprocity Agreement through the Dominion Parliament before the country had time to appreciate the far-reaching effects of this startling development. Mr. Monk desired to know what had been the attitude of the Imperial Government, all the more as "Mr. Fielding had stated that Mr. Bryce had accorded the greatest possible assistance to Mr. Patterson and himself [the two negotiators], and if that was so Mr. Bryce was surely not acting on his own responsibility."

According to the *Times* Ottawa correspondent (see *Times*, February 11)—and the *Times*, be it remembered, misses few opportunities of buttering Mr. Bryce, O.M.,‡ being a Foozle Boozle organ, while Mr. Bryce, O.M., is a member of the Foozle Boozle clique—" There has been considerable talk in the Lobbies at

* See *National Review*, March 1911.

† O.M. is understood to signify Order of Merit

Ottawa to-day with reference to Mr. Bryce's attitude during the progress of the Reciprocity negotiations at Washington, it being noted that Mr. Fielding had made no reply to Mr. Monk's pointed reference."

Mr. Bourassa, the leader of the Nationalist Party, who is watching events here [*i.e.* in Ottawa] declares that the Laurier Government has been encouraged to make a Reciprocity agreement with the United States at this juncture by the British Government in order to offset the Tariff Reform movement in Great Britain, and that this is the explanation of Mr. Bryce's active interest.

Mr. Bourassa explained

that Reciprocity between Canada and the United States would furnish the Asquith Government with the argument that with Canada, the most important of the British dominions, already bound by a Reciprocity Treaty to a foreign country, the movement for Imperial Preference was absolutely doomed.

As we pointed out in the same number, two days before this interesting cablegram was despatched, Mr. Asquith had joyfully celebrated in his own words "the obsequies of that which used to be called Imperial Preference," and had publicly boasted of the part played by Mr. Bryce, O.M., during the Reciprocity negotiations. "*Up to their conclusion the various negotiations were very carefully watched by our British Ambassador at Washington, who was in constant communication with the Canadian negotiators, and who very properly kept his eye on British trade interests.*"

Continued

As one result of the Reciprocity Agreement would have been the diversion of a considerable amount of British trade into American channels, as we pointed out at the time, the effect of Ambassador Bryce's action would be to "aggravate the problem of unemployment in this country, though, as he will simultaneously increase the abounding prosperity of the United States, the author of the *American Commonwealth*, who regards the annexation of Canada by the United States with a benevolent eye, will be abundantly rewarded." To many of us it would appear that Mr. Bryce's performance, for which his Majesty's Ministers took full credit at the time, has placed the British Embassy at Washington in a distinctly compromising position, all the more as under the vigorous and patriotic pressure of Lord Ampthill, who very properly raised the "Bryce incident" in the House of Lords, to the uncontrollable annoyance of Party

Mandarins on both sides, the Foreign Office was forced to issue a *communiqué*, showing on the face of it that Mr. Bryce had kept the Home Government in the dark concerning this detrimental Reciprocity Agreement, though Mr. Asquith had stated the exact opposite when gloating over Reciprocity as giving a quietus to Preference. Surely in the face of a discreditable intrigue, upon which Canada has now pronounced judgment with no uncertain voice, Ambassador Bryce, O.M., would be well advised in seeking a position of greater freedom and less responsibility, all the more as he has made an equal and appalling hash of the Arbitration negotiations by ignoring and exasperating the American Senate, for whose benefit passages can be cited from his classic, the *American Commonwealth*, ridiculing the American Second Chamber, just as in the recent Reciprocity campaign in Canada this lamentable passage could be quoted from the same monumental work: "The material growth of Canada would probably be quickened by union (with the United States), and the notion of a commercial league or customs union, which has lately been discussed, might lead to a political connection; indeed, it is hard to see how otherwise Canada could have her fair share in adjusting such tariff changes as might, from time to time, become necessary." Could there be a more damning argument against Reciprocity in the mouth of a British ambassador than that it would lead Canada *viâ* economic dependence to political absorption in the United States—in fact, that it is an *alias* for the dismemberment of the British Empire, to say nothing of a ruinous loss of trade. We are daily reminded of the distress of large sections of the British working classes endeavouring to rear families on a pitiful pound per week—and less. Is it worth their while to pay so-called British ambassadors £10,000 a year to lessen British employment and to raise the price of food by promoting sinister schemes to divert our trade and our food-supplies into foreign channels?

Presidential Candour

PRESIDENT TAFT, having succeeded in getting the Reciprocity Bill, by which he stands or falls, through the House of Representatives and the Senate, a double success which was hailed as a great Taft triumph, is frank in expressing his disappointment at the verdict of the Canadian people. That is easily understood; he has played

for a great and legitimate stake from the American point of view; he has been assisted by a treacherous British Government, who, in order to defeat their domestic opponents, were prepared to sell the Empire to the lowest bidder; and he bamboozled an eminent Canadian politician, whose oratory is out of all proportion to his statesmanship, and who was assumed to carry Canada in his pocket. These were striking successes which temporarily turned the President's head. At any rate, he permitted himself from the outset to treat the Canadian people like a pack of jackasses, and other Reciprocity enthusiasts went one better. In his elation at beguiling Mr. Fielding and Mr. Patterson into signing this fateful and to them fatal Agreement—always, be it remembered, with the connivance of Ambassador Bryce, purporting to represent British interests—Mr. Taft "gave away the show" with engaging candour. Indeed, the outburst of uncompromising and unequivocal utterances of responsible official and unofficial Americans—some of which were so uncompromising that they had to be suppressed—left no shade of a shadow of doubt as to the American objective, and it is in no spirit of ingratitude that we remind our readers of *obiter dicta* which saved a situation that appeared to be lost when once the Agreement was approved by the heads of the dominant party in Canada, and the Laurier caucus was committed to carry it. The President sent a message to Congress announcing that the Canadians "are coming to the parting of the ways," a phrase he reiterated on subsequent occasions with deadly effect in Canada, as it revealed the whole trend of the Reciprocity policy and provided Mr. Borden and his followers with lethal weapons. President Taft's ominous words will never be forgotten. "*Now is the accepted time; now is Canada at the parting of the ways*" [our italics]. Limited Reciprocity led to unlimited Reciprocity, and the rival routes confronting Canada ("at the parting of the ways") were as clear as the noonday sun. She must choose North and South or East and West, between Washington and London—*i.e.* between a commercial partnership with the British Empire, based on a system of mutual preference as advocated by Mr. Chamberlain, or alternatively that which led by gradual stages towards incorporation in the United States. It was in fact Taft *v.* Chamberlain.

On another occasion President Taft appealed to American farmers, who were none too enthusiastic at the prospect of the inundation of Canadian corn. "The greatest reason for adopting the Agreement is the fact that it is going to unite two countries with a kindred people, lying together across a wide continent, *in a commercial and social union* [our italics] with great advantage to both. Such a result does not need a nice balancing of the pecuniary profit of each. Its undoubted general benefit will vindicate those responsible." As we pointed out at the time, this was as plain as a pikestaff to any one who cared or dared to face the facts, and its plainness was not rendered less plain by Mr. Asquith's open gloating over the impending triumph of American Reciprocity over Imperial Preference. In another pregnant speech (April 27, 1911) President Taft explained why this was a critical moment for Reciprocity. His prophetic words have a special value to-day, and we would commend them to our Protectionist Cocoa Free Trade Press. "It is critical because, unless it is now decided favourably to Reciprocity, it is exceedingly probable that no such opportunity will ever again come to the United States. The forces which are at work in England and in Canada, to separate Canada by a Chinese wall (*sic*) from the United States, and make her part of an Imperial and commercial band, reaching from England around the world to England again, by a system of preferential tariffs, will derive an impetus from the rejection of this treaty; and if we would have Reciprocity, with all the advantages that I have described and that I earnestly and sincerely believe will follow its adoption, we must take it now or give it up for ever." This was the "now or never" speech which made a profound impression on the American people, and was largely responsible for the acceptance of the Reciprocity Agreement by all parties in the House of Representatives, as well as the Senate, which regards it as almost a sacred duty to oppose whatever the President proposes. Americans appreciated the issue. So, fortunately, did Canadians "at the parting of the ways." Should Canada remain an independent nation within the orbit of the British Empire, which would ultimately rest on a basis of mutual commercial preference, or should she be sucked into the maelstrom of the great Republic, and become a mere eddy in those turgid waters?

Appeal to Farmers

Another momentous declaration of the utmost value in opening Canadian eyes was the Report of the Ways and Means Committee of the last House of Representatives, advising the adoption of the Reciprocity Agreement with Canada almost as soon as it was announced, from which we quote this suggestive passage: "The benefit to us (*i.e.* the people of the United States) would be enormous if we could sweep away the tariff between the two countries. It would have an effect on our trade of another Louisiana purchase. If Canada's commerce is so important to us when she has only eight million people, what will be the magnitude of our trade when she has twenty-five million people?" This reference to the Louisiana purchase was peculiarly significant as indicating American ambitions, because the Louisiana purchase was the first geographical expansion of the United States, and is commonly regarded as the greatest coup in her history, as she thereby acquired from Napoleon a territory of over a million square miles, which opened the great West to her activities. Americans were quick to see in the Reciprocity Agreement an opportunity of an even greater expansion northwards, and the Speaker of the newly elected House of Representatives (Mr. Champ Clark), who, unlike our Speaker, is also the Leader of his party (the Democratic Party) in the House which it now dominates, owing to Democratic victories at the polls last November, openly applauded the Taft-Fielding Agreement simply because it meant annexation. British Cobdenites, who are prepared, like Cobden, to give away any British interest with a pound of tea, tried to dismiss Mr. Champ Clark's illuminating utterance as a "joke." But it was no more a joke than Mr. Asquith's funeral oration on the policy of Preference. The Speaker expressed the view not only of his own Party but of all American supporters of Reciprocity, who proved to be in a great majority in two successive Congresses. As the well-known American writer—and Anglophobe—Dr. Albert Shaw, the editor of the *American Review of Reviews*, which is a far more serious publication than its British prototype, candidly admitted: "Mr. Champ Clark's allusion to an ultimate political union required no apologies. It has been freely talked of in England and everywhere else for half a century." Indeed we believe that at one time Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Mr. Bourke Cochran, and a few other celebrities formed, or at any rate joined, an Annexation

The House of Representatives

League, the operations of which would make interesting reading.

It is worth reproducing from the official *Congressional Record* at Washington the verbatim report which conclusively demonstrates the absurdity of the Asquiths, the Lauriers, and other Reciprocity-mongers on both sides of the Atlantic in trying to laugh "annexation" out of court.

The Great "Joke"

MR. CLARK. I'm for it (Canadian Reciprocity) because I hope to see the day when the American flag will float over every square foot of the British North American possessions clear to the North Pole. They speak our language, their institutions are much like ours, they are trained in the difficult art of self-government. My judgment is that if the treaty of 1854 (Canadian Reciprocity Treaty) had never been abrogated, the chances of the consolidation of the two countries would have been much greater than they are now.

MR. MARTIN [South Dakota]. Will the gentleman favour the abrogation of our tariff law entirely as far as Canada is concerned, making free trade with Canada in all products?

MR. CLARK. By taking Canada in to become part of the United States, yes . . . I favour this Treaty because it helps along universal peace. . . .

MR. NORRIS. I wanted to ask the gentleman something along the line of universal peace. As I understand it, the gentleman favours this Bill for at least one reason: it will have the tendency in the end to bring Canada into the Union.

MR. CLARK. Yes, I have no doubt about that.

MR. NORRIS. Will that have the tendency to preserve peace with Great Britain?

MR. CLARK. Why, certainly it will. I have no doubt whatever that the day is not far distant when Great Britain will joyfully see all her North American Possessions become part of this Republic. That is the way things are tending now.

Mr. Champ Clark may be congratulated on his inside knowledge of the aspirations of the Asquith Government,* though not on his knowledge of the British people, who would regard the absorption of Canada by the United States as among the greatest catas-

* Those who wish to understand the economic policy of our Cobdenite Cabinet must ever bear in mind the apostle's aspiration for the dissolution of the British Empire contained in the following letter published in the appendix of Morley's *Life of Richard Cobden*. "The Colonial system, with all its dazzling appeals to the passions of the people, can never be got rid of except by the indirect process of Free Trade, which will gradually and imperceptibly loose the bands which unite our Colonies to us by a mistaken notion of self-interest.' [Letter to Henry Ashworth, April 12, 1842].

trophes which could befall the British Empire. Then a member of Mr. Taft's own Cabinet, no less a person than the Secretary for Agriculture, wrote a priceless open letter for the benefit of American farmers, the suppression of which was not entirely effectual. This ecstatic politician drew an enchanting picture of the good time coming when " the raw material that comes from Canadian farms will be manufactured in the United States, and what is not needed will be sent to foreign countries." Again, " if this Reciprocity Treaty becomes the law of both countries, our relations with Canada will become intimate, our trade with her will extend and increase, and we shall become more and more one people. The adoption of the pending Treaty would, from the national standpoint, be as much an act of wisdom as was the adoption of the treaties in the past that have added to our common country more than half its present area." Another well-known politician, Mr. William C. Bennet, Republican member for New York, introduced a resolution in the House of Representatives, calling upon the President to open negotiations with Great Britain for the cession of Canada. Roars of laughter from the Laurier Press and our Cobdenites followed by much quiet thinking throughout the Dominion. American railway magnates and the greatest of all railway magnates, Mr. James J. Hill, an ex-Canadian who has for many years devoted his thought and talents to the aggrandisement of the United States and who was unquestionably the brain behind the Reciprocity movement, could not contain their joy. In the *Daily Express* of January 30, Mr. Hill urged the instant adoption of the Taft-Fielding Agreement so that the United States and Canada might anticipate the federation of the British Empire.

The union of all parts of the British Empire in a commercial federation is only a question of time. When that shall have been concluded under a system of preferential advantages ensuring the English market to the Colonial producer of raw material and the Colonial market to the English manufacturer it will strike a double blow at the United States. Our best customer—Great Britain—and our third best—Canada—will then trade less and less with us and more and more with each other. It will be permanently impossible for us to repair the error if the present Reciprocity Agreement is rejected.

In language strikingly resembling that of Mr. Taft, Mr. Hill added:

I want to say to you that we cannot afford to let this opportunity pass. It

is said that "opportunity calls once at every man's door," but that if you leave the door open it will come again. Let me say to you that the conditions in the British Empire are such that if we let it pass it will never come again. If we neglect the opportunity that is now manifesting itself, if that is refused, it is almost a certainty that Imperial Federation will follow, and if it does, where is your market?

The Alternatives

Let us reiterate that we have no quarrel with American statesmen, with American magnates or American millionaires in seeking to grasp the opportunity offered them by the treachery of his Majesty's present Ministers in intriguing against British interests, the supineness of his Majesty's Opposition, or rather the Chiefs of the Opposition, in side-tracking the policy of Imperial Preference on one pretext or another, or the weakness of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in allowing his colleagues to barter away the future of Canada in exchange for one of President Taft's irresistible smiles. The Chamberlain proposals had been discussed in this country for nearly eight years, but the joint efforts of the Rt. Hon. A. J. Foozle and the Rt. Hon. H. H. Boozle, backed by the Foozle-cum-Boozle press, had prevented them from being adopted by the Mother Country. The Taft policy was launched as we have seen as an alternative to the Chamberlain policy, and for the avowed purpose of destroying the handiwork of our one great Imperial statesman. There is no ground for reproaching astute Americans for taking advantage of British folly and British treachery; but we may complain of their disingenuousness in dismissing "annexation" as a mere bogey—when they found it did not pay in Canada—whereas they knew full well that it was the prospect of ultimately incorporating the Dominion in the United States which overcame American opposition to reciprocity and caused the Taft-Fielding agreement to be approved by two successive Congresses. Mr. Taft's "parting-of-the-ways" speech, like his "now-or-never" speech, emphasised as they were by other declarations of an even more emphatic character, proved beyond a peradventure that the American objective was to make Canada as much a part of the United States as is Louisiana. We could weary our readers with extracts from the American Press, all advocating reciprocity, not merely for its economic advantages so much as for its political gain. Take among a hundred a well-known paper such as the

Minneapolis Journal, speaking on behalf of the great community of the Middle States, which are nowadays the pivot of political power in the great Republic (March 2, 1911):

> We stand at the parting of the ways. One path leads to practical, if not political, union with Canada, and the development of the entire North American Continent as the heritage and the possession of a great and free people. The other path leads to the hardening into two distinct political entities, two hostile or at least unsympathetic, peoples in this Continent. It leads to a closer relation between Canada and Great Britain. It means the carrying out of Joseph Chamberlain's great dream of a British Imperial Federation, bound together no less by trade and by sentiment with preferential tariffs on either side, with Canada taking the place of the United States as chief purveyor of food products and manufactured articles to Great Britain. To-day England is our best customer, and Canada our third best But our foreign trade wanes and that of Canada grows. If we push Canada into England's arms, the trade arrangements between the two will tend more and more to shut us out. How long will our trade with these two customers last if reciprocity fails? Our Canadian trade must drop off as the West and East Channels of her commerce are scoured by use, and Canada will more and more supply British needs in our stead.

Mr. Hill's Advocacy

WHAT a magnificent vindication of Mr. Chamberlain's foresight, what a crushing condemnation of the pigmies who have mismanaged our affairs since his enforced retirement from public life. Our readers may ask why have such utterances been withheld from the British public. Why have they not been reproduced in every newspaper? For the simple reason that the Boozle Press, following the example of the Boozle Government, has been working overtime to secure the triumph of American reciprocity, in order that the Tariff Reform movement here might be weakened, while important organs of the Foozle Press have taken their cue from the Foozle leader, anxious to shunt "the first constructive work" of the Unionist Party, to use the insidious phrase, with which he has successfully kept simple-minded Tariff Reformers in play. Indeed, some Foozle organs went far beyond Foozledom, and ranged themselves openly against Imperial Preference and on the side of American Reciprocity, but nothing succeeds like success, and the annihilation of Reciprocity and the triumph of Preference has once more brought the weathercock Press into the field with eloquent articles on "The victory of the flag." But *ex hypothesi* the victory they had been working for was the victory

of the Stars and Stripes! Now that the conspiracy to dismember the Empire set on foot by Boozledom and connived at by Foozledom has collapsed, thanks to the sturdy common sense of the Canadians, who refused to be either Foozled or Boozled, daylight is coming from various quarters, and the Reciprocity issue is seen in its proper bearings, as it has been throughout by the readers of the *National Review*. The *Morning Post* and the *Standard*, among other papers—including the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, to which one always looks for guidance on great Imperial and national issues—did as much to post the public in the facts as several contemporaries of both Parties have done to suppress them. We cannot resist quoting another passage from Mr. James J. Hill, who never wearied of commending the Reciprocity Agreement to his countrymen, and always on the same lines. Thus, in a speech at the Minneapolis Publicity Club, reproduced in the *Morning Post* of March 7, Mr. Hill declared:

Reciprocity is statesmanship as distinguished from politics. Futile efforts have been made from time to time to secure better trade relations with Canada, and in my deliberate judgment this is probably the last opportunity this country will have to negotiate successfully a trade agreement with our neighbour on the north. *The reason for this deal is British politics and the realisation of the Chamberlain dream of an Imperial Federation of the British Colonies and Dependencies.* Canada has held aloof from this Imperial Federation plan, preferring to seek world-wide markets for her surplus and for her needs. Without Canada the Imperial Federation plan by which Great Britain would dictate the trade and fiscal politics of her Colonies would be weakened, if not rendered hopeless. If the pending trade treaty with Canada is defeated, the Dominion might be forced to adopt the Federation plan. In that event the tariff wall would be heightened instead of lowered all along our northern boundary from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the trade that is now promised and assured us, and which we should have in the natural course of commerce and industry, would be diverted to English channels. The effect of this in the long run would be more disastrous to the United States than any trade plan now contemplated could possibly be either to the United States or Canada. Canada is now our third best customer, and will be, if properly encouraged, our best customer. The total imports and exports between Canada and the United States in 1910 were more than $305,000,000. Of all Canada's imports last year, more than half were brought from the United States. The Canadian Year Book reports that for forty-two years the imports from the United States have been 52·24 per cent., from Great Britain 34·49 per cent. With this showing under hampered trade and tariff restrictions, what may be not expected under the Reciprocity Agreement?

Then again the *Quebec Chronicle* of July 24 contains these passages from an interview with Mr. Hill, who was enchanted at the acceptance of Reciprocity by the Senate and the consequent prevention of the commercial union of the British Empire:

"What we have prevented"

"It is not what we have gained by the Reciprocity Treaty that is most important, but what we have prevented," Mr. Hill said. "In the comment on this treaty when it was pending, nearly every argument for it spoke of the good it would bring, and it will bring good. . . . But the good that it will bring is only the smaller consideration of the question. *What would have happened if we had not passed the treaty? That is the big question. There would have been a revival of a move for Imperial Federation*, and if we had refused to trade with our good neighbour, our second best customer, and for our manufacturers the best customer we have, we would have been sorry for it in years to come, for the opportunity was before us to make a favourable agreement with Canada, and it would not have been before us again for many years after we had refused it this time.

"That is why I say that while the treaty will mean much good for both the United States and Canada—and I believe that it will stimulate trade on both sides and that it will not be long before every one will see its benefits and see that the wise thing to do was to act favourably upon it—yet, after all, that is the secondary part. *There is not the slightest doubt that the situation was such that had the vote in the Senate to-day been against it, the report would have gone over the world and would have stimulated activities elsewhere for obtaining trade that we are in the best geographical position to handle, and in England it would have meant the beginning of action for such Imperial Trade Federation as would have shut us out.*"

We venture to say that invaluable as was this indiscretion at the time in opening the eyes even of the blindest Canadian to the true purport of Reciprocity, it is equally valuable to-day as a reminder to the British of their duty to present the only alternative to Canada now that in spite of every blandishment she has definitely rejected American reciprocity. Time and again the Dominion has been a pioneer in Imperial policy; time and again the slackness, ineptitude or positive treachery of British statesmen or diplomats has thwarted her aspirations. Let us look to it that in the future no unholy combination of Boozledom and Foozledom and their attendant satellites, sycophants, and camp followers shall prevent the adoption by this country of a serious and positive offer of Preference for Preference. The Chamberlain policy has hitherto been thwarted by parish pump politicians, by petty jealousies, by a dishonest Press

which preaches Free Trade from the vantage-ground of Protection to a people embittered by the curse of Cobdenism. The Hill-Taft policy has been smashed to smithereens by the intelligent apprehension of Canada. It is the Mother Country's turn to show that statesmanship and leadership are not absolutely dead among us, and that we also are capable of placing nation and Empire before Party and caucus.

American Exposure of Mr. Taft

PRESIDENT TAFT had occasional glimpses of the mischief wrought by himself and other enthusiasts in the cause they had at heart, and in his notable "Now or never" speech already quoted he referred to annexation as "amusing," though be it observed that in the same speech he had declared American reciprocity as the alternative to Imperial preference. He made this ponderous effort to allay apprehensions over the border: "The talk of annexation is bosh. Every one who knows anything about it realises that it is bosh. To make the possibility of the annexation of Canada to the United States a basis for objection to steps towards their greater economic and commercial union should be treated as one of the jokes of the platform, and should not enter into consideration of serious men engaged in solving a serious problem." But it was not only from Canada that President Taft was crushingly answered by Mr. Borden; Mr. Prince,* an inconvenient Congressman from Illinois, declared on the following day (April 28), in the House of Representatives at Washington, and we must in passing express our gratitude and admiration for Mr. Prince, who at any rate has the courage of his convictions, a rare quality among politicians in either hemisphere:

I do not agree [said Mr. Prince] with the President's assertion that annexation talk in regard to Canada is "bosh." What is the history of the American people? We might as well be frank and honest. Americans went into Texas, Americanised it, and then annexed it. We went into Hawaii with the same result. If bright young men go by their hundreds and thousands from our Northern States into Canada, what do you think will be its effect? Have I not the right to say that it is the first step towards annexation? Has not Canada the right to believe it? Mr. Champ Clark, the Speaker, said he was in favour

* We gladly acknowledge our indebtedness to "Monthly Notes on Tariff Reform" for this and several other illuminating quotations.

of taking Canada as a part of the United States, and that this was the first step towards annexation. He is a plain, blunt, honest man, whom I admire for his frankness. He has never denied that statement. I say to my neighbours in the North "Be not deceived. When we go into a country and get control of it, we take it. It is our history and it is right that we should take it if we want it, and you might as well understand it. Mr. Speaker Clark has said so; the Party at the back of him has said so and they are in control."

We propose, and our readers will unanimously pass, a hearty vote of thanks to Congressman Prince for his plucky and candid statement of elementary and unchallengeable facts, which were not lost upon the Canadian public, even though withheld from the British by our purblind Press, which, speaking generally, was as much at sea over Reciprocity as on other vital issues.

The Hearst "Evangel"

THERE *is little scope for recrimination among* American Reciprocity-mongers, as Presidents, Senators, Representatives and newspapers all contributed their quota towards the enlightenment of Canada as to the gravity of the Taft policy, economic and commercial to-day, political to-morrow; and the orators of the Canadian Opposition, as well as the patriotic press of Canada, headed by the *Toronto News*, the *Mail and Empire*, the *Montreal Star*, and others, dealt with all these utterances as they deserved; and in his quiet, forceful manner Mr. Borden was extraordinarily successful in showing that annexation under the innocent garb of reciprocity imperilled all that Canadians cared for. We should indeed be ungrateful in omitting to express our gratitude for the incalculable if unwitting services rendered at this crisis by Mr. W. R. Hearst, the founder of the Pigtail press, who has done more to ruin a respectable profession and to vulgarise the world than probably any other twenty men. Mr. Hearst controls many newspapers, and as the Americans are an excitable people he is dangerous, though less dangerous than he desires to be. He may be a devoted American; he is above all a rabid Anglophobe, as may be gathered from the characteristic cablegram published in the *Times* some years ago, practically placing the whole British Empire and all its works under the ban. Like many other short-sighted people he deemed Reciprocity a golden opportunity for injuring the hated British, and his entire press threw itself heart and soul

into the Reciprocity campaign, and not content with inflaming the United States, where there is a yellow public for the yellow press, he sought to stampede Canada in the same cause, and among the factors causing the downfall of Sir Wilfrid Laurier was the questionable support of Mr. Hearst. May his shadow never grow less. May his influence upon Presidents never wane. The *Montreal Star* (July 25) republished from one of the Hearst papers, *The New York American*, the following astounding communication:

"The President's Cottage,
"Beverley,
"Mass. July 23, 1911.

"EDITOR,
"*New York American*,
"New York.

"I wish to express my high appreciation of the energetic work of the seven Hearst papers and of the members of your staff for their earnest and useful effort to spread the gospel of reciprocity, and I congratulate them on the success that has attended the Evangel. "WILLIAM H. TAFT."

This is the highest compliment ever paid to yellow journalism, and Mr. Hearst is legitimately entitled to feel proud of being described by a President as an Evangelist.

Hearst Gems

IN publishing this telegram (which we think should at least have been reproduced in our Foozle if not in our Boozle press), the *Montreal Star* pertinently observed that the astute Mr. Taft waited until the close of the Reciprocity campaign in the United States before openly allying himself with Hearstism, and our able and public-spirited contemporary quoted the following suggestive passages from various Hearst newspapers as samples of the "earnest and useful efforts to spread the gospel of Reciprocity" so belauded and indeed sanctified by President Taft. From the *Chicago American* (Hearst): "The day that Reciprocity becomes a fact, the chief interest of Canada will be here in the United States."

"Should we not with Reciprocity be far more important in the eyes of the Canadians than the imaginary 'Empire of Great Britain' which they look *to* now?"

The ideal condition, of course, would be a political as well as a business union of all this North American Continent. A political union, however, cannot be brought about suddenly or by any act on our part. It must grow out of the goodwill and the friendship of the Canadians if it is to come at all."

"Is it not a fact that Reciprocity, bringing the people of Canada and the United States closer together every day, will do more than anything else to promote, eventually, the complete political and business union of the United States and all the great territory north of us?"

From the *New York Journal* (Hearst):

"We look forward to the day when the whole North American Continent will be one great nation as it should be."

"The wiser members of Congress realise that the people endorse the very sane and Conservative plan of the President. Many of the very able men throughout the country (*i.e.* the United States) are working in behalf of the measure—with the President at their head—and this Congress will be known not as a dull Congress of reaction, but as the special Congress that united Canada and the United States in business matters, while waiting for and developing, through trade, a closer union in political matters."

The *Montreal Star* justly observes that such passages left no room for doubt that "Hearst has meant annexation," and so has President Taft in applauding the Hearst "Evangel," and we must leave him to reconcile his "bosh" speech with his eulogy of the yellow press. It must be said that the Hearst methods are more entertaining than effective. Thus we find the *New York American* (Hearst paper) declaring: "Eventually of course Canada will come in. That will happen when we want her. Meantime she is, so to speak, keeping herself for us in Colonial cold storage."

Our Instructors

EQUALLY attractive to Canadians would be the argument of Mr. Thomas C. Shotwell in the same Hearst journal. "The Reciprocity Agreement will check the East and West development of Canada and make that country a business part of the United States with lines of *traffic running more to the North and South. Reciprocity will*

really cut Canada into two countries [our italics]. The section East of Lake Superior will merge with the New England and Eastern States, while the great agricultural section West will become part of the great West of the United States." Surely Mr. Thomas C. Shotwell is entitled to Canadian gratitude for his brutal candour. The Hearst "Evangel" probably did twice as much to destroy Reciprocity in the Dominion as it had done to promote it in the United States. We have perhaps no right to be surprised that in the face of the tremendous odds arrayed on behalf of Reciprocity, that British correspondents should have been so completely at sea as regards the impending election, especially those with whom the wish was father to the thought, some of whom appeared to be simultaneously serving more than one master in this country; at any rate there was a striking resemblance between the bias and as the event turned out the miscalculation of the cablegrams appearing in Cobdenite newspapers prior to the event. These gentlemen, if they were plural, were passionately anxious for the triumph of the Taft policy to which Sir Wilfrid Laurier had fallen a victim, and were equally positive as to the result. That Taftism would be smitten hip and thigh throughout the Dominion never dawned upon the quidnuncs. It was only a question as to whether Sir Wilfrid Laurier would sweep the country by a majority of twenty, or forty or fifty in a Parliament of 221, as it was likewise only a question as to where the Conservatives who stood for Canadian independence and Imperial integrity would be most severely routed. Thus the correspondent of the "well-informed" *Manchester Guardian* (see *Manchester Guardian*, Sept. 18) announced: "The professional gamblers in Montreal and Toronto are laying odds that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who had a majority of forty-three at the close of the late Parliament, will have a majority of at least thirty in the new one to be elected on Thursday. This is also the opinion of a certain class of Conservatives here in Ottawa. Though they believe at the same time that a 'landslide' in favour of the Opposition is quite possible. The more cautious Liberals reckon that Laurier's majority will range from twenty-five to forty, the more extreme that it will reach fifty." Then the Ditcher began to hedge: "No one can tell, however, what may happen." What trouble the prophets

would save us if they would cultivate brevity. But, unfortunately he could not leave it at that: "Within the last few days, Laurier has apparently been gaining in Ontario." The *Daily News*, which derives its inspiration on Canadian affairs from Dr. J. A. Macdonald, Editor of the *Toronto Globe*, the *Manchester Guardian* of Canada, cabled on the eve of the election: "The Liberals are confident of victory by a substantial majority, perhaps slightly less than in the last House." The same Dr. J. A. Macdonald also nourishes the *Daily Chronicle* with information and prejudice, with the result that our unhappy contemporary published an article in which the Canadian Stead predicted: "Out of the present confusion, however, the prospects are gathering assurance that the Government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier will be returned on September 21 with a good working majority, if indeed the majority is not even larger than when Parliament was prorogued. . . . There may be ebbs and undercurrents, but the stream is with Laurier." The *Westminster Gazette* adopted its usual non-committal attitude before the election and confined itself to sneering at "The extremely discreditable message 'to the Canadian people' which Mr. Rudyard Kipling issued through the *Montreal Star*." * It was particularly

* Our readers shall judge for themselves as to Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "extremely discreditable message," which is acknowledged by those who have any knowledge of Canadian politics to have exercised great influence. We cannot account for the irritation of the *Westminster Gazette* unless it be the feeling that the one man entitled to send "messages" to the Canadian people is our great and only Mond (managing director of the *Westminster Gazette*) whose Canadian tour in the interests of Cobdenism will not speedily be forgotten, nor will his total inability to answer pertinent questions as to why the principles on which he conducted his business were so at variance with his political dogmas. Here is Mr. Kipling's "extremely discreditable" message to the Canadian people as reprinted in the *Morning Post* (September 23).

Batemans, Burwash, Sussex, England,
September 6.

To the Editor of the *Montreal Star*

I do not understand how nine million people can enter into such arrangements as are proposed with ninety million strangers on an open frontier of four thousand miles, and at the same time preserve their national integrity.

Ten to one is too heavy odds. No single Canadian would accept such odds in any private matter that was as vital to him personally as this issue is to the nation.

It is her own soul that Canada risks to-day. Once that soul is pawned for

characteristic of the *Westminster* that the moment Reciprocity was beaten a faint lukewarm trickle] of Liberal Imperialism once more meandered through the leading article of our sea-green incorruptible contemporary (Sept. 22): "Let us say at once that from the Imperial point of view we find many grounds for encouragement and consolation in the Canadian election." So do we. So apparently do a great many people.

After the Victory

AFTER the battle the victor, Mr. Borden, issued this admirable aperçu of the position:

> The people have given their answer to those who desired to drive the Reciprocity compact through Parliament by the strength of a temporary majority which possessed no mandate to pronounce on it. The fight was hard, but the victory would have been more sweeping if the campaign had continued two weeks longer.
>
> Canada has emphasised her adherence to the policy and traditions of the past fifty years. She has wisely determined that for her there shall be no parting of the ways, but that she will continue in the old path of Canadian unity, Canadian nationhood and the British connection. She has emphasised the strength of the ties that bind her to the Empire.
>
> The verdict has been given in no spirit of unfriendliness or hostility to the United States, and no such spirit exists, but Canada directs and elects to be mistress of her own destinies and to work out those destinies as an autonomous nation within the British Empire.
>
> While the Conservative party made its stand and its pronouncement against

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any consideration Canada must inevitably conform to the commercial, legal, financial, social, and ethical standards which will be imposed upon her by the sheer admitted weight of the United States.

She might, for example, be compelled later on to admit the Reciprocity in the murder rate of the United States, which at present, I believe, is something over one hundred and fifty per million per annum.

If these proposals had been made a generation ago, or if the Dominion were to-day poor, depressed, and without hope, one would perhaps understand their being discussed; but Canada is none of these things. She is a nation, and as the lives of nations are reckoned will ere long be among the great nations.

Why, then, when she has made herself what she is, should she throw the enormous gifts of her inheritance and her future into the hands of a people, who by their haste and waste have so dissipated their own resources that even before national middle age they are driven to seek virgin fields for cheaper food and living?

Whatever the United States may gain, and I presume that the United States proposals are not wholly altruistic, I see nothing for Canada in Reciprocity except a little ready money, which she does not need, and a very long repentance.

RUDYARD KIPLING

respect, the triumph is that of the Canadian people rather than of any political party, and we gratefully acknowledge the patriotic service of those Liberals who realised that this supreme national issue was above all considerations of Party or Party allegiance, and who threw themselves into the fight with an earnestness and energy which contributed not a little to the splendid victory that has ensued.

The *Manchester Guardian* had an attack of the blues, and tried to make its readers' flesh creep by publishing an alarmist cablegram from "our correspondent" in Ottawa, foretelling

> higher duties on British woollens and on iron and steel manufactures, with a gradual elimination of the British preference in some other industries. And as the Conservative gains in Quebec are largely due to the Nationalists' propaganda, it is pretty certain that Laurier's scheme for creating a Canadian navy will not be proceeded with, at any rate for the present.

As the *Manchester Guardian* has steadily sneered at the policy of preference from its inception to the present time and has exerted itself against Imperial Reciprocity with even more zeal than it has advocated American Reciprocity, why does it mind higher duties on British goods? If the poor benighted heathens of Canada choose to cripple themselves and their luckless consumers by a further dose of Protection, why should our Little Englanders care? As the *Manchester Guardian* is "agin" all navies except the German Navy, why this anxiety lest the Laurier naval policy be postponed? "Our correspondent" in Ottawa suddenly become gloomy, adds:

> The future of the Liberal Party is not hopeful. The party is almost annihilated in Ontario, and it would not be surprising if the younger Liberals there were to form a Continental party in order to maintain the campaign for closer commercial relations with the United States. Meanwhile, every one looks for a higher tariff, which is really the meaning of the Conservative cry of "Canada for the Canadians."
>
> Mr. Borden will be able to form a strong Cabinet. His friends expect him to be in office for at least ten years. Much depends, however, on what may happen in the United States. If the Democrats carry the Presidential election next year and continue their efforts to reduce the tariff, it will be very difficult for Mr. Borden to augment the tariff of Canada. We could not afford to make Canada a dearer country to live in and produce in than the United States. Notwithstanding the defeat of reciprocity, no one expects the Washington Government to depart from its attitude of friendship and good feeling towards us.
>
> Sir Wilfrid Laurier will probably retire from public life within a month.

This is as good as a play. In one sentence we are threatened with increased duties on British goods as the result of the triumph of the Protectionist Party, in the next it is explained that Canadian duties can't be raised because the defeat of Reciprocity may compel the Americans to lower their duties. Editorially the *Manchester Guardian* admits "it is very likely that the indiscreet utterances of United States politicians, *not excluding Mr. Taft himself* [our italics] had some effect in persuading Canadian electors, always jealous of pressure from their neighbours, that they were in danger of some kind of tutelage and that it might be well to show their independence."

Taft the Tempter

WHAT a pity the *Manchester Guardian* bottled such obvious considerations until after the event, and devoted its resources to misleading its readers as to the issues and probable results of this momentous contest. At any rate, unlike the more scurrilous Cocoa organs, it has the decency to avoid abusing the victors while it reproduces under the heading "Taft the Tempter" this outspoken comment of the *Citizen* of Ottawa.

> The first feeling of the great majority of Conservatives on learning the result of yesterday's elections will be one of profound thankfulness. It was not a political contest in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Canadians may differ on questions of internal administration or economic policy, but, while reciprocity might be regarded in the same light, the people have discerned in the measure the possibility of an international entanglement which might not only threaten the autonomy of Canada but the entering of a wedge that would break asunder the ties of empire.
>
> It so happened that the experience of politics, both as regards the Government of Canada and the Republican party in the United States, rendered the occasion opportune for a coalition of their interests. The former were reduced to desperate straits, and ready to grasp at any straw to save themselves, while the latter were in much the same position. They shrewdly took advantage of the opportunity to throw temptation in the way of our Liberal Government, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier was weak enough to fall before it. At this moment President Taft is pausing in his westward tour to learn the result from Canada, so that he might use the expected success of his international strategy to bolster up his waning popularity with the people of the States. Great will be his disappointment, and greater will be the remorse of the Laurier Government that it made the mistake of attempting to play into his hands for purely selfish ends.

Even the *Daily News*, which seems to be almost physically incapacitated from seeing things as they are, perhaps because

of the terrible protectionist Cocoa and Chocolate burden on its Free Trade soul, published after the elections a very fair explanation—apart from the conventional epithets—of the Reciprocity fiasco from its New York correspondent (*Daily News*, Sept. 23):

> The familiar Virgilian line "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes" explains the crushing defeat of Sir W. Laurier, the unseating of three-fourths of his Cabinet Ministers, and the failure of his policy of Reciprocity or Free Trade in natural products between Canada and the United States. Ontario, thanks chiefly to the extremely astute editor of the *Toronto News*, was led to believe that the Yankees had sinister designs on their northern neighbours, even though Washington was offering gifts in the shape of larger markets. Ontario does not like Brother Jonathan, and when the *Toronto News* and *Mail and Empire* began to wave the Union Jack in the air and to brandish the Stars and Stripes before the voters' eyes they had no trouble in persuading Canadians to vote for King George rather than President Taft.
>
> Sir W. Laurier never believed that Canada would take the annexation cry seriously, but when in the closing stages of the campaign, Mr. Borden himself, as well as every Conservative paper in the country, many of them distributed gratis to every home, solemnly asserted that the British Empire was in danger, when the President was quoted as declaring that "Canada stood at the parting of the ways," the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Mr. Champ Clark, as boasting of the day when the American flag would wave from New Orleans to the North Pole, the average Canadian may be forgiven for getting scared, for nothing is easier than to create a scare in times of excitement.

But why have kept all this back so long? We called attention to the sinister utterances of President Taft and Speaker Champ Clark months ago, and we know the *National Review* is read in the *Daily News* office, from the pleasant things said about us.

Delight in England

IT would be impossible to exaggerate the delight with which the great news from Canada has been received by the Mother Country, appropriately expressed in Mr. Chamberlain's telegrams. Even extreme Radicals resented the Hearst intrusion into Canadian politics, while Mr. Taft alarmed many of those who were too far committed to Reciprocity to draw back, but who are, nevertheless, relieved by the course of events, covering themselves with the formula "Canada knows her own business best—we never dreamed of forcing Reciprocity upon her, but we understood that the Canadian people were behind Sir Wilfrid Laurier

in desiring it." In robuster circles there is unmitigated joy at the rejection of Reciprocity and the downfall of the wreckers, and even Mr. Balfour will be unable to prevent a great revival of practical Imperialism. Indeed, the danger lies in his endeavouring to place himself at the head of it with a view to further delay and discouragement. He counts on the unmatched simplicity of prominent Tariff Reformers, several of whom are the most artless persons in public life, to enable him to regain control of a movement which he has, so to speak, "put in the cart" with its leading advocates so often that the British working classes now flatly refuse to trust him. We confess to sharing their scepticism, and can no longer consent to pretend that a Party led by Mr. Balfour means either Tariff Reform or serious resistance to Home Rule. But before coming to the political plight of the Unionist Party, which bears a remarkable resemblance to that of the Liberal Party in Canada, which has just paid the inevitable penalty of long-continued drifting under an accomplished debater, we must complete our account of the *débâcle* of Reciprocity by one or two quotations from English Imperialists.

AMONG the excellent messages collected by the *Daily Express*, it is no reflection on the others to quote that of Mr. Amery:

The Observer

> Canada has shown, for all the world to see and understand, her unwavering faith in herself and in the Empire. To workers in the cause of Imperial Unity here the news comes not only with a sense of overwhelming relief but as a trumpet-call to action. What Canada has decided to-day, England must decide to-morrow.

The *Observer* (September 24) which has played an intrepid and prescient part throughout the controversy, discusses the situation in its own inimitable way:

> The thoughts of all Imperalists will be turning to-day with affectionate gladness to him who first bade his fellow countrymen "learn to think Imperially." Mr. Chamberlain is finding, after many days, the bread he cast upon the waters in that last brilliant blaze of his full vigour and activity. He spent himself in the cause of Empire, and not in vain, though for long it seemed in vain. He at least has never doubted the clouds would break. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they both alike shall be good." Spreading the vision of united Empire before his own countrymen whose eyes

were closed, he has been the inspiration of the great ideal for which, men thousands of miles away have spurned the prospect of immediate gain.

> Not by eastern windows only
> When daylight comes, comes in the light.
> In front the sun climbs slow—how slowly!
> But westward look! The land is bright!

It is vain, however, to belaud the stricken champion of Imperialism, if we bring him only offerings of our lips. The triumph of the Britannic ideal in Canada is the trumpet-call to Unionists to close the ranks, to be up and doing, to fight in the great causes committed to their charge as they have never fought before, least of all lately. Great as Mr. Borden's victory is, and solid as is his majority, the fight against Reciprocity is not over. He can do little but mark time so long as the Government of the locked, barred, and bolted door sits like an incubus on the sleeping people of the Mother Country. Let us try to realise what it is the Canadian people have done for love of the Old Flag sooner than incur the danger of separation from the Motherland. They have declined the offer of a free market at their very door for the fruits of their boundless corn-lands; they have declined the opportunity of obtaining their agricultural machinery and other things they need at a lesser price by the reduction of the duties on the manufactures of the United States. They have declared that, if Preference is to be given, it shall be given to members of the British Brotherhood only. It is of no use to close our eyes to facts. They may not do it twice. Before another election takes place in Canada there will be a redistribution of seats, and great numbers of recent immigrants from the United States will be entitled to vote. If the British people continue to turn a cold shoulder to them, to refuse the proffered hand, at best there may come about the dreaded division between East and West, at worst, the Dominion as a whole may be tempted to say: "We have waited for you, we have made sacrifices for you, and you are careless of our love and loyalty If we are driven to seek new ties, on your heads be it!"

THE *Observer* reminds us

Our Duty

that, from the purely material point of view, Canada has as much, and more, to gain from *Reciprocity with the United States than from* fiscal union with the Mother Country. She can have free markets for her wheat both here and in the United States; she can have the benefit of less restricted competition for the supply of manufactured goods. If she has thrown these advantages to the winds, it is simply and solely because the acceptance of them threatens the tie which binds her to the Empire.* But

* The *Westminster Gazette* does not even read itself. Its issue of September 25 contains (1) several editorial paragraphs sneering at the suggestion of the *Observer* that Canada voted Imperially; (2) a cablegram from its special correspondent at Winnipeg explaining that this was precisely what had happened! We invite the editor of the *Westminster Gazette* to put that in his pipe and smoke it.

for, as, her acceptance of Reciprocity would spell not only Imperial, but also economic disaster. The free passage of Canadian wheat into the United States without a preference given to that coming direct from Canadian ports would mean something like a monopoly of the world's greatest future source of supply; it would be a direct invitation to the operations of the "Wheat King" of Chicago. Pressure would inevitably be brought to decrease or abolish the preference on British manufactures, if, indeed, mere proximity and the ordinary course of trade did not ensure the passing of the Canadian market into American hands. That is the danger we have escaped, and no time should be lost nor stone left unturned to point out to the masses of this country that this question of Imperial Preference, of the fiscal union of the Empire, is a bread-and-butter question which comes very nearly home to them. They stand in far greater jeopardy of the Dear Loaf from an obstinate adherence to the Cobdenite fetish than they do from acceptance of Tariff Reform.

As our contemporary adds:

God forbid that we should descend from the level on which Mr. Chamberlain placed the argument, or refrain from pressing on the people the high and noble ideal which he set before them. But in this, as in questions of wages and other social matters, we Unionists must make an effort to see matters from the point of view of the man whose weekly income is reckoned in shillings. We must bring ourselves to realise that he cannot be a good Imperialist at the price of being a bad husband and father. Our case is good; but we must argue it from the right standpoint, drop dithyrambics and descend to facts. Now is the accepted time; now, and not to-morrow, is the day of salvation. Would that the old leader of the Imperial cause were still in the field! Fate has willed it otherwise, but his mantle rests upon the shoulders of his son, staunch as himself, devoted as he to the cause of Empire. It is the time for battle all along the line. The message of Canada must be made to resound in the ears of the people while the stalwarts in Parliament attack and attack again, never resting until they have found the joint in the harness of the Government through which the fatal thrust may be sped. Let the leaders give proof that they believe in their cause; let the programme be clear, definite and thorough, and we shall carry the people of the country with us to the triumph of the Imperial cause. To Canada must ever belong the glory of showing the way. It remains for us to follow, and it is the least we can do to show that our love for the Empire is something more than lip-service.

Moral and Warning

THE *Morning Post*, which has never wavered in its allegiance to the policy of Preference, in spite of all the discouragement heaped upon it from headquarters ever since Mr. Chamberlain's retirement in the autumn of 1903, in the course of a powerful article (September 23) quotes Sir John Macdonald's last warning when he fought Unrestricted Reciprocity with his dying breath in 1891. "The adoption of this policy," he said, "would

involve, among other grave evils, discrimination against the Mother Country. . . . It would, in my opinion, inevitably result in the annexation of this Dominion to the United States. . . . A British subject I was born—a British subject I will die. With my utmost effort, with my latest breath, will I oppose the 'veiled treason' which attempts by sordid means and mercenary proffers to lure our people from their allegiance." It was in this splendid spirit that Mr. Borden and his colleagues entered upon the forlorn hope, as Mr. Asquith sneeringly described it. They knew, however, the strength and depth of Canadian national sentiment and Canadian Imperialism. They knew that in spite of bribes and jeers Canadians had only to be thoroughly awakened to the reality of the danger to spurn the temptation—and their faith has been abundantly justified. Everywhere Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been beaten. His own white hairs have been spared; but the two negotiators of the agreement, Mr. Fielding and Mr. Paterson, and most of their colleagues have been swept from office. In spite of every desperate shift in the way of bribes to constituencies and influence upon State landholders that a powerful entrenched Government could bring to bear, in spite of the altruistic efforts of such convinced Cobdenite allies as Sir Alfred Mond, an Administration which has held continuous office since 1896 has been hurled from power, and Mr. Borden has been returned in its place with a larger majority than Sir Wilfrid Laurier recently possessed. Reciprocity has received so decisive a blow that it may be years before it will again raise its head. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has again and this time finally learnt the lesson which he had been taught in 1891—that the independence of Canada is a thing with which it is disastrous to meddle.

While in a telling article entitled "the Respite" the *Pall Mall Gazette* (September 23) reminds us, in the spirit of Mr. Amery's message already quoted, that this is no time to slumber, because the Mother Country has secured a respite:

We may concede this much to our Cobdenite friends—that the present victory, while it gives a prolonged respite to the cause of Preference, and sets back for many years the consummation of Mr. Taft's ambitions, does not guarantee in absolute perpetuity either the autonomy of Canada or the preservation of its Imperial ties. A growing nation of such enormous productive power must find outlets in foreign trade, and secure markets to nourish its development. The economic forces which now dominate the world are driving not only private capital but separate communities into alliances on the basis of reciprocal tariffs. Canada will find herself obliged to seek business connections upon terms of mutual Preference, and if she is not permitted to form them within the British Empire, circumstances will eventually force her into an arrangement with other countries, of which the United States is for obvious reasons the most eligible. Reciprocity, therefore, may rise again in the long run if the intelligence of British democracy should not awaken in time to thwart it. It is only in a very limited sense that the issue of this week's elections was correctly described as a question for Canada alone. The freedom of choice certainly was hers, but its effects were not less momentous for this country, and unless Great Britain

co-operates in the forging of that "Imperial band" which is the nightmare of Mr. Taft, Canada will eventually have to do not as she would but as she must. The same reasoning applies to the subject of Annexation, as to which it is so easy to talk without recognition of the real factors of human destiny and the rigid boundaries of human volition. No one imagines that any section of the Canadian public is in favour of absorption into the United States, but a period of economic dependence would alter not only the facts but the psychology of the situation, and there could be no effective British Imperialism in a country which had become for commercial purposes a fifty-first State of the American Union. All that Canada can do to avert Reciprocity and its further corollary, we may be sure that she will. But she cannot maintain a permanent adherence to her Imperial vision unless she is helped and heartened by a warmer responsiveness in the Mother Country. If we should ever "lose Canada," it will be due neither to her own vagaries nor to the ambitions of her esurient neighbour, but simply to the fact that Great Britain had lost the intelligence and sincerity that are requisite to the upholding of an Empire.

Foozle Annoyance

THESE are no fair-weather friends of Tariff Reform who decline to do any of the spade-work, but come in as boomsters in the hour of victory. Boozle himself, as we know, and as he will never be allowed to forget, openly extolled President Taft as the sexton of Imperial Preference. Foozle, as the titular leader of Tariff Reform in this country, was constrained much against the grain to make a speech or two against Reciprocity, but he doubtless would have been as pleased as his friend Boozle had the latter's prognostications been verified by the event, which would have released him from any further discussion of a tiresome topic. Foozlers are not unnaturally indignant. What right had Mr. Borden, the Conservative Leader, to win under such circumstances? Even to fight? The forces against him were formidable. Ministerial "boodle," a practically unbroken Parliamentary majority for Reciprocity, the prodigious pressure of the United States, substantial material advantages to Canada, President Taft, to say nothing of Speaker Champ Clarke, Mr. Hearst, Ambassador Bryce, and the Asquith Cabinet. By all the rules of the game as understood and habitually played by Foozle, the Leader of the Canadian Opposition should have surrendered unconditionally to Reciprocity, should have joined forces with Sir Wilfrid Laurier in pooh-poohing the "annexation bogey," should have exerted himself to persuade his Party from dividing against the Government, and at need should have detached a sufficiency of his followers to guarantee the defeat of any Die-

Hardy, had there been such idiots as to make a fuss about it. *Mr. Borden risked defeat in preferring to fight rather than to run away.* How scandalous, especially after the magnificent example of the House of Lords on August 10, which taught the whole world how great causes should be fought, and immemorial Constitutions defended. There is much perturbation on the golf links of St. Andrews and North Berwick, at the thoughtless conduct of the unsophisticated Borden, while our leading journals are in a frightful quandary. The Foozle politicians and the Foozle Press were about to organise another double scuttle for the Unionist Party—one on Home Rule and the other on Tariff Reform—when lo and behold, here comes Mr. Borden and the Canadian Press winning a victory beyond all the dreams of the most sanguine—and winning it, mind you, not by "tactical retreats" but by standing to their guns and fighting. Confound them, they will put new faith, fresh confidence, and enthusiasm into every Unionist with a soul in his body, and the plight of Foozle and Co. and the whole Scuttle Brigade will become more intolerable than ever.

Questions for Tariff Reformers

We regard Foozleism as finished for all practical purposes. We are far more concerned with the conduct of our own political friends upon whom the triumph of patriotism over Party in Canada casts a special responsibility. What is the position of British Tariff Reformers? What is the position of the Tariff Reform League which has done magnificent work in the face of a Niagara of cold water? Does any serious Tariff Reformer pretend to believe that there is the remotest prospect of our ever getting any serious measure of Tariff Reform from Mr. Balfour? Has Mr. Balfour the faintest chance of securing a mandate from the nation for "the first constructive work" of the Unionist Party, which is deliberately side-tracked at every conceivable opportunity. The answer to both these questions is a blunt negative—at any rate we have yet to meet the man who answers them affirmatively. If there is no reasonable and probable chance of getting Tariff Reform from the present Unionist Leader, are Tariff Reformers entitled to continue telling the British public, who day by day are suffering with increasing severity from our present damnable system, that a vote for Unionism

is a vote for Tariff Reform so long as Mr. Balfour leads or rather misleads the Unionist Party? These are very plain questions requiring equally plain answers. They do not require any reply from the Foozle Press, whose entire policy consists in shouting "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." We do not stand in need of the views of time-servers, who can't even serve time, but we are entitled to know the opinions of the men who believe in Tariff Reform, who have fought for Tariff Reform in the Chamberlain spirit, because they have imbibed the Chamberlain faith. Do they propose to resume the Balfourite yoke, from which every self-respecting Unionist has been emancipated by the gross and base betrayal over the Parliament Bill? Do they propose to continue telling their audiences that a vote for Mr. Balfour is a vote for Tariff Reform and Imperial Preference, when they know it to be nothing of the kind?

Ulster's Example

THAT the men of Ulster at any rate have taken to heart the poignant lesson of August 10, when the House of Lords decided by a majority of five to one to commit political suicide, and the Unionist Leaders and the bulk of their followers made a shameless surrender to John Redmond and Patrick Ford, is clear from the grave preparations maturing in Ulster to resist the establishment of a Molly Maguire Government in Dublin. Once bitten twice shy. It is highly satisfactory that the Irish Unionists should have discarded mere figureheads, futile Dukes and pushful Marquesses, who simply exploit Unionism for their own aggrandisement and skedaddle when the crisis comes. No politician in either House belonging to the White Flag Brigade who allowed himself to be bluffed by Messrs. Asquith and Co. with their "unlimited creation" of phantom peers, into permitting the Parliament Bill to become an Act of Parliament is fit to lead any section of the Unionist Party, least of all the Unionist section. Mr. Asquith had told us in the plainest possible terms that the passing of the Parliament Bill involved the passing of Home Rule during this Parliament, for which he had the hardihood to allege Ministers secured a mandate at the last election—a statement sufficiently repudiated by the unlucky tour of the Eighty Club in Ireland in search of the case for Home Rule, of which the chief fruits so far have been a railway strike. The Eighty Club is

hardly felicitous in its tours. The world has not forgotten its celebrated performances in Budapest, nor have they been forgotten by the people of that gay and brilliant city. Although Mr. Asquith told Mr. Balfour that the Parliament Bill involved immediate Home Rule, Mr. Balfour nevertheless advised his followers to acquiesce in that measure and passed it was by Unionist votes in a Unionist House. The scuttlers were equally responsible with the renegades. The scuttlers are equally compromised with the renegades concerning Home Rule, over which, for aught we know to the contrary, there has already been some hanky-panky between Foozle and Boozle, who are as inseparable in the Recess as during the Session, and who have had abundant opportunities during the last few weeks of selling the pass to one another, though unfortunately in these transactions the one does all the buying and the other all the selling, the transaction being conducted on the well-known principle of "everything for nothing." Something suspicious occurred last Autumn in connection with Home Rule. We should be surprised at nothing that might happen, or may have already happened, this Autumn, and we advise all Unionists, especially all Irish Unionists—though the latter do not need our advice—to remain *toujours en vedette.*

Craigavon

ULSTER has made a magnificent beginning, not merely on account of the size of the gigantic demonstration held in Captain Craig's park at Craigavon near Belfast on September 23, in which it is estimated that no less than 200,000 people participated, but also by its wise selection of Sir Edward Carson as the leader of resistance who "accepted the responsibility you put upon me" and formally dedicated his life to the rescue of Ulster from "the most nefarious conspiracy ever hatched against the liberties of a free people." The absence of Lord Londonderry from the proceedings afforded further evidence of their gravity, as had one of our principal scuttle peers "dedicated" himself to such a conflict, the whole thing would have seemed like Opera Bouffe in English eyes. Lord Erne (supported by several No-Surrender peers and the Irish Unionist Members of Parliament) shortly opened the proceedings in a speech pointing out that until a very short time ago, ninety-nine out of every hundred persons were under the firm belief that the

snake of Home Rule had been scotched for ever, and that the question was only of academic interest, but that they had been rudely undeceived by the present Radical Government making it the principal plank in their platform. He pertinently called attention to a recent speech of Mr. John Redmond to the Eighty Club Tourists, dwelling on the progress and prosperity of Ireland in recent years. "But he omitted to state that with the exception of the Universities Act all the benefits were the work of Unionist Governments." Lord Erne concluded by declaring that "the loyalists of Ireland that day inaugurated a campaign destined to have vital consequences upon the future of their race, and with full faith in the justice of their case they said God defend the right." Mr. Andrews proposed a resolution of thanks to Sir Edward Carson "for his long and devoted services to the Unionist cause, and tenders him a cordial welcome on the occasion of his present visit to marshal the Unionist forces of Ulster against Home Rule; it pledges itself to stand by him in whatever action he may take, and through any danger he may have to face," and further invited the aid of all loyalists across the Channel to assist Ulster "in its determination to remain as at present, under the Imperial Parliament an integral part of the great British Empire."

Sir Edward Carson

MR. WILLIAM MOORE followed with a stirring speech, challenging the Government "to lay a finger on any man for asserting the principles of freedom in civil and religious matters, and they would light a fire in Protestant Ulster which would never be put out. While they all stood together ready to meet the common enemy no one could touch them, no Government could dragoon a province in the United Kingdom." After the presentation of a great number of addresses from various Irish Unionist organisations to Sir Edward Carson the latter responded by declaring that "with a full knowledge of all that their deliberate resolutions and addresses meant, and a full contemplation of the consequences the position might involve, he unhesitatingly, at their request, accepted the grave responsibility which they had thrown upon him, and he entered into a solemn compact with them that he and they should together, in the great struggle that lay before them, do their best to carry out to its logical conclusion all that every one of them

meant that day. He knew that they realised that the proceedings were not merely complimentary, but they all understood their wider import, and that their action and their resolution demonstrated their grim determination to fight this question to the finish. They were not out for show. They were out for business." Sir Edward reminded his audience that Nationalists and Radicals were endeavouring in their campaign of fraud and falsehood to persuade the electorate that Unionism was weakening in Ireland, whereas the direct contrary was the fact. "Ulster had never been more determined than it was to-day to maintain the Union. And why? Because at this moment the progress and development of the country manifested an unparalleled advance, yet this was the moment chosen by the present Government to plunge the country into disastrous strife, dissension and turmoil." The truth being that Ministers had not realised that what to them was a mere question of Party politics, clever tactics, and the purchase of Nationalist votes, meant to the Loyalists gambling with their civil and religious liberties. As the Speaker pointed out:

It was enough for them in Ulster to know that there was to be formed in Dublin a Parliament and an Executive responsible to that Parliament, and from no act of its tyranny would they have any appeal. The acts of the Home Rule Parliament they were told were to be enforced by British power, although the British power could have no voice in their enactment. This consideration was quite enough for the Loyalists of Ireland. It constituted a theory to which they never could, and never would submit. After all, what was their demand? They claimed no peculiar privilege; they disclaimed it. All they asked for were the same rights and the same protection as those which were accorded to all their fellow citizens in Great Britain. These they claimed as the inalienable rights of citizens of the Empire. What would they gain by Home Rule? No one had ever told them. It was very clear that they would gain no financial advantage from dissolving partnership with the richest country in the world. Nor would they increase their feeling by severing themselves from a policy which had conferred the blessings of liberty in every quarter of the globe.

Sir Edward Carson ended a great speech worthy of a great occasion, which will reverberate throughout the United Kingdom with this declaration of faith:

Declaration of Faith

But what, then, was to be their future action? In the days of their forefathers, in 1688 and 1689, Derry and Enniskillen were the keys of the situation. To-day Belfast was the key. Failing the inclusion of Belfast in the Home Rule scheme Home Rule would be impossible. They started with the cardinal resolutions of 1886 and 1893 that under no

circumstances would they accept Home Rule or acknowledge a Government which was not responsible to the Imperial Parliament. That was their declaration of faith. Let no man be foolish enough to suppose that their action was mere bravado. If it were he for one should not be there that day; nor would he have accepted the high responsibility involved in the task laid upon him. Mr. Asquith had said that they would not be allowed to put their case before the British electorate. It followed that they must rely upon themselves, and they must pursue the argument to its logical conclusion. They must take care that whatever might happen they should be in a position to maintain this essential foundation of their political faith. Their first duty, therefore, was to take steps to ensure that under no circumstances any Home Rule Bill could be made effective as regards the Unionists of Ulster. They must demonstrate their case by every means in their power before their fellow Unionists in Great Britain, and they must ask them to come to their assistance when the occasion arose. And more, as their resolution meant that they would not accept a Home Rule Government, it followed logically that they must be prepared, should the emergency unfortunately occur, themselves to be accountable for the administration of those districts which they were entitled to control.

This is a fair and timely warning to all whom it may concern, to the salaried despots of the House of Commons, to the unsalaried scuttlers in the House of Lords, and to the electors of the United Kingdom, of the inevitable consequences of the hideous outrage of establishing in Dublin for the sole and express purpose of robbing and trampling on Irish Loyalists, a government compared with which Krugerism was beneficent, and Tammanay Hall the personification of political purity. We thank our fellow Loyalists for this warning, all the more as they have followed it up by arranging the preliminaries for a provisional Government in Northern Ireland in the event of the passing of a Home Rule Bill. Mr. Redmond has told his friends: "Don't trust Asquith." We would say with equal emphasis to Ulster: "Don't trust Balfour," "Don't trust Lansdowne," "Don't swallow the high falutin messages of chicken-hearted politicians on the Unionist Front Benches, who desire to throw you off your guard so as to render easier some infamous compact by which the liberties of Ulster would be sold and the United Kingdom disrupted, just as the nation has been placed at the mercy of a Single Chamber Government, and the Constitution of a thousand years smashed with the connivance of active and passive renegades appointed to defend it." We fear nothing from Home Rulers. They are so to speak "known to the

police.* We fear treachery in high places [illegible] Ulster holds the key of the position and the [illegible] of the Union depends above all upon the determination, the [illegible] of others, and the self-confidence of the men of Ulster. We on this side of the Channel can control our own scuttlers if there be no wavering in Belfast, and the choice of Sir Edward Carson as leader makes any suggestion of wavering grotesque. He knows his Front Bench colleagues.

Morocco

We have deliberately devoted our space this month to two topics of transcendent importance, both of which received less than justice from the generality of newspapers, for the simple reason that a Laurier victory in Canada was regarded as a foregone conclusion—outside the pages of the *National Review*. Then it is customary among the sloshers and toshers of Fleet Street to give the go-by to any earnest manifestation of Ulster Unionism, which is dismissed as so much "bluff," by mugwumps and mandarins, with whom the wish is father to the thought, and who being destitute of any political faith themselves, keenly resent principle and enthusiasm in others. We fully acknowledge that the past month has been prolific of other episodes, of which the British public has been kept more or less *au courant*. It would be difficult to over-rate the significance of the long-drawn diplomatic duel between Germany, France and Great Britain over Morocco, which opened on July 1 with the *Panther's* pounce on Agadir—the very day the German Crown Prince and Crown Princess landed in Germany after their English picnic, a coincidence that we trust may in future restrain our gushers whenever a Hohenzollern condescends to visit these shores—and is alleged to be closing at the end of September on terms mutually satisfactory to France and Germany. Though, as it is simultaneously stated that Italy and Turkey are seriously at loggerheads over Tripoli, we are still in the same condition of international unrest as of industrial unrest, which latter, though not unknown elsewhere, appears to be peculiarly virulent in Free Trade England in spite of the "dear food riots" which the "dear Cocoa press" is exploiting to the *n*th power. The moral of Morocco is writ large. So long as Great Britain and France stand together and leave no doubts elsewhere as to their mutual

loyalty, peace will be preserved, provided—and it is a large proviso—the partners in the Entente maintain their belligerent strength and resolutely refuse to be lulled into slumber by their watchful enemy who is working overtime to separate, in order to smash, the principal pillars of European peace. In the face of facts that so to speak strike one in the eye, the action of the British Potsdam press of both Parties "in working for the King of Prussia" is little short of treasonable, and the conduct of disloyal Jews in thwarting the development of the dual Entente into a Triple Entente, embracing Russia, an invaluable counterpoise to any aggressive tendencies in the Austro-German alliance because she has the same interests as Great Britain and France in maintaining the *status quo*, is a very poor return for the hospitality—some think the excessive hospitality—which the chosen race have received in this country. In saying this we are conscious of the fact that there are splendid patriots among the British Jews to whom we owe a great deal, but it is under cover of their work and despite their example that certain Anglo-German financiers and certain Anglo-German journalists act as a sort of advance guard of Germany in this country. For any development of prejudice that may ensue when their machinations are disclosed they must be held entirely responsible. When you find them trotting round to a hostile Embassy to get their marching orders and utilising every opportunity, social and otherwise, to fool our gullible public in the interests of "peace and goodwill," as preached and practised in the Fatherland, one realises how necessary it is for the German Government to create a diversion by engineering attacks upon British Ambassadors in foreign capitals. Were the veil lifted from German diplomatic machinations the world would be astonished. One day it will be lifted and the Germans and their satellites will be sorry they spoke.

Stolypin

EUROPE has sustained an irreparable loss during the past month by the assassination of the great and gallant Stolypin (God rest his soul) who gave up his life to serve his country and to save his Sovereign. The Russian Premier was murdered at a gala performance at the Kieff Theatre, in the presence of the Tsar, by a secret agent of the Russian police instigated by Heaven knows who. The murderer, who was

a Jew, has since been hanged. Some of the comments of the British press on this hideous crime are disgraceful, and there is many a dry eye in Germany, who stands to gain by Russia's loss. Monsieur Stolypin was the one Russian statesman who remained impervious to the blandishments of Potsdam, to which Count Witte completely succumbed some years ago, and for this reason, coupled with his successful effort to save the Constitution, Stolypin was detested by Russian reactionaries, whose attitude should suffice to convince all moderate men in other countries that Stolypin deserved the moral support of Europe in the almost impossible, and the yet almost successful, task to which he put his hand. Russia has stood loyally by her ally throughout the Morocco imbroglio, and we may hope that her policy is too firmly set to be disturbed by the intrigues of her Western neighbour, which will now be redoubled. Our duty is clear, namely to continue, despite our Hebrew friends, to consolidate the Triple Entente and to develop our land and sea power so as to be prepared for all eventualities. One German manœuvre succeeds another. If Morocco has been a *coup manque*, what will be the next move of our restless neighbours across the North Sea? Among numerous lessons to be learnt from recent events is the want of confidence of Germans in the trustworthiness or the stability of German Banks, as we saw a succession of "runs" upon savings in different parts of the Fatherland. It is alleged that under fear of Lloyd-Georgeism a certain number of well-to-do English have lodged liquid property with German Banks. Is this wise? If the Germans, who ought to know their Banks, distrust them in the hour of crisis, apparently for fear that their property might be impounded by the powers-that-be, what would be the position of their British clients in the event of Anglo-German complications?

Miscellaneous

THE press has been overflowing with information on our Labour troubles, and as we have seen Cobdenite journals have sought consolation in foreign riots, real or imaginary, though there is nothing abroad comparable to the settled, sullen revolt of large sections of the wage-earning community at home caused by dear living combined with stagnant wages and diminishing employment, against which they were

supposed to be guaranteed in this paradise of the working man. Little if any light has been thrown on the subject, least of all by Ministerial organs, which are compelled to maintain the wisdom of every Radical measure and every Radical utterance as well as the beneficence of unrestricted free imports, even though the latter is not good enough for the plutocratic proprietors of the journals in question, whose huge fortunes are founded on precisely opposite principles. One of Mr. George's hangers-on, Mr. Masterman, has explained to a sympathetic correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* that among the causes of present discontent is the Society column in popular papers, with its attendant gossip of "weddings and parties and motors and jewels." There may be something in this, and in any case it is one of the most odious features of latter-day journalism. Why should not the *Daily Chronicle* take the hint and drop tittle-tattle? If Mr. Masterman were not too grand to stroll through Hyde Park on a Sunday afternoon, he would hear a good deal about the luxurious living of Chancellors of the Exchequer and other Demagogues with five thousand a year, to say nothing of Members of Parliament whose recent appropriation of £400 per annum has made a deep impression on the masses. At the same time we trust that until the Act in question has been repealed, Unionist Members will not be so quixotic as to return their salaries to the Treasury, and thereby facilitate the financing of further Welsh jobs. Far better devote the money to some useful public object, as for example the Tariff Reform League (7 Victoria Street, S.W.), or that exqually excellent and most efficient body the Women's Unionist and Tariff Reform League (13a George Street, Hanover Square, W.C.), or to Sir Edward Carson for the defence of the Union. * * * The Channel has been the scene of unprecedented activity. First of all Mr. T. W. Burgess, a Yorkshireman living in Paris, repeated Captain Webb's historic performance of 1875 by swimming from shore to shore, a feat generally believed to be impossible—in 22½ hours. Since then Mr. Swan, an English clergyman, has rowed the Channel in an outrigger in under four hours, while a Dover boatman did the double trip in an ordinary row boat in less than twelve hours. Assuredly the Channel is becoming tame.

THE TORY TRADITION

> The more genius, industry, and spirit are employed to destroy, the harder the task of saving our country becomes; but the duty increases with the difficulty, if the principles on which I reason are true. In such exigencies it is not enough that genius be opposed to genius, spirit must be matched by spirit. They, who go about to destroy, are animated from the first by ambition and avarice, the love of power and of money: fear makes them often desperate at last. They must be opposed therefore, or they will be opposed in vain, by a spirit able to cope with ambition, avarice, and despair itself: by a spirit able to cope with these passions, when they are favoured and fortified by the weakness of a nation, and the strength of a government. In such exigencies there is little difference, as to the merit or the effect, between opposing faintly, and unsteadily, and not opposing at all: nay the former may be of worse consequence in certain circumstances than the latter.
>
> BOLINGBROKE.

IT must be admitted that to drink champagne with a coronet on your head in the Royal Gallery of Westminster Palace is to reach a very high level of human existence, in spite of having paid £2 for the privilege. But a few weeks later to be deprived of all political rights, to continue to be heavily taxed without even having a vote at a Parliamentary election, to be represented on no public body save the County Council or Parish Council, is a sharp contrast to the sparkling moments of the Coronation.

The Radicals have in very truth won a great victory. By obtaining a majority in the House of Lords for the destruction of the Constitution without having to create Peers their victory has been bloodless. It has been gained in a manner so flagitious, so illegal, so precipitate, that it cannot endure. But let no one undervalue its importance. It is a staggering blow to a social order of things that has always excited at once the

dislike and the jealousy, if in some cases even the secret admiration of the Radical; it is a shock to the moral of a free Constitution which he has found inconvenient to the oligarchy that he and his kind have always favoured. For the destruction of the House of Lords is part of the class war that a certain type of Radical has waged for many generations. To what degree this portion of Radical strategy has been assisted and the prestige of their own order damaged by the Peers themselves is a very delicate controversy. The tender question whether the Peerage lost caste in the earlier part of the campaign by the attempt to jettison the hereditary principle while under a hot fire, or whether the Peers justly laid themselves open to the charge of cowardice by acquiescing in the passage of the Parliament Bill under the pistol, loaded or unloaded, of Lord Morley, will not here be probed. But *it is legitimate from a constitutional point of view to examine* the conduct of affairs by those who have lately been responsible for advising the House of Lords.

The acute phase of the struggle between the Radical Caucus and the British Constitution dates from 1906. The crucial moment was the production of the famous Budget. Now from 1906 two courses were open to the Lords. One was to obliterate themselves altogether, and give the Radicals the proverbial rope wherewith to hang themselves. Something might have been urged, and no doubt was urged, in favour of this course. But in the end the alternative view prevailed that the Lords must justify their position as an integral and effective portion of the Constitution; they accordingly went on from strength to strength until they rejected the Budget. About the legality of this proceeding there is no doubt. There are two opinions about its wisdom. Those who favoured the rejection can urge with great force that the Budget was proclaimed both by its friends and its enemies to be a financial revolution; that while the House of Lords cannot permanently prevent a financial revolution, it is their absolute duty to consult the electors before giving it legislative sanction; and that after Lord Rosebery's speech at Glasgow no Second Chamber worthy of the name had any alternative but to exercise its right of reference to the electors. But whatever forces were at work, Lord Lansdowne advised the Lords to fall back on what Mr. Gladstone once called "the full breadth of

their privileges." Now come two questions that must be asked, and let us hope answered:

(1) Was the probability taken into account of the Sovereign sooner or later being advised to overwhelm the House of Lords by new creations?

(2) In the event of this advice being given to the Sovereign at some future time, was it decided to capitulate, or to deny the legality of the proceeding, and if necessary force the Prime Minister to create enough Peers to outvote the Opposition Peers in the House?

The first question can be answered in the affirmative with no fear of contradiction. The rejection of a Budget must force a General Election.

The only thing that could save a General Election would have been the alteration of the Budget to suit the Peers, a thing that Mr. George's supporters would never have allowed. It must not be forgotten that just then he was the darling of the Socialists. That the Conservatives would obtain a working majority was wildly improbable. That the Radicals would use any majority they might obtain for the purpose of trying to carry something as bad as or perhaps worse than the Campbell-Bannerman resolutions was equally certain. If the Lords refused to be extinguished, the Prime Minister was sure to try to borrow the Royal Prerogative to compel their assent. It is therefore perfectly clear that those who advised the rejection of the Budget must have foreseen the strong probability that a creation of Peers would sooner or later have to be faced.

The second question is by far the more important, and has not yet been answered. It is a very vital one to the Constitutionalist. The case has been very forcibly put by an able writer in the *Academy*.

> In 1909 we had a House of Lords which we regarded as part of the bedrock of our Constitution and its impregnable bulwark, whereas all the time it never rested on any more stable basis than this, that a Radical leader had only to come into office, to bring in a Bill for its abolition, to call upon the Crown to create Peers and there was an end of its existence. So that so far from being founded upon a rock it was not even founded upon sand, it was established upon straw.

Now without any animus or recrimination it is fair to ask the official leaders in the House of Lords whether they accept, or

whether they do not accept, the above conclusion. If they do not accept it, why did they not at some juncture, the earlier the better, submit to the King that they and their Party would not under any circumstances acquiesce in the Creation of Peers, in which case it is unthinkable that it could have been proceeded with? If on the other hand they do accept it and maintain that any such representation to the King would have been dangerous and undesirable, then in November 1909 they knew the House of Lords merely to hang upon air, and their counsel to the House to throw out the Budget appears difficult to defend. This is no question of "Die Hards" and "Ditchers." The future student of the Constitution will want to know why it was agreed to admit the power of one portion of the Constitution to usurp the prerogative of another portion in order to extinguish the remaining portion: and why this *coup d'état* was permitted to be transferred from the region of the Impossible, the Unthinkable, and the Illegal into the category of the Possible, the Thinkable, and the Legitimate. These questions are not asked in any spirit of captiousness with regard to "attitudes" and "frames of mind," but because they have a very important bearing on the restoration by the Conservatives that must now be their first great work. If indeed the Constitution can be destroyed by Act of Parliament, the work of restoration, always difficult, becomes even more difficult. The theory that "the Lords must yield to the will of the people" and that "it is no disgrace to run away with the Duke of Wellington" when applied to fundamentals is dangerous in the extreme. The passage of the Reform Bill has but little analogy to the passage of the Parliament Bill. The citation of the Duke of Wellington and the Reform Bill is really not a fortunate one. In 1832 there was a real deadlock: in 1911 there is none; the first unclosured discussion the Bill had received was in the House of Lords a few weeks ago. In 1832 the people were breaking the windows; in 1911 there is no real enthusiasm for the Bill, except among politicians.

But the vital difference between the Reform Bill and the Parliament Bill cannot be too often insisted upon. If a Revolution is the destruction of the existing form of Government, the Reform Bill was not a Revolution. The Parliament Bill destroys

the Constitution and is therefore a Revolution. One can almost congratulate the Radicals on having procured this Revolution by Act of Parliament, and that without swamping the House of Lords. The thing is astounding. Even if the Creation of Peers had been forced, the crime would have been just as heinous. But at any rate the position of the defenders of the Constitution would have been much stronger. The Opposition would have been able to say that the Constitution was only abrogated by the employment of a weapon they themselves had declared to be unconstitutional. To yield before the weapon was actually used is quite capable of being represented as acquiescing in its legality. The answer to this may be that the Peers would be created anyhow, and that there were no visible means of preventing this catastrophe. It will not here be argued whether the reinforcement of the House of Lords by say 300 hereditary Peers would not have indefinitely postponed the dissolution of the hereditary Peerage. Be that as it may, any and every means of obstruction by repeated adjournments, and by a general campaign of stonewalling would in the last resort have been quite legitimate if necessary to give expression to the theory that there is no known constitutional means of destroying the Constitution. Parliament has no right or moral power to decree its own extinction. There is a limit to its omnipotence. Our faulty system of representative government, with all its checks and balances, including even the manipulation of the Lords by the Crown in desperate and unthinkable deadlocks, may or may not be all very well as applied to ordinary legislation, but that it should ever have been allowed to apply to the destruction of Parliament itself is a first class disaster from which we may take many generations to recover. The three lines of defence adopted by the gentleman who was accused of returning in a damaged condition a borrowed wheelbarrow are worth remembering. His first position was that he had not borrowed the wheelbarrow at all. His second position was that if he had borrowed it, he had returned it uninjured. His third position was that if the wheelbarrow was returned damaged, it was damaged when it came into his possession. The Parliament Bill was never before the electors long enough to enable them to form an opinion on it. If it was, then the majority was not decisive. If the majority was decisive, the minority

are not bound to accept peaceably the decision of the majority to destroy the whole fabric of free government.

It has been necessary to go over some of the old ground in order to insist upon the view that the Parliament Bill is illegal, because the constant presentment of this view is the only sound prelude to the repeal of the Act, which is the first necessity for those who would restore free government to their fellow subjects. The past can for the moment be left to the historian. But the historian will want to know how a numerically strong Opposition, led by men who have served their country at home and abroad in the highest offices, ever allowed the great catastrophe to take place, the nature of which was foreshadowed by Lord Bolingbroke. Let us read it in the inimitable language of the great Tory himself:

> There have been periods when our government continued free, with strong appearances of becoming absolute. Let it be your glory, My Lord, and that of the new generation springing up with you, that this government do not become absolute at any future period, with the appearances of being free. However you may be employed; in all your councils, in all your actions, keep this regard to the Constitution always in sight.

This is exactly what has happened. "The appearances of being free" are preserved in the celebrated two years' delay to legislation that may still be offered by the Lords. It is sincerely to be trusted that no language will be used on Unionist platforms about this paper privilege except to convey the truth that it is absolutely illusory. If it were not illusory, the Radicals would never have suffered it to be put in the Act. They know their own business better than we can teach it to them. Not only is it illusory but likely to prove a positive advantage to the Government. Logrolling legislation, unpopular with the majority, will have to be passed in order to enable the Coalition to hang together. The odium of carrying a Bill into law can be postponed by a delay of two years, during which time National attention can be distracted and inflammation relieved by liberal helpings of "rare and refreshing fruit pressed" (or promised) "to the parched lips of the multitude." It is even possible to argue that the Constitutional Cause will be hampered if the Lords consent to exercise this right. But the point is that it matters but little what the Lords do. Before the passage of the Act, they had,

on the whole, less power than any other Second Chamber. And now they have got none at all. Let there also be not too much talk about repairing the existing state of things. A thing that is irreparable cannot be repaired; and above all let there be no suggestion of amending the Parliament Act. The Unionist Party must be clearly understood to be out for the repeal of the Parliament Act. And it must be remembered that there is no obligation to acquiesce in any law that is passed under the New Model that now prevails. Englishmen cannot recognise the present Instrument of Government by the absolutism of the Radical Caucus: and a future Unionist Government is at perfect liberty to disregard the convention, if it be a convention, that most legislation passed by their predecessors should stand, and to repeal all or any Acts emanating from the new tyranny. We owe it to ourselves and our posterity to recognise no other authority save that of King, Lords, Commons; to labour unceasingly for its restoration is the absolute condition precedent to all other reforms. We shall have plenty of propulsion.

The Nation will want its old Government back again bye-and-bye when it discovers the uses to which the new one will be put. The natural craving for a free constitution was given striking expression to not long ago at a meeting held to consider the bearing of the Insurance Bill on the Friendly Societies. All the speakers were working men, of what political creed we do not know; but each one of them declared that the Bill was not receiving adequate discussion in the House of Commons, and that the interests of the Friendly Societies were in danger. They therefore hoped that the Bill would receive that full discussion and amendment in the House of Lords that was being denied to it in the House of Commons, in order that the Friendly Societies might be protected. It may be objected that as the Bill is a Money Bill, the House of Lords could in no circumstances have amended it. If this is so, then the sooner we equip ourselves with a strong Second Chamber, and invest it with the authority to deal with Money Bills, the better it will be for all classes. Finance is less than ever a question of discharging a housemaid or two, and more than ever a National question, affecting the poor in particular. The direct interception

of wages by Mr. George will bring this home to the working classes in a manner that they will not mistake, and the demand for a Second Chamber to revise finance among other matters, will be voiced by them as soon as the new tyranny has begun to work.

The Repeal of the Parliament Act, then, is the first duty of the Unionist Party when returned to power. But this is not all. The Party has received advice of all kinds from enemies and friends. The Redistribution of Seats, the dropping of what is called the "Food Taxes," the insistence on the "Food Taxes," the adoption of National Service, an elected Second Chamber, the Referendum in a greater or a less degree, and many other things have each been recommended as the only means of salvation. All these questions may have to be considered as portions of a whole. But in very truth there is no empirical remedy for the fortunes of the Unionist Party. The road to power as well as to office can only be found in the first instance in the study of the Law and the Prophets of Conservatism, and by adhering to their doctrines. Let us drink copiously at the fount of Bolingbroke, Pitt, and Beaconsfield. To abandon the cardinal principles of Conservatism to capture the superficial humours of the moment is not only immoral but futile; a victory gained in this manner carries within itself the seeds of early decay. The first thing the Conservative and Unionist Party have to do is to persuade all Conservatives and Unionists not only to vote for it but to work for it, a thing that has not happened for at least a decade. If it is in earnest about this, it will go a long way towards the second great object, that of convincing the Nation that it is the National Party. It is of course vital for the second object that the welfare of all classes from the point of view of National and Imperial development should be thoroughly studied and made the subjects for platform speeches with a view to future legislation of a Conservative and not of a vote-catching character. This is Toryism, and nothing else is Toryism: and it is only on true Toryism that we can win. But there is no short cut to the social aspect of Toryism by abandoning or even skimming over its primary functions. It is a first class necessity to fight for all the fundamentals of Constitution in Church and State that founded the Conservative Party,

and for the Unity of Great Britain and Ireland that founded the Unionist Party. Do not try to find plausible alternatives to proposals that are in conflict with our principles. To weaken on any of these principles will not gain a single vote in the Constituencies, and will only alienate Conservatives who vote for the Conservative Party because they hope and trust that Party will defend their faith. A very large body of men and women who are Conservatives in the National as well as in the Parliamentary sense do not hold their views merely from a feeling of tradition and sentiment—though it may here be remarked that tradition and sentiment and even prejudice play and always have played such a leading part in our history that they are forces that must be reckoned with—but from a deep-rooted conviction that the bedrock of the Empire is the stability of those institutions that in their opinion made England a Nation.

The necessity for protecting the cardinal principles of Conservatism is here submitted because there can be no doubt that there has been a tendency to disavow them when their defence may have appeared inconvenient, and because the Unionist Party stands to lose by indulging in this tendency. There was an indecent haste to clutch at the Reform of the House of Lords the very moment after they had rejected the Budget. The hereditary principle, it was alleged, could no longer be defended on the platform. It was said that audiences "got out of hand" directly the House of Lords was mentioned. It may well be answered that any reform of the House of Lords that has hitherto been produced is even less capable of defence than all the anomalies of the venerable institution itself. A new House of Lords may have to be found, but it will require at least as much talent to manufacture and recommend the new one as was required to defend the old. The task of restoration will be harder than that of preservation. A Second Chamber "is of all political inventions the most difficult." But although the functions of the Second Chamber will have to be restored, the Establishment of the Church and the Unity of the United Kingdom will still have to be defended, and perhaps literally, with our very last cartridge. The votes that the Archbishops and Bishops have lately given in the House of Lords cannot excuse the Conservative Party from its duty to maintain the Cause of the Establishment

and of religious education of a kind demanded by the parents and just to all denominations.

It will be folly to let go of these things in order to get a better hold of something else. The great strength of Radicalism has been that it has never given anything away. They have clung through good report and through ill report to their principles, deleterious and anti-National though many of us think these principles are. What are they? Disraeli told us in his memorable and prophetic speech at the Crystal Palace in 1872.

> The tone and tendency of Liberalism cannot long be concealed. It is to attack the institutions of the country under the name of Reform, and to make war on the manners and customs of the people of this county under the pretext of Progress . . . there has been no effort so continuous, so subtle, supported by so much energy, and carried on with so much ability and acumen, as the attempts of Liberalism to effect the disintegration of the Empire of England.

The most ardent critic of Radicalism cannot say that his Party have not done their best. All through the long twenty years following on 1886, the Radicals were unrepentant and incorrigible and never made a single concession to moderate opinion. They thought only of their own people. They never praised the Government. They did no violence to their feelings during the Boer War. And now they have reaped the reward of tenacity; for the Radical Caucus has indeed put all things under its feet. Without adherence to the spirit and tradition of Toryism, the Unionist Party will have no character of its own, and will only be dipping into the bran pie of toys to please the people, in the vain hope that luck will give them a better choice than the Radicals. And it is indeed a vain hope. For the Radicals will beat us at this game every time. They have the whole field of bribery and corruption and class hatred that we cannot touch.

Enough has now been said in the endeavour to present the view that the maintenance of such of our institutions as are not yet destroyed, and the reconstruction of such as are destroyed, are more than ever the first necessities of our Party, if it would retain the services of its natural supporters, to say nothing of discharging its obligation to the country. But some one will say that this is not enough, and that we must have a "constructive programme." Before considering this, it is not impertinent to say that what the Unionist Party wants more than anything

else is the reputation of being in earnest. And we shall not acquire the reputation of being in earnest about what is called "Social Reform" unless we are in earnest about the old faith. The nation will never entrust its social welfare to a party that is not prepared to fight for its own creed. But the beauty of it is that the old creed, the permanent portion of Toryism, is not only not exclusive of, but an absolute condition precedent to all social well-being. True Toryism does not claim and never has claimed that the Nation exists for the Constitution, but that the Constitution exists for the Nation. It is the only guarantee for Liberty, which must pervade all Social Progress, and without which no Social Reform is worth having. The Tory Party then, as the sole champion of free government against the tyranny of the Radical Caucus, is the only vehicle for Liberty, and hence the only vehicle for real Progress. But that is not all. Bolingbroke was one of the greatest prophets of Toryism, and did he not tell us that "the good of the people is the ultimate and true end of government?" The whole history and teaching of the Tory Party is packed with constructive Social Reform. The Tories were the only Party who took any notice of the working classes before they had the vote. In industrial matters we have only to return to first principles, and preach them earnestly in relation to modern conditions. Toryism is not obsolete. It is only dormant.

He is a bold man who says we have no constructive policy when we are pledged to reconstruct the Constitution, the Navy, and the Tariff. In other branches of National life the whole field is open to us. Eugenics, and Education, in fact the whole vast problem of Heredity and Environment, have got to be faced if we would keep our place among the Nations. Let us rely on the National character, and aim at preserving it by breeding from the best stocks and bringing to maturity the greatest possible number of mentally and physically sound men and women, reared among healthy surroundings in the ideals of Religion and Patriotism, equipped with a trade education, protected by a Tariff from unfair foreign competition, trained to bear arms if need be for their country, admitted to all the privileges, and alive to all the duties of Membership of the British Empire. These are some of the ways in which the National Party may

proceed upon its great mission of raising National life to its highest point of efficiency. The Conservative and Unionist Party of to-day is the only Party that is qualified to succeed the Tories in the title of the National Party, and we can only inherit this title by maintaining the Tory tradition. Lord Robert Cecil, whose early return to Parliament we all desire, has just told us in one of his admirable letters in the *Morning Post* that the first necessity of the Conservative Party is to be Conservative, and it may be added that the first duty of the Unionist Party is to be Unionist. Let us hold fast to the old faith, because it is good, and because adhering to our principles is the best way of convincing our fellow countrymen that we mean business in all the other branches of Statesmanship that affect the National welfare. Much will depend upon the spirit in which the great work is undertaken. A blank, direct, uncompromising negative to every proposal that conflicts with fundamentals is the first postulate. The next is to prove to the Nation in a practical manner that those who in the past have, no doubt in many cases wrongly, been associated with class privilege have more power for good than the agitator. The common sense of the agricultural community has sent the agitator about his business. Why should he not be defeated in the towns? Let it be our object to increase personal contact and sympathy between all classes, to labour to remove all causes of that discontent which is the great asset of our opponents, and in proposing the definite means do not let us be frightened by phrases about Socialism.

But while firmly preaching our own policy, it must not be forgotten that the first and the greatest Reform is to get rid of the Radicals. If we do not believe that they are a menace to the State, and a danger to the Empire, we are not an Opposition. Let us not lose our attack. We want more pugnacity. The only ray of comfort that can be extracted from the passage of the Parliament Act is that perfunctory resistance to a Radical Measure can no longer be excused on the plea that "The House of Lords will chuck it out." The tendency on our part to praise the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Home Secretary for merely performing the primary functions of government in a domestic crisis which has mainly been created by their own speeches in

the Country, and for the underlying causes of which they have no cure, was a piece of consideration entirely thrown away. The satisfaction expressed at seeing Mr. George rebuking Mr. Keir Hardie in the House of Commons was premature. The Minister went down to Wales a few days afterwards, and began his old game of setting class against class. Mr. George does more harm in ten minutes than Mr. Keir Hardie does in ten years. Of the two Mr. Keir Hardie is if anything the preferable. There is no humbug about this gentleman. In or out of the House of Commons he is just the same. Mr. George sinks the agitator in the House of Commons, but discards the thin veneer of statesmanship in a Welsh peroration in the Country. Surely no opposition has such an opening as we now have for legitimate denunciation of a Government. Georgeism has had every opportunity, and has accomplished less than nothing for Employment, Wages, National Defence and Empire. The Government has succeeded in one thing only. It has gained the supreme power in the State by an example of tyranny and lawlessness in high places, which has permeated all ranks of society, and brought the Country to the verge of anarchy. All English men and women who value Law, Order and Liberty are profoundly shocked and alarmed, and are looking for salvation to the National Party. The Opposition has a great responsibility and a unique opportunity. It has only to go forward and to enter upon its inheritance.

WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

THE CHAMPION SCUTTLER

THE lapse of time has not reconciled the Unionist party in the country to the extraordinary act of cowardice and folly committed in the House of Lords on August 10, when, with the direct connivance of Mr. Balfour, the detestable and mischievous Parliament Bill was carried by Unionist votes. Nothing—not even the intrigues of Lord Curzon and Lord Knollys who so disastrously abused his position of confidence at Court—can explain away this ghastly debâcle. The psychological moment for Mr. Balfour and the House of Lords was reached when the bell rang for that memorable division which was to destroy the British Constitution, and to extricate Mr. Asquith and the Radical party from all their difficulties. We know the pitiful result. And Unionists have not forgotten and forgiven Mr. Balfour's part in it.

No doubt we shall be told that in the past he has rendered "immense services." Services he has indeed rendered—to the Radical party. He placed that party in power by his feebleness in administration; he has kept that party in power by his weakness in opposition. To say that the average voter disbelieves in his sincerity and earnestness is to put the case in the mildest terms. "What makes the strength of words? Manhood to back them, constant as a star." Mr. Balfour's impassioned tirades against the Parliament Bill and his ridiculous vote of censure on the Government for their violent and unconstitutional conduct to the King were followed by this ignoble, miserable surrender—words without manhood, covering the Opposition and its leader with dishonour. No wonder that Unionist working men say they never want to hear Mr. Balfour's name mentioned again.

There is a story and a true one told of the great American

soldier, General Grant, which illustrates the psychological importance of such decisions. After two days of desperate and bloody battle in the wilderness, in which the Northern army seemed to have received nothing but hard blows, Grant marched his troops off the field. The line of movement taken led to Chancellorsville, and at Chancellorsville the roads forked. One turned to the left; if followed, it meant retreat, it meant defeat. The other turned to the right; if followed, it meant that Grant refused to admit himself beaten; it meant further continued murderous battle but ultimate victory. As the leading files of the army, marching in the darkness, drew near that fatal place of decision men trembled. If the turn to the left was taken there were thousands who would desert or straggle, and moral would be destroyed. Seldom in war is the choice presented so clearly or does the common soldier so realise what vast issues hang on a single order of a single man. But as the files reached the turning-place they marched to the right. "Instantly," says one who served with them, "all of us heard a sigh of relief. Our spirits rose. We marched free. The men began to sing. . . . That night we were happy." And they broke into such loud and tumultous cheers as they defiled before Grant, after the most terrible fight they had ever fought, that the Confederates opened fire believing that these were the shouts which preceded a night assault. The army of the Potomac, after three years of incessant slaughter and defeat, had found a general who would not run away.

Mr. Balfour's action was the very converse of that of Grant. At the critical moment he took the wrong turning. He may tell us that it was "tactics," but the answer to this is that the Unionist voter will not be satisfied when he is informed that a panic-stricken flight is really dictated by strategic considerations. The working man has a healthy contempt for moral cowards. The assurances with which we are being plied, that Mr. Balfour will repeal the Parliament Bill when he obtains power, are simply preposterous. How can the Parliament Bill be repealed when all the machinery of the official Unionist organisation was utilised to induce certain renegade Unionist Peers to vote for it? Repeal in such circumstances will only add infamy to infamy. The electors of this country are plain people who will never understand the

motives of a party which one day votes against the Parliament Bill, the next day votes for it or abstains, and then, when it has passed, proclaims the intention of reversing it. If the Parliament Bill is to be undone, if it is ever to be removed from the statute book, if, in fine, the Unionist Party is ever to return to power, it must find some other leader than Mr. Balfour. He is such a clever person that his own followers cannot follow his gyrations. Talk to any disinterested person, to any Unionist not in the official circle, even to many of the faithful in the "Scuttle Press," and they will admit that under Mr. Balfour's leadership the Unionist party is doomed to wander in the wilderness for twenty years or more. Such is the pass to which he has brought his friends.

Indeed, he has become the chief asset of the Radical Government. So valuable is he to Messrs. Asquith, Lloyd George and Winston Churchill that they go out of their way to smother all attacks upon him, and even to repress those compliments which are more dangerous than any invectives. Immediately after the disruption of the Unionist party by the surrender of August 10, certain enthusiastic Radicals proposed in their press to raise a testimonial to Mr. Balfour for his statesmanship and splendid qualities which had enabled the Ministry to pass the Parliament Bill. Had this innocent scheme been prosecuted further it might have opened the eyes of even the most somnolent of the Scuttlers. But it was hurriedly dropped—can we doubt at a hint from "dear Henry"? Tweedledum came to the help of Tweedledee and took precautions to make the world believe them enemies.

We are entreated by Mr. Balfour's immediate followers to believe that the dominating reason for the surrender of August 10 was his wish to make a determined fight on Home Rule. Let there be no mistakes on this head. A leader who has once acquired the habit of running away will not shake that habit off. Unionists will once more be led into battle with all bands playing, colours flying and their splendid chief riding gallantly in front. But the moment the battle waxes hot, the bands will stop playing, the banners will be furled, and the great chief will be found calmly riding off to Gastein or some other place, having concluded the usual

compact with Mr. Henry Tweedledum and ordered a general "sauve qui peût." And to compel the army to retreat and prevent it from fighting, he will have instructed the "Scuttle Press" to sap its moral and expatiate on the immense advantage of flight. "Enough of such foolery," once said Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman to Mr. Balfour. The Unionist party echoes that cry to-day.

The Unionist party, in fact, is condemned to impotence so long as it is led by Mr. Balfour. How immense is the disaster caused by the collapse of Unionism under Mr. Balfour's command can be seen from the internal and external position of the country. The harvest of five years' preaching of class hatred, five years of Limehouse speeches and appeals to the basest passions in man, is now being gathered-in in strikes, riots and disorders. As the result of a month of this unrest the loss to business is estimated at one hundred millions sterling. In reality it is enormously greater. The "boom" in trade has suddenly come to a standstill; there are indications of something suspiciously like an approaching "slump." Enterprise has stopped dead. No one will commit himself. The most casual observer must have noticed the extraordinary decrease in newspaper advertisements. Radicals and Scuttlers alike have wilfully closed their eyes to the fact that constitutional instability must be fatal to trade. The country is already repenting of the blank cheque which it gave to the Radicals, but in its repentance it finds no one to trust so long as the Unionists are devoted to the policy of the white flag and perpetual surrender. It dreads like a nightmare the possible enactment of the Insurance Bill which will add twenty millions or more to the burden of the taxpayer and precipitate in all probability a fresh wave of labour revolt against the deduction of small sums from the workers' wages. But here again the Unionist leaders went out of their way to applaud Mr. Lloyd George's vote-catching measure and cut their own throats. And this policy was dictated from Carlton Gardens, that home of courage and cleverness.

In external affairs we have the absolute certainty that the German Navy Act is to be increased, at the very moment when Mr. Lloyd George is reckoning on savings from the naval vote to pay for his wild-cat legislation. Unless the British Govern-

ment immediately adopts a policy of military reform and enormously increases its naval armaments, the defeat of this country is certain, is near at hand. German opinion has been dexterously exasperated against us, and even Mr. Lloyd George is denounced as a Jingo. The Socialist writer, Mr. Blatchford, who has an inconvenient habit of stating the truth in blunt clear English, is not far wrong:

My position is simple enough. I say we must defend our position or give it up or lose it. If we are to defend it, we ought to make our defences sure. Mr. Lloyd George is one of those political windy spasms who endanger a State. He will oppose preparation for war until our weakness exposes us to a menace, and then he will begin to threaten and talk war. . . . Germany is ruled by soldiers and men; her arguments are battle-ships and army corps. She is not to be bluffed by Sunday School Jingoes.

If Mr. Lloyd George meant what he said in that famous speech, the British Navy must be greatly increased, the two-to-one standard must be adopted, and all idea of effecting "economies" in the Navy Estimates, for which Scuttle writers in the "Scuttle Press" are already preparing the public, must be dropped. Far from the naval competition with Germany having ceased it has not yet begun. And yet to-day Germany has the largest battleship afloat, ready for service, and the fastest cruiser. Her navy holds the record for quick coaling and claims the record for gunnery. In rapidity of fire the figure achieved by the *Thueringen's* fore-turret, when two guns of 12·2-in. calibre fired eight rounds in one minute and a half, stands unsurpassed. The Power which our "Scuttle Press" and our Admiralty declared only three years ago could never successfully construct Dreadnoughts has now nine complete against fourteen British, of which one is absent from our fleets undergoing repairs. All through last month, owing to the defects developed by certain of the British destroyers, the German fleet was actually superior in modern craft of this type. It has an enormous superiority in docks and repair facilities on the North Sea. And this is the work of only five years. Mr. Balfour began the policy of naval reductions in 1905. The Radical Government continued that policy for three years with disastrous results, and only in 1909 did they take the first half-hearted measures to repair the mischief which they had done. They still shirk any comprehensive scheme of naval defence, and Mr. Balfour still

obstinately refuses to give a clear and definite pronouncement on the question of the British standard of strength.

The Morocco crisis, long drawn out, almost as deadly to British trade and finance as the strikes, is a simple earnest of what is coming when the German navy draws closer to us at sea. Two years hence our slight predominance in Dreadnoughts in Europe will have passed away. Germany and her allies will have every chance on their side. Here is one more cause making for the revival of Unionism when the British nation discovers how it has been fooled. But the man who gave the Radicals the lead in cutting down the fleet will not then be able to recover the confidence of the British electorate. Thus the bitter truth has to be confessed. The Radical Party is powerful only for mischief. The Unionist Party is powerless for good, so long as it has as its nominal leader Mr. Balfour.

B. M. G.

THE CRISIS IN CONSOLS

During the latest of the crises which are being periodically "made in Germany" an eminent financier was asked what in his opinion was the most dangerous feature in the international situation. He promptly replied: "British Consols at 77½. They are a standing menace to the peace of Europe." Very few British politicians and least of all any member of the Asquith Cabinet may have ever thought of Consols in that light, but it is the light in which they are now chiefly regarded in the City. The question has for weeks past been in every mind, if not on every lip, what bearing are Consols at 77½ likely to have in the momentous issue between peace and war which has of late been trembling in the balance.

In the first place, what effect may they be expected to have on the world's estimate of our military and financial strength. In the second place, what influence may they have on the value which friendly Powers set on a British alliance. Thirdly, what may they count for in the calculations of rivals and possible assailants. Astute anti-British statesmen have doubtless sized us up as factors in future eventualities, and it would be particularly interesting to learn how Consols at 77½ figure in their summary of our fighting resources. Not very high it is to be feared. If so then the eminent financier above alluded to would be justified in regarding them as a menace to the peace of Europe.

The first class wars of the future will have to be fought mainly with credit. Gold and all other material forms of wealth will go a very short way in them. They will have to be financed with promises to pay later on—drafts on an unknown and precarious future. Then woe to the belligerent who begins badly. His credit and his borrowing power will be apt to tumble headlong as that of France did after Sedan. To start on such a perilous venture with Consols at 77½ might have taken the courage of

William Pitt himself. What, we wonder, does Mr. Lloyd George think of it. How does it strike Lord Haldane, the organiser of paper armies and buckram reserves.

Has the Asquith Cabinet as a whole ever given a moment's thought to the military and financial significances of Consols at 77½? Have they ever asked themselves whether it is calculated to restrain or to stimulate the aggressive designs of Governments bent on having a front seat in the sun, somebody else's seat for choice. To appeal from the Cabinet to the House of Commons would be still more vain. The louder that the popular Assembly asserts its exclusive jurisdiction over national finance, the more glaring becomes its incompetence for that high office. Having successfully asserted its claim to a monopoly of financial control it must accept the accompanying responsibility. But so far it has shown as little appreciation of the responsibility as of the control itself.

The House of Commons lost no time in exhibiting to the wide world its rare qualification for the fiscal and financial functions of which it claims a monopoly. Since this modest claim was put forward and agreed to by a studiously courteous and polite Opposition, intelligible discussion of public finance has virtually disappeared. The annual Budget has become a nightmare of new taxes and fantastic expenditures. Budget debates have degenerated into a mockery of financial criticism. It is useless for any financier of the old school to say a word or even to ask a question of the new Oracle. He will only expose himself to a jeer or a snub from the Treasury Bench.

How little Ministers think of public finance is shown by their erratic and haphazard methods of dealing with it. Odd half-hours are considered good enough for it, and even these are grudgingly given. There has been no proper Budget debate in the House of Commons this session, and last year there was no proper Budget to discuss. The Cabinet appears to have divested itself of its financial authority almost as completely as Parliament has done. It has allowed the Chancellor of the Exchequer to work himself up into a Pooh-Bah, and not satisfied with turning his own department topsy-turvy he invades every sphere which can be revolutionised or upset. Under his guidance hysterics have taken the place of economics, and Limehousing has superseded sane and sober legislation.

Mr. Gladstone in his most autocratic days was never able to boss his colleagues and browbeat the House of Commons as Mr. Lloyd George now does systematically. It would be impossible to imagine him throwing on the table of the House such crude emotional schemes as the Budget of 1909 or the State Insurance Bill of 1911. Still more inconceivable is it that he should haggle and bargain with outsiders over disputed clauses. The backstair negotiations to which Mr. Lloyd George devotes a great deal more time and attention than he deigns to give to Committee work in the House of Commons had not been heard of in the Gladstone age. They are a recent innovation and an appropriate fruit of the régime from which they sprung.

A brief sparring match at question time with troublesome inquirers is all that the "sole and only guardians" of the public purse are now allowed unless on extraordinary occasions. Any kind of measure that the Government choose to furbish up—an Anti-Veto Bill, a Trade Union Relief Bill, a One Man One Vote Bill—takes precedence of Supply or Ways and Means or Finance Bills. Incredible as it would have sounded in the days of Peel or Gladstone, or even Goschen, the Finance Bill of the current year is still in Committee and not likely to get out before Christmas. It has been coolly shunted to make room for the new constitutions with which not only Ireland but various other parts of the United Kingdom are about to have imposed on them.

Home Rule for Ireland will entail some kind of Home Rule for England and Scotland as well, and possibly also for the adjacent islands of Orkney and Shetland, to say nothing of Bute and Arran. While these fundamental requisites of Radical domination are being secured the most vital matters of finance are left to the unbridled caprice of a Finance Minister who regards himself as a new Moses raised up to lead the latest of the chosen people into the most up-to-date Promised Land. Such a dispensation may be grateful and comforting to £400 a year politicians, but it is not giving us either good legislation or sound finance.

Moreover, it does not agree at all with Consols. They dwindle and decline under it as if a blight had fallen on them. They sink not only in market value, but in credit and prestige, which is still more important. We have at last reached a crisis in Consols which, if not promptly and effectively handled,

may soon pass beyond the control of Government and Parliament alike. But as yet neither Government nor Parliament seems to realise the gravity and magnitude of the issues involved in it. There has been no attempt to get to close quarters with it. The characteristic aim of the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been rather to shirk it and keep it at arm's length. With his never-failing audacity and skill in verbal fencing he turns off awkward questions and nips in the bud inconvenient discussions. A man who can juggle as he does either with words or figures is not to be caught at question time. He plays with critics and questions alike, and fools six hundred and seventy members of the House of Commons with the most irrelevant comparisons based on more or less apocryphal statistics.

What could have been more jesuitical than the arguments and comparisons by which he tried to disprove, or at least to minimise, the depreciation of Consols? He picked out figures here and there over more than a decade. He admitted into his comparisons only what suited himself, and he sternly excluded every point that did not suit him. His general principles and his details were equally wrong. The whole basis of his defence was unsound, his statistics did not bear checking, and his conclusions were of the sort that mislead the unwary.

From beginning to end he proceeded on the false assumption that Consols are a mere commodity, like butter or cheese. He recognised in them none of the higher qualities which cannot be measured by commercial standards. The fact of their stability and free sale being essential to the safety of the nation did not seem to have ever occurred to him. Neither did he realise that they are more than ordinary securities, that they are the recognised barometer of our national credit, that they are largely employed as banking materials, and, most important of all, that huge amounts of the people's savings are locked up in them. No other security known to the Stock Exchange possesses these moral distinctions and responsibilities. They set Consols apart from all other stocks, shares, and commodities. The price movements of the latter affect their owners only, whereas the whole forty-five million souls in the United Kingdom are interested in Consols. People who never owned a pound's worth of them have a substantial stake in their market value.

We might go even further and assert that the purchasing

power of Consols is an Imperial question. From a military point of view they are as indispensable as "Dreadnoughts" and armed battalions. It is equally necessary that they be kept in the highest state of efficiency and readiness. The ultimate test of their efficiency is not the price at which ten or twenty thousand pounds of stock could be sold in Capel Court, but what could be got for a new issue of fifty or a hundred millions if it had to be made suddenly for some grave occasion. No financial policy which fails to provide for that eventuality is worth wasting time over. But we not only have no such policy at the present day, we have not even the means of obtaining it. The Ministers to whom we have a right to look for it not only neglect to provide it, but they ridicule the idea of its ever being necessary. To borrow their own elegant sarcasm they "decline to ensure the country against nightmares, financial or otherwise."

But in spite of the high authorities which are marshalled against them nightmares continue to happen. We are passing through one now which startled Mr. Lloyd George into using language toward Germany of a most un-Carnegie-like character. The national credit may have been subjected to worse strains than the present one, but they were never so wantonly challenged as they have been of late. Precautions were never so studiously neglected as they are now. False hopes and assurances were never so persistently preached as they are now in the highest quarters. There was never such a complete divorce as exists now between business and politics, between practical and theoretical finance, between the City and Westminster. The Consol market in its desolation and decay is the most striking symbol of that divorce.

How can we expect our national securities to regain their former status until a united effort is made in Parliament and the City to remove the causes which are depressing them? Most of these are perfectly obvious if we would only look them straight in the face without political bias or preconception. The most obvious of all is that a political clique has been permitted to arrogate to itself the entire supervision of public finance. It has neither the time, nor the temper, nor the training which such a task requires; but dog-in-the-manger-like it will allow no one else to touch the work which it cannot do itself. The

House of Lords contains far more financial skill and experience than the House of Commons, but it has been permanently warned off. It could furnish a select committee—half a dozen of them if necessary—which in a short time could throw valuable light on the present plight of Consols, but rather than accept any such assistance Mr. Lloyd George would see Consols down to seventy, or even lower.

From a tabooed House of Lords and an impracticable House of Commons Consols have little to hope for. The only other quarter from which relief can come is public discussion. The Press, the Chambers of Commerce, and the financial organisations of the country may, amongst them, do a good deal to protect the national credit from further degeneration. But their intervention in order to be effective will need to be prompt and energetic. There is no time to waste in arguing with Mr. Lloyd George as to the rate at which Consols are falling, how fast they fell under Unionist and Radical administrations, what set of official politicians are most to blame for their decline, and so on and so on. That is all red-herring recrimination, or it may be dust thrown in the eyes of too zealous investigators.

The thing to see and to keep our eyes fixed upon is that Consols are in a bad plight, and that all the glib talk of the Chancellor of the Exchequer does not make them any better. Year by year they have been going out of favour and their market has been shrinking. Private investors are deserting them. Trustees are selling instead of buying them. Banks are growing tired of losing money on them. Savings banks and provident institutions can no longer afford to hold them in view of the drastic "writing down" they require. One considerable bank has had to give up the hopeless struggle, and another has had to obtain the assistance of the Bank of England to enable it to reorganise itself on a new basis.

While Consols go down Mr. Lloyd George explains away every fresh slump to the complete satisfaction of his admirers. It is always the same explanation—a kaleidoscope of figures to prove that other Government stocks are falling quite as fast as Consols, a glorification of the sinking fund which, under his miraculous care, is reducing the national debt at the rate of twelve millions sterling per annum, and winding up with a prediction that the finest fiscal policy in the world is bound to pull us through

some day. Unfortunately that prophecy has been so often repeated in the past five years and as often falsified that its influence on the Consol market has sunk to zero.

The futile comparisons in which Mr. Lloyd George delights have been blown to the winds by disasters like the failure of the Birkbeck Bank. Instinctively that mishap was attributed to the source from which so much financial trouble of other kinds had proceeded. "Lloyd George finance" was this explanation which spontaneously rose to every lip. So universal was its acceptance that Mr. Lloyd George took alarm and went out of his way to contradict it.

The gist of his explanation was that the Boer War and the Colonial Stock Act of 1900 authorising trustee investments in colonial securities had caused all the trouble. Mr. Lloyd George having solemnly read this to the House, added that he had himself checked the quotations of the various stocks and found that "they all show a larger depreciation from a date shortly before the outbreak of the Boer War to the end of the lifetime of the late Unionist Government than since the initiation of what is called Lloyd George finance." Had he given us plain dates instead of these two paraphrases the absurdity of such a comparison would have been patent. His "shortly before the outbreak of the Boer War" must mean about the middle of 1899 and the late Unionist Government retired at the end of 1905. The Unionist period of depreciation measures therefore fully six years. In his own case he has given us the exact birthday of "Lloyd George finance." It was April 20, 1909, little more than two years ago.

The first peculiarity of his comparison between Unionist and "Lloyd George" depreciation is that a period of six years is set against one a third of that length. The second peculiarity is that the Unionist period included a long and costly war, while his own two years were, as he often reminds us, years of peace and plenty. Even if the Unionist depreciation were, as he claims, greater than his own, the difference in conditions would render any comparison of their security values irrational. A simple statement of what the Unionist Government had to do in its three war years but which Mr. Lloyd George did not have to do—what he possibly could not have done—in his two peace years would cover his argument with ridicule.

Bald comparisons of prices at different dates without reference to the accompanying conditions is mere jugglery. Still more useless is it to compare extreme or abnormal prices such as the very high figure which Consols reached in 1896 and the very low figure at which they stand to-day. The proper starting-point for rational comparisons is the average of a series of normal years. Any Chancellor of the Exchequer who can keep Consols near that normal average will be doing his duty by them. But he will not care to see them either much above or much below his standard level. The last normal period that Consols enjoyed was the six years immediately succeeding the adoption of Lord Goschen's conversion scheme in 1888. The subjoined list of their highest and lowest prices in these six years exhibits unusual steadiness and solidity—conditions which have been conspicuously lacking ever since:

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF CONSOLS, 1889–1894.

	Highest	Lowest	Range
1889	99⅜	96½	2⅞
1890	98¾	93⅜	5⅜
1891	97½	94⅜	3⅛
1892	98¼	95¼	3
1893	99⅝	97	2⅝
1894	103⅝	98⅜	5¼

The year 1894 was not an absolutely normal year as it will be seen that a considerable rise took place then. This was the beginning of the Consol boom which culminated in the dangerous inflation of 1896. In that year Consols marked 114, but no one in the slightest degree acquainted with their history mistook that for a natural price. It was artificially created by the after-effects of two world-wide crises—that of 1890 in London and of 1893 in New York. These shocks to international credit caused a great shrinkage in trade and in the creation of new securities. Capitalists and investors alike were puzzled what to do with their money. Many of them, instead of sitting on it until the turn of the wheel came, forced it into gilt-edged securities at any price. They fancied that a perpetual reign of cheap money had set in and two per cent. Consols began to be predicted.

The first sign of this glut appeared as shown in the above table in 1894. Its high-water mark was reached in 1896 and when the Boer War began in 1899 a recoil of several points had already

taken place. On October 30, 1899, Consols were down to 104—ten points below high-water mark, but they were still four or five points above the average of the normal period, 1889–1893. The most simple and at same time the most just view to take of the Consol position at this time is to assume that its centre of gravity was par. In ordinary circumstances it would vary only a point or two from that level. Lord Goschen's own anticipation in 1888 was that the new two-and-a-half per cents. would command nearly as much as the two-and-three-quarters per cent. had been doing in the previous three or four years. In 1886–1888 they had been up to 103¾ and down to 95½, making a fair average of 100.

In comparing the price movements of the past twenty years we should start from 1888 as a datum line. If we do that we at once put out of court the abnormal prices of 1894–1899. Two and-a-half per cent. Consols at par were Lord Goschen's ideal and we should be thankful indeed to get back to it. With the warning example of 1896 and 1897 before it, the Consol market wishes for no return of the 112 and 114 boom. It would be well satisfied to make a fresh start at the correct datum line—not 114 but par. Any one doing so in a fair spirit will see that the Boer War was most creditably and successfully financed. The war loans issued not only realised relatively high prices, but they had wonderfully little depressing effect on Consols. These are the special tests of war finance, and Mr. Lloyd George may well ask himself if he could hope to repeat to-day the financial operations which Sir Michael Hicks Beach achieved during the Boer War.

For a Chancellor of the Exchequer the Consol problem is not their market price at a given date but the strain they will bear when called upon. In the strong hands of Sir Michael Hicks Beach they came safely through a very severe ordeal during the Boer War. As already said, when the war broke out they had declined from their high-water mark of 114 to 104. A few months later (March 1900) the first war loan was issued, namely, the national war loan of £30,000,000. It was offered in 2¾ per cent. stock at 98½, and was handsomely subscribed. A year later (April 1901) £60,000,000 of Consols was issued at 94½. In 1902, toward the close of the war, the third and final issue was made—£32,000,000 at 93½.

Apart from the national war loan and several large issues of Treasury bills £92,000,000 of new Consols were put on the market within two years. Far from crushing it as one-half of the amount would probably do now these issues left it firm and healthy at 95½. The decline which took place during the three years' war was actually smaller than what had occurred during the preceding three years of peace:

		Decline
1896–1899 (peace years) . .	114 to 104	10
1899–1902 (war years) . . .	104 to 95½	8½

If we compare the price of Consols at the close of the war with the average of the last six normal years (1889–1894) we shall find a depreciation of only three or four points. Another two or three points were lost between the close of the Boer War and the end of the Unionist régime in 1895. Surely not a bad financial record this as far as Consols are concerned and the maintenance of the national credit. If Mr. Lloyd George flatters himself that he can beat it or come near it, let him try. In the general opinion of the City he could not float twenty millions of new Consols without breaking the present price, low as it is, worse than Sir Michael Hicks Beach's £92,000,000 did during the Boer War. His comparisons of Unionist depreciation with Radical depreciation and of Consol prices with French rentes, home railway debentures, &c., mean no more than a juggler's playing with coloured balls. Instead of restoring public confidence in Consols they intensify public misgiving.

But if the theory were correct that the Boer War and the Colonial Stock Act of 1900 had caused the failure of the Birkbeck Bank that would only raise another question: Why was the fatal depreciation of the bank's securities not discovered much sooner? Why was it delayed until the mischief done was beyond repair? Is the inference not unavoidable that the securities cannot have been properly written down from year to year as the depreciation proceeded? And is there not reason to fear that the laxity of the Birkbeck Bank in this respect has not been exceptional among institutions of its class? May there not be other savings' banks and provident societies dealing in gilt-edged securities which have also shirked the painful process of writing down?

This last is a very serious question, as it involves not merely

the solvency of individual institutions, but the safety of the system as a whole. If Consols and other British funds have permanently ceased to be suitable investments for the savings of the people, then the institutions which have been using them for that purpose must either find more productive investments or quit business. The future of savings' banks, public as well as private, is at stake, and the amount of money involved is not far short of two hundred millions sterling. For a trifle like that the House of Commons cannot, of course, be expected to turn aside even for an hour or two from its high and holy crusade against the British Constitution. But the fact may be put on record for future reference.

As to the first point, the accurate writing down of securities, there ought to be thorough inquiry not only in the case of the Birkbeck Bank, but in others which may be almost, if not quite, as bad. That laxity has prevailed cannot be doubted, neither can it be wondered at when we recall how it has been not merely winked at, but actually encouraged in high places. No less an authority than the Prime Minister himself can be quoted by the savings' banks and friendly societies against the frequent valuation of securities. At the present juncture Mr. Asquith may not like to be reminded of an unfortunate speech which he made in July 1907, at the opening of the new offices of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution. His admirers may not relish it either, and one passage in it may give them a bit of a shock, but in the public interest it is worth recalling. After reading some impressive figures as to the invested funds of the life insurance companies of the United Kingdom, he thus commented on them:

Here you have these enormous investments, and naturally you are as much interested as anybody else in the country in the channels into which these investments run, and perhaps still more in the return which is made from them. I do not know whether any of you have recently been engaged in the somewhat gloomy process of "writing down" [laughter], *a practice which I think is very much to be deprecated unless it is taken at comparatively long intervals and with a full consideration not only of the past and the present, but of the probabilities and prospects of the future.* A great deal of nonsense has been talked and still more nonsense has been written in the course of the last twelve months on the supposed depreciation of our national credit. Any one who takes the trouble to make himself acquainted with the comparative figures in these matters will know that whatever depreciation or fall of price there had been in our premier national security has been more than equalled by the fall of the corresponding

securities in other countries, and to put it down as some short-sighted writers have done to some special instability in our social or economic conditions is not only to ignore the facts which are well within the reach of those who take the trouble to seek for the truth but is entirely to misread the governing factors of the situation. The truth is that while there have been circumstances, some of them catastrophic and others highly abnormal, which account to some extent for the fall that has recently taken place, *I am glad to think that we are now recovering. But the fact is that the fall has been largely due to the activity and prosperity of our own trade.*

We may take it for granted that that speech of Mr. Asquith in July 1907, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, was read with delight by the directors and officials of all the savings' banks, provident institutions, and benefit societies in the United Kingdom. Every trustee for deposits invested in Consols or other British funds who had been worrying over the serious depreciation of the investments would hail with pleasure Mr. Asquith's opinion that the "somewhat gloomy process" of writing down securities was very much to be deprecated. They would not only agree with him most cheerfully, but it may be feared that they proceeded to act on his advice and have been acting on it ever since.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer may denounce it as a base slander to say or even to think that "Lloyd George finance" brought the Birkbeck Bank to grief, but what of the Prime Minister? Is he equally innocent and irresponsible? Was it not inevitable that his jibe at the "somewhat gloomy process" of writing down securities would be taken in earnest and acted upon wherever the results of "writing down" were likely to be unpleasant? Were not savings' bank managers and other trustholders of Consols entitled to accept the assurance that "we are now recovering"? The obvious allusion was, of course, to Consols—"the premier national security" as Mr. Asquith poetised it—and the inference of every plain reader would be that in 1907 Mr. Asquith was sure they had touched bottom.

Alas for him and for the Birkbeck Bank and for crowds of unknown victims he happened to be quite wrong. Consols had not yet finished falling. In July 1907 they were about 83, and they went on falling until they reached 76½. It will be remembered that the Boer War left them at 95½ after £92,000,000 of new stock had been successfully floated. Mr. Asquith in July 1907 must have satisfied himself that the effects of the Boer

War were exhausted, otherwise how could he have been "glad to think that we are now recovering"? In his opinion at least the subsequent fall from 95½ to 76½ can have had nothing to do with the Boer War.

Fully four years ago the Prime Minister—then Chancellor of the Exchequer—assured us that the depreciation of Consols had come to an end under the healing influence of a heaven-born Radical Government. From that date heaven-born Radicalism assumed all responsibility for them. So certain was their speedy recovery that "writing down" was to be no more needed. In fact, it would be regarded by Mr. Asquith as an impertinence and a sign of want of confidence in the new dispensation.

We may here leave Mr. Asquith and the savings' bank managers to settle that question among themselves. The fact we have to deal with is that Consols have been seriously and perhaps permanently discredited as banking investments. The class of bank which has hitherto depended chiefly on Consols and kindred securities for its income can no longer rely on them. It is confronted with the dilemma that it must either exchange Consols for more remunerative securities or give up taking deposits. In other words, what may be called "Consol banking" has run aground.

It is curious to read at this time of day Mr. Gladstone's own account of his real reason for creating the Post Office Savings' Bank. It was not philanthropic, neither was it in the interest of good banking. As the following memorandum shows, Mr. Gladstone wanted it as a new weapon with which to fight "the money power in the City," which would not always let him have all his own way:

> The Government itself was not to be a substantive power in matters of finance, but was to leave the money power supreme and unquestioned. In the conditions of that situation I was reluctant to acquiesce, and I began to fight against it by financial self-assertion from the first, though it was only by the establishment of the Post Office Savings' Banks and their great progressive development that the Finance Minister has been provided with an instrument sufficiently powerful to make him independent of the Bank and the City power when he has occasion for sums in seven figures.*

The "poor man's money" which Mr. Gladstone thus light-heartedly borrowed for his own convenience has become the

* Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, vol. i. p. 651.

dearest part of our national debt. The nominal interest paid for it was only part of its cost to the State. For half a century or more annual deficits have been accumulating against it. In 1880 Mr. Gladstone himself estimated that the deficiency on the trustee savings' banks alone exceeded three and a half millions. He arranged to wipe that out by means of terminable annuities to run for twenty-eight years. At the end of the twenty-eight years, that is in 1908, the annuities had to be extended for another ten years, so that we are still paying them.

In 1907 a member of the House of Commons called Mr. Asquith's attention to the savings' bank deficits and asked what he proposed to do about them. Mr. MacNeill, the questioner, calculated that the Post Office Savings' Bank itself was about £10,000,000 short, and that a proportionate shortage would be found in the trustee savings' banks. But Mr. Asquith was, as usual, all for *laissez faire*. The annual deficiency, he said, was on the decline, and if it were left alone it would wipe itself out.

In saying that Mr. Asquith jesuitically ignored the fact that in addition to the excess of expenditure over income a dangerous depreciation has taken place in the capital value of nearly all savings' bank securities. If the situation was as bad as Mr. MacNeill represented it to be in 1907, it must be much worse now. The Prime Minister, with all his faith in *laissez faire*, can hardly pretend now that the annual deficiency is gradually disappearing. It must, on the contrary, be rapidly growing, and as Consols continue to decline it will grow more and more rapidly. If Mr. Asquith sees in the present price of Consols no ground for alarm as to the future of our national credit, he might at least take pity on savings' bank depositors and try to avert the scare which will seize them one day if safeguards are not speedily provided.

While the above was going through the press a new series of alarming events has aggravated the uneasiness with which our "premier national security" is regarded It has also furnished fresh proof of the unsound basis of our public savings' banks. All the principal stock markets in the world have been thrown into a panic by a clumsy escapade of German diplomacy—the third of its kind and not at all likely to be the last. One of the most ominous and peculiar features of the panic was a run

on the German Savings' Banks which broke out simultaneous in a large number of widely scattered towns. This novel mov ment completely exploded the official theory that runs on Po Office Savings' Banks are inconceivable. But facts are strong than theory, and what has happened to the German Saving banks may just as easily happen to our own. The Governmen assumption that they are panic proof may turn out a perilou deception.

A further disclosure has been made lately of recent change in our Savings' Bank securities not at all to their advantage The trustees are having Irish land stock dumped on them in preference to Consols: a still more unsaleable and therefore more unsuitable security. On March 31, 1911, the Trustee Savings' Bank had 7¾ millions sterling of it and the Post Office Savings' Banks nearly 25 millions (£24,748,583). They did not acquire this Irish land stock of their own choice but simply because the public did not like it and would not have it. Each successive issue of it was less favourably received and a larger share had to be dumped on public departments.

The Post Office and Trustee Savings' Banks have been the most unfortunate victims of the Irish dump, especially of Mr. Birrell's new three per cents. On that unique investment they have already lost about 8 per cent. The price they had to pay for it when issued was 92½ and it is now down to 84½—another warning against "the gloomy process of writing down" which Mr. Asquith thinks is so greatly to be deprecated.

Consols at 77½ and the Post Office Savings' Banks chockful of Irish land stock which in the event of a run on them might have to be sold at a loss of 10 or 15 per cent., these are the latest achievements of Limehouse finance in the City. To speak of a crisis in Consols is to put the case very mildly. We might have truthfully described it as a double crisis—one in Consols and the other in our savings' banks. How long is a great commercial nation to allow its credit, its public funds and the savings of its people to be thus made the plaything of party politics?

W. R. Lawson.

GARRICK'S "GRAND TOUR"

WITH Davies and Murphy, with Boaden's bulky *Correspondence*, with the two lives of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, and the compact monograph of the late Joseph Knight, it might reasonably be supposed that Garrick material, notwithstanding its extent, had by this time been sufficiently exploited. But whether the much-suspected final word has, or has not, been uttered, it must be granted that discussion of a subject from a fresh standpoint is never precluded. While there are German inquirers and French appraisers (and there are indications that each is learning something from the methods of the other), we should always be glad to welcome a supplementary study of Garrick, either Teutonic or Gallic, feeling assured that English writers as well as readers could not fail of instruction. Great biographers we have, living and dead; but it will scarcely be pretended that in this particular department our general level of craftsmanship is unassailable; or that performances such as the Burns of the late M. Auguste Angellier, or the Crabbe of M. Réné Huchon, are turned out by the dozen in this favoured land. Then, in addition to the new survey or the neglected aspect, there is the separate treatment of episodes or incidents with which a foreigner, should his own country or customs be concerned, is naturally better qualified to deal than an outsider. Rousseau or Voltaire in England are themes more suited to an Englishman than a Frenchman: Sterne or Garrick in France, on the contrary, may offer greater facilities to a Frenchman than an Englishman. In the case of Sterne, something has been done by the valuable volume issued by M. Paul Stapfer in 1870; but, in our own day, it has been reserved for Mons. F. A. Hedgcock, "Docteur ès Lettres" of the Sorbonne, to turn his special attention to Garrick's experiences abroad.*

* *David Garrick et ses Amis Français*, by F. A. Hedgcock, 1911.

To Garrick, then, as seen for the moment through alien glasses, this fresh inquiry is confined. Its author does not contemplate another life of the great "*acteur cosmopolite*," as he styles him; but he proposes, from sources published and unpublished, to elaborate the story of Garrick's relations with the French comedians who, in 1749, visited London, and also of his travels on the Continent in 1763–5. With this view M. Hedgcock has diligently examined the numerous letters written by foreigners in the thirty-five volumes of Garrick's Correspondence at South Kensington—a mine which has hitherto been more prospected than explored. And to the result of his investigations he has prefixed such a brief biographical introduction and general estimate as serve to explain and illustrate Garrick's position with respect to his Gallic admirers and contemporaries. But even this modest design affords him an opportunity of rectifying some of the undiscovered slips of his forerunners. Of such corrections the most notable is contained in an appendix to his opening chapter, disposing of the claim—never it seems put forward seriously by the actor himself—to noble French extraction. His alleged connection with the Perigourdin De la Garrigues turns out to be as unsupported as Fielding's supposed descent from the Habsburgs, since reference to the marriage register of his grandfather, David Garric, proves conclusively that the said grandfather was a Protestant "*bourgeois et marchand*" of Bordeaux la Bastide; and that his wife, Jeanne, was the daughter of Jean Sarrazin, also a *marchand*, of Pons in Saintonge. In other words, the immediate ancestors of our English Roscius were frankly middle class and commercial; and of "*sangre azul*" —as the Spaniards call it—there is no distinguishable trace. But Huguenot and Bordelais, with a dash of Irish vivacity from the maternal side, is by no means a bad histrionic blend.

Future English biographers of Garrick will do wisely to note this little amendment of an oft-repeated statement, unless indeed they are in a position to contradict it—a rather remote contingency. But it is beside M. Hedgcock's intention to pick holes in Garrick's pedigree; and this is only a casual detail of the chapter prefacing his main purpose. In the same chapter he also touches briefly on Garrick's aspects as actor, Shakespeare-lover and author. As author he counts least. A fortunate

epigram or a happily turned prologue do not make a poet. Nor can it be pretended that adaptations from the French, however adroit, constitute stagecraft; and it is to be noted that, in *The Clandestine Marriage*—the only one of Garrick's pieces which has passed into the répertoire—the elder Colman was his collaborator.* Of his abridgments and readjustments of Shakespeare's text, apart from his impersonation of Shakespeare characters, the less said the better, although, having regard to the French influence they betray, they cannot be entirely disregarded. But as an actor, there is no doubt as to his absolute supremacy; and M. Hedgcock's quotations from Grimm and Préville show how thoroughly this was recognised by his admirers of Outre-Manche. What seems to have struck them most was the marvellous versatility which enabled him to pass instantaneously from smiles to tears—from comedy to tragedy, or vice versa.† And the additional fact that very few of his audience could have understood English, is a standing proof of that extraordinary facial power to which so many have testified from Johnson to Lichtenberg. Grimm's words are not new; but they will bear repetition; and we make a somewhat longer quotation than M. Hedgcock:

> It is easy to contort one's face; that is conceivable; but Garrick knows neither grimace nor exaggeration; all the changes that take place in his features arise out of the manner in which he is affected internally: he never exceeds the truth; and he knows that other inconceivable secret of improving

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* It is true that he is credited with more quoted passages than some greater men. But his jewels are mostly old gems re-set. His "fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind," comes virtually (like Captain Shandon's Greek and Latin) from Burton's *Anatomy*, and, as pointed out in these pages (*National Review*, December 1910, 636), his oft-cited couplet on the fugitive nature of the actor's art had been anticipated by Lloyd and Cibber. One of his less known couplets opens the "Prologue" to that hapless *Virginia* of Fanny Burney's "Daddy Crisp":

> PROLOGUES, like compliments, are loss of time;
> 'Tis penning bows, and making legs in rhyme.

† Sterne confirms this in a letter to Garrick from Paris of April 1762 "'Tis the greatest problem in nature, in this meridian, that one and the same man should possess such tragic and comic powers, and in such an equilibrio, as to divide the world for which of the two Nature intended him." (*Works*, 1798, ix. 78).

his appearance without other aid than passion. We have seen him play the dagger scene in the tragedy of *Macbeth*, in a room, in his ordinary dress, without any help from theatrical illusion; and in proportion as with his eyes he followed this dagger hanging and moving in the air, his expression became so fine (*il devenait si beau*) as to extract a general cry of admiration from all the assembly. Will it be credited that this same man, a moment later, imitates with equal perfection a pastry-cook's boy, who, gaping about him in the street, his stock-in-trade on his head, lets his tray tumble in the gutter, and dumbfounded at first with his accident, finishes by bursting into tears? *

Another testimony, that of the famous Préville—" Mercury himself," Sterne calls him—is less known. After speaking of the actor's obligation to assume all parts, he says:

Nature is niggard of these phenomena, who appear once in a century, and such, incontestably, is a comedian so endowed. For our century this phenomenon was reserved to England: Garrick had no rival in any country, and the title [of Roscius] which he merited is still unclaimed. †

Probably it was this peculiar mobility of feature which led Carmontelle, in his Chantilly portrait, to depict Garrick, in one and the same design, as comedian and tragedian. ‡ Indeed (although the point does not appear to have been noted), the posture and gestures of the tragic Garrick are precisely those which he might have been expected to assume in the aforementioned scene from Macbeth. He is certainly looking at something in the air, and not at his comic double.

With Garrick's personality, however, we may now dispense, and pass to his foreign friends. Foremost of these was one Jean Monnet, whose chequered past experiences as page to the Duchess of Berry, printer, author, Trappist, prisoner in the Bastille, Director of the Théâtre de la Foire, and so forth, had brought him at last to London in 1749 with a troupe of French actors. He had come at the invitation of John Rich, the manager of Covent Garden; but Rich, alarmed by some ominous indications of Gallophobia. withdrew from his bargain. There-

* Grimm, *Cor. Litt.*, July 1765. The pieman's misadventures must have been a never failing contemporary jest. In Hogarth's *Four Times of the Day*, 1738, a boy is shown crying uproariously because he has broken the dish he is bringing from the baker's by setting it down too smartly on a post; and in the *March to Finchley*, 1750, a pieman, with a tray on his head, is being robbed by a man who is insidiously drawing his attention to a trick played on a milkmaid.

† *Memoirs of Préville*, 1823.

‡ *National Review*, May 1911, 468, (" The Portraits of Carmontelle.")

upon Monnet, at a nonplus, turned to Garrick, who befriended him, with the result that Monnet with his company opened the little theatre in the Haymarket. Rich's apprehensions, however, were by no means groundless. The first representation closed noisily with a dispute between the boxes and the gallery; and silence was only secured for the second by a formidable cohort of hired butchers and watermen. Finally the Lord Chamberlain stopped the performance; and Monnet was left to console himself as he could with the subventions of his supporters, and a benefit generously given him by Garrick. The result of these things was a lifelong friendship between the two; and there are some fifty of Monnet's letters to Garrick in the Forster Collection. Henceforth it is Monnet who becomes, so to speak, Garrick's indefatigable agent and Paris correspondent. *Coiffures* and laces for Mrs. Garrick; new plays and engravings for her husband; dancers, cooks, jewellers, professors of French—in all these matters Monnet is the adviser and universal provider; and the more devoted and assiduous, because, before a few years are over, his position as Director of the Opéra Comique has left him an enriched and unoccupied man.* He gave Garrick invaluable aid in the lighting and decorating of Drury Lane; and it was to Monnet that Garrick was indebted for an introduction to one of his most useful coadjutors, Vanloo's pupil, the painter Philip de Loutherbourg, who was promptly appointed superintendent of the scenery and machinery of the theatre at a fixed salary of £500 per annum. More than one of Garrick's occasional pieces owed their existence, if not their origin, to the effective picture-setting of De Loutherbourg, witness the *Christmas Tale* of 1773, which, Walpole told Lady Ossory, proved anew (as far as Garrick was concerned) "that it was possible to be the best actor and worst author in the world." A second notability whom Monnet sent to Garrick was the pyrotechnist, Torré, to whose Marylebone fireworks Dr. Johnson unkindly, and quite indefensibly, compared the metrical "coruscations" of the author of "An Elegy in a Country Church Yard." Finally, it was through Monnet that

* One of C. N. Cochin's profiles, excellently engraved by St. Aubin, gives an attractive idea of Monnet. It has also a neatly appropriate motto: "*Mulcet, movet, monet.*"

Garrick made the acquaintance of yet another luminary of Marylebone, Haydn's friend, Barthélémon the violinist, who, beginning as leader of the band there, ended by conducting the orchestra at Vauxhall.

To visit Monnet, Garrick, in all probability, made his first journey to Paris, taking with him his wife, Eva Maria Violette, to whom he had been married two years before; and "who (adds Davies) from the day of her marriage to the death of her husband, had never been separated from him for twenty-four hours." One of his fellow travellers is said to have been Sir George Lewis, afterwards murdered in the Forest of Bondy.* Another *compagnon de voyage* was "M. Denis," who *may* have been that Charles Denis, the later friend of Churchill and Robert Lloyd, whom the latter fondly regarded as "La Fontaine by transmigration"—a description which, judging from the versions in the *St. James's Magazine*, suggests an imperfect estimate of the supreme art of the French *conteur*. It is unfortunate that Garrick's journal of this date has been lost, as this, coupled with the fact that his experiences were probably restricted to Monnet's circle, has of necessity limited M. Hedgcock's investigations. As regards Garrick's alleged presentation to Louis XV., he has discovered no confirmatory evidence. But he has disinterred from the *Journal* of the vaudevillist, Charles Collé, who is his authority for the mention of Denis, and who, like Carmontelle, was one of the readers to the "gros Duc" of Orléans, an entry relating to a meeting on July 12, 1751, between the "French Anacreon" and the "English Roscius." Garrick acted for Collé the famous dagger-scene, of which Grimm's subsequent account has already been quoted; and Colle's recollections fully bear out Grimm's report. "He [Garrick] filled us with terror; it is not possible to depict a situation better, to render it with greater warmth, and at the same time

* With this event is associated one of the numerous legends arising out of Garrick's extraordinary mimetic powers. The suspected murderer, an Italian count, was on the point of being released for want of evidence, when Garrick, making up as the dead man, extorted from the terrified criminal an admission of his guilt. The story is on a par with that later fable of the journalist De la Place, which represents Garrick as impersonating Fielding long after his death, in order to prove that, in this way, he had helped Hogarth to recall the features—the very marked features, be it added—of his former friend.

to be more self-possessed. His face expresses all the passions in succession, without making any grimace, although this scene is full of terrible and tumultuous movements."* "He considers all our actors more or less bad (Collé continues); and in this respect we say ditto to him." But Garrick must have made exception in favour of Mlle. Clairon, whose merits afterwards conquered both Goldsmith and Gibbon.† With some professional reservations, he greatly admired her; and predicted for her the more distinguished future she achieved.

His correspondence contains but one reference to this expedition; and that is contained in a letter to his brother Peter, written, after his return to England, from Lord Burlington's house at Chiswick: "You ask me (he says) how I like France? It is y[e] best place in the World to make a Visit to and I was indeed much satisfy'd with my Journey. . . . I had much honour done me both by French and English; and Every body and Thing contributed to make me happy. The great fault of our Countrymen is, y[t] when they go to Paris, they keep too much among themselves, but if they would mix with y[e] French as I did, it is a most agreeable Jaunt." And here, says M. Hedgcock, follows "a long passage, heavily crossed out," which, had it been the case, would have afforded all the tantalising interest of suppressed particulars. But this is a misapprehension, for there is no obliteration in the original at South Kensington. When Garrick left Paris; and whether his departure was in any way connected with some frustrated project for attracting French talent to London—an enterprise in which the *prévôt des marchands* found it necessary to intervene—it is impossible to say. In any case, he was back in England in July 1751.

A period of more than twelve years elapsed before he again crossed the Channel. But in the interval he added two to the list of his French friends, of whom one, by the promise of his brief life, deserves a passing mention. This was Claude-Pierre Patu, a consumptive young advocate and dramatist, much

* At this date, it should be observed that, although some of Shakespeare's plays had been poorly translated by De la Place, Shakespeare was little known in France generally. The inadequate *Hamlet* of Ducis was not acted until 1769; and his *Macbeth* only in 1784.

† *Bee*, 1759, No. 2; *Autobiographies*, 1896, pp. 204, 262.

interested in England, and an enthusiast in Shakespeare and Garrick. At the end of 1754, in spite of the fogs, he came to London for a few weeks, assiduously frequenting Drury Lane Theatre. He speedily grew intimate with the accessible actor, who received him with "*une politesse vraiment française;*" and, going back to France, began, like Monnet, to correspond regularly with his new friend on matters theatrical and literary. He showed much attention to Garrick's colleague, Mrs. Pritchard, when she visited Paris with her daughter; he assisted in negotiating between Garrick and the dancer Noverre. One of his projects, anticipating Johnson, was to write, in conjunction with Garrick, a *Parnasse Anglois*, or Lives of the British Poets, which was to reveal to his benighted countrymen the unsuspected riches of our insular muse. To Fréron's *Journal Étranger* he contributed papers on many English subjects—Mrs. Charlotte Lenox's *Shakespeare Illustrated*, the *Barbarossa* of Dr. Brown of the *Estimate* (that *Barbarossa* whose midnight bell was so dear to Johnson's "Dick Minim!"), the alterations of Garrick in *Romeo and Juliet*, and (perhaps) a version of Garrick's adaptation of Motteux, the *Lying Valet*. But in 1756, he certainly issued anonymously, under the title *Choix de Petites Pièces du Théâtre Anglais**, two volumes of translations of English Plays, the second of which consisted of the *Beggars' Opera* and the *What d'ye Call It* of Gay, whom he greatly admired. Patu's must have been a singularly engaging personality, since he contrived to conciliate both Voltaire and Fréron; and he even ventured, at the Délices, to champion that "amiable barbarian," Shakespeare. Until M. Hedgcock and M. Huchon discovered him, little seems to have been known of him; and though Boaden prints his letters, French and English, Garrick's biographers never mention his name. Unhappily, he was of those whom the Fates but show to the earth, for he died prematurely

* This was not the first translation, for, strangely enough, it was with a version made (says Patu) "by a German who knew neither English nor French," that in 1749 Monnet's company had attempted to attract an English audience. Patu's rendering (now before us) is a creditable production, usefully annotated. He also translated, in his first volume, Dodsley's *Toy-Shop*, *Miller of Mansfield*, and *Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, as well as Coffey's popular *Wives Metamorphosed*, some of which pieces found imitators in France. Sedaine's *Diable à Quatre*, for instance, is based on Coffey.

of decline in 1767. To England he never returned; but he retained his predilection for us to the end, and his final letter to Garrick from Naples, the last of a packet which the actor had labelled "*lettres de ce pauvre Patu*," closes with the Ghost's farewell in *Hamlet*—"Adieu! remember me!"

Jean-Georges Noverre, or the "Chevalier" Noverre, another of Garrick's French friends at this date, is not at the altitude of Patu, although as a popular *mâitre-de-ballet*, he was naturally more widely known. He had been introduced to Garrick by Monnet, one of whose company he had been at the Théâtre de la Foire. In 1754 he had delighted the Parisians by two elaborate choregraphic entertainments, both described as triumphs of artful variety and ingenious combination—the *Fêtes Chinoises* and the *Fontaine de Jouvence*. Garrick endeavoured to secure the *Chinese Festival* troupe for Drury Lane; and after protracted preliminaries with Noverre, who, being a Swiss, developed all the mercenary aptitudes of his race, they arrived in London in November 1755. But the moment was singularly ill chosen. England was on the eve of the Seven Years' War; and animosity to "insulting Gaul" was, especially among the lower classes, in its acutest stage. It was idle to protest to an illogical mob that Noverre was of another nationality; as Foote said later in the *Minor*, the "patriot gingerbread baker from the Borough" would not suffer "dancers from Switzerland, because he hated the French." Even though George II. attended the first representations of the *Chinese Festival*, there were disturbances at the outset, which increased in severity with every renewal of the performance. Constant collisions took place between pit and boxes; blows were exchanged, swords were drawn, benches were torn up, mirrors and lustres smashed, and not a few persons were maimed or injured. On the 18th, the disorder reached its culminating-point. The unfortunate dancers were assailed with a fierce rain of peas and nails; and as soon as the pit was cleared, it was speedily re-taken. At last a hired army of bruisers, entering the theatre, ejected the malcontents, who hurried off vindictively to smash Garrick's windows, and, if possible, burn his house in Southampton Street. So ended a fortnight's scandal. Garrick seems nevertheless to have behaved liberally to Noverre, although he had suffered

heavily by the damage to his property; and it is to Noverre's subsequent *Lettres sur les Arts imitateurs* that we owe one of the best and most detailed accounts of Garrick's acting. It is too lengthy to reproduce entire; but it is the report of an expert eye-witness; and one or two passages confirming what has already been said may find a place here:

> He (Garrick) was so natural, his expression had so much truth, his gestures, his physiognomy, and his looks were so eloquent and so persuasive, that they placed even those who knew no English in possession of the facts of the story. He could be easily followed; he touched in the pathetic, in the tragic he aroused all the successive emotions of the most violent passions. . . . In the higher comedy he captivated and entranced, in the lesser kind he amused; and he disposed himself in the theatre with so much art that he was often unrecognised by persons who habitually lived with him. . . . He may without partiality be regarded as the Roscius of England, because he combined with diction, delivery, fire, nature, wit and delicacy, that pantomime and that rare expression of dumb show which characterise the great actor and the complete comedian.

Noverre, it is clear, owed much to Garrick; and it was from Garrick that he learned the sovereign use of gesture and expression, even in dancing.

With May 1756 the Seven Years' War began, and further trips to France had to be indefinitely postponed, though Garrick often cast a longing eye across the Channel, and even during the progress of hostilities cherished vague projects for re-visiting his French friends. At the Peace of Paris all these inclinations revived with new insistence, heightened by the reports of Sterne, who preceded him by several months. He was grievously in want of change; his sleepless energy had impaired his health; he was fretted by petty cabals and jealousies, and, excellent actor though he was, the fickle public had grown a little weary of him. Consequently, leaving Drury Lane to his partner Lacy and his brother George, with Colman for literary assessor, he started for the Continent in September 1763, carrying with him Mrs. Garrick and his pet dog, Biddy. Four days later he reached the French capital. His first visit was to the *Théâtre français*, of which he was straightway made free. Here Mlle. Dumesnil was acting in La Chaussée's "crying comedy" of *La Gouvernante*; and apparently struck Garrick chiefly by what Gibbon calls her "intemperate sallies." "She made use," Garrick wrote,

"of little startings and twitchings, which are visibly artificial, and the mere mimicry of the free, simple, and noble working of the passions."* He called on Préville; and on Mlle. Clairon, of whose marked advance in her new manner he had heard from Sterne. "She is highly improved since you saw her," Yorick had said. But the *Blanche et Guiscard* of Saurin, then being played at the *Comédie* (a version of Thomson's *Tancred and Sigismunda* in which he himself had often acted Tancred), was not one of her successes, although, if we are to believe Bachaumont's *Mémoires Secrets*, Garrick gave her hints. This may have been the case, as the rehearsals were in progress when he arrived. But he is discreetly silent as to the piece and her part in it.

Shortly after its production at the close of September, he must have left Paris for Italy, going first to Lyons; and it was more than a year before he saw Paris again. Making his way from Lyons to Turin, he sent a gossiping letter to his brother George, asking for news of the theatre; begging him to forward Churchill's *Ghost* (presumably Book IV., the last published); warning him not to let the sun spoil Hogarth's Election pictures (then hanging in the bow-room at Hampton House), and so forth. Perhaps the most important item of intelligence in this communication is the announcement that Voltaire has warmly invited him to visit Ferney, a pleasure which he proposes to defer until his return from Italy. But he is clearly much disturbed by Voltaire's declaration, in the *Essai sur les Moeurs et l'Esprit des Nations*,† that there was "more Barbarism [*barbarité*] than Genius in Shakespeare's works." From Turin the Garricks passed to Milan; next to Genoa and Florence, where they were welcomed by Frederick the Great's Chamberlain, the poet Francesco Algarotti, then ill and failing. Garrick recommended him to try that rival in popularity to Dr. James's Fever Powder, the Tar Water of Bishop Berkeley. But tar water helped the poor "Swan of Padua" as little as it had helped Fielding, for he died in the following year, on the very day that he had written for Garrick an introduction to some of his friends at his old home, Bologna.

* Fitzgerald's *Garrick*, 1899, p. 284.

† Works, 1819, vol. xv., p 94.

After a fortnight's sight-seeing in Rome the travellers went on to the Christmas festivities at Naples, whence arrive to George Garrick fresh accounts of the grand people who were everywhere fêting and flattering his illustrious brother—Lord and Lady Spencer, Lord Exeter, Lady Orford (Horace Walpole's sister-in-law), Lord Palmerston—and of endless balls, suppers and masquerades. He has "forgot England, and all his trumpery at Drury Lane." He is collecting musical data for Burney; he has made the acquaintance of the two Dances, one of whom Nathaniel (afterwards Sir Nathaniel Dance Holland), was to paint him most successfully—far more successfully than Hogarth—as Richard III. He has seen all the curiosities of the neighbourhood; and has been so "very near wet to the skin" in the Elysian Fields at Baiae that he was incapacitated for enjoying either Cæsar's Palace or Tully's villa.*

April finds him once more at Rome, where Dance paints, and Nollekens (then six-and-twenty) models a first bust of him. In May he is at Parma, doing the dagger scene for the Duke of York and an illustrious party—"mouthing for snuff-boxes," as one of his company afterwards irreverently put it, in reference to a present he received on this occasion. Then he follows the Duke to Venice, from which place he writes again in June to George Garrick. Both he and his wife are unwell; and they are to try the mud baths of Abano. The régime seems to have suited the lady; but her husband was not equally fortunate. "I eat and drink too much and laugh from morning to night," he had written from Naples. The improver of *Romeo and Juliet* should have remembered that "violent delights have violent ends." By the time (August 1764) he had reached his next stage, Munich, he was seriously ill. "The excellent Continental cookery, the long sequence of banquets in which he had taken part, Florence wine, and the hours spent in a gondola under

* Garrick's little foibles are so familiar that it is only fair to clear him of things "not proven." He had been annoyed, this letter shows, by some gossip in the *St. James's Chronicle* about his "dancing with ye Duke of Devonshire." Hitherto it has been too hastily assumed that "Duke" was a mistake for "Duchess," with the corollary that Garrick himself sent the story to press. But M. Hedgcock, conscientiously consulting the statement *in situ*, discovers it to be an entirely fictitious account of an imaginary fête in honour of the Peace, in which, among other things, Mr. Garrick and his Grace were to figure in a country-dance!

the oppressive Venetian atmosphere [these are M. Hedgcock's inexorable words!] had ended by producing their effect." That is to say—he was laid up for some weeks with a bilious fever. He was so bad that he sketched his own epitaph, which would have been more affecting, were it not probable that the whole twelve lines were composed for the sake of the final couplet;

> Much-honoured Camden was my friend,
> And Kenrick was my foe.

His illness pulled him down sadly, and he was apparently growing homesick. September found him at Augsburg debating whether he should join the Duke of Devonshire at "The Spaw," or pay his promised visit to Voltaire. The sudden death of the Duke on October 3 settled one proposition; and, owing to the state of his health, he determined to abandon the other. In a highly alembicated epistle, the much-corrected draft of which is at South Kensington, he excused himself to the autocrat of Ferney, who, among other things, had politely offered his expected guest the use of his little private theatre. He should have been happy indeed (Garrick wrote) could he have been the means of bringing Shakespeare into some favour with M. de Voltaire. "No enthusiastic missionary who had converted the Emperor of China to his religion, would have been prouder than I, could I have reconciled the first genius of Europe to our dramatic faith."

In the course of October he arrived at Paris, the air of which, says Grimm, perfectly restored him; and for the next six months despite the strain of his illness, he continued a flattered centre of attraction. He took a first floor in the Rue St. Nicaise close to the Tuileries; and the *salons* of *philosophe*dom at once flung open their doors to him. At the Rue Sainte Anne, Helvérius and his wife welcomed him in their magnificent hotel, then the rendezvous of all the notabilities. "There," says M. Hedgcock, in a carefully wrought passage:

> There he meets Diderot, the irrepressible, the inquiring, ready to discuss everything, flitting from one subject to another with astounding rapidity; D'Alembert, the decoy-bird of the dinner-table, the wittiest of talkers, who, after a morning spent over mathematical problems, came to chat of acting with the English visitor; the handsome Marmontel, moderately gifted but much satisfied with himself; Saint-Lambert, cold, affected, very picked of speech; Grimm, the keen critic, collecting on all sides the material for his *Correspondance Secrète*; the Abbé Morellet, whom Voltaire, for his causticity, nicknamed

"the Abbé Mord-les," and others beside who composed [what Garat calls] the "*États généraux de l'esprit humain.*"

Another of the houses where he was cordially received was that of the Baron d'Holbach, where, in addition to most of the foregoing, he met the impressionable ex-actress and author, Mme. Riccoboni, afterwards a firm friend and one of the most constant, if most erratic, of his correspondents. A third rallying-place was the historic *salon* of that *mère nourrice des philosophes*, Mme. Geoffrin, whose wit and conversation attracted not only Hume and Walpole, but Wilkes and Adam Smith. Here Garrick found sculptors and artists, and it was doubtless to this time that he owed his acquaintance with Joseph Vernet (the friend of Mme. Vigée-Lebrun); with Hubert Bourguiguon, otherwise Gravelot, and with the statuary Lemoine, who exhibited a bust of him at the Salon of 1765.

In this congenial company Garrick was thoroughly at home. He was of French extraction; he spoke French as fluently as his wife spoke German; his vivacity, his tact, his insatiable *désir de plaire*, were all recommendations to admirers already predisposed in his favour. He wanted no pressing to exhibit his talents—made no affected hesitation; but was ready at a moment's notice to gratify a sympathetic audience. "Without waiting for the wish to become a petition, alone and surrounded by faces that almost touched his own, he played the greatest scenes on the English stage. His ordinary coat or cloak, his hat and his boots or shoes, as he arranged them, became the best conceivable costumes for every conceivable rôle."* For the benefit of listeners his words were sometimes rapidly paraphrased in French by Suard the journalist; but it was needless. "The pantomime of Garrick was the noblest, the most energetic, the most pathetic of translations." Apropos of this, M. Hedgcock relates once more the oft and variously told story of the friendly contest between Garrick and Mlle. Clairon at the house of Mr. Neville of the Embassy. Mlle. Clairon, to draw Garrick out, recited passages from Racine and Voltaire: Garrick responded with the dagger scene and the soliloquy in *Hamlet*. Then, going on to the madness of Lear, he informed the company incidentally what had first taught him to depict it. It was the recollection of the distress of an unhappy father who, by accident, had

* Garat, *Memoires historiques sur le XVIII. Siècle*, &c., 1821, Bk. v.

dropped his child from a window. And presently, leaning over the back of a chair, he re-enacted the whole scene—the father's agony, horror, insanity, with such tremendous effect that, as Murphy says, "tears gushed from every eye in the room." "Never have I seen anything more dreadful," writes Grimm, who was present; and Marmontel, another guest, after a night's rest, was still tremulously under the spell. "If we had actors like you," he told Garrick next day, "our scenes would not be so diffuse; we should let their silence speak, and it would say more than our verse." The image of Macbeth, he declared, "would be for him the intellectual model of theatrical declamation at its highest point of energy and truth;" and he seems to imply that he should utilise his memories for a study of "Declamation" in the *Encyclopédie*. But the intention must have faded with the impression, for the article is said to contain no mention of Garrick.

Lapses of this sort are not unusual in light and mercurial natures; and even Garrick himself has been accused of neglecting some of his earlier French associates of fourteen years before. Collé, in particular, bitterly resented what he regarded as the difference between the *bon enfant* of 1751 and the pampered favourite of the *philosophes* whom he met again in 1765. But this complaint, as M. Hedgcock points out, is an isolated one, and there are numerous instances to prove that Garrick by no means forgot his French friends. He celebrated the success of his former prognostications respecting Mlle. Clairon by an engraving after a drawing by Gravelot entitled *La Prophétie Accomplie*, where Melpomene is represented crowning the actress, and to which is appended a quatrain by himself:

J'ai prédit que Clairon illustrerait la scène,
El mon espoir n'a point été déçu ;
Elle a couronné Melpomène,
Melpomène rend ce qu'elle en a reçu.

If it be retorted that Clairon was a far more important figure than the author of *La Vérité dans le Vin*, "who was amused with everything, and laughed at nothing;" it may be added that Garrick certainly did not forget Monnet. When Monnet publishes a book, Garrick gets Becket to take a hundred copies; when Monnet has losses, Garrick offers him his purse; when he comes to London, Garrick places both the Thames villa and the

Southampton Street house at his disposal, carries him to Bath, and sends him on his way rejoicing. Ingratitude should be made of sterner stuff; and probably Garrick did not greatly care for Collé, who, moreover, grew with age exceedingly "maussade." His correspondence with Monnet ceased only with life. Garrick died on January 20, 1779; and Monnet's last letter in the Forster collection is dated December 4, 1778. It refers to the then recent deaths of Voltaire and Rousseau, of the comedian Bellecour and the tragedian Le Kain. "We learn," says the same letter, "by our public prints that one of your compatriots has polished off the Vicomte Du Barry with a pistol shot. If the race of the last had been exterminated ten years ago, France would be better, and Louis XV. would still be alive." But *that* surely was not a consummation to be wished!

Garrick returned to England in April 1765, and he never re-visited France. In his closing chapter M. Hedgcock devotes some supplementary pages to his foreign correspondence; but, for the present, our limits are reached. In treating of the actor's residence in Paris, M. Hedgcock endeavours to account for his extraordinary popularity—a popularity which no English contemporary, Hume and Sterne not excepted, had enjoyed in like measure; and of which the echoes and memories survived long after he had quitted the country. That he possessed many delightful social qualities specially grateful to Frenchmen—"*Il était fait pour vivre parmi nous*," they were accustomed to say—is something; that, in a mimetic nation he was a superlative master of what Scott calls "gestic art," is something more. But the main reason is probably that here suggested. He represented at its highest the school of natural acting which the influence of the English stage and the English novel was gradually substituting on French boards for the hide-bound formalities of the old *théâtre classique*. He stood for truth against tradition—for the emancipating and innovating *drame sérieux* of Diderot as opposed to the rigid and retrograde *tragédie* of Voltaire; and in these respects he supplied an object-lesson at once opportune and overpowering. There may—nay, there cannot fail to have been—other contributing causes for his success; but this at any rate must have played a considerable part in it.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

IN JAPANESE BYWAYS

WHATEVER may be said about the Japanese—and few people have been discussed in such varied terms—there can be no denying that the land they inhabit is one of peculiar attractiveness to the traveller, be he seasoned or otherwise. Of this no stronger proof could be adduced than the fact that the multitudinous books which have been written about the country and its people by tourists and transient visitors are, with scarcely an exception, frankly laudatory in tone. It has been reserved for the resident, often of many years standing, to point the finger of reprobation, which (it must be confessed) he is prone to do unsparingly. Exceptions no doubt can be found. There are Europeans and Americans who, with the aid of a Japanese wife and a Japanese entourage, have become more Japanese than the Japanese themselves. But the general rule holds good, and its explanation seems obvious enough. The "bird of passage" who, having cursorily surveyed the land, considers it incumbent on him to produce forthwith a volume of "impressions" has fallen under the spell of the country, while gaining no more than a superficial acquaintance with the character of its people. He has seen the Japanese in the rôle which fits them best—the rôle of the entertaining host. The average resident, on the other hand, comes into contact rather with the "business side" of the Japanese. He has to deal with them in the prosaic affairs of daily life—with consequent loss of enthusiasm for the country.

However this may be, the visitor to the Thousand Isles of the Rising Sun may depend upon it that he will be received with open arms. The Japanese authorities are keenly alive to the potentialities of their land as a pleasure and health resort. They have done a good deal in recent years towards improving

the country's communications, and talk of doing more. A huge hotel in Tokyo for the accommodation of foreign visitors and the widening of the gauge of the main, or Tokaido, railway are but two of the projects now on the tapis. Furthermore, not merely strategic considerations are involved in the assiduous development of the Manchurian and Korean railway systems. These constitute the most direct approaches to Japan on the continental side, and the completion of the Mukden-Antung line will bring Shimonoseki, at the western end of the Inland Sea, within twelve days of London, the passage of the Korean Strait from Fusan offering the advantage of nearly one day as compared with the Russian route from Vladivostock to Tsuruga.

The attractiveness of Japan as a land of travel lies partly in the variety of its scenery, and partly in those characteristic features which impart to it, in the eyes of the Occidental, the charm of novelty. To take a typical instance, the district of Nikko resembles, in its general aspect, any mountainous, profusely watered region where the erosive agencies of nature have had full play. It is, in fact, the English Lake District on a larger scale—the mountains rise to 8000–9000 feet, with richer colouring and greater wealth of vegetation. But the scarlet span of the Sacred Bridge, the stony calm of the wayside Buddhas, the deep green of the cryptomeria groves embowering some gorgeous and historic shrine, and the quaint teahouse high-perched on some view-commanding point, suffice to transform the scene and stamp it as of the changeless and mysterious East.

There is a variety of landscape known as the "typically Japanese." It may be seen at Miyajima and other places on the Inland Sea, amongst the pine-clad islets of Matsushima and about the wooded bluffs of the so-called "Plains of Heaven," near Tokyo Bay. In such characteristic regions the traveller may peer between gnarled and wind-swept pine-trunks upon a flat-floored valley carpeted with the virid patchwork of rice-fields, and flanked by a few thatched wood-and-paper cottages —picturesque despite their flimsiness—while above them waves the lighter green of graceful bamboo-groves. Beyond runs a line of white or, it may be, ruddy cliffs, merging into the sea, on whose blue bosom a fleet of junk-rigged fishing-boats drifts homeward with the tide.

Such is the conventional Japanese landscape, with which the Western public has been familiarised in Japanese *kakemono* and other works of art. But there is another feature which—over and above those mentioned—imparts a certain individuality to the scenery of Japan as conceived and depicted by its artists of every age. That feature is an eloquent acknowledgment of the part played by volcanic agencies in the configuration of these *insulæ fortunatæ* of the Far East. In Japanese art, the acknowledgment takes the form of an unmistakable, if sometimes crude, representation of a regularly shaped volcanic cone, Fujiyama for choice. It should be remembered, however, that while Fuji is by common consent the *mons excelsus et singularis* of the Japanese Islands, and has exercised, as such, a profound influence on the mind and art of the Japanese people, the form of the famous volcano is duplicated, with the same perfection of outline, though on a smaller scale, in a score of other districts. Indeed it would be difficult to select, in the whole country—with the exception of certain portions of the extreme western section—a landscape which was not itself directly the product of volcanic action or which did not show easily recognisable traces of subterranean work. This much may be said with certainty—that all the regions in Japan held in esteem for the beauty and grandeur of their scenery are regions in which volcanic force has reared mountains of comparatively insignificant age on the foundation of the primeval rocks. Sometimes, as in the Hida Mountains—which form part of the backbone of Central Japan—the two formations are seen side by side: granite giants of the profoundest antiquity in the same range with composite volcanic cones 8000–10,000 feet high. In other cases, the volcanic types predominate—either in dome-shaped afforested hills with, perhaps, a placid crater-lake at the summit, or in naked, steaming cones. Thus it happens that the same region presents within a narrow compass the most diverse scenic effects—all that contrast which, as Ruskin says, increases the splendour of beauty. Luxuriant loveliness appeals to the eye on the one hand, the sublimity of desolation on the other.

Not the least of the legacies which volcanic force has bequeathed to the islands of Japan, and probably the most appreciated by the Japanese people themselves, is the mountain

spa. Hot mineral springs are to be found in practically all the principal highland districts, often amid the most picturesque surroundings and usually at heights of 2000 to 3000 feet above sea-level. These springs, it may be remarked, issue more frequently from the flanks of quiescent or extinct volcanoes than from those still active. In Europe each of these springs would promptly be enclosed by a pump-room or a kursaal, to receive sedulous exploitation at the hands of a syndicate. In Japan their presence is as a rule marked by nothing more than a foliage-embowered collection of shingle-roofed huts, above which floats a cloud of steam and sulphurous vapour. The large wooden tanks which constitute the baths themselves have frequently little more than a roof over them, and are free to every passer-by. The waters of the springs show the greatest variety in chemical composition—acid, alkaline, ferruginous, sulphurous, chalybeate —and a wide range of temperature from 100° F. to boiling-point.

If cleanliness be next to godliness, then verily the Japanese cannot be far removed from the perfect state. The bath is an institution in Japan and resort thereto the *grande passion* of its people. Nevertheless, the term requires qualification. The Japanese do not like a cold bath, and to them the "hot" bath, as understood in England, would be *nuroi* (lukewarm). Medical men in Western countries denounce as deleterious the taking of a bath the temperature of which exceeds to any palpable extent that of the body. The Japanese, on the other hand, think nothing of a bath which is below 110° F., while the temperature of the hottest baths at Kusatsu, in Central Japan (where sufferers from skin-disease undergo a species of "bath-drill" in water containing free sulphuric acid), is about 128° F. There is no evidence to show that frequent and often prolonged immersion in water of high temperature has any injurious effect on the Japanese, constitutionally or otherwise. A theory has been advanced that this practice, which may be said to be universal, is responsible in some measure for the small stature of the Japanese. Against this, however, may be set the indisputable fact that the new generation of Japanese youths, who, instead of being mere bookworms in their school-days, have taken extensively to athletic pursuits on English and American lines, hold a decided advantage over their forbears in feet and inches.

In the remoter mountain-spas, promiscuous bathing of the sexes proceeds, as it has from time immemorial. Rural Japan, to a large extent, still lives in a state of natural, almost idyllic, innocence, though the authorities, by means of police regulations, enforced in the more populous parts, are doing their best to replace this native simplicity by a hitherto unknown prudery imported from the West. For this, it seems, they can adduce no better reason than that in such matters the Japanese must do as the Occident does, or they will not be regarded as a "civilised" people. Thus in all the urban centres and in the better known hot-spring resorts, the official regulation against mixed bathing is carried into effect by the erection of wooden partitions aross the large open tanks which constitute the public baths. In other places the letter, if not the spirit, of the law is observed by the placing of a bamboo pole across the top of the water. There is no reason to believe, however, that the new regulations have brought about any improvement in Japanese sexual morality.

Nevertheless, despite this pioneer work on the part of the official Mother Grundy, the foreign traveller in the unbeaten tracks, on arriving at some such out-of-the-way spa as Eino, on the flank of the Kirishima Range, in Southern Kyushu, or Noboribetsu, in the extreme northern part of the country, will find things still in a fairly primitive state. He has had, let us say, an arduous though delightful tramp over open hill-slopes and through magnificently timbered valleys, involving a gradual ascent which has brought him to a height of 3000–4000 feet above the sea. At length, on rounding a wooded spur, he sees before him, snugly ensconced in a fold of the hills and embowered in foliage, a long, low wooden building, unpretentious yet inviting, with faint wreaths of vapour rising from beside it. Being no more than human, he rejoices. For he knows that beneath that shingle-roof (with heavy stones placed thereon to enable it to resist the upsweeping gale or the stray typhoon) and behind those paper doors (whence comes the gleam of yellow *tatami*) he will find rest and shelter—of the rough and ready sort, but acceptable nevertheless—as well as that thrice-blessed of Japanese institutions, the hot sulphur-bath. *Nesans* with heads bowed to the ground welcome him to the humble *yadoya* (inn). They

are less sumptuously attired, no doubt, than the waitresses in Tokyo or Nikko hotels, but their greeting is probably the more sincere, for visitors—of white complexion, especially—are rare in high, remote Eino. Having arranged with mine host the *hatago* (supper, bed, and breakfast charge, which in these unfrequented parts rarely exceeds one *yen*, or two shillings), the guest is conducted to his room and invited to exchange his travel-stained garments for a clean crêpe *kimono* (sometimes of startling hue) as preparatory to proceeding to his bath. This done, he follows the shuffling, cheerful footsteps of the *nesan* along winding passages of polished wood to a large apartment from above whose low walls issue clouds of steam, and (as often as not) the sound of animated talk. If on beholding the naked forms of half a dozen bathers of both sexes and of all ages deposited about the large inset tank or soaking in the sulphurous water, our *ijinsan* (foreigner) flees in consternation, his retreating footsteps will be followed by peals of laughter, universal and uncontrolled. If, however, he is wise, he will enter, disrobe in an unconcerned manner, and, appropriating one of the tiny stools scattered about the floor, will proceed with the scrubbing process which precedes that of immersing himself to the neck in the simmering tank. Should his knowledge of the language be sufficient to enable him to enter, ever so lamely, into conversation, so much the better. The questions asked of him will probably be of an extremely personal character—that is the Oriental way of showing interest—but a few frank answers will suffice to put him on good terms with the company. On the other hand, should he, while maintaining his demeanour of naturalness, prefer to keep silence, his reserve will be respected, nor will he find himself the cynosure of curious or prurient eyes.

It is not always the fate of the hot springs born of Japanese volcanoes to be harnessed in bamboo pipes, or gathered into public bathing-tanks. At the base of the island volcano of Sakurajima, which rears its seared and imposing form out of the deep gulf of Kagoshima to a height of 4000 feet, the thermal waters find their way out on a sandy beach secluded from all winds save the south. The inhabitants of the adjoining village can therefore pass from a hot-spring bath—made by the simple process of hollowing out a place in the sand—into the more

vigorous embrace of the sea, and *vice versâ*. Even in mid-winter, when the sun, as a rule, shines genially from a cloudless sky, the children of Arimura may be seen disporting themselves on the steaming shore, or soaking up to their chins in a sand-bath within a few feet of the icy spray of the breakers.

Along the highways of Old Japan—of which the Tokaido, connecting Tokyo with Kyoto, was, and is, the chief—railways have been constructed within the past thirty years. They are of narrow gauge, and consist, for the most part, of a single track. Owing to the mountainous character of the country considerable engineering difficulties were encountered, and extensive tunnelling became necessary. Thus the line which climbs from the sea-level at Tokyo to the lofty Kofu plateau pierces the eastern fringe of the tableland in a series of forty-one tunnels, one of which has a length of three miles. Similarly, a series of twenty-six tunnels, separated by the smallest of intervals, was needed to carry the railway from the Upper Tonegawa Valley by way of the Usui Pass to the high ground on which the volcano of Asama has reared its portentous bulk. At times of flood, to which the country is peculiarly subject, these sections of the system are the first to suffer, the most frequent cause of trouble being the collapse of one or other of the tunnels. A few summers ago the shortcomings of the Japanese railway system were vividly brought home to an Englishman who was travelling by one of these much tunnelled routes in the sequel of a heavy rainstorm. At nine o'clock in the evening, the train, which for some time had proceeded with an exasperating deliberation, pulled up in front of tunnel No. 1, where some hundreds of tons of rock and soil had effectually blocked the line. The passengers, two hundred or thereabouts in number, were politely requested to alight and make the best of their way through the darkness and the downpour to the nearest village, which boasted but a single *yadoya* (inn). On arrival at this modest establishment, the foreign guest asked for a room for the night. "Impossible," declared mine host, with profusely apologetic bows, "the hotel is full; even the six-mat* rooms have already as many as ten

* The size of rooms in Japanese houses is usually indicated by the number of mats (*tatami*) covering the floor. Each of these measures 6ft. by 3ft.; so that a six-mat room would measure 12ft. by 9ft.

persons in them." Then a bright idea occurred to him, and his countenance beamed as with an inspiration. "A foreign professor," said he, "arrived here a few minutes ago, with his wife and grown-up daughter. . . . They have a room to themselves: I will put you in with them. You will, of course, prefer to be with people of your own race than with a crowd of Japanese." Strangely enough, as it seemed to this unsophisticated landlord, the foreigner did not take at all kindly to the suggestion. He actually preferred to be sandwiched in among a motley assemblage of Japanese of all sorts and conditions, the eleventh man in a six-mat room!

An inevitable concomitant of travel in the byways of Japan is the *basha*, or Japanese stage-coach—if indeed this weird conveyance can be dignified with the name of "coach" at all. A box on wheels, usually innocent of springs, and drawn by a miserable superannuated dwarf of a horse, while six unhappy humans struggle for space on its hard, uncushioned floor—such is the genuine and original *basha*. In some more enterprising regions the type has been improved upon. Springs of a primitive sort deaden to some extent the long succession of jolts and jars, by comparison with which the "Wiggle woggle" of the White City is a mild and playful affair. Narrow boards have been introduced longitudinally, at a height of a foot or so above the floor, to serve as seats; and, despite the fact that one's knees come into continual and frequently violent contact with those of the passenger opposite, this innovation from the West is distinctly and devoutedly to be appreciated as a step in the right direction. As for the rate of travel of the *basha*, that averages, under favourable conditions, five miles an hour, and the stoppages for rest and refreshment—on the part both of the steed and its driver—are frequent and prolonged. Sometimes, as on descending from an arduous mountain climb at a considerable distance from one's objective, and in the absence of the *jinrikisha* (which by comparison is paradise) the *basha* offers that species of relief which is derived from change of exercise; but, as a general rule, it may be questioned whether the loss of energy involved in the struggle for existence in the confined interior of the chariot is not greater than that which might be expended in covering the distance on foot.

Travel in Japan has of late been somewhat decried, both on account of the high charges incurred at the large hotels which cater for foreign tourists, and on account of the systematic extortion practised by many of the licensed guides. These evils —and especially the latter—have been greatly exaggerated. In most cases it is more than probable that a clear understanding at the outset, followed up by a little judicious supervision, would have obviated subsequent unpleasantness. Be that as it may, however, these drawbacks vanish when the traveller forsakes the beaten for the unbeaten tracks. There are no *annai* (guides) in the remoter regions, but merely *ninsoku* (coolies), who, nevertheless, serve the purpose equally well. These have not acquired the art of "squeezing" the foreigner, and will trudge willingly over hill and dale from morn till dewy eve, with a substantial pack-load on their backs, for the modest remuneration of a *yen* (two shillings), while the charges at the inns in these mountain districts are often ludicrously low. Of course, to the traveller newly arrived in the land, the language difficulty is a formidable one. But a little ingenuity and perseverance will go a long way towards surmounting it. The saying passes current in the Far East that "you can go through Japan with *arimasu* and *arimasen*"—the significance of which two words may perhaps best be conveyed by the pidgin-English "have got" and "no have got." Before proceeding to the interior, however, the prudent traveller will spend a few hours in mastering a score or two of the words he will be most likely to need. His vocabulary may require to be supplemented, when the time comes, by a certain amount of dumb-show; but if his *vis-a-vis* in his attempts to make himself understood be a fair *nesan* who greets his conversational efforts with peals of inoffensive, childish laughter, his fate might easily be worse!

The Japanese language, as spoken in the metropolis and other large centres, abounds in honorifics and various ceremonious forms of speech. In the interior, however, it is noticeable that these are sparingly used. The difference conveys a moral, to wit, that the excessive and formal politeness which is characteristic of the Japanese citizen is replaced, in his rural counterpart, by the genuine article. Indeed, the experience of all who have travelled extensively in the interior is that, the remoter the

region the greater the sincerity and kindliness of the people. On the other hand, there is no denying that, for a variety of reasons, the worst type of Japanese is to be found closest to Western civilisation, *i.e.* in the vicinity of the former treaty ports. At least three types of Japanese, therefore, are presented to the observer from the West, viz., the ultra-ceremonious and official, whose extreme civility somehow conveys the impression that it is only on the surface; the scheming and unscrupulous, of the parasitic order, frequenting the treaty ports; and the rough but kindly folk of the mountain districts. It is easy to understand, therefore, why the numerous estimates of the Japanese national character which foreign observers have given to the world are so divergent, and even conflicting. One may go further, and say that had the last-mentioned class come more generally under observation than they have, these estimates would certainly have been more favourable on the whole. In fact, on passing through the country, from the open ports to the capital and thence to the interior, one is strongly reminded of the influence of environment on character. While few would be prepared to emulate the boldness of the lady-critic who recently propounded the theory that the excitability of the Japanese was the result of their living in a highly volcanic land, no one can fail to be struck with the parallelism of the contrasts which exist between the scenery of the coastlands and of the interior, on the one hand, and that between the character of their respective inhabitants, on the other. There is a smiling, petty prettiness in the one, there is rugged simplicity and robustness in the other. The best and most enduring elements in the Japanese character, unaffected by the disintegrating touch of an alien civilisation, and unencrusted with a veneer of formality, have proceeded from—and still inhabit—the wild valleys of remote Japan, where torrents plunge through virgin forests and wash the bases of primeval hills, mingling, perchance, with the thermal waters from some ancient volcano which, after a millennium of silence, has burst again into stupendous activity.

E. Bruce Mitford.

A MORNING IN DIBA

THE man of sense rises betimes in Northern Nigeria and gains thereby the benefit of the ante-seven A.M. coolth. So it still wants something of broad daylight when the steward raises the mosquito net and elicits one's first growl of the day with a cheery "Lafia!" The steward is bright in the early morn, in spite of his having to turn out in the dark, a thing he hates, because it is his privilege, no less than his duty, to rouse his master from slumber. Next to slumbering oneself, quite the most comforting thing is to rouse others, he feels. And there are folks at home who resemble the steward in this. Which of us hath not suffered at the hands of the irritating, arrogant Early Riser? The pernicious bore who gets up in the dark, splashes about in the bath, carolling the while, and then stamps all about the place in search of breakfast! Makama, steward, is at his best when he comes, in the dawning, with his "Lafia!" and the cup of tea. As the sun rises, his spirits and energy decline; noon finds him asleep, or, if waking, a creeping incompetent. Dinner sees him arrayed in a long white coat, girded about with vast cummerbund of blue, supervising with dignity the work of them who "pass chop." Thereafter he is seen no more till he brings the matutinal tea at the beginning of a new day. One never sees Makama doing anything, but he acts as a buffer between his employer and the tribe of assorted irritants that compose the staff of the household, a bachelor one, *bien entendu*. Things are done not too badly, and meals are on hand to time, or thereabouts, so long as there is a Makama, chief of the staff. Without him, chaos, dismal, utter, reigns. From which it will appear that a Makama hath his uses, nay, is, in fact, of the indispensable.

Returning from leave, I acquired Makama from a soldier

friend, whom he had served for a long time. Soldiers generally have excellent servants, possibly because they are themselves more patient—and more leisured, than is the civilian of the junior sort. My friend went home, and Makama accompanied me to Diba, where he got together a number of assistants, and proceeded to manage me and my house. It was made evident to me at a very early stage that my own predilections regarding hours for meals went for nothing. Makama ruled that a cup of tea was to be presented at dawn, that I was to make my breakfast at ten A.M., whilst at four P.M. afternoon tea would be served, and, at seven P.M., dinner. It was agreed that I was to have the right to entertain at either of the chief meals on giving due notice to Makama. At first I rather resented his control, but I soon gave way, and really he does me rather well. He steals from me, I know, but none of the underlings is allowed to do so. And there is peace in the house. Certainly in this country one ought to have a Makama. Two servants that I had engaged down country he brought up to me for dismissal a very few days after we reached Diba. I forget the pretexts he advanced, but I recollect that they were excellent ones. He produced at the time substitutes, whom he introduced as his brothers—persons whose many excellences and sterling worth exceeded his powers of description. At least, that's what he said. Also, he found me a groom and a horse, the former, of course, a relative of his own. Makama himself is a man of Sokoto. Of his "brothers," presently in my employ, one at least is a Kanuri from Bornu, one is from Kabba, another is a Gwari pagan from Zaria. I don't know aught about the others.

We are not uncomfortable in Diba. There is little to do, and my chief and myself, with a capable clerical staff, are here to do it. Said chief is a jocund, and an amiable and delightful fellow, with just one small delusion that he hugs to his very inmost soul, that affects his every act and deed. It is that we are overworked. Under this influence he doth frequently lift up his voice and cry aloud to headquarters thrilling descriptions that harrow, of the toils of himself and staff. I'm not at all sure that his is not a good line to take, on general principles. The offensive is oft the best form of defence, and my excellent superior seems to have established, in all quarters that matter,

the tradition of overwork at Diba. It must be that he has succeeded in getting the convention accepted, because we are left in peace, and only the other week they sent us still another clerk.

I pottered about for the first week or two after arriving, looking for a job. Ultimately I was detailed for assessment duty in the native city. My work, I discovered, was to visit each of the sixteen wards of the city in turn, to meet the householders and inform them of the results of the new assessment, and to tell each man of them, *coram publico*, the amount that he will be expected to pay annually by way of tax, until such time as the assessment shall be again revised. So we caused proclamation to be made throughout the city that on a named day all householders in Ward I. should attend at the ward market-place, at seven A.M., there to meet the assessing officer.

Soon after six one morning we start for the rendezvous, that is to say:

Item: one Musa, interpreter;

Item: Awudu, orderly constable;

Item: Abdullahi, scribe;

A couple of nondescripts carrying my chair and the assessment registers;

And Myself.

Musa rides a fearsome animal of large size, which he manages to keep on its hind legs most of the time, by means of an ingeniously contrived bit that nearly cuts the brute's tongue in half. The others walk. Musa leads our little procession, and doubtless hopes that I admire his prancing curvetting progress as much as do the natives we meet upon the road. He is mistaken in this. I regard him as a poisonous nuisance, mine own animal, probably inspired to emulation by the example of his, calling forth such skill in equitation as I possess in my effort to remain aboard of him. So a pest upon Musa's circus tricks. All native horsemen go in for them, without being in any way good riders. But they ride in a sort of armchair, a saddle with very high peak and cantle, rising nearly a foot fore and aft of the sitting-place. Ensconced in this, his feet in deep slipper stirrups of metal, holding his mount tight up by the most abominably and cruelly effective bit on earth, your bold

native sits, and nothing short of an earthquake or the animal's death is likely to unhorse him.

Diba is a fine city, becomingly seated on rising ground in the midst of a saucer-shaped valley, with a distant line of isolated, flat-topped hills that look like uniform cases, squatting in a ring round it, upon the horizon. It is girt about by a great wall of red mud, frowning across a deep fosse at the plain around. To make a circuit of the wall means a ride of seven miles—rather more; within its line dwell some twenty-five thousand people. The city is full of wonderful shade trees—trees apparently evergreen, yet revelling in such endless variations of the colour. From afar off, of the city one can see nothing save a great oblong patch of brilliant verdure standing out brightly from the duller tones of the surrounding plain. One is almost upon it before the walls and buildings burst upon one through the veil of foliage.

From the station to the city is a mile, and within the wall, from the gate to our objective, we ride other two. We follow the great wide road that bisects the city into Eastern and Western halves. It is broad and well kept, flanked with glorious trees; behind them high mud walls enclosing dwelling-houses. The road is full of people. Women and girls bringing in wood from the bush to sell in the market, native traders, well mounted, bringing along with them strings of carriers with their goods, hawkers proffering all manner of small articles what time they squat about on the roadside, in the shade; all help to compose a brisk and lively *va et vient*. The traders are well and handsomely dressed in flowing robes and turbans. The women wear cheery-coloured cloths, the children no cloths at all, the sun shines, and the broad shady road of hard red mud is full of bright, merry, active life. Mounted men dismount as we pass, all others remove their caps, or their sandals if wearing turbans. And the loafers all stand up.

At the gate we are met by a very splendid person indeed, the head of the Emir's police, no less. This gentleman rides a great horse, wears a red turban, is attended by half a dozen red-turbaned foot men, and is greeted with anxious, fearful rather than warm, politeness by the passers-by. My chief says that he is a most excellent and valuable native official, and I haven't any doubt that he is. The chief of police ought to

be feared, I suppose, and in a great city like Diba there are always lots of evildoers. He is certainly a fellow of zeal and activity, and periodically he swoops down upon and rounds up a great haul of scoundrels for the native court. Diba is run, and well run, by the Native Administration. There is the Emir at the head of the Executive, and the Alkali is chief of the Judiciary. Only rarely do cases come to us for trial, the native court having full powers. There is a most excellent native prison, escapes from which are rare. The place is well conducted, one of us inspects it at frequent intervals, and the inmates, without being inhumanly treated, are exceedingly glad to get quit of it. A condition of things which would seem to satisfy the main *raison d'être* of such an institution.

On arriving at the market-place we find ourselves in a great open space, dotted about with fine trees. Round about the square are huge houses of mud—to the roof-top must be quite thirty feet. The whole of one side is occupied by the Emir's palace, a vast enclosure of wall, twenty feet high, a dozen feet thick at the base, roofs rising behind it; one main gate, flanked by half a dozen secondary ones, pierce the front, and in and out of these passes a never-ending stream of horsemen and foot men. Awaiting us in the shade is a great gathering of robed and turbaned individuals, the householders of Ward I. They rise as we approach, and prostrate themselves, and a murmur, deep and rather sweet, fills the air for some moments. All the men are busily saying "Zaki!" (lion), "Agasheka!" (salutations), "Lafia!" (health to you), and so on, being polite, in fact. The object of it all bows and smiles and salutes, and thinks that being a king in Europe must be a good deal of a bore. For all this "being polite" is merely the local analogue of the address from the mayor and corporation, the guard of honour that has to be inspected, the bouquet to be received from the hands of the mayor's little daughter, &c. &c., all part of the price royalties pay for their estate.

The hum of greeting having subsided, and all the greeters having resumed their seats upon the ground, we take ours, open the register, and interpreter Musa calls Abdulkadiri dan Ussuman, whereat a gentleman in a very fine gown and spotless white turban rises, makes his way from the throng of sitters, and

takes his place in the cleared space before me. I notice in the register that Mr. Abdul, &c., is by profession a tailor, that his household of followers, wives, children, and other dependents tots up to something like a hundred souls, and that he is to pay several pounds of a tax. This last item is communicated to him, and he is straightway overwhelmed, first with astonishment, then with fury. His excitement is simulated, of course. The excellent soul came prepared to be overwhelmed at hearing a quarter of the amount, on principle. He splutters with intensity of feeling. Together he and I run through the list of his household, together we perform a small arithmetical calculation, which shows that each man in his house paying a couple of shillings will give him the amount of his assessment, plus a small sum for contingencies. Friend Abdul, &c., acquiesces in the inevitable, and withdraws grumblingly. We are not far down the list when Musa calls a name, and fails to get a response. Inquiry reveals that the missing man is a wealthy metal worker who is not minded to come and meet the political officer merely because he has been asked to do so. And as we proceed, we come to others similarly minded. At least, they are not present. Messengers go in search of them, and we carry on. One man is told his assessment and retires to his place. Five minutes later he is back, says he has forgotten the amount. I tell him, and he retires once more. Presently he is back again, same story, and still again, by which time the crowd are alive to the fact that one of their number is engaged in the interesting and amusing feat of pulling the white man's leg. But on this occasion I am myself minded to take a hand in the fun, and the earnest seeker after information is required to stand forth and bellow at the top of his voice what he has to pay. Three times he does this in the space before us, and then goes for a little walk to make the same proclamation, in the same way, at each of the corners of the square. His fellows are greatly tickled; the gentleman gets his laugh, though possibly not quite in the form he anticipated, and slinks off, nor is he any more heard of this day.

One name is called, and there is no reply for some moments, till an old, shrivelled, poor, and wretched-looking old woman is seen to make her way to the front. Her husband and two

sons are dead since the assessment was made, and herself terrified, thinking she will have to pay an impossible sum. Her difficulty is settled by a remission *in toto*, and she departs smiling. Most of the audience look a little glum at this; it is curious how a crowd in this part of the world will laugh and jeer at poverty, misery, affliction; wonderful how a little obvious appreciation of these sorrows leaves them cold. They are extraordinarily keen about money, and they cannot get out of their skulls the idea that the remission granted to that poor old woman will come out of their pockets, that each one of them will have to pay a little more because she has got off. Some of the assessees who come up to learn their obligations are blind. Which may sound a little hard, the taxing a blind man. The fact being that here, the blind make quite a fair sized community. They pursue two avocations, viz., they beg and they make rope. You will see scores of blind folk on the roadside near the great market, twisting rope, what time they make known their affliction in high sing-song tone.

Now comes forward an impudent-looking fellow, handsomely dressed, with his veil covering his mouth. This is a most insulting thing, and, if done by a well-bred, pukka Muslim, cannot be regarded too seriously. It may be, it is just possible, that this bumptious, moneyed scallywag knows no better, so he is only asked, quietly, to lower his veil. On hearing what is due from him, he rises abruptly, turns his back sharply, bursts into a roar of laughter, and starts to swagger off. I ask him to come back, inquire why he is thus mannerless, and invite him to go and beg the Alkali to give him a few hints on deportment. Afterwards I hear that the worthy Alkali went to some pains, and required some of my friend, in this connection. Also that the hints were expressed in such manner as to impress them upon the fellow's understanding. The incident, like others of the morning, was in the nature of what some folks call a "try on." And the issue helped to adjust the relationship that is to exist 'twixt the merry men of Diba and myself.

Here and there from amongst the ruck of tailors, brass-workers, weavers, scribes, butchers, standing out from the dead dull level of Diba citizens, comes a man who prefixes to his name "el Haji." Any individual who has made the pilgrimage

to Mecca is thus distinguished, and there are a good many such in the city. The time occupied on the journey varied from eighteen months, the least, to as many years, the longest; but the man who took eighteen years over it got into trouble with the Khalifa people in Omdurman—it was before Kitchener went there—and had to spend some years in the place. The route most used appears to be that going through Wadai, Sennussi's country, Omdurman, and so to Suakin, thence to Jeddah by steamer. However accomplished, as these men do it, it is a fine effort, and I always feel like taking off my hat to "el Haji."

Having arrived at the end of the list, we now receive those who were not present when their names were first called. The first man called says that he received no notice of the meeting, and it is shown that he did. He leaves to the native court, where he deposits, at the suggestion of the Alkali, one shilling in the Treasury of the Native Administration, in earnest of his intention to attend promptly and punctually when next called upon to do so. The next man to explain tells of a relative who died early in the morning, his duties in connection with the event preventing him from coming to see me at the time arranged. He is excused. The score or more citizens waiting to explain their failure to attend regard the death as a heaven-provided means of getting them out of a scrape. Not one of them but claims to be closely related to the deceased, and all expect to be excused upon that ground. Unfortunately for the claimants, the individual who really has been busy in consequence of the death, gives his testimony, which goes to show that the death aforementioned was in no way responsible for their failure to attend the rendezvous. He says he does not know them, and indignantly repudiates them as relatives. So they go, all together, to the Alkali, who, no doubt, will deal with them as justice, tempered with mercy, requires.

Last of all, a healthy, hearty-looking fellow comes with much confidence to claim exemption. Says he is by profession a soldier (native). That, as there have been no wars since the white man came to the country ten years ago, he has been out of employment for precisely that period. The Emir, he says, occasionally gives him a gown, and others of the "big men"

make him "dashes" (presents) from time to time. Application refused, and the applicant is reminded that a man who doesn't work has no very clear right or claim to food. I have been some years in this country, but I meet to-day, for the first time in my experience, an able-bodied native who admits having lived in utter idleness for ten years.

It is now noon, and we have done only one of the sixteen wards. So we do no more to-day. Notice is given that we will meet the remaining wards, in succession from No. I., in the market-place, at seven A.M. daily, one ward per day. It is further notified that the fee payable to the Native Treasury, per the Alkali, for failure to attend in time, will be two shillings each for Ward II. men, three shillings each for Ward III. men, and so on. And with that we say good-day, and make our way back to the station, and to lunch.

"MAIBERKONO."

AMERICAN AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, *September* 9, 1911.

THE Senate has done exactly what might be expected of the American Senate when it is asked to ratify a treaty with Great Britain. It has welcomed the treaty "with hospitable hands to a bloody grave." It has professed its customary hypocritical affection for Great Britain, it has even, doubtless, referred to the "common tongue of Shakespeare" and indulged in the stock banalities that in the accounts of Pilgrim dinners and other such joyous functions are always followed by (cheers) or (loud applause), but the Senate, true to its traditions, cocks its senatorial left eye and solemnly declares that as the guardian of the Constitution it can never—reluctantly and regretfully of course—be so recreant to its sacred trust as to consent to a treaty that violates the Constitution. And there you are. Senators go out of committee room or from an executive session of the Senate and proclaim their belief in the wisdom of doing the very thing that the treaty seeks to accomplish—only, a trifling detail, it must be done in the senatorial way, and that way is to make a farce of things serious. The Senate is never captious or punctilious about ratifying a treaty, but it is the sort of treaty that no self-respecting Government will accept.

Some day there will be a British Foreign Minister who will consider it not beneath his dignity to have studied American history and American institutions, and whose advisers will have something more than the merest superficial knowledge of America (I know this sounds as if one still had faith in miracles, but even the Foreign Office must at last succumb to common sense), who, when approached by an American Ambassador to make a treaty which it is in the interests of the United States to make, will probably reply to this effect:

"You ask us to make a treaty. Very good; but what do you mean by that? With whom are we asked to make a treaty? Your President, you say, but I am under the impression—and of course I am subject to Your Excellency's correction, whose knowledge on the subject is so much greater than mine—that the President cannot conclude a treaty; that his function is limited to the negotiation of a treaty, but the Senate need not ratify it. . . . Yes, as Your Excellency observes, the system does make the conduct of foreign relations more difficult, but it is not for us to question the wisdom of your Constitution. But I am further informed, and again Your Excellency will correct me if I am in error, that before the Senate can act on the treaty it must first be reported on by the Foreign Relations Committee, and that members of that very important Committee sometimes report against a treaty because they do not like the President or are not on friendly terms with the Secretary of State, or even because they have not been consulted in advance by the President or the Secretary of State and feel that their dignity has been slighted. Under the circumstances what guarantees can you give us that the treaty which you desire to negotiate will be ratified by the Senate?"

We can imagine the American Ambassador looking decidedly uncomfortable, talking beautiful nothings about "the common tongue of Shakespeare," quoting the Constitution and referring to the "co-ordinate powers" of the Senate, but finally forced to admit that the guarantees asked for are impossible.

Then this wise Minister for Foreign Affairs would say that it seems rather childish to play at treaty-making, but if the American Government really desired to make a treaty, let the President draft it and submit it to the Senate, which could haggle over it and squabble about it as much as it pleased, and then if the Senate accepted the President's recommendation every member of the Senate must sign an undertaking not to change his mind for say six months. For this accomplished Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs would point out that Senators have been known to assure the President of their support of a treaty while it was in progress of negotiation, and then to vote against ratification when it came up for consideration; that the use of a comma instead of a semicolon makes it impossible for a

Senator to consent to ratification. At the end of six months the British Government would signify whether it cared to accept the treaty, provided that the Senate had not changed its mind and still adhered to its undertaking. That would probably simplify rather than complicate the business of treaty-making.

There may be no Treaty of Arbitration, but the United States has lost nothing by its negotiation; there are some Senators who have been heard to say that it was an extremely good stroke of business for their country when Sir Edward Grey lent such a ready ear to Mr. Taft's arbitration proposals. When the official announcement was first made that negotiations were in progress a section of the Press opposed the treaty so long as Great Britain had an alliance with Japan, for that alliance has always been construed to mean in America that in the event of war between the United States and Japan, Great Britain, under the terms of the alliance, must range herself on the side of Japan against the United States; and there are a great many Americans who are firmly convinced that a war with Japan is inevitable. That such a belief is foolish is of less consequence than that such a belief is entertained, and while the Jingo party talk lightly of war with Japan, the thought of war with Japan with Great Britain as her ally is quite another thing. The argument was used that so long as the Anglo-Japanese alliance was in existence it was foolish to talk of a treaty submitting to arbitration "national honour" when British and Japanese fleets might at any moment be carrying on a joint bombardment of American ports.

We aim to please, appears to be the motto of the Foreign Office, which seems to do business on the principle of a store-keeper in a western mining camp, who put up a big sign in front of his place with this legend:

> We'll sell goods or bust.
> We ain't going to bust.
> We don't give a cent for profits,
> But we must be popular.

(He was popular, for a time, but subsequently the gentleman was lynched. In his scorn of profits he gave fourteen ounces

to the pound and put more water in his "bottled goods" than mining camp etiquette sanctions.)

If the only thing that stood in the way of the ratification of a treaty of arbitration with the United States was a treaty existing between Great Britain and Japan to which the United States objected, his Majesty's Government would be only too delighted to modify the treaty; anything to oblige. It is perhaps fortunate that the Americans are always moderate in their demands; no doubt if they had asked that the treaty with Japan be denounced, Downing Street would have promptly complied. The Anglo-Japanese Agreement was revised, and as one good turn deserves another, the Senate promptly amended the Arbitration Treaty by taking out of it the one article that gives it vitality. A treaty that originally had little value is now almost if not quite valueless. That is the price paid for the policy of popularity.

I think the treaty will be eventually ratified—unless the British Government makes it very plain that it will not accept an emasculated treaty—as public opinion undoubtedly approves the general principle of arbitration; but the public, of course, never studies the merits of a question and is very apt to think that the Senate is showing proper caution in requiring "safeguards"; and the tradition still lingers of the innocent and ingenuous American diplomat as wax in the hands of his British adversary. President Taft has entered the field in support of the treaty and has taken strong issue with the Senate. A question involving the interpretation of the Constitution is a question that lawyers and not laymen are competent to deal with, but Mr. Taft is conceded to be an excellent lawyer, and as a judge he was frequently required to construe the Constitution; his opinion is entitled to fully as much weight—to say the least—as that of the legal members of the Senate, and considerably more than that of members of the Foreign Relations Committee who have had no legal training.

Speaking at the encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic the President said:

Those who have objected to the treaty have first suggested that the organisation of the joint high commission with the power given to either party to secure a reference of the controversy to it, for consideration for a year, makes

it a breeder of war. I confess myself unable to follow the force of such an argument. The difficulties connected with the initiation of proceedings under any treaty, and the appointment of six commissioners with the expense and worry attendant upon it are all likely to prevent an invitation to a cumbersome negotiation like this when the ordinary channels of diplomacy are open.

But the main and chief objection, if I understand it, to the treaty is that the Senate cannot agree to abide the judgment of a joint high commission like this as to whether a difference between the two countries comes under the description contained in the first clause, and is, therefore, arbitrable. By doing so, it is said the Senate will in some way part with the power conferred upon it by the Constitution and which it is forbidden to delegate. It is not disputable that the Senate may agree to arbitrate a class of questions in advance of their arising in the future. At least it would not lie with the present Senate to dispute this, because it has already made many treaties in which it has agreed to arbitrate all classes of questions except certain classes which are specified. If it has the right to agree to arbitration in the future upon any class of questions and be bound by such an agreement, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that it may be bound to arbitrate the question of the construction of a treaty in the future.

Referring to the fear expressed by Senator Root and others that the Monroe Doctrine might be made the subject of arbitration under the treaty, the President insisted that the fear was childish. The Monroe Doctrine, he maintained, is not "justiciable"; it is a policy that the United States has "followed for a century, and which the countries of Europe have generally acquiesced in. Certainly, with respect to this very matter Sir Edward Grey, the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has announced publicly that the Monroe policy could not be disputed by them under this treaty, and would not come within its terms."

The extra session of Congress, convened by the President last April to pass the Canadian Reciprocity Bill, came to an end last month, a few days after my letter closed. There are of course the usual claims by partisans of what their side has accomplished and the unfortunate predicament in which the other side finds itself, which being purely partisan are not entitled to much consideration. It is significant that the Kansas City *Star*, an independent newspaper of very great power and influence in the West, should say:

In the session just ending the Democratic Congressional organisation has shown itself alert, intelligent, and sincere in promoting progressive measures.

. . . In passing the Reciprocity Bill without amendments, the Democratic Congressmen resisted tempting opportunities to play politics and worked sincerely for what they believed to be the country's best interests. They might have sought to make political capital out of reciprocity. That they did not—except in the broad way of helping the party by helping the country—went far to win them public esteem. Three big achievements for revision downward are put to their credit in the Wool Bill, the Farmers' Free-list Bill and the Cotton Bill. Each one of these measures promised the country relief from tariff exactions. Each one of them was a sincere effort to remedy glaring evils. Each one of them was blocked—most mistakenly and most unfortunately—by the President. . . . It is simple truth to say that the record of the special session has enormously strengthened the confidence of independent voters in the capacity of the Democratic Party as represented in Congress. On the strength of this record, with a Presidential candidate like Governor Wilson, in whom the country believes, the party would make a powerful appeal to the nation next year.

Speculation apart, the one thing that the session accomplished is to make definite the great issue of next year's Presidential campaign. There will be minor issues of course; there are always in a Presidential campaign, and sometimes these side issues have a disconcerting way of becoming the major issue and disarranging the plans of political managers, but ignoring that for the time being, the ring has been pitched for another great tariff battle. It was inevitable when the Democrats obtained control of the House of Representatives last November. They were elected on a tariff reform programme, and they were compelled either to carry out their pledges or admit they were without sincerity and retire defeated without firing a shot.

The House passed three important Tariff Bills, which with the aid of the Republican Insurgents in the Senate were passed by that body and sent to the President for his signature. The President vetoed them, and his message returning to the House the Cotton Bill gives his reasons for refusing to approve all the Democratic Tariff Bills. The Bill, he says:

was adopted without any investigation or information of a satisfactory character as to the effect which it will have upon an industry of this country in which the capital invested amounted in 1909 to $821,000,000, and value of the product to $629,000,000, the number of wage-earners to 379,000, making, with dependents, a total of 1,200,000 persons affected, and the wages paid annually amounted to $146,000,000.

By next January, the President tells the House, a report will be submitted to Congress by the Tariff Board, showing the

comparative cost of the manufacture of cotton in the United States and other countries.

The investigation by the Committee on Ways and Means of the House did not cover the facts showing this comparative cost, for the reason that the Committee was preparing a Bill on a Tariff for revenue basis, and their view of a proper Tariff was avowedly at variance with the theory of protection. Pledged to support a policy of moderate protection, I cannot approve a measure which violates its principle.

The President takes up in detail various clauses in the Bill so as to exhibit its "empirical and haphazard character," as he describes it, and concludes his message in these words:

This Bill thus illustrates and enforces the views which I have already expressed in vetoing the Wool Bill and the so-called Free-list Bill, as to the paramount importance of securing, through the investigation and reports of the Tariff Board, a definite and certain basis of ascertained fact for the consideration of tariff laws. When the reports of the Tariff Board upon these schedules are received, the duties which should be imposed can be determined upon justly, and with intelligent appreciation of the effect that they will have both upon industry and upon revenue. Very likely some of the changes in this Bill will prove to be desirable and some to be undesirable. So far as they turn out to be just and reasonable I shall be glad to approve them, but at present the proposed legislation appears to be all a matter of guesswork. The important thing is to get our tariff legislation out of the slough of guesswork and logrolling and *ex parte* statements of interested persons, and to establish that legislation on the basis of tested and determined facts, to which shall be applied, fairly and openly, whatever tariff principle the people of the country choose to adopt.

In vetoing these Bills Mr. Taft committed political suicide and ruined his party, if one can believe Democratic newspapers. He has shown himself to be a friend and protector of those mythical "interests" that have been the stock property of the demagogue for the last half dozen years or so; he has "cast his fortunes with the Republican element that represents tariff abuses, not tariff reform," says the New York *World*, and the St. Louis *Post Dispatch* terms the President "the mightiest friend of Privilege," and asks, "Can Privilege renominate and re-elect him?" The Republican newspapers, the "regulars" of course, and not the Insurgents, warmly praise the President for his action. The New York *Tribune* leads the chorus: "The tariff legislation fathered by the Democratic House," says this leading Republican organ, "will for ever constitute a monument to

Democratic incapacity, insincerity, and lack of constructive statesmanship. The events of the last five months have served to reveal to the American people the sterling character, the manliness and imperturable sincerity of their President, who, with absolute singleness of purpose, has sought only to do his duty, trusting implicitly to the intelligence of the American people to determine if his work were good or ill." A very interesting statement is made by the *Tribune*, which, however, gives no authority for its assertion: "The full measure of his disinterested advocacy of the reciprocity agreement can be compassed only by those who know that he had determined that if it were defeated he would not accept a renomination for the Presidency. He would have regarded himself as a failure, whatever might have been the verdict of the American people."

Both sides will find their position strengthened as the result of the action taken at the last session, but which will have been the greater gainer no man can yet say. The country has been crying out for relief from the high cost of living and has been corrupted by the demagogues to believe that at the door of the high tariff must be laid all the ills of which they complain. The Democrats offer relief—or at least a remedy supposed to bring relief—and the President refuses to allow it to be administered, describing it as a nostrum, the remedy of a quack, a medicine more dangerous to the patient than the slight illness that afflicts him. It is only natural that the people who have been converted to the doctrine that has been so vociferously preached during the last few years should give ready ear to Democratic arguments, and be convinced that in vetoing the Tariff Bills Mr. Taft was more mindful of the "interests" than he was of the people.

On the other hand, the President has given the country food for sober reflections. Here, he says, is one of the nation's great industries, representing an investment of hundreds of millions on which more than a million persons are dependent for their support. Here is a Bill that places in jeopardy this great capital and this great army of wage-earners. Here is a measure—not scientifically constructed and carefully considered, but crude, hastily put together on insufficient evidence: "empirical and

haphazard"—that aims a blow at the system of Protection; a system that the American people have repeatedly sustained and declared is better adapted to their peculiar requirements than any other. It is this system that is now in peril.

Both capitalists and working men will seriously consider whether they shall take the risk. The majority of manufacturers are of course Protectionists, for under Protection they have become prosperous and have been able to pay their operatives high wages. Naturally they favour no change that will threaten their welfare and force a readjustment of the methods of doing business. The majority of the working men have likewise been Protectionists—except on occasional intervals when labour disputes or the seductive voice of the tempter has made them eager for revenge or induced them to try an experiment, which they have usually very quickly regretted—and one would say that the fear of having wages cut to compensate for a reduction in the Tariff would keep the workman in line. But labour is in a restless, dissatisfied mood and may be guilty of any folly.

Between labour and capital is the great middle class in America, as it is in England, and it this class that is perhaps even more restless and dissatisfied than labour. The man of small salary has felt the pinch of the high cost of living as well as the workman, but where the latter has had his wages advanced from time to time, the other is no better off than he was when the dollar purchased from a tenth to a fifth more than it does to-day. Equally with the working man the middle-class man has become infected with the poison of the demagogue; he has come to believe that he is a trust-ridden victim of the "interests" and that if it were not for the knavish tricks of employers and law-makers he would go to and from his work in his motor instead of having to use the plebeian tram. There is very little that the average member of this class can look forward to after he has passed a certain age. A man who has reached forty and is still a clerk or book-keeper earning five or six pounds a week, sometimes more, can hope for nothing better, and there hangs over him always the constant fear of something worse. American employers prefer young men to old men; the smart, pert, superficial and usually inexact "hustler" is the type desired; for his boisterousness, his flippant manner of speech, his vitality,

and his irreverence—for he fears nothing or nobody—create the impression that he accomplishes more than the older, quieter and more experienced man. It is a curious thing, and it marks that great difference in temperament between the Englishman and the American, that whereas the head of an English firm likes to be surrounded by men of his own age, and has a respect and mild affection for the employés of long standing, and resents having to make changes in his staff, the American has no veneration for age or length of service, looks upon a man of middle age as used up, and seems to think that youth compensates for everything.

It is the middle-aged man of the middle class who may be the decisive factor in the next election. There are a good many of him, and if the same impulse should bring about community of action, even although there might be no concerted action, the middle-class man might think it could do no harm to try the new remedy, just as in the same way that he has shamefacedly bought a bottle of the latest advertised hair dye and in fear and hope waited to see his thinning grey hairs restored to their original luxuriance.

President Taft's friends are not certain that he will be re-elected next year, but they are absolutely certain that he will be renominated. So confident are they of this that they expect he will be nominated on the first ballot. Everything would indicate that the confidence of Mr. Taft's friends is justified.

Horace, wasn't it, who said that the misfortunes of one's friends are one's delights, and the New York *Herald*, which has given ardent support to the reciprocists and annexationists in the campaign now waging in Canada, seems to be affected with the Horatian philosophy. It calmly estimates the American profits to be made out of a European war in which England is involved. If war should be declared between England and Germany, the *Herald* declares, it could not affect American interests adversely. Whatever may happen in Europe the United States will profit. "An Anglo-Franco-German war," the *Herald* continues, "would give, for one thing, a powerful stimulus to neutral shipping. If Congress at the outbreak of

hostilities were rapidly to remove the antiquated restrictions on the registration of foreign-built ships, a vast number of British vessels would be transferred under our flag and an immense amount of the British carrying trade would pass into American hands."

Germany, the *Herald* argues, would not dare to interfere with the American flag. "Thus the result of a European war might be the restoration of our merchant shipping trade to the important position it held before the Civil War." Some misguided people who imagine that in the event of a war in which England is involved the United States would offer material and moral assistance will now perhaps understand that the United States is more concerned in playing the rôle of the international bagman than she is in the success of British arms.

Lynchings in America are, unfortunately, too common to make them of interest except to the readers of the sensational Press, but in Coatesville, Pennsylvania, a town of about twelve thousand inhabitants, where the manufacture of steel is the chief industry, there recently took place a lynching of unparalleled atrocity, that reveals the savage and undisciplined character of the American and the contempt in which he holds law. A negro killed a policeman and attempted suicide, but prevented in his attempt he was taken, desperately wounded, to the hospital, which was stormed by a mob, the few nurses heroically attempting to prevent the removal of the man, who was burned to death in the sight of more than half the adult population of the place. Mr. William T. Ellis has made for the Chicago *Continent* a careful study of the crime, its causes and the community where it occurred, and he finds that "It was a social, political, moral and religious collapse on the part of a community that is no worse than most of its neighbours, and better than some." His most discouraging observation is that the roots of the crime:

strike back into the present-day American character. It was due partly to lack of conviction and character, to essential irreligion; partly to frivolous-mindedness, the old Athenian lust for a new sensation; partly to the corner-loafing habit; partly in its beginnings, to intemperance; partly to lack of the church-going habit (the gathering of the mob synchronised with the evening church services); partly to the enervating influence of local politics of the Pennsylvania brand; small-souled officials who were politicians first and executors of the law

afterward; partly to that provincialism which makes men incapable of considering consequences beyond their own village, and primarily to the absence of the great conceptions of loyalty to God's law, and to man's law.

There are seven Protestant and one Roman Catholic church in Coatesville. In the hour of trial they all failed. Mr. Ellis says:

> Law failed in Coatesville. Our boasted American self-government collapsed completely when put to a test. The Chinese, Japanese, Hindu, Turkish, European, and British editors who comment upon this terrible tragedy as proof of the breakdown of the American system cannot easily be gainsaid. Early press despatches talked about a mob of foreigners doing the lynching. There are about 3000 foreigners in Coatesville, but all local accounts agree that they had no part in this crime. The criminals were Americans, sons and grandsons of Americans; with, it is true, an active minority of the floating American population that drifts from steel town to steel town. There are about 8000 white American-born citizens in Coatesville. The mob, which was made up mostly of men, and young men at that, numbered at least 4000. Now what proportion of Coatesville's respectable and church-going folk witnessed the lynching?
>
> Father Halohan, the Catholic priest of Coatesville, was at first frankly puzzled when I began to question him upon the religious significance of the lynching. In the course of conversation, however, he made a statement which came near to the root of things. Summarised, it is this: Our young people do not know what it is to obey authority. They leave school at fourteen, spend too much money, care too much for pleasure, and are too heedless of all authority.

Southerners justify lynching by asserting that it is necessary for the protection of white women. Coatesville can offer no such excuse. It has no large negro population and the whites are in no danger. The crime of the worthless negro was no different from that of a white hooligan, and the killing of policemen by roughs or criminals is not an unknown crime. The negro's fate was sealed and the law would have dealt with him justly, but that defiance of authority which is the basis of American character, the hatred of the negro, and the knowledge that there is little risk in lynching a negro swept all restraint aside. The crime was as unnecessary and brutal as any ever committed, but Coatesville does not know its shame. Its conscience is untroubled.

A. Maurice Low.

VOLTAIRE AND HIS AGE

The animus against the eighteenth century which had its source in the imaginative ferment of the Romantic movement has now spent itself and we can investigate its valid contributions to thought and human progress without the prejudice which is inevitable to a reaction so violent as the Romantic protest was. We need go no further afield than our own Carlyle to learn that the eighteenth century in France was a hollow sham, a phantasmal mockery, serving only as fuel to feed the fires of the Revolution which at the close of a godless age registered itself as the one substantial fact amid a welter of unreality.

Such views as Carlyle's, and they were once widely current, are now no longer tenable. It is no longer possible to view the age of Voltaire, Diderot, and the Encyclopædists as merely negative, destructive, satanic. These men had their work in the world to perform, and though in the retrospect of time the harrow may seem to have been used more effectively than the drill, it is well to reflect before passing a final judgment, whether that which was uprooted had any valid mandate to live, and whether that which was sown has received the sanction of a later age.

Speaking for myself I cannot doubt the issue of an honest inquiry into the matter. From the seventeenth to the eighteenth century, and I am referring more particularly to France, the world took an immense stride into the future. The static repose of the seventeenth century, its unquestioning acquiescence in authority whether of Church or of State, and the unperturbed conservatism born of this acquiescence permitted an art of exquisite reserve, unruffled dignity, and pervasive charm. Disturbing problems there are none. Pascal has passing moods of anguish, which cause him the more convulsively to clasp the cross,

but Molière remains the one questioning spirit of his age. As we pass into the eighteenth century we encounter Bayle whose words sweep like an angry little gust across the face of untroubled waters. Each great new figure that arises is an individual storm-centre, and before the century closes the waves are churned into a yeast of tempestuous fury. Do not expect therefore from this age the calm, self-confident dignity of Bossuet or the unruffled grace of Racine. Words now are weapons, every book is a campaign, and if I choose Voltaire as the supreme exemplar of his century it is because there is none defter-footed than he, none more supple of wrist, none whose rapier-thrust is more mortal, nor any who so insidiously undermines the fortifications of the unwary. When the fortress is blown into the air with a puff of smoke, we must think of the man who laid the mine no less than of him who touched the spark, and although Rousseau may quite as demonstrably as Voltaire be considered the engineer of the French Revolution, it is Voltaire who has much more deeply and lastingly stamped the impress of his mind upon the thought of the modern world.

When François Marie Arouet was born in 1694 a famous reign was drawing towards its inglorious close. Louis XIV., his lust of conquest sated with victory, was now at the century's turn to encounter the succession of humiliating defeats which have rendered illustrious the name of Marlborough. And failure in the field was but falsely compensated by the growing intolerance which dominated the councils of the Church. Won over by his pious mistress, Madame de Maintenon, to a simulation of religion three-parts hypocrisy and one part superstition, Louis succeeded, it is true, in stimulating the spirit of vindictiveness which is wont to reside in a hierarchy blinded by excess of power. But the envenomed quarrel between Jansenist and Jesuit, the more eloquent but no less deplorable controversy in which Bossuet and Fénelon were opposing champions, the bickering jealousies in the lowly places of the Church no less than the fiercer rivalries upon the heights, left Catholicism at the reign's close outwardly gorgeous as ever, yet inwardly a prey to its own corruption. A century the most religious which France had known, which numbered among the supporters of the Church every man of genius save Molière, merges now into a century where all things

sacred or temporal are put to the question, and where the great names are a solid phalanx arrayed against a faith which finds not one competent defender. It is at this juncture that Voltaire is born, as if place and hour and circumstance had been chosen to bring to full fruitage the seed of destructiveness which lay folded in his brain. Born a hundred years earlier he would have been merely a witty and licentious poet, a species of superior Voiture, and in the infancy of classical tragedy he would have intrigued against Corneille instead of Crébillon for primacy. Voltaire the courtier, the flatterer, and the sycophant we would have known, but not the controversialist and pamphleteer who convulsed the Europe of his day and who still contributes to the gaiety of nations. The Voltaire of a hundred years later is less thinkable. His persiflage and classically restricted fancy could not have thriven in the France of Chateaubriand, Hugo and Lamartine. Living to-day in a thoroughly unchristian France he would have found a congenial society, and in Anatole France a congenial comrade of the pen. But he would have still been a different Voltaire, for the giant against which the batteries of his ironic wit were directed no longer bestrides the body politic in France, and oppression now dwells in the tents of the unbeliever.

At the age of ten François Marie was sent to the Collège Louis-le-Grand, where the Jesuits—the teachers *par excellence* of France—were not slow to discover the precocity of his talents. Though sarcastically sceptical always of the value of the traditional training in the schools Voltaire never wholly lost his sense of affection for his early teachers, and to this survival of esteem the Jesuit Order owes its comparative immunity from his attack. At seventeen young Arouet came home from his school triumphs dominated by two passions which never deserted him, the passion for pleasure and the passion for fame. He tells his father with emphasis that he has chosen for himself the career of a man of letters. "It is the career," replies his father, "of a man who wishes to be useless to society, to be a burden to his parents, and to die of hunger." And again shortly afterwards, to the bearer of an offer which his father makes to buy for him the post of Counsellor to the Parliament of Paris—"Tell my father that I do not desire any place which may be bought. I shall know how to make one for myself which will cost nothing."

Anxiety to reach a period when the subject of a biographical sketch has attained the fulness of his reputation is no justification for slighting the incidents and circumstances which at the inception of his career mark his character and reveal the direction in which his talents will develop. Given, therefore, a youth of extraordinary ability, witty, pleasure-loving, yet with that burning zeal for fame which sets a dividing-line between the epicurean and the voluptuary, what prophetic estimate at this place and period may we hazard of his future? Hard at all times as is such a problem, it becomes the more difficult of solution when we reflect to what extent the most brilliant productions of Voltaire are the reaction from immediate circumstance; but that our forecast should even approximate to the truth it would be necessary to add to the above anticipatory conditions of judgment one statement of fact which makes for simplicity—that never was mind so brilliant so utterly destitute of the religious sense as was the mind of Voltaire.

Men are born with a genius for religion as with a genius for irreligion, and so completely does Voltaire conform to the latter type that no sense of reverence nor even of propriety serves to check his wanton gibes at all which transcends the limits of his common-sense philosophy. He was nurtured into irreligion by his godfather, the Abbé de Chateauneuf, type of the godless Abbé of that day, and initiated into licentiousness by the dissolute leaders of the Temple, into whose society his godfather had introduced him. Saint Simon records the Regent's admiration for Philippe de Vendôme, the Grand Prior of this once holy order, "because he had gone to bed drunk for forty years, had always kept mistresses openly, and had spoken continually against piety and religion." The Court of the Regency of which the young Voltaire was later an eager though less favoured frequenter was still more dissolute: "They drank deeply," says Saint Simon, "and of the best wine; they grew warm; they talked shamelessly with uncovered bosom, and strove which could utter the grossest impurities, and when they had made some noise, and were very drunk, they went to bed to recommence on the morrow." Such was the society of the Temple, dissolute and witty, and such was the society of the Regency, dissolute without wit. An age so rich in memoirs gives us ample testimony as to the character

of society at large: where outward decorum is the mask for inward grossness, and where mere charm of manner may veil the most shameless indecencies of speech. The conversation which Madame d'Epinay records as having taken place between men and ladies of quality at Mlle. Quinault's dinner-table is typical of an age when the old-fashioned morality of family life is cast out as dull and ridiculous. The irreligion of Voltaire is, therefore, merely the irreligion of his day infused with Voltairean venom, and the licentiousness of his writings passed unremarked in an age which condoned the unalloyed grossness of Diderot and the younger Crébillon. It may be added, too, that the valetudinarian Voltaire was compelled to rest content with a cautiously tempered dissoluteness, and he may therefore be regarded rather as an interested and sympathetic spectator than as a participator in the delicate vices of his day.

When the Duc d'Orléans assumed the Regency in 1715, Voltaire, or Arouet as we still must call him, was a young man of twenty-one with various love-affairs and escapades to his credit, but who, in spite of the sharpness of his wit, had not yet come into conflict with either Church or State. Almost immediately two scurrilous sets of verses defaming the Regent make their appearance, and what more natural than that they should be attributed to this brilliant young man Arouet, who has won his way into society by dint of epigram and flattery? Thus, rightly or wrongly, they are attributed to him, and in spite of stout denial he is exiled from Paris. Two years before he had been virtually exiled by his father to Saint-Ange, where old M. Caumartin had poured forth into his willing ears the anecdotes of the reign of Louis the Great which still lend their charm to Voltaire's history of that period. Now, in 1716, his exile is less profitable but no less pleasurable if we may trust the delighted letters which the young Arouet sends from the château of the Duc de Sully to his friends in Paris. It is impossible to avoid contrasting in one's mind the painful *débuts* of Jean Jacques Rousseau with Voltaire's brilliant initiation into life. Each vicissitude in his career he succeeds in turning to his own profit, a truth of which we will presently see a more forcible illustration. His Sully exile, or country visit we might properly call it, was revoked early in 1717. On Arouet's return to Paris two epigrams

against the Regent are again attributed to him, known as *J'ai vu*, and *Puero regnante*. Voltaire throughout his life was never slow to deny the authorship of play or poem or pamphlet which it served his purpose to disclaim; but denial in this instance is unavailing. The Regent summons him to his presence and the following brief colloquy takes place. The Regent: Mons. Arouet, je gage vous faire voir une chose que vous n'avez jamais vu. A.: "Quoi?" R.: "La Bastille." A.: "Ah, Monseigneur je la tiens pour vue."

To the Bastille, however, he went, and in the eleven months which elapsed before his release he had ample time to reflect upon the impossibility of harmonising liberal opinions with personal liberty in eighteenth-century France. When a few years later he visited England, he was quick to seize and appreciate the contrast between a land where truth was free to speak, and a land where the prison doors creaked when authority was impugned. It was never Voltaire's habit to brood at length upon his grievances. Petulant and irascible he was, but the very hotness of his temper precluded a prolonged moodiness. It was certainly an exasperating thing for the young poet to be thus summarily penned up on the eve of his first dramatic triumph, for his tragedy *Œdipe* had just been accepted by the Théâtre Français; but he swallowed his mortification and whiled away the hours of his long captivity by composing an epic poem. Among the articles for which he signs a receipt on his entrance to prison are two volumes of Homer (Latin-Greek), two India handkerchiefs, a little cap, two cravats, a night-cap and a small bottle of essence of cloves. From this alembic arose a poem, *La Ligue* or *La Henriade*, which France for long acclaimed as the one modern work worthy to be set beside the *Æneid* and the *Iliad*. We judge this masterpiece of rhetoric very differently now, but the energy of intellect which engendered it under such circumstances commands our admiration if the poem itself fails to arouse our interest.

In May 1717 he was imprisoned, in the April of the following year his imprisonment was commuted to exile on his father's estates at Chatenay. Ere long he was granted permission to return to Paris, a permission which he was eager to avail himself of in order to supervise the production of his tragedy *Œdipe*. In November the piece was acted, and critics proclaimed the

advent of a new Racine. But another exile was in store for our poet, the motive on this occasion being some further scurrilous verses against the Regent, the authorship of which Voltaire again and now with truth denied. The exile was indeed a merry one. "I pass my life from château to château," he wrote to his friend de Cideville, and letters of the gayest description are dated now from the castle of the Maréchal de Villars, and now from one or other of the estates of the duc de Sully or Richelieu. The letters are no longer signed Arouet, for on his release from the Bastille he had discarded that plebeian name for the resonant Voltaire, as Molière had before him discarded the vulgar name of Poquelin. Any sketch of Voltaire's career would be extended to undue length which sought to record even with briefest comment the multitude of works which his never-wearying brain engendered. Among these are none to be neglected, none that do not bear throughout or in some corner the signature of his genius. Yet most of these I must pass in silence, and the imagination must picture to itself a hand that steadily drives a pen across the page while the man himself is wracked with pain that would have quelled a less resolute courage, or buffeted by the winds of disaster, or tossed about on a frothy sea of frivolity more treacherous than tempest.

Voltaire has now reached a point in his life when he realises that to gain the influence upon opinion which his talents justified, he must free himself from all dependence upon relatives or patrons. "The man who would raise himself to be a power must begin by securing a pecuniary independence." So Voltaire wrote, and his natural sagacity in money affairs permitted him to implement his promise to himself. The story of his financial affairs is in itself a long chapter, and its pages are not without their blots. The processes by which his great fortune was amassed we may afford to neglect, but that a vast fortune was amassed is a factor of capital importance in aiding us to realise that for half a century Voltaire was the uncrowned king in the world of letters, wielding a vast power and exercising a princely hospitality. Roughly speaking, his fortune at his death might be estimated, taking into account the purchasing power of money, at fifteen thousand sterling a year, and all but a negligible fraction of this was earned in his business ventures, in contracts with Governments, in

large shipping enterprises, in the traffic of grain, and in a variety of commercial transactions at home and abroad.

I am often asked [Voltaire wrote in his *Memoirs*] by what art I have come to live like a farmer-general and it is good to tell it, in order that my example may be of service. I saw so many men of letters poor and despised that I made up my mind a long time ago that I would not increase their number. In France a man must be anvil or hammer; I was born anvil. A slender patrimony becomes smaller every day, because in the long run everything increases in price, and government often taxes both income and money. It is necessary to watch the operations which the Ministry, ever in arrears and ever on the change, makes in the finances of the State. There is always some one of these by which a private person can profit without incurring obligation to any one; and nothing is so agreeable as to be the author of your own fortune. The first step costs some pains; the others are easy. You must be economical in your youth, and you find yourself in your old age in possession of a capital that surprises you; and that is the time of life when fortune is most necessary to us.

It was in the prosecution of his private fortunes that Voltaire visited Holland in 1722 upon a secret mission from the Cardinal Dubois. In the free manner of the period he travelled by easy stages with an attractive woman of fashion, the Marquise de Rupelmonde, to whom he wrote the first verses in which he ventured to question the validity of the Christian religion. More trenchant criticism followed in after years, but the Church party never forgot nor forgave the first affront of the *Epistle to Urania.* At Brussels he visited the poet J. B. Rousseau, now grown pious in his old age, and submitted to his judgment the draft of his epic poem *La Ligue.* The older poet, as poets will do, submitted in turn an "*Ode to Posterity,*" which provoked the witty if obvious retort: "Ah, my Master—there is a letter which will never reach its address." This was the foundation of the first among a multitude of literary quarrels which embittered or enlivened Voltaire's career to its close. In this case Voltaire was the aggressor, but the aggression was a mere witty retort which any other than a thin-skinned poet would have parried with a laugh. But Rousseau comes to the attack with charges of impropriety and infidelity, and Voltaire in return deluges the helpless old man with a pitiless hail of epigrams. A great reputation like Voltaire's is always a target for the envious arrows of the small, but we are forced to regret that the irritating hostility of such petty creatures as Fréron, Desfontaines, and Pompignan was not received with the dignified silence which is more crushing in

rebuke than the wittiest retort can ever be. Readers of the correspondence are aware how vehemently these slanderous attacks possessed Voltaire's mind, but we might well afford to spare even some of the matchless satires which these quarrels engendered for some trace of the olympian calm and majesty which his character lacks.

I pass two years of Voltaire's career filled with enough intellectual activity to eke out the lifetime of an ordinary man, and arrive at an episode of pivotal importance in the history of French thought. The scene is Adrienne Lecouvreur's box in the Théâtre Français where Voltaire is the centre of a group which is probably discussing the play in progress. Voltaire, as one entitled to hold opinions on the drama, is laying down the law perhaps with positiveness, certainly with his accustomed charm of manner. Into the conversation breaks a *roué* nobleman of the town—the Chevalier de Rohan—who angrily asks: "Monsieur de Voltaire, Monsieur Arouet—can you tell me what your name is?" "It is at least, my lord, not a name that I drag in the dust. I begin my name, the Chevalier de Rohan finishes his." Rohan raises his cane, Voltaire grasps the hilt of his sword, the actress opportunely faints and the angry episode appears closed. A few days later Voltaire is dining with the duc de Sully. A message is brought to the table, to the effect that some one urgently wishes to speak to him at the door. He descends to the street, where he sees two hackney coaches. Setting his foot on the steps of the carriage to address his unknown interlocutor, he is rudely set upon from behind by the hired ruffians of the Chevalier de Rohan, who directs proceedings from the accompanying coach. When Voltaire freed himself, or was set free, he rushed to his host to entreat his intervention with the authorities. Sully basely withheld his protection, for it was not the custom of the time for a nobleman to take the part of a common citizen against a fellow nobleman. The poet limited his revenge upon Sully to never again entering a house which had been almost his home, and to substituting in his epic poem (*la Henriade*) the name of Duplessis Mornay for the more illustrious name of Sully's ancestor. To accomplish his revenge upon Rohan was a more serious and difficult matter. This was the second public thrashing which Voltaire had received, and he was the object of ridicule

rather than pity even among his friends. He could not obtain official redress against a member of so influential a family, he could not murder him, and he felt the insult too keenly to attack him in mere print. So under the close and constant surveillance of the police Voltaire passed four months in learning the manipulation of the sword which hung so uselessly at his side. Poor Voltaire! It is a brave and pathetic picture, and had we the power of evocation it might be worse employed than in resuscitating the image of the angry and emaciated poet performing the mysteries of *quarte* and *tierce* in a fencing-salon. In four months he again makes his way into the same box where he had received the insult. The Chevalier was in his accustomed seat whom Voltaire thus addresses: "Monsieur, if some affair of interest has not made you forget the outrage of which I have to complain, I hope that you will give me satisfaction for it." The challenge is accepted for the following morning, but the appointed hour finds Voltaire in the Bastille instead of upon the field of honour. We probably owe fifty years of Voltaire's life to this miscarriage of justice. We certainly owe to it an intellectual stimulus the most important by far which Voltaire ever experienced. This, his second imprisonment, lasted but fifteen days, for on the poet's urgent entreaty his sentence was commuted to exile and he was accorded full liberty to pass over to England. What this meant to Voltaire and what its significance to the intellectual life of France only students of comparative literature will appreciate. The drift of literary influence upon France since the Middle Ages had always been from the direction of the Greek and Latin classics, or from the literatures of Southern Europe. What France had received from England was virtually nothing until Voltaire came back from his three years' residence there, but his sympathetic visit marks the inception of a period of fruitful reciprocity. To England Montesquieu also went as a serious student of our political life; from the English Richardson, Rousseau borrowed his theory of the novel; and Richardson again is the theme of Diderot's ecstatic praise. The great names of eighteenth-century France have been mentioned, but to make the list of our debtors complete, reference must be made to Prévost, the author of the French *Spectator*, to La Chaussée and again to Diderot who borrowed their system of pathetic comedy from Moore and Lillo,

and to a host of lesser lights including the Shakespearean translators of the closing century, and the painful imitators of our descriptive poets.

The specific things which Voltaire, after his three years' residence in England, introduced into France were Shakespeare, Newton, and Locke. For the first named of these Voltaire's enthusiasm was never wholly sincere, nor his comprehension of his genius complete. To the end Shakespeare remained for Voltaire the drunken savage of genius, and his work a disordered chaos with flashes of sudden power. Newton, on the other hand, Voltaire unreservedly admired, and he understood his system as thoroughly as a naturally unmathematical mind was capable of understanding it. In spite of these disabilities Voltaire constituted himself the champion of Newton against the orthodox Cartesian school, and as with Goethe at a later day so now the poet and dramatist in Voltaire ran some risk of being lost in the man of science. The time which physical experiments at Cirey consumed at the expense of literature may be measured by the multiplied references in his own letters, and by the reiterated complaints of friends expectant of the tragedy or poem that was never written. With equal industry he had neither the versatility nor the divination which enabled Goethe to discover the inter-maxillary bone in man and to trace out the evolution of leaf into flower. But the gift of popularisation he had in an eminent degree, and all the disciple's willingness to guide himself by the master's thought. To what extent Voltaire deserves consideration as an original thinker it is difficult to say. French critics of the extremer kind hold that he originated nothing, but that his astonishing receptivity of mind and unsurpassed gift of expression conferred the semblance of originality upon even the most obvious commonplaces of thought. He found weapons ready made to his hand and had the skill to use them. That is all they are willing to admit, but it at least is something, and if we must concede that in science Voltaire originated nothing, he assimilated much, and to such good purpose that he made the world a partner in his assimilation. Locke's name, the remaining name of the English trio, suggests the field of metaphysics, and all that I have said with regard to Voltaire's participation in the science of his day finds here an even more striking application. Locke is the beginning and the middle

and the end of Voltaire's philosophy. Hints from the later Deists he is eager to accept, complacent reflections from Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke, aphoristic platitudes from Pope or malicious insinuations from Woolston, but always at the end of the journey he returns to Locke, and finds in the pages of that sensational philosopher the answer to all the riddles which the human mind may hope to solve.

The tangible things I may repeat which Voltaire brought back from England were Shakespeare and Newton and Locke; but the intangible revolution which his visit wrought in his mind and character calls for equal emphasis. He left France a mere fashionable man of letters, a wit and a poet: he returned with deeper views and a quickened sense of his responsibilities. Rid ourselves we must of the delusion that Voltaire was only a graceless scoffer. The religion whose beginning and end is the immediate fatherhood of God he never knew, but we will search the records of modern literature in vain to find a writer more generously conscious within the limits of his aristocratic prejudices of the suffering brotherhood of man. This fellow feeling for humanity may have been the natural growth of years, but it does not find complete expression in his writings until his return from his long exile. It is not, therefore, carrying surmise too far to give England some credit for developing the serious side of Voltaire's genius. The broader aspects of political issues he saw less clearly and appreciated less profoundly than Montesquieu, but no eye was keener than Voltaire's to observe the more trivial-seeming yet no less vital things which pertain to the administration of justice, and to detect the vast superiority of England over France in matters affecting the general life of the community.

I forego the temptation to dwell upon the episodes which give such variety and movement to the last fifty years of Voltaire's life in order to glance instead at his significance in the world of letters and thought, and to discover the real drift of his views upon religion and the influence which derives from these. As a master of the craft of letters Voltaire ranks not far below the world's greatest names, compensating by variety and vitality what he lacks in depth. In genial human wisdom and in comprehensive grasp of character Molière in his own country surpasses him. In the limited sphere of classical tragedy Racine is

undeniably his superior, and Corneille's masterpieces *le Cid*, *Horace*, *Cinna*, and *Polyeucte* have an intenser poetic energy and a more sustained dignity than *Zaïre*, *Tancrède*, *Mérope*, or *Mahomet*. But we must remember that Molière was a writer of comedy and nothing besides, and that Racine and Corneille confined themselves within the narrow limits of classical tragedy. Voltaire was a respectable writer of comedy, the third of his nation in tragedy, the greatest controversialist and the most biting satirist of his age, its first historian, its most witty and graceful poet, and of correspondents the most copious, the most various, and the most entertaining the world has known.

The eminent French critic, M. Emile Faguet, attempted and abandoned the task of formulating Voltaire's philosophy. To an inquiring mind like Voltaire's most of the great problems must remain open questions. Hating the spirit of system, he refused to dogmatise, and thus it is that in one portion of his work we will find a captivatingly lucid exposition of the doctrine of free will confronted in another portion by an equally lucid exposition of determinism, an asseveration of annihilation cancelled by an assertion of personal immortality, the denial of innate ideas confused with the enunciation of a moral law, and radical doctrines confuted by aristocratic prejudice. In this "chaos of clear ideas" several things are constant—his passion for art, his delight in exquisite living, itself a reflection of his passion for art—his love for humanity, and his hatred of Christianity, the most humane of all religions. Two of these themes I touch upon briefly in order to arrive at some knowledge of the standpoint from which Voltaire viewed humanity at large and the Christian religion in particular. His own words will most fittingly reveal his opinions. We are not slow to discover that with all his humanitarian zeal Voltaire is not a radical in matters political. The normal division of the world as he viewed it is reflected in the following paragraph: "This world I must confess is a composite of rascals, fanatics, and fools, among whom there is a little separate band which is called 'good society.' This little band being rich, well brought up, well educated and refined, is as it were the flower of the human race; for it honest pleasures are made; it is to please it that the greatest men have laboured; and it is this little band which establishes reputations." The

quotations which follow exhibit Voltaire's conviction that the little band will necessarily abjure the gross superstitions of a dogmatic faith, but that the well-being of refined society demands that the masses shall continue to revere a rewarding Deity, and dread an avenging God. Nietzsche would not have approved the benevolent tyranny which Voltaire persistently advocates, but he would have echoed the anti-social and thoroughly un-Christian tone of Voltaire's letter to d'Argental: "It is in my opinion the greatest service that one can render to the human race to separate the foolish rabble for ever from men of refinement; and it seems to me that the thing is sufficiently far advanced. One cannot tolerate the absurd insolence of those who say to you 'I wish you to think like your tailor or your washerwoman.'" Or again, consider these passages which bear upon the unwisdom of educating the masses of the people: "I thank you"—Voltaire writes to the author of a reactionary treatise on Education—"I thank you for prohibiting study among the peasants. I, who cultivate the earth, present you a request for labourers and not for tonsured clerks." And to Damilaville, who holds contrary views:

I think that we are not at one on the question of the people whom you think worthy of being instructed. I mean by people the populace which has only its arms to live by. I doubt whether that order of citizens has ever the time or the capacity for instruction, they would die of hunger before becoming philosophers; it is not the labourer we must educate—but the good bourgeois, the inhabitant of our cities; that enterprise is sufficiently lofty and great. . . . With regard to the labouring classes they are always besotted and barbarous—they are oxen who require a yoke, a goad, and a measure of hay.

Philosophy which in eighteenth-century parlance means disbelief in revealed religion is accordingly a luxury for the enlightened few, while superstition must continue to serve as a check upon the besotted populace. This is forcibly enough illustrated in the well-known anecdote which describes a dinner at Voltaire's house at which a group of Encyclopædic philosophers was present. Voltaire peremptorily checked an atheistic conversation and dismissing the servants said, "Now gentlemen, you may continue. I was merely afraid that I might have my throat cut in bed to-night."

To elaborate Voltaire's religious views and the method of his attack upon Christianity lies beyond the province of this

paper. Measured by the standard of an age so atheistic and so materialistic as his own, Voltaire appears but mildly irreligious. His conception of God is at times emptily abstract, at other times crudely mechanical, but still the word God had not vanished from his vocabulary, and his article "Dieu" in the *Philosophical Dictionary* was written to refute the clumsy and brutal atheism of Holbach's *Système de la Nature*. Eminently practical in temper, interested in the progress of science, the development of the Arts and the emancipation of the human intellect, Voltaire is the first and greatest of the Positivists and their brothers the Utilitarians.

With three famous judgments upon Voltaire and his influence this paper may fittingly close. His contemporary Diderot has left the following comment in his *Memoirs*:

> One could not pluck a hair from this man without making him utter loud cries. At sixty years of age he is an author, and a celebrated author, but has not yet hardened himself to attack. He never will. The future will not correct him. He will hope for happiness until the moment when life escapes him. May he preserve to us a life which I regard as the most precious and honourable to the whole world. One has kings, sovereigns, ministers, judges at all times; it requires centuries to recover a man like him.
>
> It is Voltaire who wrote on behalf of that unhappy family of Calas. Oh, my friend, what a glorious employment for genius. It must be that this man has a soul, has a quivering sensibility, that injustice revolts him, and that he feels the attraction of virtue. And what are the Calas to him? What can interest him on their behalf? What reason has he to occupy himself with their defence?
>
> If there were a Christ, I assure you that Voltaire would be saved.

It is Voltaire the man rather than Voltaire the writer, who is thus enthusiastically described, and each of us will make what subtraction he may see fit from Diderot's wonted exuberance. But with all its extravagance I commend the passage to the careful attention of every interested reader. This quivering sensibility of which Diderot speaks gave us a hundred quarrels, none dignified, some amusing, and some disreputable; it provoked the little "vivacities" which each day of a long life brought forth, and which even the divine Emilie could not escape in the quiet retreat of Cirey; but it is responsible also for years of devoted labour in the interests of suffering people who could not speak for themselves, and, after the lapse of close upon two

centuries, it confers upon his sparkling pages a human warmth which keeps them vital to a degree which unsupported brilliance could never reach. "All great thoughts," said a friend of Voltaire, "spring from the heart," and just as a great lady of the period said of Fontenelle that he had brains in his heart, so we may say of Voltaire that he had heart in his brains, and give him the more substantial praise.

Goethe's estimates are not usually tinged with exaggeration, and I give his curious judgment of Voltaire because it comes from a man who balances his words, and it was written at a period when German thought had been poisoned against all things French, and more particularly against Voltaire by the patriotic diatribes of Lessing:

> Genius, imagination, depth, breadth, reason, taste, philosophy, elevation, originality, naturalness, intelligence, wit, variety, precision, delicacy, warmth, charm, grace, strength, instructiveness, vivacity, correctness, clearness, elegance, eloquence, gaiety, banter, pathos, and truth: that is Voltaire. He is the greatest man in literature of all ages; he is the most astonishing creation of the author of nature.

It would be an interesting exercise in criticism to take these terms in order, and submit them to an individual test. "Genius" we would unhesitatingly grant, although no one quite knows what genius is. "Imagination" would give us pause, because in epic poetry Voltaire has not the Homeric imagination nor anything akin to it; in dramatic poetry not the Shakespearean imagination nor anything akin to it; in descriptive poetry not the Keatsian or Wordsworthian imagination nor anything akin to it. He has precision and infinite dexterity of phrase, but imaginative poetry in order to effect the conquest of English readers demands a concreteness and a sensuous richness which Voltaire's poetry decisively lacks. His verse is often witty or dignified or alive with intellectual movement, but we who can yield to the magic of Villon's phrase, or Ronsard's or Hugo's or Verlaine's, never lose ourselves in Voltaire's poetry with that complete surrender which great imaginative poetry demands. Yet, however we may dispute the validity of Goethe's statement of qualities, and set upon each our own individual interpretation, we may be reasonably sure that he placed each word in his enumeration for a definite purpose, and his comment is worthy at

least to be set beside that of Carlyle, who held that Voltaire's hundred volumes did not make up the sum of one great or wholesome thought.

With Lord Morley's more recent judgment I close. In the opening page of his monograph he says:

> When the right sense of historical proportion is more fully developed in men's minds, the name of Voltaire will stand out like the names of the great decisive movements in the European advance, like the Revival of Learning, or the Reformation. The existence, character, and career of this extraordinary person constituted in themselves a new and prodigious era. The peculiarities of his individual genius changed the mind and spiritual conformation of France, and in a less degree of the whole of the West, with as far-spreading and invincible an effect as if the work had been wholly done, as it was actually aided, by the sweep of deep-lying collective forces. A new type of belief, and of its shadow, disbelief, was stamped by the impression of his character and work upon the intelligence and feeling of his own and the following times.

This passage serves to emphasise that the thing called Voltaireanism whether for good or ill was born and lives. In as far as it stands for the emancipation of the intellect and for a quickening of the sense of human pity we may approve its work; where it represents irreverence and the spirit of mockery we may deplore its influence, and look with longing for the day when the spirit of peace on earth and goodwill to men may unite with the unfettered play of the intelligence and lead to the dawning of a purer faith.

PELHAM EDGAR.

FROM SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS TO UNIVERSAL CONSCIOUSNESS

May not the whole of human consciousness gradually lift itself from a mere local and temporary consciousness to a divine and universal? There is in every man a local consciousness connected with his quite external body; that we know. Is there not also in every man the making of a universal consciousness?

EDWARD CARPENTER *Civilisation Its Causes and its Cure.*

HERBERT SPENCER, in the last chapter of his *First Principles*, asks the momentous question: "Is it not just possible that there is a mode of being as much transcending Intelligence and Will as these transcend mechanical motion?" In other words, we might ask: Is self-consciousness the ultimate realisation attainable by Man? Or is there, as the great synthetic philosopher suggests, something beyond, above, the self-conscious state, the knowledge that "I am I"?

Probably every student of ancient Indian philosophy would answer in the affirmative, since the attainment of universal consciousness is the ultimate ideal in every form of Hindu faith, and there is not an earnest Brahmin who has not made a study of those states of super-consciousness, practising the methods whereby they may be attained, so that universal, or divine consciousness, might be realised in his own life. For, in our divers ways, we are all seeking happiness, happiness which some of us call peace, and others, God. . . . And as Swâmi Vivekânanda once quaintly remarked: "If it is happiness to enjoy the consciousness of this small body, it must be more happiness to enjoy the consciousness of two bodies, so three, four, five; and the aim, the ultimate of happiness, would be reached when it would become universal consciousness."

Universal Consciousness! Words of tremendous significance,

for do they not promise a state of existence as far above that of ordinary self-consciousness as self-consciousness is above mere animal or vegetable sentiency? Do they not foreshadow the aim and ideal of every religion known to man—the merging of the "self" into the "All"—*Nirvâna*—or, as the Christian devotee would express it, the ultimate union of the Soul with God?

We talk of cosmic consciousness—universal consciousness—God-consciousness—and yet many of us do not yet realise what *simple* consciousness means, and how absolutely it comes under the sway of that great law of progressive evolution to which all the worlds obey. If we cast our minds back to the early days of our planet, can we not trace in imagination its first feeble manifestations in the lowest forms of life, in those vague movements of sentient beings, still apparently hovering on the threshold of existence? Do we not see those small creatures, that are as yet neither animal nor plant, expand under the influence of light and warmth, contract when exposed to the cold?—dim foreshadowing of that law of attraction and repulsion which is destined later on, under the name of Pleasure and Pain, Love and Hate, to rule the world of men.

In more highly developed forms, as one sense after another is evolved, the creature becomes ever more clearly aware of the outer world; it discerns the light, it hears sound, it discovers other forms besides its own; its sense of touch becomes more delicate, pleasure and pain are intensified, memory is born, the reasoning faculties are awakened; until, with the advent of Man, consciousness for the first time becomes individualised, becomes *self*-consciousness. Here we see the first process of differentiation between the Self and the Not-Self, the first wondering outlook of Man on something outside himself, the first faint realisation that "I am not this: I am I." And, later on, æons of time later, the formidable question: "What am I?"—Sphinx's riddle which all the wisdom of the ages has not yet fully succeeded in solving; but which mystics of every creed, in every nation, have answered by the stupendous assertion: "I am God."

If the first stage of self-consciousness is the mere realisation that "I am," even this simple realisation covers a vast field of evolutionary processes, from the self-consciousness of the primitive man, the savage, to that of the most evolved member of our own

time and race. From the dreamy sentiency of the vegetable and the lower animal world to the self-consciousness of man is indeed one great step in the evolution of consciousness; but another, an infinitely vaster, step is from the self-consciousness of the savage to that of the *savant* or the philosopher, from the mind of a Veddah or a Bushman to that of an Aristotle or a Plato.

And beyond this? Shall there be no further progress? No continued evolution? Shall consciousness, after evolving through countless ages in an ever-fuller manifestation, becoming ever more actively existent in myriads of forms, suddenly come to a standstill? Or cease to exist? Be for ever annihilated?

Let us for one moment try to realise, as clearly as we can, those different stages of self-consciousness, from that of the most primitive man known to us, to the most evolved of the present day. Let us try to penetrate into the mind of the savage, and to perceive his small, exceedingly small, field of inner vision, of *realisation*, realisation of his own existence and that of others, of the Self and the Not-Self.

About himself, he barely knows that he exists; he has only attained to the first stage in self-consciousness: "I am." Of the outer world, of Nature, of his fellow men, he knows still less. From his fellow men, mostly savages like himself, he can learn little or nothing of life in its fuller, deeper meaning; for they, like himself, are wholly ignorant of those great laws of Nature which they unwittingly obey. The world, for him, is a place made for the savage to live in—to hunt, fight, make love, eat, drink, and dance the ancient dances of initiation. Love, to him, being nothing more than sexual attraction, cannot, as yet, teach him that inmost mystery of spiritual love, that expansion of consciousness which includes at least one other in the word *self*, and makes the true lover as supremely and as intimately conscious of the Self of his Beloved as of his own inmost self. Likewise Religion, representing to him nothing but obscure traditions, ritual and sacrifices, and a worship prompted by fear, cannot as yet raise his consciousness one step nearer to that mystic God-consciousness towards which all religions ultimately tend.

If now we compare this self-consciousness of the savage or the primitive man with that of a great philosopher, a *savant*, a poet, a devotee of some great and ennobling faith, do we not find an

almost abysmal difference between the two? And yet the difference is one of *degree* only. It consists merely in this—that the self-consciousness of the poet or the philosopher extends over an immensely wider area, covers an incomparably larger field, than the self-consciousness of the savage or the primitive man. It means just this, that to the highly evolved man, not only Nature, the Not-Self, but his own innermost Self, has come to mean something infinitely wider, deeper, grander, than the Self of the savage can possibly mean to him. For to the highly evolved man the word *self* includes *other selves* beside his own—the self of the woman he loves, the self of a dear, close friend, the self of suffering humanity, mutely calling to him for help—and from the intimate realisation of those other lives, those other " selves," his consciousness ever expands, until it becomes universal, or cosmic consciousness, when, in the words of the Hindu scriptures, he sees " the Self in all things and all things in the Self "—the Self of the universe, the One Life wherein we live and move and have our being.

A modern mystic has given, in a letter written to a friend, an interesting synthesis of this evolution of consciousness, as experienced by himself in a state of trance.

> Five years ago [he writes], I had an experience which has proved more fruitful to me perhaps than all the others combined. I had a fall, striking on my head. I lost consciousness. In regaining possession of myself I passed through all the experiences of the race! In the first stage I simply was aware of the fact that I was something; what that was, I neither knew nor cared to know! . . . I did not know what knowing was. . . . I was calm, blissfully happy, and to me there was no past nor any future. There was to me no time, no place, no anything, save that tiny speck of consciousness—myself. . . .
>
> This stage of blissful existence was ended by my discovering that there was something about me which was not myself. I began to see, and, seeing, I began to reason, and so I at length found my objective world. As in the previous stage, I had no use for time, and so, to me, there was none. This stage might have lasted an eternity, so far as I took note of it. I was busy in studying myself first, and then the things about me, and so the infinite peace of my first experience was broken up. . . .

Does not this simple statement throw a flood of light, not only on the problem of consciousness in general, but on the basic problem of all existence—on that deepest of all mankind's queries, the why and wherefore of creation?

The first stage of consciousness alluded to here is said to have

been blissful, but it was the blissfulness of ignorance, the blissfulness of dreams, the tranquil happiness of a little child just opening its eyes on the world—a state which may well correspond to that of the Soul ere it comes into manifestation, when "the Son" is still asleep in the bosom of "the Father."

"I at length found my objective world," says the writer just quoted, "and so the infinite peace of my first experience was broken up." This clearly reveals the significant fact that, the moment *duality* enters our field of consciousness, for the time being peace is at an end. The Soul is now aware of something outside itself; it sees, it reasons; Man contemplates Nature; the Self perceives the Not-Self. Henceforth in human consciousness will exist the duality of Subject and Object, or as the ancient Hindu philosopher would have said, "the Field"—Matter—and "the Knower of the field"; the Ego—the "Soul" in Christian terminology—and the relations between these two will constitute life, as we know it and live it to-day.

In time Man will learn that both the Self and the Not-Self are but aspects of the One Supreme Reality; he will know that Spirit and Matter, Life and Form, Energy and Substance, are but the two poles of the Absolute, of the One that is the All. But duality, bringing with it the illusion of separateness, is a necessary stage in the growth of the Soul, in the evolution of its consciousness; for it is only through duality that *unity* can be realised: Only through that seeming separation from God which we call our life on earth do we become consciously what we have ever been unconsciously — divine, immortal beings, Sons of God in very truth.

If we seek to know the methods whereby man may learn to expand his consciousness from the *self* to the *All*, we must go to India, India the mother of Philosophies as well as of Religions, India whose sages have delved deep into the mysteries of the human mind, the mysteries of consciousness in all its phases, from the consciousness of Man to that of the Universe.

According to the ancient Hindu scriptures, consciousness is life; life, consciousness; and both are latent in every atom of the universe; divine life, divine consciousness, permeate the world. "All this universe is Brahma," it is declared over and

over again in the Sacred Books of India, "in Him the universe breathes"—another way of saying that in God we live and move and have our being—and this universal consciousness becomes *individualised* in humanity; it becomes self-consciousness in man, divine consciousness in the perfected Son of Man. "I and the Father are one."

To the question: How is this ideal attained? the Indian sage would probably answer by one word: *Yoga.*

The name *Yoga* has been variously translated as *Effort, i.e.* effort at liberation, or salvation, as we would say in the West; as *Union* with the Absolute; as *Joining,* "joining the lower with the higher Self"—always the same idea in different words. It is a study, or rather practice, which comprises the whole of man, physical, emotional, mental and spiritual. It takes as its starting-point the common-sense ideal of the ancient Romans, *Mens sana in corpore sano;* but, unlike the Romans of old, the Yogis look upon the healthy mind and healthy body as instruments only of the Ego, the divine Self within Man. It is with the help of these instruments that Man, the "dweller in the body," as he is so suggestively called in the Hindu scriptures, contacts, and in a measure controls, the material universe; and the science of *Yoga* teaches the inner man, the divine, immortal Self, to master the physical, outer man—that bundle of dreams, emotions and desires which we so persistently mistake for the real man.

The first stage in the practice of *Yoga,* then, *Hatha-Yoga,* deals mostly with physical culture, but physical culture considered not as an end in itself, as we do in the West, but as a means to an end; for *we* believe the body to be the real man; in the East, from time immemorial, the belief has prevailed that "man is not body: the body is but the garment that he wears." Thus the first efforts of the student of *Yoga* are directed to the attainment of perfect control over this physical instrument, or vehicle, his body; but as, to the advanced Hindu thinker, "the mind itself is but an instrument in the hands of the Soul," or divine Self, so the next step in the disciple's progress will be *Raja-Yoga,* the "royal knowledge," whereby the mind itself is brought into complete subjection; when, by the daily practice of meditation, by the constant effort to realise the unity, the oneness, of Man and God—tranquil, self-poised, serene—the mind of Man merges

into the Universal Mind, the soul of Man unites with the World-Soul.

This evolution of consciousness to the highest point whereof man can conceive, has sometimes been thought to involve the loss of all self-realisation, to mean the complete annihilation of individuality. The Orientalists who have defended this view have apparently forgotten that a thing need not be lost because it is transcended. The simple sentiency discernible in the lower forms of life has not been lost by developing into the higher phases of consciousness; nor has simple consciousness been lost by becoming self-consciousness. The knowledge that "I am I" is but one step in the ascending spiral of consciousness; and not one of the preceding steps has yet vanished from our ken. Why then take it for granted that self-consciousness must be annihilated as it ascends towards universal consciousness? The Soul in *Nirvana* may still be conscious of self; only the self will no longer be the small, petty, limited self of the unevolved man, for it will have reached a consciousness embracing all other "selves" in the universe, a consciousness at one with the Supreme Self of the universe. Evolution is an ever-widening, not a narrowing, process. Latent powers become active forces. Something is gained: nothing is lost.

Even as the devout Christian considers the salvation of his soul the one supreme object of all human endeavours, so to the Indian sage *liberation*, liberation from the trammels of the sense-world, or the *realisation* of his own divine nature, must be the constant aim of every enlightened man. The soul must free itself from the bonds of *mâyâ*, from that "illusion of separateness" which causes man to think of himself as a separated unit of consciousness, instead of realising his oneness with the Absolute, with the All-consciousness pervading the cosmos. Man must, in the course of ages, after repeated incarnations upon earth—after many lessons learnt in the great school of life—realise at last this union with the Supreme; and the sooner his inner senses are awakened, his spiritual perceptions quickened, the swifter will be his race, the shorter his pilgrimage, the Soul's weary wanderings in the mazes of the material world.

The realisation of this unity, of this absolute oneness, is the ideal of all Hindu philosophy as well as of all Hindu religion. To

this one and all the Yogi's efforts are directed, his fasts, his long vigils, his renunciation of sense-life; to this end also the deep studies, the daily meditations of the philosopher, the Vedantist—to realise this one supreme fact, that the Self in man and the Self of the universe *are one.*

When this separated Self merges into the Supreme Self—when, as the Christian mystic would say, the Soul has attained union with God—then self-consciousness has evolved into universal consciousness. It is a passing from Egoism to Altruism, a transcendental Altruism which includes all beings under the term *alter ego*, "the other self." It is the consciousness of all humanity, and the consciousness of *That* which is above and beyond, yet also within, humanity. This is what the Hindu sage understands by universal consciousness, what the mystic means by God-consciousness.

Thus we find, the moment we delve beyond the surface of various faiths, a curious, almost startling similarity between the deeper phases of human beliefs. We find the same ideal at the root of Christian mysticism and of Hindu esotericism. To the devout Christian nothing matters in all the world but the saving of his immortal soul. And how does he seek to save it? By *losing* it in the infinite of God, the Saints of all ages have declared. "How shall God be all in all, if anything of man remains in man?" asked that inspired monk, St. Bernard of Clairvaux.

The Indian Yogi believes not otherwise; only he tells of his faith in other words; he uses other symbols to make his meaning clear; and so misunderstanding is still rife among men. Yet at heart the Christian mystic and the Hindu sage mean identically the same thing—the "salvation" of the Christian, the "liberation" of the Hindu, two words that express, or seek to express, the same ultimate mystery: the merging of Man into God, the expansion of *self*-consciousness into *universal* consciousness.

JEAN DELAIRE.

THE PROBLEM OF SOUTH AFRICA

To the observer of South African politics to-day there is much that is puzzling, much that is anomalous, and much that is dangerous. But a clear course can be steered if—and the "if" is the question—a truly South African and Imperial point of view is taken by those in charge of the destinies of what is the most important portion of the British Empire, not only from the fact of its vast and undeveloped wealth, but on account of its strategic position. Is that point of view going to be kept to the fore?

One fact was obvious in the General Election and became accentuated during the months that the Union Parliament was sitting—and on that fact much hinges. The whole political situation in South Africa turns on one question, and one only to-day, to the detriment of the larger issue, viz., the question of the Capital, whether it is to be at Cape Town or Pretoria. Involved in that question is another, and that is, which party in the present Cabinet is to predominate, that of Pretoria or that of the Cape? Round this question revolves every political measure brought forward; probed to the depth one discovers the cloven hoof, *i.e.* local interests and the disregard of the wide issues. After the Union of South Africa was accomplished, for some time it was hoped that a Coalition Government would be possible, and approaches were made and negotiations were carried on by Dr. Jameson, the chosen Leader of the Progressive or British Party, and General Botha, the Leader of the Nationalist or Dutch Party and the potential Prime Minister.

Many thoughtful people considered that a Government carried on on non-party lines at the beginning would be capable of real constructive work, and that a cleavage on economic rather than on racial lines would gradually develop. These

hopes were doomed to disappointment and abandoned at the eleventh hour before the elections; which latter resulted in a large majority for the Nationalist Party. This, however, was not the absolute triumph they expected, several seats falling to the Unionists in the very strongholds of Boerdom, and resulting in what was considered the next best solution—a strong Opposition.

The weakness of the Government lies in its being divided against itself, the weakness being caused by the question of the Capital site, and thus emphasising early in the Union politics, the fact that natural cleavage comes where the interest of the coast and interior diverge. When the unification of South Africa was under consideration, there was quite a considerable number of people who thought the idea premature, because the Transvaal was not only prosperous but independent of the rest of the country. The other colonies were in an inferior position, being barely solvent; their internal resources undeveloped to an extraordinary degree, and dependent to a large extent for their market on the Transvaal. Large, unselfish, and patriotic ideas prevailed, however, and union was accomplished in spite of the unequal conditions.

It is an acknowledged fact to-day that the sinews of war, in the shape of money, are forthcoming principally in the mines of the Transvaal, and this will be the case for some time to come.

The total indebtedness of the Union at the time of the combination amounted to 116½ millions, made up as follows:

"PERMANENT DEBT":		
Cape Colony	£46,240,890 (Stock and Deb.)	
Natal	20,095,943 (Stock and Deb.)	
Transvaal and O. R. C.	35,000,000 (3 % Guar. Loan, 1903)	
Transvaal	5,000,000 (3 % Guar. Loan, 1907)	
		£106,336,833
"FLOATING" DEBT AND ADVANCES:		
Cape Colony	£6,325,144 (Treasury Bills and Deb.)	
Natal	2,125,000 (T.B., Deb. and Adv.)	
O. R. C.	1,250,000 (Deb. and Adv.)	
		9,700,144
Advances from Natal General Sinking Fund		460,000
		£116,496,977

It will be noticed from the above figures that the debt of Cape Colony amounts to forty-six millions, that of the Transvaal to five millions, and that the latter has no floating debt. It should, however, in justice to the Cape be pointed out that the guaranteed loan, thirty-five millions, is a fixed charge on the railway revenue of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony until its redemption.

A first duty for the new Parliament should be to see how soon the excessive burdens now imposed on the mines can be removed. It must be remembered that the policy of the Railway Administration in the past has been to charge the maximum rate per mile on all the classes of goods which the mines were compelled to use, and we have at this moment the anomalous position that the mines are charged 1*d*. a ton per mile on their coal, the cost of which is the basis of cheap production, while simultaneously coal can be shipped at ½*d*. a mile, and in some cases is carried for departmental purposes at even half this rate.

The reputations of the railway managers of South Africa have been built on large surpluses, and the simplest means of obtaining these surpluses has always been to charge an excessive rate for the carriage of mines' coal and merchandise, as the mines have no choice but to use the Government railways for this purpose.

The northern part of the Union is now, and has always been, penalised by excessive freights, but the time has surely come—in view of the mandate of the Constitution (that the railways shall be run for the benefit of the country and not for profits)—for members to consider how far and how soon they are going to alleviate this wrong and put Pretoria and Johannesburg into the position of being the true commercial capitals, unencumbered by the incubus of penalties inherited from previous Administrations.

However, the first session has shown that the majority of the members of Parliament—with the suicidal short-sightedness that would be incomprehensible if the personnel of the House was not taken into consideration, made up as it largely is of illiterate and uneducated men carrying on the false ideas spread over many years by a yellow Press—are decidedly inimical to the mines. This faction is led by the Cape Party in the Govern-

ment, aided and abetted by members of the Opposition hailing from the Cape and other parts of the country, and, above all, by the Labour Party. The situation, so far, has been saved by what one may distinguish as the Transvaal section of the Government, who, through more intimate acquaintance with the subject have, while trying to save the susceptibilities of their black-veld supporters, at the same time acquired some idea of what it would mean to the country at large were its principal source of revenue tampered with. To those unacquainted with the subject, the mines merely represent an inexhaustible supply of gold for paying repatriation debts, salaries of Government servants, and so forth. The fact is that the mines are mainly low grade, with a small margin of profits and that the so-called mine-owners are a collection of shareholders scattered over the earth and mainly resident in Great Britain, France, America, and Germany, and who are, at the same time, extremely sensitive, ready to remove their investments on the first hint of trouble in South Africa to safe regions where politics will not enter. "Once bitten, twice shy," is applicable to the holders of South African gold shares, in whose short history the mines have suffered so many vicissitudes. The innocent people who bear so much rancour against the mine-owners do not take into account the fact that on the development, or non-development, so much depends, and that to develop the mines needs investors with their money. Now comes the curious anomaly of the working of the present Parliament. The members of the Government who come from the North, who know well the asset the mines are to the country, are in a decided minority, while the Cape section, already large, is reinforced from the Orange Free State and often Natal. The Cape section is headed by an embittered and disappointed man, who was in the running for the Premiership and lost, thus adding personal bitterness to parochial ideas.

The Transvaal minority is luckily strong in brains, resource, and knowledge. But what do we see when it comes to voting on mining questions, further complicated by the Labour Party with their destructive tactics? The Front Bench members of the Opposition, mainly sent from the Transvaal, are the principal supporters of the Government, who in reality are working a

REFERENCE

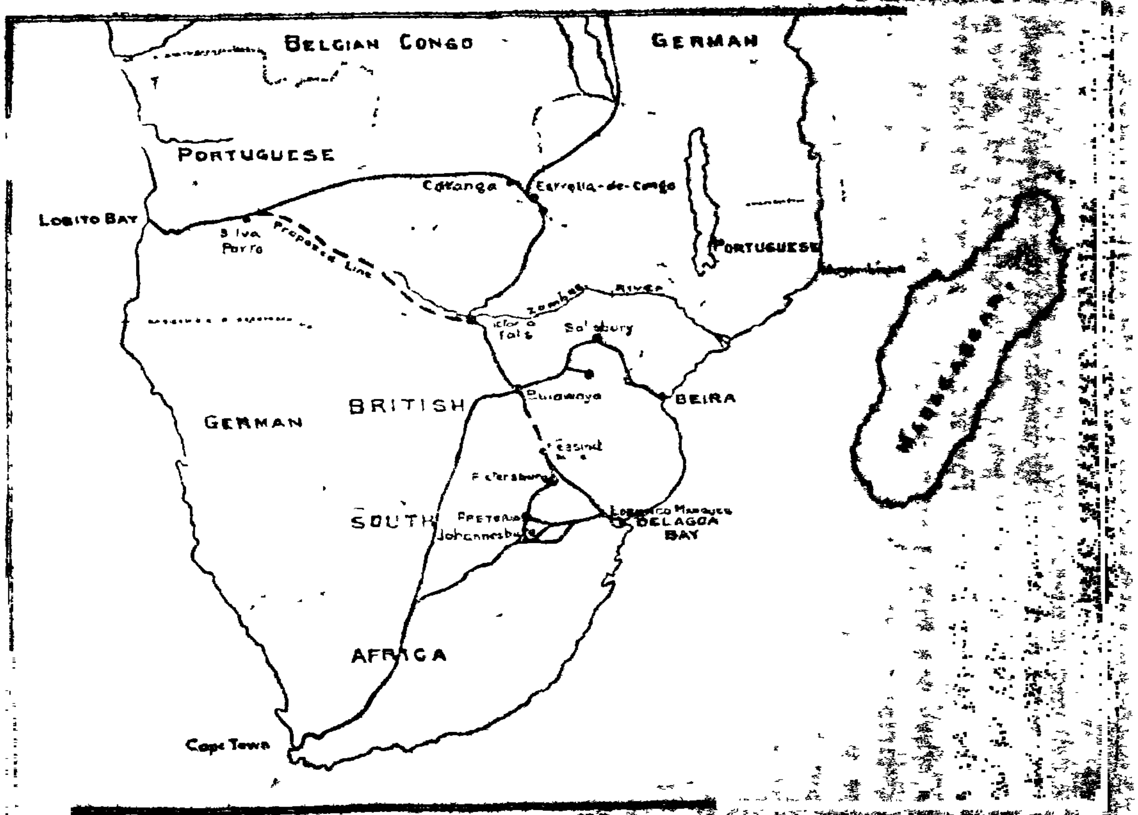
——— Existing Railways & under construction

– – – – Suggested Railways

Approximate Distances

Lobito Bay to Victoria Falls	1240 M.
Victoria Falls to Bulawayo	280 M.
Bulawayo to Johannesburg	630 M.
Total	2150 M.

Lobito Bay to Delagoa Bay 2100 M.



coalition Government in everything but name. Can this last? Many of the Opposition members think that an Opposition is to oppose and to embarrass the Government even at the expense of national warfare. This curious position accentuates the probability of a different division of parties in the near future.

Now as to the question of the capital. Let us take a map of Africa and look at the position of affairs. The portion comprising the Union extends as far north as Rhodesia, but the British sphere of influence is bounded by the Congo State and German East Africa, and it is presumably a question of time when Rhodesia enters into the combination. It is therefore obvious that the capital should be as central in this vast territory as possible. Pretoria fulfils that condition better than any other place. There are several other reasons in favour of Pretoria, an important one being that it is surrounded by hundreds of miles of land, suitable for agriculture, and the high plateaux of which will carry a large wealthy white population. The fact of this immense area being suitable for white people is an important one. The principal arguments in favour of Cape Town are on sentimental grounds as being the original capital and the oldest town in South Africa with beautiful surroundings. Granting the weight of these arguments, those against are much greater. Geographically Cape Town is out of the running; situated as it is at the extreme point of the sub-continent it is necessarily further removed from the centre than any other town in South Africa. But taking South Africa in relation to Europe, one sees that Cape Town's disadvantage is further emphasised. Being a seaport is not an advantage, as it is liable to bombardment, although that need not be used as a main argument. The situation on a peninsula has a very marked effect on the character of the people, one result being that the atmosphere is not conducive to men thinking "South African" on the large national questions. It seems as if the vastness of the veld is necessary to produce a really national spirit. The restricted area of the Cape peninsula is obviously against expansion for all time. Were it the capital of the larger South Africa it must be remembered that men coming to Parliament, say, from North Rhodesia, would require a week's journey to reach their destination. On the other hand, Cape Town would

make an admirable centre for educational purposes, and the cheapness of living is in favour of its being fit for not only scholastic work but for the homes of those who wish to retire from more active existence to a place where the amenities of life are easily obtained. Undoubtedly also a great naval and military station will be situated on the peninsula. The extreme importance of the Cape, from a strategical point of view, enforces consideration from both naval and military authorities, and it has been happily described as the Gibraltar of the world. Since the existence of the Suez Canal the immense importance of the Cape to the Empire is apt to be overlooked, but it must be remembered that in case of war the blocking of the Suez Canal would render essential the Cape route to the East, and it is just as important to-day as in the Napoleonic epoch when England seized the Cape from the Dutch East India Company to protect her interests in India.

It is argued that it is unpatriotic to bolster up the foreign port Delagoa Bay at the expense of South African ports like Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and Durban, in spite of these various places being far removed from many parts of the Transvaal and Rhodesia. Now it is well known that one of the main arguments against emigration to South Africa is the high cost of living, especially in the last-named countries. This is due to the distance from the ports. Many necessaries of life come south to Cape Town from Europe and then go a thousand miles north over an expensive railway. The obvious and natural ports for the northern parts of the sub-continent are Delagoa Bay for the Transvaal, Beira for Eastern Rhodesia, and Lobito Bay, in the not far distant future, for most of Rhodesia. Artificial conditions cannot continue indefinitely when national welfare is at stake. By making treaties favourable to Portugal we assist our own people in South Africa, and the question moreover of our ancient friendship with that country is not one entirely to be disregarded.

The accompanying sketch illustrates in a general way the routes of the main trunk railways of the southern portion of the Continent, and it is intended more particularly to show the commercial advantages that should accrue from the Portuguese connections to Lobito Bay and Lourenço Marques. The Lobito

Bay line shown is under construction by the "Companhia do Caminho de Ferro de Benguella," and is primarily intended for the transport of copper and copper ores from the Katanga Mines.

A perusal of the sketch-map will show that the northern portion of this line, embracing some thousand kilometres (600 miles), is practically useless except for the purpose of carrying ore from the Katanga Mines, and that it would be a very simple matter to divert the line from a point at or near Silva Porto so as to run direct to Victoria Falls and at once convert this important railway—which can now only be regarded as a mineral line—into a main artery and important part of the railway system of this continent. By making this diversion a saving in distance between Lobito Bay and Victoria Falls of 500 miles would be effected, and it would form part of a direct through line from Lobito to Delagoa Bay. As against the proposal it can, of course, be urged that the ore would have to be carried an additional 400 miles, but this is a mere bagetelle compared with the advantage of the shorter and direct route and the important traffic that would naturally result.

This objection would cease, however, if the Chartered Company made special arrangements to carry the ore this 400 miles at ¼*d.* per mile (coal is carried for departmental purposes at one-seventh of a penny per mile on the Transvaal Cape lines). The additional cost per ton would not exceed 10*s.* per ton of copper or ore, whereas the passenger traffic necessarily following so short a route would compensate the railway company over and over again for this small extra charge on their copper output.

It will be seen that the line sketched from Lobito Bay to Silva Porto, Victoria Falls, Bulawayo, and Messina, forms a natural and direct route to Delagoa Bay and Pretoria, and would shorten the journey for passengers visiting England by at least four days, as they can arrive at Lobito Bay in practically the same time as it now takes to reach Cape Town, and thus shorten the journey by some 1500 miles.

The active construction of the lines to Delagoa Bay and Lobito Bay, coupled with a reduction of all excessive and special rates for railway carriage, would at once have a salutary effect on the cost of living in the Transvaal, enable white labour to be successfully employed in larger numbers, and generally

stimulate industries and agriculture in a far more solid and permanent way than the creation of artificial industries under Protective tariffs.

We now return to South African politics. It is obvious that the important questions to be settled to-day in that country are being entirely overlooked in the parochial and local views taken by the majority. The measures that should take precedence are two, with a third subsidiary one, viz., Defence, Immigration, and the Native Question. This latter is always put first by the politicians, but grave and urgent as it is it sinks into insignificance beside the two first named; by the study and solution of the questions of Defence and Immigration many difficulties of the native question will be smoothed away. It is no exaggeration to say that our hope for the future of South Africa to-day lies in a broad and Imperial view being taken of the situation. The local politicians are wasting their precious time in vote-catching and pandering to local interests and in abuse of insignificant details, while the Empire may urgently need the services and help of one of the most important portions of it. In other words, the Union Parliament spends precious time in discussing parish pump politics with the "battering ram at the gate."

The question of Defence, not only from the internal point of view, but from the Imperial one, is urgent and vital. It is for England to see to it that Imperial Defence is made of paramount importance. The way to help towards that solution is the immediate removal of *all British troops* in South Africa. While they remain no action will be taken. A body of troops entirely maintained by the British ratepayer is too good a source of income to the South African farmer to be lightly dispensed with.* The presence of troops in the country blinds the "man in the street" to the necessity of protecting himself from within and without. On the other hand, it is remembered that Lord Haldane lately stated in the House of Commons that the British troops in South Africa are located there as a reinforcement in a suitable strategical position, for India, China, or, last *but not least*, Egypt. Therefore this force should not be considered

* The annual cost to the British taxpayer of troops in South Africa is £1,888,000.

as part and parcel of the defence of South Africa. The South African must realise his Imperial responsibility, and must not confine his idea of self-protection merely to the Kaffirs. To-day in South Africa there is a magnificent opportunity for enforced military training. Many thinking people declare that it is the psychological moment for initiating it before memories of the war have entirely faded away. Enforced military training will also sound the death-blow to racialism. Boer and British boy, engaged side by side in a common interest, would be a potent amalgamating factor, and such work would develop the manly instincts of the nation which to-day are simply running to waste.

As to the next important question, that of Immigration, our main hope must be in Rhodesia. It is quite certain that the present Government cannot, and will not, take any steps in that direction, nor will they have the courage to tax the land. Rhodesia did wisely in remaining out of the Union, being so poor in men as she is. But granted a continuance of the State-aided Immigration Scheme, which has got and is getting out really splendid material, Rhodesia will be able in a few years materially to alter the balance of parties in South Africa. A country's riches lie in its men and women. South Africa, in that respect, is a poor country, and it lies with the Home Government to do its duty to the Empire in taking up the question of Immigration in a scientific and generous manner.

All the legislation in the world against the influx of Asiatics, all the supposed tackling of the native question from within South Africa, will be futile until a constructive policy is carried out of putting white men and women on the land and making it possible for them to live. Only by co-operation with the Mother Country in that respect can the tide of emigration be directed in the right lines. Thousands of splendid English, Scotch and Irish men and women, who to-day go to the United States and the Argentine, should be helped to come into their own, viz., the British Colonies. In these days of conferences, surely one on the subject of scientific immigration would be more to the point than the academic discussion that goes on on every side with no practical results. South Africa must expand Northwards: she must be strong within and without: she must have white men and white women.

VOORTREKKER.

FROM HELIGOLAND TO HELGOLAND

"This is not Heligoland any more," said an islander to me on my recent visit, and indeed it is not the Heligoland which I knew twenty-five years ago—or for the matter of that even six years ago. When I first was in Heligoland, in 1886, it was an ideal little community of two thousand healthy, simple inhabitants, with an English Governor, an English magistrate and a few English coastguards: otherwise the government was very much in the hands of the natives. Sir Terence O'Brien was then Governor, and had just succeeded in freeing the island of debt; he was a strict economist and no expenditure however attractive was sanctioned unless he saw how it was going to be met. The British Government, by the mouth of the Duke of Buckingham as Secretary for the Colonies, had promised in 1868, when he visited the island, that when it was free from debt, a proper harbour would be constructed; and Heligoland lived in hope. I believe the plans for such a harbour are among the Colonial office papers, but no attempt was ever made to implement the promise. Sir Terence was sent to Newfoundland, and Mr. Barkly, son of Sir Henry Barkly, was brought from the Seychelles; the island continued to do well. One day in May 1890 the astounding news burst upon Governor and people alike, that without any previous notice to them, the British Government had arranged to hand over Heligoland to Germany in exchange for the withdrawal of Germany's rather indefinite claims of recently acquired suzerainty over Zanzibar. While nominally this bargain was made by the then Conservative Government (of which Liberal Unionists at that time formed no part), it was really a transaction approved by the leaders on both sides of the House, as I have the best reason to know. The Heligolanders, who knew my deep interest in all that concerned

them (and indeed I had just left the island before the Cession was announced), sent me a telegram asking me to do all that was possible to put their case against Cession before the leaders, but I very soon found that while representations to the Government were hopeless, nothing was to be expected from the other side either. The time has perhaps scarcely come when I should state with more detail the position taken up by Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bryce or Lord Rosebery in interviews. Suffice it that every party politician of any authority looked upon Heligoland as a useless rock; none of them, except Lord Rosebery, had ever been there.

The Cession was carried out with almost indecent haste. After Parliament had sanctioned the treaty with Germany the Governor had only three days' notice to leave with all his own effects, and what he might be able to claim as Government property; but short though the time was, he had the satisfaction of arranging to meet the German representatives with some dignity, and the hauling down of the British Flag was not accompanied by any clamorous cheers for the flag which superseded it. Governor Barkly died shortly afterwards. His widow received the munificent pension of £50 a year.

The islanders were to be free to opt on January 1, 1891, for remaining British subjects or becoming Germans. On the surface this seemed a thoughtful and sufficient provision. No representative of Britain, however, on the important day was present to see that fairness was observed, and as a matter of fact those who remained British very soon found they were boycotted by the German authorities. One instance will suffice: only German subjects were declared to be eligible for employment in ferry-boats. Within a few months, to save their livelihood and live at peace with their new masters, all the men (some of them had young members of their family in the British Navy or intending to go there) were coaxed or persuaded to become German citizens—except one obstinate man. The teaching of English in the school was forbidden and the process of Germanisation proceeded.

Not very rapidly however. The turning-point was when Germany perceived some years later that owing to the defeat which Japan inflicted on Russia, Germany need not fear the

Northern Power on her Eastern boundary. Since then the North Sea and not the Baltic has been the German Naval base.

On my recent visit in June 1911 I was careful not to spy. The German authorities are suffering from a spy-fever and every English visitor (they are very rare) is looked upon with keen suspicion. But not the most prickly of barbed wire fences can prevent even a casual visitor from realising what is going on, and of course I had the advantage of knowing all the island intimately. I took no photographs, and I made no notes, and no German official interfered with me in any way.

The most amazing change is due to the vast works in process of execution at the so-called South point. Here the island is transformed by the creation of a considerable tract of land literally won from the sea by most clever and able engineering. On the left of this lies the new submarine harbour, and beyond it there is in process of active construction a harbour for men-of-war. In June 1911 the German men-of-war were almost constantly employed at gun practice in the neighbourhood of Heligoland, sometimes by day, often by night, and Heligolanders say they hit the mark at seven English miles. The land adjacent to the submarine harbour is occupied with electricity works of various kinds for the exclusive use of the navy.

The island itself is being rapidly surrounded by a stout concrete wall, so that when any portion of the cliff falls it falls as it were into a concrete pocket, and instead of the island being lessened, its workable area is really increased though it may be but by a trifle.

In the heart of the rock five hundred Italians and East Prussians have been working for three years making subterranean passages, chambers and galleries, so that the easiest communication exists with every part of the island underground for the service of the artillery, of whom there are five hundred in the island; next year there are to be one thousand.

Apart from the erection of barracks for the soldiers, the Government has made no provision for housing the vastly increased population. But housed the foreign workmen had to be, and they became lodgers in the Heligolanders' houses. What a social revolution this has effected no one who did not know the peculiarly "exclusive" life of generations of Heligo-

landers can realise. They were a small people of only two thousand as I have said, and naturally they all knew each other's family history for generations. There was no dishonesty in Heligoland; no door was ever locked at night. The better-off and the poorer alike addressed each other by their Christian names; nowhere was there a more ideal Christian Socialism. Each man's house was his castle; for six weeks each year he was willing to let what he could spare to bathing visitors at a highish rent; for the rest of the year the very exclusive Frisian family life was supreme. Things are different now, when Italians and East Prussians of the ordinary Continental working-man type have become more or less forced members of the family. Why "forced"?—I may be asked. If the Heligolanders had stuck to their proper occupation as fishermen, could they not have compelled the Government to provide workmen's accommodation? Quite so, but the fishing industry has been totally destroyed by the manner in which the nets have been cut by submarines and other vessels. The people must live; the lodgers pay good prices for their accommodation; only the family life and the moral of an ancient race have been destroyed.

The people of Heligoland up till now have been no financial sufferers from the feverish military activity of the last three years, which it is estimated will continue for another three years. Far from it. The Government has been anxious to buy their cottages and little plots of land; it pays good prices. On the other hand, it will give no ground for new cottages, and house rent, with a suddenly augmented population and a diminishing supply of houses, has greatly increased. The result is much over-crowding, and the natural evils which follow. The ordinary decency—and more than decency—of a Frisian cottage ceases to exist under such conditions. All classes of island shopkeepers are having highly prosperous times, for the soldiers and the workmen spend freely what money they have, and although Princes and the higher nobility of Germany no longer come to Heligoland for a summer stay as they did when it was English, the number of trippers and excursionists who stay three days or so has vastly increased. Every industry connected directly or indirectly with the eating and drinking which German tourists demand is flourishing; money is so plentiful that even a tiny

branch of a German bank has been opened. But doors are now locked every night in Heligoland; the dance hall is crowded with soldiers, workmen and serving-maids, and rare indeed is it to see the young Heligolanders dancing here. The very quaint national dance is danced on every occasion, but a Heligolander said to me, "I can't look at it," for instead of the islanders as of old, it is a mixed rabble who go through the dance. (Never were a people more fond of dancing in the past than were the Heligolanders. The boys and girls were not allowed to go to dance until they had been confirmed, but the very first opportunity after confirmation saw every Heligoland boy watching his chance to make his debut as a dancer; and excellent and graceful dancers they were.)

The provisions as to Heligoland remaining a free port expired in 1910, but I understand no duties on the ordinary German scale have been imposed. So far so good. The Heligolanders look forward with reasonable apprehension, however, to what is to happen when the great harbour is completed, and all the other military or naval works have been executed. As it is, what used to be the healthy open Oberland is now almost entirely occupied with buildings or fortifications. There is little room for the mere pedestrian. The wide open stairs which are the only public way from the unterland is guarded by high spiked gates, and except upon the sea the visitor has little to do except to look at warning notices and enormous military industry. The Dune or bathing island has been greatly diminished in size by recent storms. When it ceases to be available for tourists, all excuse for Heligoland being regarded as a health resort will end. The island will be declared a fortress pure and simple, and some of the inhabitants were warned years ago that when this happened they were to be removed to a fishing village on the Elbe, where they will for ever be lost as a separate community.

Of what use was Heligoland to us? Let me answer in the words in which one of the most recent and best German writers on Heligoland sums up his list of merits of ownership. Professor Theodore Siebs in his *Helgoland und seine Sprache*, 1909, says: "At the least the island has for Germany an indirect use, insomuch that no other Power possesses it." This was the precious

security which we enjoyed for eighty years. Heligoland might not be of much direct use to us, but it was everything to Britain that no foreign Power could use it as a base for torpedo-boats or submarines, or as a coaling-station. By means of captive balloons it can be used as a signal station at a great distance, and of course wireless telegraphy has given it a value as a naval sentry in the North Sea which was not dreamt of in 1890. Those are some of our losses. We have given a possible enemy a base. We made a bad bargain; that we made it with the approval of both Front Benches does not strengthen us in our confidence in the inevitable and unchallengeable wisdom of the gentlemen who then occupied them. Had Russia defeated Japan, Germany might have had comparatively little time to devote to the North Sea, since the Russian Empire demanded constant attention on its all-too-near frontier. The defeat of Russia was Germany's opportunity, and Heligoland is the most striking illustration of the use Germany has made of its chance. Against whom is Germany arming, against whom is she expending her millions in this island-key to the North Sea?

WILLIAM GEORGE BLACK.

GREATER BRITAIN

CANADIAN AFFAIRS

1

The last two weeks of the electoral campaign in Canada were packed with exciting incidents and sensational oratory. The three protagonists of the struggle—Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. R. L. Borden, and Mr. Henri Bourassa—worked indefatigably; their eloquence ceased not for a moment from the time of the elector's rising to that of his postponed bed-time, and would have been prolonged through the cool September nights if audiences could have been mustered then. [In point of fact, there were midnight meetings in Quebec where Papineau's grandson held his meteoric cause formulating in white-hot phrases the details of his cosmic grievance.] Of the three chieftains Mr. Borden, though no longer the "cold proposition" of previous General Elections, seems to have kept cool at times; it is certain that he lost nothing by keeping the attention of his hearers concentrated on the business aspect of the Reciprocity controversy. Of Mr. Henri Bourassa one can only say that, from the beginning to the end of his fight in Quebec, he was Henri Bourassa in the thirty-third degree. There has never been a French-Canadian speaker, not even Mercier or Chapleau, who was better able to arouse the enthusiasm of all sorts and conditions of "Canayens" by pithy witticisms in a setting of verbal pageantry. He is transfigured by his *saeva indignatio* when he contemplates the corrupt works and days of his opponents, himself incorruptible and admitted to be so by his bitterest political enemies. In the course of his campaign he changed his ground to some extent. When it was first promulgated, he did not oppose the Reciprocity Agreement; he has always felt a sympathetic interest in the United States

(he has sometimes been accused, not altogether without reason, of a leaning towards Republican theories), chiefly, no doubt, because there are more than a million of French-Canadian workers settled there. In the end, however, he seems to have convinced himself that a commercial *rapprochement* with the United States might lead eventually to the political union which is of all things the most dreaded by the Catholic-hearted monarchical-minded common folk of the French-Canadian Province. Well they know, the *habitant* or small farmer of Quebec and the wealthy *cure* who provides him with all the ideas he requires outside his business, that an inevitable result of the inclusion in the welter of races and religions, all in the melting-pot, across the International boundary would be the dissolving and disappearance of all the cherished privileges of the French-Canadians. Their right to use French officially would never be recognised by Washington, and the position of the Quebec hierarchy which can still say *L'état, cest moi* everywhere within earshot of their innumerable bells could not possibly be maintained in a land of free competition among creeds of all possible (and impossible) kinds. Hence Mr. Bourassa's tardy conversion to an antipathy for Reciprocity, the first whiff of Americanism.

One felt, reading Mr. Bourassa's speeches and seeing how a sense of honour (a rare thing in Transatlantic politics) inspired them all, that, whatever happened, he had not only increased his influence in Quebec but also become a national personality. The time must come, if it was not already at hand, when he would succeed to Sir Wilfred Laurier's position in French Canada. Such used to be the *habitant's* confidence in the latter's omnipotence that a "pull wit' Laurier" was suffered by him, so the wits said, to be the real reason why the present Pope and the late King Edward came to their thrones. On one occasion I tried to explain to a French-Canadian trapper, exercising his craft in the forests of New Ontario (which is becoming a New Quebec by slow degrees, as the forests are hewn down and the lumbermen from the French rivers settle in the clearings they have made) why it was that the Pope did not travel. "Ah, well," he said, to translate his words, "Laurier might fix it up for him to visit us without visiting Italy," which also illustrates the French-Canadian yeoman's (he is more than a peasant) contempt for

geography. If there is to be another French-Canadian Prime Minister at Ottawa, it will be Henri Bourassa. But he will never be a mere Cabinet Minister there; he will never commit Howe's tragical mistake. With him it must be *Aut Cæsar aut nullus*. Who can say which?

But of these three protagonists Sir Wilfrid has been the most amazing in his activity. There has been nothing like his speech-making campaign with its "hurricane finish" since Sir Charles Tupper, leaving the restful shades of the High Commissioner's office in Victoria Street, tried to rally a broken party and force a victory against the stars in their courses. I am not such a prig as not to be able to admire a "bonny fighter" even if the cause he supports is repugnant to all my ideas of statecraft. The alliance between the Nationalists and the Conservatives in Quebec has been Sir Wilfrid Laurier's chief objective in his concluding speeches.

I call upon you [he cried in a passionate appeal at Stratford on September 8] to stand against the unholy alliance of French Nationalists and English-speaking jingoes. You have been told that the influence of Laurier in Quebec is on the wane, that the day is at hand when it will be broken by Bourassa. There is a measure of truth in this, for Bourassa, the head of the Nationalist school, is doing his best to destroy the influence of Laurier in Quebec. It may be that my influence is on the wane [though I have not seen it myself], but if it is on the wane it will not be a proud day for Canada nor for the Conservative Party if that influence is destroyed in this way.

As in 1908 he has appealed to his white hairs just as if he was really an old man! In a flash of characteristic eloquence, a witty historical reference, he alluded to them as the "oriflammes of Navarre." These things tell for the moment with Canadians. But the trouble for the orator is that the average Canadian soon escapes from the spell. French- or English-speaking, he goes home and has second thoughts. A nation in the habit of having second thoughts is bound to get on.

2

Charges of electoral corruption have been ubiquitous on both sides. Money has filled the political atmosphere like the leaves of the fall in a gale from the North. I am afraid these leaves, this flying mass of bills called "the long green" by American humorists, were blown up to some extent by a breeze

from the South. But it is certain that the bribery on both sides has not affected the result appreciably. It is the habit of the corruptible Canadian elector to take cash and whisky from both sides and then vote according to what he calls his conscience.

If the Liberal party attributes the victory of its opponents to corrupt influences, the excuse must be rejected. In Canada, as Dr. J. R. Macphail, a publicist of parts with a sense of humour, has pointed out:

> You cannot buy a million voters any more than you can buy rain or sunlight. Of course, water and candles may be procured in the proper markets, and there are some electors who would sell their votes as quickly as they would sell a sheep. Indeed, they fail to see any object in giving a man a vote if he is prevented from disposing of it to such advantage as he thinks best.
>
> One must not, however, neglect to estimate the importance of that most subtle of all influences, the suggestion that upon certain conditions a public expenditure of money will be made in a constituency for a building, a canal, a railway, or a tunnel. People will do in the mass what they will not do as individuals. If all the promises which were made before the elections are fulfilled, one will see such canals in Canada as were never dreamed of before the Martians and edifices that will rival the Pyramids of Egypt or the Stonehenge of the Druids.—*Essay in Politics*, pp. 174–5.

If all the promises of public works made by Ministerial candidates in this campaign be carried out, the new buildings and canals will leave no room for farms in Canada, and the country's debt will run into ten figures. Never was so much promised in so short a time; never was so much earnest-money paid in crinkled cash; the Canadian Fleet could be sunk in the whisky administered as political medicine. Yet so engrossing was the issue, that all his largesse has not made the difference of a single cent in the final balance-list.

3

Reciprocity is dead and damned. The verdict of 1892 has been confirmed, with crushing finality, by a generation of Canadians to whom Sir John Macdonald is little more than the shadow of a great name. Canada has proved that, when a great issue arises, she can think nationally and think Imperially. She has rejected her false advisers and proved *urbi et orbi* that she stands —alone among the sister-States of the Empire, but the others

will soon be with her—in the vanguard of the Imperialist movement. *It must not be forgotten that this second death of American* Reciprocity means a new birth of Imperial Preference.

At the moment of writing the full returns of this "grand inquest" are not to hand, but it is already clear that the Conservatives should have a large enough majority in the new House of Commons to make them independent of any doubtful supporters that have been elected in Quebec as a result of the somewhat perplexing campaign successfully fought in Quebec by Mr. Henri Bourassa and his distant ally, Mr. F. D. Monk. Eight Ministers at least have been defeated, including Mr. W. S. Fielding and Mr. Paterson, the joint authors of the Reciprocity Agreement. Even in the three Prairie Provinces, where the Liberals hoped to sweep the constituencies, the Conservatives have gained ground—so that the reason why the Laurier Administration did not wait to carry a Redistribution Bill before going to the country is fully explained. In a letter from Quebec received four days before the polling I was informed that "Sir Wilfrid Laurier's house was on fire" in the French-Canadian Province. He must have noticed the seeds of that conflagration long ago; hence his haste in pressing on the General Election.

"I told you so" is a feminine ejaculation; almost as objectionable to the hearer as "So there!" But the readers of these Notes will pardon me reminding them that I have, ever since the beginning of 1909, confidently anticipated a Conservative victory. If the Reciprocity Issue had never been raised, the sins of the Laurier Administration in its last years of existence were sufficient to have assured its condemnation at the polls. Reciprocity, a forlorn hope, turned their inevitable defeat into a rout. To the many correspondents, none of them officials or politicians or men with axes to grind, in different parts of Canada who have informed me of the real trend of public opinion during the last two years I must now express my gratitude. Though the overwhelming size of the Imperialist majority could not be foreseen, yet the defeat of Reciprocity has always been clearly anticipated in these notes.

E. B. O.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE LORDS AND THE PARLIAMENT BILL

To the Editor of THE NATIONAL REVIEW

SIR,—"A house divided against itself shall not stand." I have always looked upon the *National Review* as one of the bulwarks of the Unionist Party, but do you really think that your remarks in this month's "Episodes" and the poetical contribution of "Die-hard" tend to promote the Unionist cause? In my humble opinion they will have an effect the very reverse. Such statements will, I fear, promote not union but disunion, and seem to me to be founded on an entire misconception of the position in which the Unionist Peers were placed. There were three sections, viz., those who followed Lord Lansdowne, and abstained from voting; those who with Lord Halsbury voted against the Government; and those who voted with the Government. All these sections were united in their detestation of the Government action; they differed only as to the best course to pursue under the circumstances There was no doubt that the Bill would become law, if not then, at all events within a comparatively short space of time. Lords Crewe and Morley were quite clear on that point and they distinctly stated, during the debate, that the King had given his consent to the creation of as many Peers as would be sufficient to carry the Bill, and they also made it perfectly clear that if the Bill were rejected, the Government would pack the House of Lords with as many New Peers as would ensure the passing of the Bill when next presented. That was the situation which the Unionists had to face. If this Bill passed there would be an interval of about two years before any Bill accepted by the House of Commons, but thrown out by the House of Lords could become law. If the Bill were rejected, the House of Lords would be at once packed with a Radical majority, and the Government, having a majority in both Houses, could at once pass Home Rule, Disestablishment of the Church, and any other measures they pleased. It was, I think, for reasons such as I have stated that the majority of the Unionist Peers considered that it was best for their cause that the Bill should pass. All these sections acted in accordance with what they believed to be right, and, although they differed as to the best mode of procedure, they all had the same object, namely to frustrate, so far as they possibly could, the iniquitous intentions of the Government. Is it not better now to avoid all recrimination, to join heartily in the coming campaign, and endeavour to convince the electors that the Government have, in the most reckless manner, sacrificed the interests of the country in order to maintain themselves in power?

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

SOMERSET-WARD

THE NATIONAL REVIEW

No. 345. NOVEMBER 1911

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

A Plea for Candour

PARLIAMENT resumes wrangling at the end of October after a brief recess charged with grave anxieties. Wisely or unwisely Ministers have hitherto kept their countrymen in the dark concerning an international crisis as acute as any in the lifetime of the present generation. We can form no idea as to how far the promised statement of the British Foreign Minister will lift the veil, nor have we any desire to probe, still less to discuss questions which had better be left alone, but we cannot help feeling that Sir Edward Grey would be well advised to trust the people and to make a clean breast of it, however painful may be the shattering of sentimental illusions which form the stock-in-trade of responsible statesmen on both sides of politics. There are many reasons in favour of frankness, and none against so far as we know, save the rooted prejudice of politicians against treating the public as other than a pack of fools. The case for a clean breast is strong. In the first place it is only fair to a self-governing people that they should share the anxieties of their Government. In the second place Ministers have done nothing to be ashamed of. On the contrary, they have for once done their duty, as their vigorous attitude went far to preserve the peace of Europe, which it must, however, be admitted had been compromised by their previous attitude—their peace propaganda, their appeals for disarmament, their relative reduction of the Navy, their

positive reduction of the Army, their sentimental speeches, their Potsdam Press, their arbitration campaign, and a hundred other indications that in their belief war was a thing of the past, and that we had entered upon an international millennium. These utterances and actions combined to bring war very near, and we ought perhaps to be not ungrateful to Germany for yet another rude reminder of realities before it is too late. For the hundredth time it has been demonstrated that peace depends not upon sermons, speeches, or good intentions, but on the respect inspired by resolution backed by armed strength. Again have we learnt that the perpetual preaching of peace at any price is interpreted as proof of poltroonery and as an invitation to attack. A change is clearly called for in British policy, which reposes on the perilous presumption that other people are as pacific as ourselves at the very moment another Power is making prodigious preparations to overthrow the British Empire. A conclusive reason for candour concerning the latest crisis or crises is that we may shortly expect further developments, and further menaces from the same quarter, until at last the moment comes of which every German who counts has dreamed for ten years and war is forced upon us. Nothing would tempt us to make any Party capital out of recent events even were there Party capital to be made, which is happily not the case because the previous misjudgment of the situation was common to the Leaders on both sides—and the Official Opposition has scandalously neglected its duty to keep Ministers up to the mark. We are, however, entitled to ask, indeed to demand, one thing, viz., that henceforward Mr. Asquith and his colleagues shall cease to bemuse the public by nauseous flapdoodle as to the affection towards ourselves that animates the German Emperor and his people, which has been the basis of our policy of national defence. The Government now know the truth, and they must act on their knowledge by making adequate military and naval preparations. They must leave off talking nonsense, and encourage their followers to do likewise; the follies of the past must be repaired as soon as possible or we shall not survive the critical years in front of us. It is not too late to make a really impressive demonstration which would convince our challengers that *coûte que coûte* we mean to maintain our maritime supremacy. A national Defence Loan is more

urgent than ever. Then the country should be educated in the Balance of Power.

Italy's Move

When we went to press last month, the prolonged and acute controversy between Germany and France over Morocco, which opened with Germany's aggression upon Agadir on July 1, was still unsettled. After many alarums and excursions and rumours of war—which did not materialise into actual war, because as already hinted Great Britain and France stood loyally shoulder to shoulder—the discussion became confined to the amount of compensation (*Anglice*, blackmail) France should pay Germany elsewhere in order to secure a free hand in Morocco. The dispute remains unsettled at the time of writing, though the air is as thick with rumours of impending settlement as it has been at any time during the last six weeks. Meanwhile the international situation has been complicated by Italy's swift decision to bring Turkey to book over Tripoli, where Italy has an accumulation of long-standing grievances. We need not discuss the question in these pages, largely as it has loomed in the newspapers during the past month, partly because it is fully discussed elsewhere in two able articles, partly because it is no immediate business of ours, though British interests may be indirectly affected. This country is not in a position to play policeman to the world at large, and if two foreign Governments find themselves unable to settle their differences peacefully there is no other solution except the sword. We have employed this weapon so often ourselves in similar contingencies that to heap abuse upon Italy for doing the same is simply to make ourselves ridiculous. The world's Press is furious with Italy for reasons disclosed by our well-informed contributor "Tobruk," as also for her failure to notify newspapers in advance the precise moment at which she would deliver her ultimatum to Turkey and for denying them facilities for publishing her preparations to the world and for generally crippling her operations. The Italian Government is unusually intelligent and well-informed. It is not given to taking risks lightly, and previous experiences in Africa have been too checkered to tempt the nation on a mere policy of adventure. The reigning King of Italy is acknowledged to be one of the shrewdest statesmen and diplomatists in Europe.

We may be sure that any other Government, including the virtuous British Government, would have acted like Italy had they stood in Italian shoes this autumn.

Need for Celerity

IT was impossible to inform other Powers of the contemplated *coup* for the simple reason that such notification would have frustrated Italy's object. Take a map. Study the political geography of North Africa, which shows that Italy was seriously threatened with permanent exclusion from a continent in which she has at least as much right as other "interlopers," if only on account of her Mediterranean position, her sacrifices in creating a colonial Empire, indeed the very safety of the State, which could not afford to stand by while the whole northern littoral of Africa was parcelled out among competitive Powers with whom she is doubtless on good terms to-day, but with whom she might find herself at loggerheads to-morrow. It is somewhat extraordinary that people who acquiesced in Austria-Hungary's unprovoked annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, and complained that our Government have made "too much fuss about nothing," while they did everything to minimise Germany's wanton adventure in Morocco which brought Europe to the verge of war, should be so profoundly moved and shocked by the action of the Junior Member of the Triple Alliance in making a forward movement into territory where she had very definite claims long since recognised by other nations, which she was compelled to substantiate in a hurry for reasons which could not be publicly divulged though they have been readily guessed. Germany is on the prowl, and as she had failed to secure any plunder in Morocco, as Algiers is strongly held by France, who is likewise established in Tunis, while we are in Egypt, what more probable than that the German Michael should cast longing eyes upon Tripoli, especially upon the attractive port of Tobruk, which in German hands would be a menace to every European Power, including ourselves. As a great Mahometan Empire, we fully understand the resentment of many Mahometans at Italy's action, but to suggest that the present struggle, so far as there is a struggle, is a contest between the Cross and the Crescent is ridiculous. Turkey's difficulties are in no way due to the religion of the Turkish

people, but to the inept Government established by the so-called Young Turks, grown prematurely old before their time, whose lack of capacity disabled them from ruling the country rationally on the collapse of the Hamidian *régime*. We can make no forecast as to the issue of the present struggle, but we should imagine that Italy, who so far has shown how to make preparation walk hand-in-hand with policy, will be glad to make peace when Turkey is ready to accept the *fait accompli* of the Italian annexation of Tripoli, where Italy is now inexpugnably established. As "Ignotus" points out in his incisive article, Englishmen have much to learn from this recent manifestation of *realpolitik*, and our sentimentalists have more to learn than any one else. The attitude of the British Government has been perfectly correct. The usual proclamation of neutrality was issued, and the officious overtures of Pacifists politely but firmly declined. These lunatics divide their time between preaching the disarmament of this country and demanding its constant interference in other people's affairs. Folly can go no further. Experts have been impressed by the exhibition of Italian military and naval efficiency. We would strongly caution our readers against accepting alarmist statements concerning Italian "disasters" which will assuredly be concocted by irate war correspondents kept at a discreet distance from the front. One thing is quite certain, namely, that the present war has neither been made by nor for newspapers; it is an act of national policy enthusiastically supported by the Italian nation, and all "stop-the-war" cranks have been reduced to silence, though doubtless they might be heard from again in the event of prolonged or barren operations. We are far from suggesting that the incident is closed, as Turkey can still make herself disagreeable in a hundred ways. It is, however, the interest of Europe to limit the hostilities both as regards time and place.

Canada

CANADA holds the field. It would be impossible to exaggerate the profound impression made upon the people of the Mother Country and on the British Empire generally by recent developments in the Dominion, which were all the more striking because totally unexpected. Professor Stephen Leacock contributes an illuminating article to this number, discussing and describing the great victory of nation-

hood and Empire. He makes it even clearer than before that though economic interests played their legitimate share in keeping Canada clear of a meretricious compact, momentarily beneficial to some sections of the community, but permanently disastrous to the whole community, the Canadian electorate were mainly moved by political considerations. They realised the full force of President Taft's pregnant declaration that Canada was "at the parting of the ways." One road led to Washington, and ultimate absorption; while the other pointed towards London and Freedom. Canada elects by an unprecedented and overwhelming majority to remain a nation within the British Empire rather than lapse into a commercial annexe of the United States with the prospect of Statehood in the Great Republic. One of the defeated Liberal candidates is reported to have said on his return to Ottawa after the *débâcle* that "He had been beaten by an unknown man whom he believed to be dead—who had written a song called 'Rule Britannia.'" We of the old country can only thank our stars for a great and undeserved stroke of luck which we should try to live up to. Successive British Governments, unmindful of British interests owing to their concentration upon the paltry game of Ins and Outs at Westminster, finally drove Sir Wilfrid Laurier into this miserable Reciprocity business by their persistent and occasionally offensive refusal to respond to Canadian overtures upon Preference. Messrs. Asquith & Co. were worse than negative and insolent. They actively promoted Reciprocity through the instrumentality of Ambassador Bryce, O.M., our Reciprocity representative in Washington, partly in order to promote the general policy of Anglo-American gush, which has been so much in evidence this year and which has produced a signal home-made humiliation in the scrapping of the Arbitration Treaty, and partly to damage their domestic opponents by a heavy blow at Tariff Reform.

The Borden Cabinet

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft a-gley." So it was in this case. Instead of "celebrating the obsequies of that which used to be called Imperial Preference" and destroying "one of the greatest and most disastrous political impostures of modern times" (to quote the only speech of Mr. Asquith which is worth remem-

bering of which will be remembered hereafter), we have the ignominious rout of Reciprocity-mongers on both sides of the border. President Taft, of "Now or never" fame, will probably quit the White House sooner than was anticipated, because he had staked his political reputation on capturing Canada, being as badly misinformed as the British Embassy in Washington, the Laurier Government in Ottawa, and the Foreign Office in London as to the trend of Canadian opinion. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has already transferred the Premiership to the victor of September 21 (the Sedan of Reciprocity), Mr. R. L. Borden, of whom we publish a sympathetic sketch elsewhere. After the usual interval the incoming Prime Minister formed a Cabinet which commands the confidence of Canada, and he is expected to do something to cleanse the Augean stables which have developed under the somewhat negligent *régime* of his predecessor, though no breath of corruption has ever besmirched the fair fame of Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself any more than that of Mr. Borden. It speaks well for the public life of the Dominion that, politics apart, the two leaders should stand so high in the estimation of their countrymen. The new Cabinet is composed as follows:

Mr. R. L. Borden	Premier and President of the Council
Mr. Martin Burrell	Minister of Agriculture
Dr. Reid	Minister of Customs
Mr. W. T. White	Minister of Finance
Mr. W. B. Nantel	Minister of Inland Revenue
Mr. R. Rogers	Minister of the Interior
Mr. C. J. Doherty	Minister of Justice
Mr. T. W. Crothers	Minister of Labour
Mr. J. D. Hazen	Minister of Marine and Fisheries
Colonel Samuel Hughes	Minister of Militia
Mr. L. P. Pelletier	Postmaster-General
Mr. F. D. Monk	Minister of Public Works
Mr. Frank Cochrane	Minister of Railways and Canals
Dr. Roche	Secretary of State
Mr. George E. Foster	Minister of Trade and Commerce

Mr. A. E. Kemp, Mr. Perley and Senator Loughheed, Ministers without Portfolios.

The construction of a Canadian Cabinet is rendered peculiarly difficult by the necessity of considering the claims of every province, and, with the exception of Prince Edward Island, we believe that every province is represented in the above list.

Surely the Canadian system is superior to ours, under which the heart of the United Kingdom has no representatives in the Cabinet, and we are governed by the speculative solicitors of Wales or the carpet-baggers of Scotland, to say nothing of the Molly Maguires of Ireland. How many British Cabinet Ministers sit for constituencies south of the Trent besides Mr. Birrell, now reinforced by Mr. Hobhouse, neither of whom count?

Another Opportunity

OUR anti-Imperial newspapers profess to be shocked by the inclusion of anti-Imperial elements like Mr. Monk, who opposed Sir Wilfrid Laurier's naval scheme, but it is very doubtful whether this naval scheme would ever have been of the smallest use to the British Empire, and consequently to Canada, while the ambiguous utterances of its author on both sides of the Atlantic rendered it almost unintelligible. All we need say is that the personnel of the new Cabinet is entitled to as much confidence outside as inside Canada. Quebec must necessarily be strongly represented in any Dominion Government, and we should never lose sight of the fact that whatever may be the momentary eccentricities of Quebec politicians, the great French province, which is one of the most attractive elements in the British Empire, is not the least formidable barrier against Reciprocity-mongers and annexationists. The part played by dissentient Liberals or Liberal-Unionists who regarded Sir Wilfrid Laurier's pursuit of Reciprocity as the Duke of Devonshire regarded Mr. Gladstone's capitulation to Home Rule in 1886, is recognised by the appointment of Mr. White to the important office of Minister of Finance. Another element of humour in the situation is the sudden discovery of our Cobdenite newspapers that the priceless policy of Preference is jeopardised by the defeat of the originators of Preference, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Fielding. What a pity Mr. Asquith did not think of this sooner, as he might have materially helped the Laurier Government by reciprocating the policy of Preference, instead of dancing on its grave and denouncing it as the greatest imposture of modern times. Preference undoubtedly enters on a new phase with the advent of the Conservatives to power, and its future depends upon the attitude of the people of the Mother Country. It is once

more "up to them" to decide as to whether they enter into commercial partnership with the Overseas Dominions or not, and they must look to it that the issue is no longer obscured by the mendacity of one Party or the ineptitude of the other. That Preference is popular with the people at large there is no shadow of a doubt; they have taken the utmost advantage of all the limited opportunities afforded them to manifest their delight at the triumph of the Imperial cause in Canada, and they are fully prepared to play their part whenever the necessary lead is forthcoming.

The Duke of Connaught

On October 13 the Duke and Duchess of Connaught landed at Quebec and received a tremendous ovation from French Canada, the streets resounding with the cry "Vive le Duc" and "Vive Connaught." As usual, the new Governor-General, who has the family gift of saying the right thing in the right way, made a very happy speech in reply to the address of welcome from the Quebec Government.

> Your province, rich in historical memories, is usually the first to welcome a new Governor-General and to bid him godspeed at the end of his tenure of office. Thus his first and last impressions of Canada are fraught with the atmosphere of prosperity and progress which characterises your beautiful land. In days gone by it was the fusion of the French and English races which made the greatness of England. Here again history repeats itself, and it is their memory which makes your own greatness. From Saxon and Norman stock England drew the qualities of courage, perseverance, and strength which have raised her to her proud position among the nations. Here, under the wise rule of statesmen, sometimes of British and sometimes of French descent, Canada has achieved an era of development which is the envy of the world. I am proud and happy to have been selected by my King to fill the high office of Governor-General, and thus to be in a position to follow, and promote, the remarkable progress of your country.

At a luncheon subsequently given by the Dominion Government to their Royal Highnesses at Château Frontenac, the new Prime Minister, Mr. Borden, who occupied the Chair, said: "The representative of his Majesty in one of the great Overseas Dominions occupies a position and exercises functions of the highest responsibility. As the autonomous powers of these Dominions have increased, the Crown has come to represent more and more to their peoples the majesty and power of the

whole Empire." In reply the Duke of Connaught stated that he had been specially asked by King George "to express personally from him, through myself, to the Canadian people a personal message of affection and interest. King George continues to take a deep interest in Canada, and it is his fervent wish that the prosperity of this great Dominion may continue. For myself personally I have only one wish, and that is to serve Canada, to make myself at home in this country and to do all I can to promote that connection to the Empire which I think is of such importance to Canada. So long as Canada goes on as she is going, so long will that connection be retained." On the following day (October 14) the people of Ottawa gave the Duke and Duchess of Connaught a right royal welcome, some 20,000 people being massed about Parliament Buildings, and in replying to one of the addresses, after expressing his own pleasure at revisiting Canada after twenty-one years, the Duke paid this well-deserved tribute to his precedessor: "I take this opportunity of making a reference to my predecessor, Earl Grey, and of saying how fully I realise the difficulty of succeeding one who had so completely identified himself with your joys and sorrows and by his long residence amongst you had become a most enthusiastic Canadian. I know with what regret he left you, and how his sympathy and affection will remain with Canada till the end of his days." In other utterances the Duke was equally felicitous, and he has already gone far to winning the hearts of the Canadian people.

Lord Grey

If Canada knows how to welcome the coming guest she also knows how to speed the parting-guest. It is no reflection on his many distinguished predecessors in the Governor-Generalship of the Dominion to say that Lord Grey attained a unique position. In losing him every Canadian felt he was losing a personal friend, though there was naturally much rejoicing at the selection of the Duke of Connaught as his successor—an appointment which cannot fail to place the relations of the Mother Country and the Oversea Dominions in truer perspective. The farewell dinner of the Canadian Club to the departing Governor-General was a notable manifestation of personal attachment, and a signal demonstration of national and Imperial spirit. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's

speech was of a somewhat light and airy character, being a mixture of good-natured banter of Mr. Borden, graceful compliments to Lord Grey and his family, and humorous references to the will of the people. Mr. Borden, on the other hand, in a characteristically frank and sensible utterance, discussed the future of the British Empire, and without claiming to be a prophet pointed out that its growth would proceed upon lines of autonomous development within the Empire itself, and that no portion would ever be called upon to surrender any of the powers of self-government which it now possessed. This cannot be repeated too often. Lord Grey wisely took advantage of his approaching departure to speak freely on Imperial issues. Canada was at present a dependent independency, a result not of her desire, but of present conditions. She depended for security on the supremacy of the British Navy. Indeed the Monroe Doctrine itself, no less than the self-governing Dominions, also depended on the British Navy. Canadian liberties and prosperity depended on Imperial maritime supremacy. This was so generally admitted as not to be controversial, and he did not believe that a single person in Canada would hesitate to sacrifice his life to maintain the naval supremacy of the Empire. The withdrawal of the Imperial garrisons from Canadian seaports "was a proclamation to the world that a new national spirit had been born in Canada, a spirit which was too proud to add a single ounce more than was necessary to the weight of the Empire on the over-burdened shoulders of John Bull." The speaker added: "In the Imperialism to which I am a devotee there is no question of influence by the Parliament of one kingdom with the Parliament of another kingdom or dominion. Every self-governing country in the Empire enjoys security so long as it retains its allegiance to the British Crown, and the strength of the Empire will be exercised on its behalf whenever necessary in order to ensure it the continuous enjoyment of its rights."

Missionary of Empire

MANY other farewell functions bore eloquent because spontaneous testimony to the splendid and unsparing labours of the Grey family during seven eventful years. The Duke of Connaught and Lord Grey ignored the childish tradition that outgoing and incoming Governors-General are total strangers to one another, and after

the latter's official departure he returned incognito to dine with his successor before the Duke landed. The British Press has done full justice to Lord Grey's splendid services to Canada, which have placed the whole Empire under the deepest obligation, and since his return home various public functions have been held in his honour at which he has shown himself to be an eloquent missionary of Empire. Great Britain has a genius for wasting the genius of those who have served the Empire outside the Parliamentary circus, and we continually see them driven into banks and boards because their country has no further use for them. Is the invaluable personality of Lord Grey to be similarly wasted? There is no man more capable of arousing enthusiasm for Imperial ideals. Our people are ready to be roused. Lord Grey's speech at the dinner at the Whitehall Rooms (October 24) shows him to be the man we have all been looking for, and he should be turned loose with his "infectious enthusiasm" to preach Empire in every corner of the United Kingdom. Why not begin at Limehouse? We only wish we could do justice to it here, though in the case of such a personality the printed word conveys but a small impression of the effect produced on its hearers. We make no apology for reproducing the conclusion borrowed from the admirable report in the *Morning Post*.

It has been my endeavour during the seven years that I have been in Canada to put the idea before the Canadian people, whenever I thought I could do so safely without unduly wearying or annoying my audience—(laughter)—that the Empire, of which Canada realises that she is one day destined to form a controlling part, stands not for aggressiveness or the unscrupulous exercise of force, but for ideals of fair play, duty, righteousness, and the ungrudging recognition of the rights of others. Yes, I know it is because these are the noble and inspiring ideals of the British Empire that every patriotic Canadian, like every patriotic Briton, in whatever part of the Empire he may reside, regards it as a privilege to be able to proclaim himself as a British citizen. It is because the British Empire stands for a community of ideals, ideals of the highest practical, manly Christianity, that the allegiance to the Empire in all parts of the world is so hearty and so universal. Not long ago I visited a factory in Ontario. There I saw two great plates of steel bound together by no visible bond, but by the invisible force of an electric current. No power in that factory could force those two plates asunder until the current of electricity ceased to flow. They were kept in indissoluble union by the binding force of a magnetic clutch. It is the magnetic clutch of common interests, hopes, and aspirations that to-day keeps the British Empire one and indivisible, and I

would point out, as I have ventured to point out often and often in Canada, that if this may be true to-day it may be equally true that the interests of the Empire will require before long some form of organic union which will prevent the binding force of the magnetic clutch from ever becoming weak. At the same time, I think it must be obvious to you, gentlemen, that it is not desirable to force unduly the pace of natural evolution. When you recollect that a population smaller than that of London is engaged in the tremendous task of reducing a continent the size of Europe from primeval to civilised conditions, covering it with railways, canals, and tramways, making roads, and magnificent public buildings, you will understand how natural it is that there should be a universal cry in Canada wherever you go for more population and more capital. Canada is bringing with every new development fresh strength to the Empire. Those who, like myself, have been fortunate enough to live in Canada during the last seven years have felt and seen the Imperial spirit growing, and if I may venture upon a bit of advice to my friends, I would remind them that good husbandry refrains from tapping the sap from the trunk of a young and growing tree. Do not weaken the growing tree of our future Imperial strength by premature tappings. Feed and water its roots with generous and encouraging sympathy. *Direct to Canada and the other self-governing Dominions of the* Crown the surplus population which swarms annually across the seas; continue to give a preference in your investments which will help the growth of Greater Britain; in your purchases also give a preference to the products of your overseas Dominions, bring your overseas kinsmen nearer and nearer to the Motherland by quickened and cheaper transportation and the lowering of cable rates. Gentlemen, there is much to be done by all of you in this and other directions. I most respectfully, most earnestly, make one special appeal to this most distinguished and influential audience: I would beseech you to make it a point of honour, those of you who have not yet crossed the Atlantic, and who have the time, to visit Canada. Believe me, it is absolutely impossible, however vivid your imagination may be, to understand Canada by remaining on this side of the Atlantic. It is further absolutely impossible for Englishmen and Canadians to know and to love each other without frequent and prolonged visits to each other's houses. I am satisfied that, just as in the case of Canadians visiting the United Kingdom, so in the case of Englishmen visiting the Dominions, nine out of every ten will come back prouder than ever of their British citizenship and more confident than ever of the proud and glorious future which is destined to surround with a new halo the brow of the British Empire, and to cause her to be regarded more and more as the best friend of the suffering and the oppressed in every country of the earth.

A. M. G.

From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a short step. Politicians are much exercised over the A. (Asquith) M. (Must) G. (Go) movement now dividing the Cabinet. In some quarters it was confidently expected that the needless resumption of Parliamentary activities (October 24) would coincide with a formal announcement registering the

triumph of A.M.G. We do not suggest for a moment that there is any popular force behind A.M.G. The watchword is unknown to the Radical rank and file, who would be amazed were they aware of its existence. They regard the Prime Minister without any enthusiasm, but as fully competent for his position. They not unnaturally consider that Mr. Asquith achieved a brilliant Party victory over the Parliament Bill, which he bluffed through two Houses with the gratuitous assistance of his colleagues on the Front "Opposition" Bench and without the creation of a single peer—a subject upon which there had been much searching of heart and some qualms of conscience among the faithful, who appreciate the absurdity of dividing Ministerial energies between denouncing the hereditary peerage and creating fresh hereditary peers. Many Radicals were aghast at the prospect of being compelled by the unexpected intervention of Lord Halsbury and the No-Surrender peers (after everything had been "settled" between the various Front Benches on a white flag basis) and the possibility of a large addition of Radical Lords to the Upper House, which would have deprived them of their stock grievance, that besides being hereditary the peers are overwhelmingly Conservative and anti-Liberal. It would have increased the prestige of the House of Lords and have made it a more authoritative Second Chamber and consequently less ready to take things lying down from the other Chamber, while it was very doubtful whether any conceivable creation of peers could have placed the Parliament Bill on the Statute Book, as Radical Lords speedily shed their previous opinions, unless, of course, kept up to the mark by a post and a salary, and there were no posts or salaries for the newcomers. Moreover the resentment among the Mushrooms of recent years at this year's crop would have made the position of Ministers in the Lords more difficult than ever. Then, again, what would have become of the campaign funds? "Blackleg" barons would pay very little, and further supplies would be stopped, as no one would care to follow in the footsteps of the "blacklegs." Altogether Mr. Asquith did well in persuading his opponents to "toe the line." His supporters in the country have no desire to displace him. They believe he will be equally successful in inducing the Front Opposition Bench to "toe the line" on Home Rule, just as they show signs of "toeing the line" on Mr. George's Insurance Bill.

A.M.G. is confined to the Cabinet and derives its power from the ambitions of pushful colleagues who consider that Mr. Asquith has had adequate innings in the Premiership, and that he might gracefully retire on his Veto laurels to the assembly of "deadheads" across the Corridor, and give "some other fellow" a chance of sitting in the seat of Pitt. There is not, however, complete harmony as to who "the other fellow" should be, and herein lies the weakness of A.M.G. Sir Edward Grey, who is incapable of intrigue, wishes Mr. Asquith to remain where he is, but several of his colleagues hope that Sir Edward Grey may become Prime Minister in the event of Mr. Asquith ousting Lord Loreburn from the Woolsack, and securing the reversion to the magnificent pension attached to the Lord Chancellorship. Possibly the prospect of passing to the Lords accounts for Mr. Asquith's new-found enthusiasm for the reform of the Upper Chamber. To be an impotent among impotents does not attract the Prime Minister. Then there are other persons to be considered. Lord Loreburn on principle detests all so-called Liberal Imperialists and resists their ceaseless attempts on the Woolsack. They are like a red rag to a bull. He refused to make way for Mr. Haldane, who was anxious to leave the War Office before the Territorial fraud was detected. He does not love Mr. Asquith. Nor is the succession to the Premiership undisputed. There are at least three claimants. Mr. George has long ear-marked it as his own. As Mr. Asquith stepped into the Prime Ministership from the Exchequer, without having done anything in particular beyond hopelessly prejudicing British finance, Mr. George feels that with the People's Budget behind him, to say nothing of the total destruction of British credit, he has stronger claims for promotion. Indeed he must get out of the Exchequer before all the curses come home to roost—the land-taxes are already exploded as a colossal fraud on the taxpayer, who is put to enormous expense with derisory results. Form 4 is a byword. On the other hand, Mr. Churchill is firmly convinced that he is more fitted than his "twin" for the highest office in the State, while Mr. Lewis Harcourt has always believed that only a Plantagenet and a plutocrat, with a palace and unlimited pheasants, is fitted to lead the party of progress. There is, in fact, a duel between "Blood and Bloom," to borrow one of Mr. George's happiest phrases.

Cabinet Intrigues

The latest development of Ministerial "post" is silent upon the strength of A.M.G. The Cabinet has been swollen to twenty members by the addition of that heaven-born statesman Mr. Hobhouse (Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster). Lord Carrington carries his amiable buffooneries from agriculture to the Privy Seal. Mr. Runciman leaves many a dry eye in the Education Office in order to play havoc with agriculture, the vacant billet being allotted to the inoffensive Mr. Pease. There are minor changes, and of course new peerages, Mr. Emmott and Sir Edward Strachey consenting to the happy despatch. That the People's Government are terrified of the people is proved by the restriction of promotion to Radical Members with a majority of about three thousand, or to those who hold seats which have never returned a Unionist. The outstanding feature of the latest shuffle is, needless to say, the extraordinary exchange between Mr. Reginald McKenna and Mr. Churchill; the former leaves the Admiralty for the Home Office, and *vice versâ*. Both have been dismal misfits; by temperament and training Mr. McKenna was totally unsuited to be First Lord of the Admiralty. In Parliament he devoted himself to cheap and silly scores off the "other side," and as an administrator he was what might have been expected (*vide* his scandalous conduct in the Archer Shee case), but it will always count to him for righteousness that from the outset he stubbornly fought the Demagogues who moved heaven and earth—chiefly earth—to reduce our Navy to such a point as to make our annihilation inevitable. Mr. McKenna stuck pluckily to his guns in an unequal encounter, and is believed to have run great risks and to have been prepared to take all risks against the big Party of the Little Navy. It is a personal triumph for him that before leaving the Admiralty the opinion of his colleagues as regards the growing menace to British sea-power across the North Sea should have materially changed, though it is monstrous that he should continue to mislead the people by pretending that we can safely reduce estimates, admittedly inadequate, in the face of recent events. Mr. Churchill made every possible blunder during his tenure of the Home Office, and will rank for all time as one of our very worst Home Secretaries, in spite of the fact that

he did his duty during the critical moment of the Strikes, when the Government had no option but to intervene for reasons which have not yet been divulged, though they are guessed at by many people here and are notorious in Paris and Berlin. The announcement that a politician, who in season and out of season has carried on a passionate personal crusade against the British Navy, and has fought like a tiger against every addition to our sea-power, while he has minimised every addition to Germany's sea-power, is appointed First Lord of the Admiralty causes consternation throughout the Empire. It is a flagrant outrage. Abroad it is interpreted as signifying a further relative decline in British sea-power, which is one of the principal pillars of European peace, to say nothing of its being the sole guarantee of the food of our people. It exhilarates our enemies and depresses our friends. The knowledge that there are lamp-posts in Whitehall may help to prevent the new First Lord from betraying his trust. Nothing else will.

By-elections

WHILE on the subject of by-elections, owing to this further reshuffling of the cards, of which there are several pending at the present moment, it may be as well to refer to a fallacy, as it seems to us, which is the accepted creed of political experts, namely, that a three-cornered contest between Radicalism, Labour, and Unionism in some mysterious way inures to the advantage of the Unionist Party. Whenever it is announced that a third candidate is to take the field there is a disposition to "chortle" in the Unionist Press on the assumption that there will be a division of the Government vote, whereas the exact opposite occurs. A Labour candidature is a distinct disadvantage to our Party when we are in Opposition, for the simple reason that it divides the anti-Government vote. Labour only places a candidate in the field because for one cause or another, for many causes just now, the rank and file of the Labour Party are so exasperated with the Government that they are determined to damage it, even though some of the so-called Labour Members are more or less in the Government's pocket. Men who have reached the stage of exasperation of being willing to spend

several hundred pounds in beating a Government they rightly regard as a fraud would under no circumstances be persuaded to vote for it, and we maintain, contrary to the quidnuncs, that in a straight fight to-day between Government and Opposition the Unionist stands a far better chance than in a triangular duel, when the supporters of the Government plump for one candidate while its opponents split their votes between two candidates. We are familiar with the answer, namely, that as Labour is nearer to Radicalism than to Unionism, in the absence of a Labour candidate the Labour vote will be more likely to go to the Radical than to the Unionist, which is supported by arithmetic collected from previous contests showing that Labour has drawn off more Radical than Unionist votes. It doesn't, however, follow that it would do so now. It would certainly not do so if the heads of our Party realised the importance of being in earnest.

House of Commons Again

THE salaried branch of the Legislature, the House of Commons, reassembled after the Autumn vacation on October 24. The event excited the minimum of interest, and the House actually adjourned at nine o'clock. After a personal explanation from Mr. Bottomley, the Liberal Member for South Hackney, concerning actions in which he had been recently involved, Mr. Asquith made his usual motion for the Government appropriation of the time of the House, while Mr. Balfour made his usual speech on the Government's abuse of their rights, containing general and discursive observations upon various topics from Mr. George's finance to British foreign policy. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, the titular leader of the Labour Party, made a half-hearted protest against the extravagant demands of the Government, while Sir W. Byles vehemently denounced "any further curtailment of the rights and privileges of private Members. They had been brought there on a very peremptory Whip, merely to register the decrees of his Majesty's Government. The private Member of to-day was merely a voting machine." So he has been for a very long time, but he is now, at any rate, a paid voting machine. In reply to various demands, Mr. Asquith recognised that it was most desirable that Sir Edward Grey should at some time or another make a full statement concerning Morocco,

and "possibly other matters which might be ripe for exposition and discussion." He was quite prepared to give time to a discussion on strikes, but he did not commit himself very far, making it perfectly clear that the main object of this Autumn Session is to rush the National Insurance Bill through Parliament, and we can gather from recent speeches and letters of the Chancellor of the Exchequer the method in which the subject will be dealt with, at any rate by the author of the Bill. Mr. George alternately weeps and gnashes his teeth and denounces every critic of this vast complicated and impossible measure as an enemy of society. He does not care one brass farthing about the contents of the Bill or its finance, and is confident that by alternate coaxing, bluff, and vituperation he will be able somehow or another to place something on the Statute Book which will enable him to tell the masses that he is giving everybody 9*d*. for 4*d*. It would be very much simpler to make the statement without putting Parliament to the trouble of passing a measure that no one understands, least of all its author, which is hateful in many quarters, and opens up financial liabilities of a vast and indeterminate character of which the main burden will fall upon those least able to bear them. After the hideous fiasco of the People's Budget, the people are entitled to a holiday from the tender mercies of Mr. George. We trust that the excessive amiability which makes many Unionists such delightful people in private life will not lead them, either individually or collectively, into any responsibility for this so-called National Insurance Bill. If ever a measure required a Referendum, it is one which concerns the pockets of the great mass of the community. Then why should not the party of "Trust the People" for once trust the people to the extent of allowing them to pass judgment upon it? It would probably be "snowed under."

A Lesson from the Past

OWING to the unrivalled genius of Mr. Winston Churchill for making himself universally odious, it is perhaps scarcely surprising that the one useful service he rendered the Unionist Party—which the rodent instinct led him to abandon at the psychological moment—has never received the attention it merits. His biography of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, has been abundantly eulogised for

its literary qualities, but for various though not obscure reasons, its political instruction has never been assimilated by the Unionist Party, and as a consequence some illuminating lessons have been lost at a time when they would have been most valuable. We would strongly advise all Unionist Front Benchmen, as well as Unionist Back Benchmen, to say nothing of our much-despised rank-and-file in the constituencies—and above all, Unionist Editors—to read mark, learn, and inwardly digest these suggestive pages. They should make it impossible for anybody to continue talking the twaddle now in vogue among "tame" Mandarins, who are delivering a course of extension lectures on "Party loyalty," and they should save "tame" newspapers from printing interminable columns of rubbish on "the whole duty of a good Party man," which may be summarised in a single sentence: We must open our mouths and shut our eyes and swallow whatever good or bad things may be administered to us by those who happen for the moment to be titular Opposition Leaders. These speakers and writers in their passionate desire to proclaim their own "loyalty" and to denounce the "disloyalty" of those who differ from them—loyalty be it always understood as devotion to an individual, rather than faith in principle, while the charge of disloyalty is hurled at men who place principles, causes, ideas, above blind subserviency to any political person however eminent he may be—though anxious to pass for Balfourians, are far more Balfourian than Mr. Balfour, who has never endorsed the doctrines that flow so smoothly from the sycophants, for the simple reason that the most interesting part of his political career was a determined protest against the particular folly, in the name of which the Unionist Party is to-day invited to commit suicide.

Fourth Party

THE present Unionist Leader first attracted public attention as a member of the Fourth Party, and though not its most active or famous member, he was in some respect the most important, because his connection with Lord Salisbury was largely responsible for the ultimate success of the Fourth Party in inducing the Conservative Party at large to adopt its views. We are, of course, aware that there were many other elements in the extraordinary develop-

ments of a quarter of a century ago, but it would be impossible to exaggerate the part played by Lord Randolph Churchill and his colleagues in galvanising a moribund Party into energetic existence, and preparing the way for the union of all Unionists, which was not merely the basis of nearly twenty years' decent government, but was likewise a great factor in the maintenance of Great Britain in her international position and in those impressive Imperial manifestations which formed the most striking feature of the close of the reign of Queen Victoria and the beginning of the reign of King Edward the Seventh. We would not indulge in extravagant glorification of Lord Randolph Churchill, whose faults as a politician and a colleague are patent throughout the pages of his biography, while his shortcomings as a statesman became apparent directly he attained high office. If he had the democratic instinct he had not the Imperial instinct, and the Unionist Party can only prosper on the platform of democracy and Empire, which found its fullest expression during the period that Mr. Chamberlain inspired the counsels of the Unionist Party from a hitherto obscure office in Downing Street. We are continually invited to remember the services which Lord Randolph Churchill's infinitely more successful colleague, Mr. Balfour, has rendered to his Party in Parliament, which are represented as being of such a character as to place him entirely beyond the pale of criticism. Indeed to criticise him is to write oneself out of the Unionist Party. In Ireland and elsewhere, especially at a vital moment in the crisis of the South African War, Mr. Balfour undeniably rendered great and memorable services, but when the future historian comes to deal with our times, we are by no means certain that Mr. Balfour's connection with the Fourth Party and his courageous combat against two Caucuses and all the powers and terrors that Caucauses control, will not be the brightest page in his political career. It was undoubtedly his greatest contribution to the Conservative Party, though no one has been found with sufficient courage to follow his example, urgently as national interests demand similar action at the present moment.

The story is set forth in the glowing pages of the biography of Lord Randolph Churchill, which we frankly recognise goes against the grain with many Unionists on account of the authorship. At the same time it is impossible to cope with the deplorable situation into which our Party has drifted without reviving this remarkable chapter in Unionist annals, and above all recalling the part played by Mr. Balfour himself. Those whose creed is confined to the cry, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," forget that it was never the creed of their idol. Let us briefly recapitulate. The younger generation is naturally ignorant of the politics of thirty years ago. They have never heard of the anticipations entertained by the great Liberal majority that surged into Westminster in 1880 under the dominating personality of Mr. Gladstone, whose historic "pilgrimage of passion" in Midlothian had been largely responsible for the rout of his opponents, whose attenuated ranks in the new Parliament appeared to be as lamentably lacking in ability as in numbers. Mr. Gladstone had a majority in the House of Commons outnumbering Conservatives and Irish combined by more than fifty, while for all practical purposes Ministers could count on majorities varying from 100 to 130. This was before the cleavage of the Liberal Party, caused by Mr. Gladstone's surrender to Mr. Parnell, and though inferior in numbers to the Conservatives in the Upper House, the Liberals still commanded the services and the influence of many great Whig houses. The Party was led by Mr. Gladstone, described in the Churchill biography as "the finest Parliamentarian of this or any other age, whose incomparable powers had won him an almost superstitious veneration; and around him were gathered a band of men of distinguished ability well known to the country, practised in public affairs and yielding ready subordination to the genius of their chief. Upon the Treasury Bench were seated statesmen like Mr. Bright, Mr. Forster, and Lord Hartington (afterwards Duke of Devonshire). Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain represented the growing Radicalism and the future hope of their Party. And when the view was extended from the walls of Parliament to the larger arena of the electorate, no less powerful resources were displayed." Again we are reminded "the tendency of the day

Formidable Foes

was strongly progressive. The ability and authority of the Press—whether metropolitan, provincial, or local—were ranged in overwhelming preponderance upon the Liberal side. Scotland and London, almost all the great cities, nearly every centre of active political thought—Edinburgh, Birmingham, Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, Bradford, Sheffield, Bristol—sent their representatives in vast majority to uphold the new administration; and a Reform Bill promised an almost equal advantage in the counties. Many active and vigilant societies, and a multitude of political clubs, stimulated the energies of the rank and file; and the whole were bound together and directed to a common end by a formidable and opulent organisation."

Feeble Opposition

Our readers will note striking similarities and equally striking dissimilarities between the position of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues inside and outside Parliament with that of the Asquith Cabinet to-day. We have steadily held the opinion that had there existed since 1906 a Unionist Opposition which knew its business, namely the business of opposing, we should long since have smashed the perilous but precarious Coalition now misgoverning the country which has already been allowed through the negligence and poltroonery of its opponents to smash up the British Constitution and is now apparently to be permitted to disrupt the United Kingdom, to destroy any institutions that incommode Radical supremacy and to jerrymander the Constituencies so as to perpetuate a *régime* which spells red ruin for the British Empire no less than for Great Britain. Had the Gladstonian Government of 1880 been fought in the spasmodic, inert and half-hearted manner which commends itself to the titular leaders of the Unionist Party to-day, it might easily have lasted for half a generation, and the closing pages of Queen Victoria's brilliant reign would have remained unwritten. The official Opposition in the 1880 Parliament were disposed to let things slide in the interests of a comparatively quiet life, and to cultivate pleasant, friendly, social relations with their formidable opponents rather than fight them. "The position of the Conservative Party was weak and miserable in the extreme. The sympathies and intellect of the nation

were estranged. Lord Beaconsfield (read Mr. Chamberlain), the only man who could touch the imagination of the people, was withdrawn from the popular assembly. Many of the Tory strongholds—family boroughs and the like—were threatened by approaching re-distribution. The Front Opposition Bench, cumbered with the ancient and dreary wreckage of the late administration, was utterly unequal to the Government in eloquence or authority. The attendance of Conservative Members, as in all dispirited Oppositions, was slack and fitful." It is not to be wondered at that, "out-matched in debate, out-numbered in division, the Party was pervaded by a profound feeling of gloom. They had nothing to give to their followers, nothing to promise to the people; no garters for Dukes, no peerages for wealth, no baronetcies or knighthoods or trinkets for Stalwarts. Although the new spirit created by Disraeli—*Imperium* abroad, *Libertas* at home—still lived in the Tory Party, it had been profoundly discouraged by the results of the election; and many of those who swayed Conservative counsels could think of no plan of action except an obstinate but apathetic resistance to change. Jeered at as the 'stupid Party,' haunted by profound distrust of an ever-growing democracy, conscious that the march of ideas was leaving them behind, these desponding councillors could discern in the future no sign of returning fortune, and seemed to find the sole function of the Conservative minority in delaying and restricting the movements of the age by means of electoral inequalities, by Parliamentary procedure, and through the prejudices of interest and of class."

Ineffective Leading

In many respects this diagnosis of Conservatism is out of date, in a large measure thanks to the early political activities of Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Balfour—whose connection with the Fourth Party there is almost a conspiracy on the part of the Tapers and Tadpoles to conceal—but sufficient remains to make it worth reproducing. Most encouraging is the following passage, which should enhearten every Unionist with an ounce of spirit or a pennyworth of pluck: "What political prophet or philosopher surveying the triumphant Liberal army would have predicted

that this Parliament from which so much was hoped would be indeed the most disastrous and even fatal period in their Party history? Or who could have foreseen that these dejected Conservatives in scarcely five years, with the growing assent of an immense electorate, would advance to the enjoyment of twenty years of power? It needed a penetrating eye to discover the method, and a bold heart first to stem and finally to turn the tide. Who would have thought of breaking up the solid phalanx of Liberalism by driving in a wedge between the Radicals and the Whigs . . . and who without the audacity of genius would have dared to force the Conservative Party to base the foundations of their authority with confidence upon the very masses they dreaded, and to teach those masses to venerate and guard the institutions they had formerly despised?" Be it remembered that none of these things would have happened had the Conservatives of 1880 docilely followed the timid counsels and futile tactics of the Mandarins of 1880, who after the wont of their class were dead against drastic courses which might conceivably make things disagreeable for the Government, but would be infinitely more disagreeable to themselves, who wished to lead quiet, contemplative, leisured lives, trusting to the whirligig of time or to the ultimate swing of the pendulum some day or another to replace her Majesty's Ministers by her Majesty's Opposition as the responsible statesmen of the day, &c. &c. The Leader of the Conservative Opposition in the House of Commons, Sir Stafford Northcote, was an elderly and distinguished man, who had been Secretary of State for India in one Cabinet and Chancellor of the Exchequer in another. He automatically succeeded to the leadership of his Party upon Mr. Disraeli's retirement to the House of Lords; he had a high reputation as a financier, but he had had the misfortune of being private secretary to Mr. Gladstone when the latter was a Conservative, and as we are reminded by Lord Randolph Churchill's biography, "the reverence in which he held his former chief was undiminished by the passage of years, and his natural amiability of character led him to express it and display it on many suitable and unsuitable occasions."

Mr. Balfour's Attack

There is hardly anything more discouraging to an Opposition than strong personal attachments between their Leader and the occupants of the opposite Front Bench, because unless the Leader be a man of exceptionally strong and determined character, they prevent him from doing his duty as critic and assailant of the Government, and even though by stress of circumstances he may occasionally feel constrained to describe them as "felons" or "traitors," there is an atmosphere of unreality about such amenities which reduces the Parliamentary game to the level of golf. In the second place the weak-kneed brethren with an eye to the main chance, and determined at all costs to play up to the Leader, are apt to follow his example and form equally compromising friendships with their political opponents, with the result that upon many important questions demanding searching criticism or fierce attack there is practically speaking no opposition. Any attempt by outsiders to call attention to such matters is denounced as "an impertinent interference," if not as "gross disloyalty to our great leader," and it is sought to discount all critics by pretending that they are animated by personal animosity, whereas they may have the greatest private regard for the individual though deeming his leadership disastrous and demoralising to the Party, and consequently fatal to the principles for which the Party stands. No one could do otherwise than love Sir Stafford Northcote, who was amiable and delightful. He was a high-minded, honourable country gentleman of the best type, with hosts of friends on both sides of politics, who were at all times as ready to take the field on his behalf as are Mr. Balfour's friends, who regard any aspersion on his leadership as a personal outrage to themselves. Thus history repeats itself. Every one now acknowledges that despite his engaging qualities Sir Stafford Northcote was not the man to confront and confound the Gladstonian Government. These things are a matter of temperament. He was more of a negotiator, a diplomatist, a conciliator, who invariably preferred the path of peace to the path of war. He generally surrendered the initiative to the other side, and was always prepared to listen to the voice of compromise. "His gentle disposition and good intentions," would, according to Lord Randolph Churchill, "have saved any one from attack except a Leader of Opposition."

Censuring the Leader

And the biographer adds: "The very qualities which endeared him to his friends and family and won him the compliments of his opponents disheartened, irritated, and paralysed his followers in the House of Commons. The deference which he delighted to show to the Prime Minister offended a Party which had just struggled back, smarting and reduced, from a crushing electoral disaster. His lack of enterprise and vigour was from the first session of the new Parliament painfully apparent even to his most faithful friends—and all of those who sat below the gangway were not his friends. His speeches were tame and ineffective. When Party rancour festered to hate, when crises at home followed hot on crises abroad, the mild expostulation with which Sir Stafford was accustomed to conclude the debates disappointed his followers." To Mr. Balfour and Lord Randolph Churchill, who thoroughly believed in the principle and power of British Conservatism, the attitude of the titular Chief of the Opposition in the 1880 Parliament was intolerable. "The Fourth Party were soon openly antagonistic to Sir Stafford Northcote, and took no especial pains to conceal their feeling. In private they invariably called him 'the Goat.' This was at first a personal allusion to his beard, but it was afterwards more generally applied to all Conservatives who were thought to be 'weak-kneed.' They found themselves hampered in their conflicts with Mr. Gladstone by those who should have led the onset. They [*i.e.*, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Lord Randolph Churchill, &c.] viewed the line of ex-Ministers on the Front Bench with those feelings of impatience which are natural to able men who see, or think they see, great opportunities of warfare cast away by persons much less able. They suspected Sir Stafford himself of being anxious to form a coalition with the Whigs; and, although they carefully preserved in public an air of elaborate politeness towards their Leader, their true disposition was not in doubt." Many others shared the views of the Fourth Party towards the Front Bench before the end of the first session of the new Parliament, which had brought Bradlaugh incidents and other grist to the mill of Lord Randolph Churchill and Co. As was only natural the circumstances produced a counter-faction of Sir Stafford Northcote's supporters, who denounced Mr. Balfour and Co. as "intriguers" and so forth. "This was the beginning

of strife. It would be profitless to attempt to trace the petty differences upon which mutual dislike was founded. But by the time the Recess drew near disagreements were rife. The Fourth Party decided openly to condemn the want of energy and foresight which marked the leadership of the Opposition. The opportunity presented itself at a Party meeting held in the Carlton Club on August 20. The plan was drawn up by the four colleagues (Mr. Arthur Balfour, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Gorst, Sir Henry Wolff) in convivial conclave at the Garrick Club. It was arranged that Mr. Balfour should, in the name of his colleagues, indicate the failure of Sir Stafford Northcote to lead the Party in the House of Commons to the satisfaction of its more active adherents. In pursuance of this Mr. Balfour made a very clever speech, in which he contrived to deliver a most damaging criticism of Sir Stafford Northcote's methods without actually mentioning his name or using any discourteous phrase. He obtained a considerable measure of assent from the meeting."

"Bad Form"

THAT the Fourth Party did the most effective work ever achieved in Opposition is no longer disputed. That it was disagreeable work is equally undeniable, because in the conditions prevailing it necessarily involved treading on the toes of stagnant political friends as well as upon those of active enemies. That it was meritorious and patriotic work is not doubted by any devoted Conservative. That the men who did it were regarded askance on their own side goes without saying. They were objects of odium to the friends of Sir Stafford Northcote, who controlled the machine and assailed the mutineers with every resource at the disposal of every caucus, and though Mr. Balfour enjoyed powerful protection, his colleagues suffered all the pains and penalties incurred by those who seek to awaken a somnolent, self-complacent Party, or criticise a Leader who refuses to lead. But the main point is that the Fourth Party succeeded in what it set out to do. The Opposition Leader was displaced under somewhat painful circumstances, because to the very end men set in authority are usually tenacious of its semblance long after they have lost the reality. They are generally encouraged to outstay their

welcome by that zereba of sycophants which surrounds every great man and some men who are very far from being great. Mr. Balfour and his colleagues converted their Party to the strenuous life; they refused to be silenced by the parrot cries of "unity," with which it is invariably sought to overwhelm every political pioneer, cogently arguing that effective leadership was greater than sham unity. Directly they succeeded in enforcing the doctrine that it is the duty of an Opposition to oppose, all the weak points in the apparently impregnable position of the great Gladstonian Ministry became rapidly revealed, and, as we have seen, within a few short years the Radical Party was bundled out into the wilderness, where it wandered disconsolately for twenty years—with the exception of a brief interlude—having been previously deprived of many distinguished and powerful members who refused to follow Mr. Gladstone's suicidal surrender to Parnellism and Crime. Whenever one recalls the history of the Fourth Party, which it is deemed "bad form" in some quarters to refer to, and tries to stimulate Unionist Members of Parliament into taking independent action against the Government, regardlesss of the Opposition Front Bench and at need against the advice of the Opposition Whips, one is invariably told that of late years there has been such a drastic change in Parliamentary procedure that even if a Randolph Churchill reappeared on the Opposition benches in the present House of Commons he would find little else to do beyond applauding the utterances of his son, of Mr. George, or of Mr. Ure, the Lord Advocate of Scotland. He would be completely paralysed; he would be impotent to make any headway against either caucus, and would ultimately be crushed by the combined weight of both.

The Manchus

It is curious if such be the plight of a Parliament ecstatically praised by Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith as the greatest and most reasonable assembly the world has ever seen and as a pattern for the imitation of inferior communities. As we are necessarily ignorant of "procedure," which is alleged to have been deliberately complicated by "old Parliamentary hands" so that no Member with less than ten years' experience is permitted to pretend to understand it, we

can only answer "Where there is a will there is a way." We do not for a moment believe that a Randolph Churchill would tamely acquiesce in the Foozle-cum-Boozle *régime*, which, contrary to the belief of all Foozles and Boozles, is an object of contempt rather than of glory. A man with his gifts would have found some means of asserting himself and of breaking down the Manchus. Even if Parliament were closed to him by the combined efforts of the caucus chiefs he would have taken to the platform and to the Press, and in season and out of season would on the one hand have denounced the demagogues who threaten destruction to everything that Englishmen hold dear, while on the other hand he would have vigorously arraigned an official Opposition which has ceased to oppose and takes extravagant care to avoid attacking the Government where they are most vulnerable; while on occasions there is conspicuous collusion between the Front Benches, always at the expense of the Unionist Party, and not infrequently to the detriment of great national and Imperial interests. Nothing will make us believe that Mr. Balfour and his colleagues of the Fourth Party, who played so splendid a part in preparing the way for the Unionist revival of twenty-five years ago, would have tolerated the existing order of things. They never allowed themselves to be hypnotised or terrorised by paltry accusations of "intriguing" or "disloyalty." They resolutely refused to stand idly by year after year—shall we say decade after decade?—compromising the whole future of the Party for the ephemeral comfort of a particular individual. Mr. Balfour's brilliant political career opened with the discharge of a disagreeable duty such as that now loudly demanded if the Unionist Party takes itself seriously or desires to resume its legitimate influence in the State, and it cannot be repeated too often that Mr. Balfour steadily declined to be deflected from his purpose by any personal considerations whatsoever.

A Contrast

On entering Parliament he found himself a member of a Party ineffectively led, opposing, or rather assisting, a Government whose views and projects he detested. The situation was such that, though naturally lethargic and detached, he associated himself with eager and active spirits determined to galvanise their own side, and frankly recognising

from the outset that nothing could be done without new leadership; as we have said, they underwent all that was necessary to attain their object. And even if they personally benefited by the reconstruction of the Party, no one now accuses Mr. Balfour of deposing Sir Stafford Northcote to promote his own political career. Such a charge would be childish. To our mind it is lamentable that although the Unionist Party in the present Parliament comprises many able men, both on the Front Bench and on the Back Benches, no one seems prepared to follow their Leader's earlier example and bell the cat. It is impossible for the Opposition to continue on its present lines. Members of Parliament are on the defensive; they cannot ignore the profound dissatisfaction of the Party. They are alarmed by the slump in enthusiasm, and if we may believe statements in the Press, there has been a serious diminution of contributions to Conservative Associations since the Great Betrayal of August 10, when, acting on orders issued from Lansdowne House, three or four hundred so-called Unionist peers shirked performing a plain duty, while between thirty and forty "patriots" went one better and, by voting for the Parliament Bill, enabled the Government to pass a measure which Mr. Balfour has himself stigmatised as "felony" and "treason." The Unionist Leader in the Commons in his own words stood or fell with Lord Lansdowne, and now we find all Mr. Balfour's Parliamentary colleagues in both Houses standing or falling with him and prepared, *ex hypothesi*, at his bidding to scuttle in any direction on any question. That is perfectly plain, and in the event of a Party meeting confined to Parliamentarians it is understood that a vote of unabated confidence in the leadership of Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne would be unanimously carried. Such at any rate is the view of the leading Manchu organs—for example, the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Graphic*, the *Spectator*, the *Scotsman*, the *Glasgow Herald*, &c.—together with the entire Radical Press, which is mobilised as one man on behalf of the official Opposition, which is regarded by Ministerialists as by far their greatest asset, being, indeed, the only solid guarantee of the continuance of a hateful Government.

The Cocoa Chorus

Even our purblind Parliamentarians can hardly fail to be affected by the piteous agony of the Cocoa chorus, lest the reform move-ment should succeed. The *Westminster Gazette*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Daily News*, the *Morning Leader*, and the rest are all on the same tack, while the entertaining crusade of *Punch* is equally tell-tale, for *Punch* nowadays is Radical with the best of them. Every Radical is a passionate Balfourite. On August 14, under the suggestive heading "After the Veto," the *Morning Leader* incautiously published a letter signed "A Grateful Liberal" containing the following passage: "Long may Mr. Balfour live to lead, and thereby hasten the Tory Party to their inevitable doom. Mr. Balfour has now lost for his Party in the Commons three consecutive General Elections, and has cost the Lords their Veto. Can we Liberals imagine anything more satisfactory?" Then at the end of October (October 23) the *Daily Chronicle* takes up the parable, being alarmed by a hint of Mr. Balfour's possible withdrawal from public life: "We hope it does not mean that he is contemplating retirement. We say this with perfect sincerity." We have all had experience of the *Daily Chronicle's* "sincerity," but we can well believe that this at any rate was written from the heart. Unionists were beguiled with the usual insinuation that "from a merely Party point of view the Liberals would gain by the withdrawal from the field of battle of their most formidable opponent. . . . The Conservative Party would reel under the blow. . . . If ever there was a necessary man to the Conservative Party just now that man is Mr. Balfour." We could hardly imagine anything more insulting to an Opposition Leader than such tributes from avowed opponents, animated by the single desire that the Demagogues shall remain indefinitely in power and the Unionists permanently in Opposition. Equally insulting to our minds are the hypocritical panegyrics of some of his own colleagues, who on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday extol his leadership sky-high, make passionate protests of their own devotion, loyalty and admiration, coupled with fiery denunciations of all sceptics, while on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays these same loyalists and admirers administer backhanders to Mr. Balfour, complain of his want of definiteness, emphasise their readiness to throw him

over, &c. &c. There has rarely been a more pitiful exhibition of political time-serving. If they only *knew* which way the cat was going to jump! We feel sure that whether they agree with us or not on the main issue, namely, as to the urgency of a change of leadership, our readers will be at one with us in contemning Mr. Facing-Both-Ways who wishes to have the best of both worlds.

The Black-beetle's Dilemma

SUCH being the position, what is the duty of rank-and-file Unionists who seriously believe in the principles for which the Unionist Party is supposed to stand, and who agree with Mr. Walter Long (a leading authority on Party loyalty) that principles should not be sacrificed for the sake of any persons or personages? Are they to stand by and see the whole position frittered away through the lack of conviction, earnestness, enthusiasm, determination, and even definiteness at headquarters, which almost gives the impression that our Party is not serious in attacking the present Government, and would be rather bored than otherwise if Mr. Asquith and his colleagues were turned out, and the unpleasant necessity arose of forming a new Government, discarding old friends, overhauling the administration, now in a state of chaos, and attempting to carry out "the first constructive work of the Unionist Party"? What, we repeat, are the rank-and-filers to do at this crisis? Are they to simply abandon the Party in hopeless despair, and devote their exclusive attention to golf and the higher life? Or, on the other hand, should they make an effort to save the situation? According to Parliamentarians, rank-and-filers have no *locus standi* whatsoever. The Party is the perquisite of the parliamentarians. Our sole function is to work, to shout, and to vote. As inarticulate items, we are totally unfitted to form an opinion on questions of policy and leadership; we must take our marching orders from our members. But when no marching orders are issued, for the simple reason that many of our members have no minds to make up, or cannot make up the minds they have, what are we blackbeetles to do? We are only allowed one opportunity per annum for expressing our despicable opinions, viz., at the National Union Conference, which meets this month at Leeds (November 16). It is allowed to sit for

one very short day and a half, and most of its limited time is taken up with superfluous and highly indigestible picnics, spun out by long-winded, flatulent speeches about "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," which even the most docile of delegates find increasing difficulty in cheering. Further time is wasted in innumerable votes of thanks, mainly to knights, usually proposed by knights and seconded by knights. We have not a word to say against knights, who are frequently excellent people, but you can have too much of a good thing, and the National Union Conference usually has an overdose of knights or would-be knights during its very short day.

Obsolete Methods

THEN we are threatened with schemes of "organisation"—a blessed word which is rolled like a sweet morsel under the tongue. We would far sooner discuss the policy of our Party, but that is not deemed good for us. We cannot expect one still small voice to reach the great men who manage these affairs; but the authorities would be well advised in recognising that many of the blackbeetles are profoundly disgusted at the present plight of the Party. The worm has been known to turn. We have grave doubts as to whether rank-and-filers are justified in remaining mere blackbeetles, grovelling about the feet of Peers—of whom five-sixths have proved recreant to their trust—and members of a House of Commons which will be known for all time as the "Brigands' Parliament," because its members have plundered the unfortunate taxpayer to the tune of £250,000 a year, which they have coolly put into their own pockets. We are, of course, aware that the Unionist Party has no responsibility whatsoever for this highway robbery, and many Unionist Members are doing everything they can to dissociate themselves from an unblushing development of "graft," though, as we urged last month, we trust their protest will not take the form of returning their cheques to the Treasury, which would simply enable the Chancellor of the Exchequer to find fresh billets for needy Welshmen. Nevertheless the payment of members, which is now the law of the land, must inevitably alter the attitude of the public towards a Parliament composed of salaried servants. They are, so to speak, "walking delegates," and it is not altogether clear why the unpaid delegates of the National Union should allow themselves to be bossed as

hitherto by the paid parliamentary delegates: "Who pays the piper calls the tune" is an old and sound maxim. Unless we are much mistaken, the Unionist rank and file intend for the future to assert themselves and to take a more active part in the management of the party, and it may be hoped that they will insist on saying their say on questions of policy. A great democracy embracing some three million electors, which with decent guidance could easily embrace another million or two, cannot consent to be run in the interests of any oligarchy, however attractive or inefficient may be the persons composing it. This sort of thing was all very well in Disraeli's novels, but is completely out of date, being wholly unsuited to modern conditions. Nor can we consent to be fobbed off year by year by the mere passing of resolutions which are subsequently side-tracked or violated by our leaders with the assent of, or at any rate without any adequate dissent by, our parliamentarians.

The Great Betrayal

THE Unionist Party was as solemnly pledged, as any Party can possibly be, to resist the Parliament Bill to the bitter end, and our Front Benchers vied with one another in discharging flamboyant and pugnacious rhetoric challenging the Radicals to do their worst and to make all the peers they could, the number 500 being continually mentioned—in fact, the more the merrier; then at the eleventh hour, without the Party in Parliament or outside being given any opportunity of expressing its opinion, there was some sinister and inexplicable—at any rate unexplained—betrayal, and an unconditional surrender was made to an exultant enemy before a single peer was created, involving the sacrifice of every Unionist principle and placing this country under a despotism of demagogues. Hundreds of Unionist peers scuttled under the Duke of Plaza-Toro,* while in order to make assurance doubly sure

* In enterprise of martial kind,
When there was any fighting,
He led his regiment from behind:
(He found it less exciting.)
But when away his regiment ran,
His place was at the fore O!
That celebrated, cultivated, underrated
nobleman
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

and to rob Lord Halsbury's Stalwarts of a fighting chance of victory, between thirty and forty "Unionists" were marshalled in the Ministerial Lobby, with the result of making the most outrageous measure ever presented to any parliament a Unionist measure, for the simple reason that it was carried by Unionist votes. Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne shattered the Unionist Party in order that Mr. Asquith and Lord Crewe might the more easily smash the Constitution. Surely the National Union is entitled to probe this amazing episode, and to insist on that explanation from the leaders, or their representatives, which has hitherto been tenaciously withheld. Those who were responsible for what none now deny to have been a tragic blunder are desperately anxious that their conduct should be forgotten, and their newspaper satellites are continually pointing out that no advantage can be gained in "raking up the past" or indulging in "recriminations" when we ought, as the phrase goes, to "close our ranks" against the common foe. It is, however, no question of raking up the past, or of indulging in recriminations which all men of sense would desire to avoid; but the future of Unionism depends on the present and the past. As it now stands the Great Betrayal, for which no shade of a shadow of excuse has ever been offered, has placed the Radical Government in a position to carry, without reference to the people, any measure they may please, and, as we know, Ministers are busily engaged in drafting Bills destitute of popular authority, including a Home Rule Bill, which Mr. Asquith described before the Great Betrayal as the inevitable sequel of the Parliament Bill. The House of Lords has become impossible because impotent, and can only reject measures that Ministers desire to have rejected. Those which they wish to pass automatically become law two years hence without any reference to the people. Last November we were given to understand that the salvation of our country depended on the adoption of the Referendum. In the interval our leaders have abandoned the only form of Referendum provided by the British Constitution, viz., the power of the Lords to submit unpopular measures to the people, and have disabled themselves from introducing either the Referendum or any other constitutional reform, for the simple reason they have placed it in the power of their opponents

to remain permanently in office and to keep Unionists permanently in Opposition. Even more important than the things that have been done is the spirit in which they have been done.

Letters of Junius

The moral factor counts to the material factor in politics, as in war, in a ratio of at least five to one. Our leaders by their action in August have done all that men could do to discourage and demoralise their followers by compromising every cause with which Unionism is associated, and by preventing electors weary of a sickening Government from rallying round the Unionist standard. When Lord Randolph Churchill who was travelling in South Africa heard that Mr. Balfour had become the Unionist Leader in the House of Commons, he prophetically declared, "That is the end of Tory democracy." What guarantees have we got against history repeating itself during the next year or two? When the heads of a political Party once hoist the white flag and order a general stampede it is uncommonly difficult to pull the Party together and to induce it to return to the fray, especially when there was no shadow of an excuse for scuttling. What guarantees have we got under present auspices against further stampedes? Our Front Benchers are talking very big for the moment about Home Rule, though we note with satisfaction that the Ulster Unionists are taking precautions, showing that they have no faith in the rhetoric of Foozle politicians and Foozle newspapers, who talked as big about the Parliament Bill. Mr. Balfour has discovered a simple formula for disposing of inconvenient controversy. On October 7 he said at Haddington: "Who was right or wrong in this controversy? (*i.e.* the No-Surrender controversy). It is no more than any other ancient historical dispute. It is of no more importance than the authorship of the Letters of Junius. It has sunk into the historical past, and my advice to all my friends, whether they agree or disagree with me in this matter, is to give the subject, which has now become purely historical, back to the historians and ask them to worry over a bone of contention which has no longer any living or practical interest." We wonder what Mr. Balfour would have said had Sir Stafford Northcote attempted to excuse himself for one of his comparatively minor blunders—becasue

the Great Betrayal is unique in Conservative annals—on the ground that something which had happened last Session was of purely historical interest. He would have regarded such cynicism as additional evidence of the unfitness of Sir Stafford Northcote for leadership. Mr. Balfour's declaration was all the more amazing, if anything could nowadays amaze, because in the very same speech he recurred to November of last year, denouncing the Government for "felony" and "treason" in advising the King to create peers, adding, "We are in the middle of a revolution." Hence it would appear that while the events of last November opened a revolutionary chapter in British history, which is to form the chief staple of political controversy, the more recent events of August have become as irrelevant and obsolete as the disputed authorship of the Letters of Junius. From his opponents the Unionist Leader unfortunately lays himself open to the damaging retort that if there was felony and treason in November, those crimes were compounded in August by Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne. All politicians should take to heart the wisest saying of President Lincoln, "You can fool all people for some time, and some people for all time, but you cannot fool all people for all time." Is this true of the Unionist Party? That is the issue to be decided.

The Halsbury Club

THE Foozle Press is foaming at the mouth because those Unionists who were associated together in the No-Surrender movement, which has come to stay, have formed a Club appropriately called the Halsbury Club, of which Lord Halsbury is President, and Lord Willoughby de Broke the Hon. Secretary—where kindred spirits will doubtless meet together and discuss political affairs from the No-Surrender standpoint. The wisdom of this decision is demonstrated by the attitude of the Foozle cum Boozle Press, which remains as indistinguishable as when they were working for Surrender. The *Spectator*, which has recently become a rabid Balfourite because it is convinced that Mr. Balfour means to jettison Tariff Reform, just as it was prepared to jettison Mr. Balfour when it believed him to be a Tariff Reformer—and be it remembered our esteemed contemporary consigned the entire Unionist Party to perdition in 1906, and claimed the advent to power of a Campbell-Bannerman Government as a *Specta or* victory—orders the Club as a

prior condition of its approval to pass a vote of confidence in Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne. Other organs excitedly enquire whether Mr. Balfour or Lord Lansdowne was privy to the conception of the Club. This is Caucus rule with a vengeance. No political Club may exist in the Unionist Party without the fiat of the Manchus, otherwise it becomes an "intrigue." Then again, no political action whatsoever may be taken upon any pretext in either Party without the authorisation of the *Spectator*, and may we add *Punch*, which is plunging into many waters beyond its depth. This theory opens up an interesting vista. Are we to lay down the doctrine that no Unionist may take any political action without the approval of the *National Review?* We are infinitely more tolerant than our hot-headed contemporaries and can speak impartially concerning the Halsbury Club, with which the present writer has had *no connection* whatsoever. As perpetuating and extending the No-Surrender spirit it can do nothing but good, and the more independent it is of all white-flag influences the better for the Club and the better for the Party. It should become a rallying ground for Unionists who mean Unionism as opposed to those who talk Unionism. Unlike the *Spectator*, we have no objection whatsoever to the formation of a Scuttlers' Club under the distinguished presidency of Lord Curzon, with the Foozle Press as its mouthpiece, to commemorate the heroic action of August 10, nor indeed should we resent the establishment of an Iscariot Club under Lord Scamperdown, and the *Spectator* to commemorate the yet more heroic conduct of those "patriotic" Unionist peers who passed the Parliament Bill. They might consult anyone they pleased, and pass what votes of confidence they chose without any let or hindrance from us. There will be plenty of scope for their idiosyncrasies in the near future.

Mandarinism in the Far East

OUR readers will not have been startled by current developments in China—which in some respects bear a pungent resemblance to home affairs—because the June number of the *National Review* contained an article from the competent pen of Mr. Bland entitled "The Doom of the Manchu." It has proved to be as striking a specimen of "intelligent anticipation of events before they occur" as we can recollect, and the sensational events of

the past month are so many amplifications of Mr. Bland's article. He pointed out that the anti-dynastic agitation among the Cantonese was only checked by the late Empress Dowager's "timely adoption of the reform policy" and the influential *rôle* momentarily assigned to Yuan Shih-k'ai, who was subsequently banished. Since her death the South has viewed Manchu inefficiency and disorganisation with "increasing resentment and alarm." "The Chinese cannot continue indefinitely to tolerate the vicious and humiliating *régime* of the Manchus, with its eunuchs, pension lists, and arrogant assumption of an authority which has long since ceased to exist. For some time past it has been apparent that the *élite* of Chinese patriotism and political energy (especially the Cantonese) is profoundly disgusted with the muddle-and-drift methods of their so-called rulers and with the notorious corruption and women-led factions of the Court." This burden has at last become too great to be borne, and the smouldering discontent has broken out into open rebellion, the far-reaching effects of which no man would care to foretell, though it seems safe to affirm that the doom of the Manchu cannot be long delayed. A regenerated China would be a factor in world-politics upon which it would be interesting to have the views of the German Emperor.

Lord Northcote

WE cannot close these pages without expressing sincere sorrow at the death of Lord Northcote, one of the most valuable, and certainly the most modest, of the many able men who have promoted the consolidation of the Empire. He was an ideal Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth, which he made it his business to know and understand. He did his duty nobly this summer as a No-Surrender Peer in spite of intense physical suffering. He was an honour to his order, and is mourned by many devoted friends.

TRIPOLI

Is there no one in England who will break a lance on behalf of a generous nation and of a Christian king? Has the country which waged the South African War so far forgotten the compelling reasons which induced a Sovereign like Queen Victoria to assent to an appeal to arms as to do that enlightened monarch, King Victor Emmanuel, the flagrant injustice of supposing that Italian policy in the Tripolitan question has been dictated solely by *il capitalismo conquistatore?*

Ever since Italy presented her ultimatum to Turkey at the end of September, several British newspapers have condemned her action as an "adventure," as a "piece of brigandage," and even as a "crime." This is the thanks that Italy gets for having been the only country in Europe in which during the South African War sympathy with England was openly expressed and in which throughout that trying period Englishmen could travel unmolested. Sentiment, interest, or both, be the cause what it may, the fact remains. England has not so many sincere friends that she can afford to lose a single one. Italy, moreover, by virtue of her position in the Mediterranean, by virtue of her interests and services as one of the Cretan protecting Powers, and last, but by no means least, by virtue of her membership of the Triple Alliance, is a Power whose friendship England is bound to maintain and to cultivate.

Great Britain cannot and must not, like Germany, incur the risk of forfeiting Italian friendship in order that the nefarious influence of the Salonica Committee may be strengthened and perpetuated. If the utterances of certain sections of the English Press were alone to be regarded, it might seem as if British policy ought to be subordinated to the bucket-shop intrigues of international "Freemasons" and renegade Jews masquerading

as Turks. What concern of England's can it be that, for example, as a writer in a London Radical journal puts it, the Salonica Committee—for it is not Turkey who is involved—should emerge from the situation "without too much loss of prestige"? Even if the Italian challenge had been directed against a regenerated "Ottoman" Empire, England could have no interest in estranging the sympathies of a country like Italy, which has accomplished greater and nobler work in the cause of civilisation and humanity than Turkey can ever hope to perform.

The danger is that British policy should by some mischance allow itself to be hypnotised by the apparent success of German policy at Constantinople into aping the elephantine opportunism of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein. British interests do not run parallel with German interests in the Near East or elsewhere, and it is not Great Britain's business to pander to a discredited *régime* merely for the sake of extracting some temporary political or economic advantage. Even if modern Turkey could be regarded as a stable institution, Great Britain's position in the Mediterranean, in the Red Sea, and in the Persian Gulf is strong enough to enable her to remain aloof from the petty rivalries which German policy has engendered in the Near East. So long as the existing transitional *régime* in Turkey endures England can afford to wait and see. French and Anglo-Jewish financiers are for ever urging the necessity of a "forward" policy on the part of Great Britain at Constantinople. Advocacy from quarters of this kind is the strongest argument against such suggestions. In presence of the actual situation in Turkey, and in view of the fact that upon the occasion of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina the Young Turks deliberately invalidated the principle of the integrity of the Turkish dominions which they invoke to-day, Great Britain can have no choice but to observe an intelligent neutrality.

Because Italy has a navy, while Turkey has none, a number of writers in the Press affect to regard the Italian action as in some mysterious manner infringing the canons of "fair play." On land the two States would probably be quite evenly matched, so that there is no reason why Italy should be described as a "bully" or a "hooligan." She has merely chosen the weapon which she considered to be appropriate for her purpose. If

Turkey protests that this is not cricket, her friends will have to remind her of the lessons of recent history. No State nowadays can hope indefinitely to retain oversea possessions unless it is prepared to defend them in the only way in which they can effectively be defended. Spain learned that lesson at the hands of America. Great Britain taught that lesson in the South African War, and improved upon it by acquiring fresh territory. Russia too has had to learn this lesson, and the moral of it has, in a somewhat different sense, once more been forcibly pointed by the Agadir demonstration. The basis of Portugal's colonial security is well known.

While some of Italy's critics magnanimously admit that she may have had the right to choose her own weapons, they are unwilling to concede that she had an equal right to choose her own time. As a matter of fact, Italy has shown the utmost forbearance. Her ultimatum, the news of which was intentionally allowed to leak out beforehand through the Italian Embassy in Paris, gave Turkey a far longer period for reflection than Russia enjoyed in 1904, or than any other Power is ever likely to get at the hands of a prospective adversary. Germany would not have given France a moment's warning if she had felt strong enough to spring across the frontier this summer, and "Messieurs les Anglais" for their part do not expect ever again to be invited to fire the first shot either on land or on sea.

Not only did Italy show herself observant of the most old-world international decorum in her manner of declaring war, but she exhibited signal self-restraint in proclaiming from the outset her desire to restrict the area of hostilities. Her command of the sea is calculated to promote the fulfilment of this desire. Italy's self-denial is all the more to be commended inasmuch as the presence of Turkish warships in the Adriatic gave considerable colour to the Italian Government's belief that unprovoked molestation of Italian shipping was contemplated. The Duke of the Abruzzi's flotilla made short work of these would-be corsairs at the outset of the naval operations, and the echo which the Italian shots that were fired into Preveza and San Giovanni di Medua found in Vienna had the additional advantage of disclosing Austria's attitude.

The political justification of Italy's action is ample, and ought

to be well known. Upon the strength of her historic association with Tripoli and in view of the valuable interests which the enterprise of institutions like the Banco di Roma has created, Italy has for years urged Turkey to undertake the reforms of which the Vilayet stands in crying need. For years—partly out of spiteful obstinacy, partly owing to absolute want of means—Turkey has turned a deaf ear to the appeals not only of the Italian Government, but also of the Tripolitans themselves. Neglected by the home authorities, Tripoli remained one of the last strongholds of the slave trade in the African continent, and under the Young Turkish *régime* it had in addition come to be regarded as a convenient dumping-ground for "undesirable" officers and officials. Of set purpose the Turks had steadily refused to provide even a single decent anchorage along the whole length of the Tripolitan coast, and they resisted every attempt to develop the country, either by land-purchase or in other ways. To the outside world civilisation was represented only by the foreign Consulates and by the half-starved Turkish garrison, which opposed an ineffectual breaker to the black and savage tide that rolls into the coast-towns from the Libyan desert. What Italy proposes ultimately to do with her new possession, or by what means she hopes to overcome the opposition of the fanatic Senussi chiefs, is a matter which concerns nobody but herself.

The chief causes which induced Italy to abandon her forbearance in the face of the manifold disabilities to her subjects and interests in all parts of the Turkish dominions were in part considerations of long standing, and in part the menace of unexpected developments. At home the democratisation of political institutions and the spread of Socialistic ideas, coupled with economic considerations, such as the necessity of creating fresh markets and a new outlet for the surplus population of the south, have for many years oppressed Italian statesmen with a growing burden of anxiety. In this jubilee year of Italian Unity, moreover, the national conscience which Mazzini's "tentativi" had created and which Garibaldi and Crispi had rendered articulate has once more been reminded of Victor Emmanuel's message after the occupation of Naples in 1860: "We still have great things to do." This reminder gained added

weight from the fact that since those heroic days Italian influence in the world had suffered a severe set-back. The flower of Italy's colonial forces had fallen on the battlefields of Abyssinia some fifteen years ago, and that loss had never been retrieved. Europe has long since forgotten that gallant but ill-starred campaign, but deep down in her heart Italy remembered. Unwearyingly and without respite Italian patriots have worked to bring about the day when their country should be able to rehabilitate herself in her own eyes and in the eyes of the world. To this end the Italian navy was developed until it had reached a pitch of efficiency which does credit to the seafaring instincts and traditions of the Italian people. Since the prospects of creating an outlet in other parts of the African continent had been lost, Italy could not afford to let slip what might prove to be her last chance of securing a place in the sun.

Could Italy, with her claims as a Mediterranean Power and with her special interests in Tripoli, contemplate unmoved Germany's buccaneering policy in Morocco? Could she view with equanimity the concentration and prospective reconstruction of possibly hostile fleets under Austro-German auspices in the Eastern Mediterranean? Was not her own irrepressible expansion bound to be deflected southwards by the pressure of the Austro-German "Drang nach Osten," which threatened to exclude her from taking foot on the eastern shore of the Adriatic? This last issue still remains to be decided. What was urgent, what was imperative, from Italy's point of view, was that she should be ready to seize the moment when it should arise. The consummation which the capture of Tripoli represents was inevitable. It was no pirate's stroke, but the climax of a series of ineluctable events and the outcome of a considered policy.

The Italian Premier, Signor Giolitti, who is essentially a cautious statesman and, in the opinion of competent observers, no empire-builder like Crispi, brought out this aspect of Italian policy in his businesslike speech at Turin on October 7.

Foreign policy [he said] cannot, like home policy, depend entirely upon the will of the Government and Parliament, but of absolute necessity must take into account events and situations which it is not in our power to modify, or even sometimes to accelerate or retard. There are facts which take the shape of real fatality, from which a nation cannot escape without irreparably

compromising its future. In such moments it is the duty of the Government to assume every responsibility, since the least hesitation or delay may mean the beginning of political decadence, fraught with consequences that the nation may be left to deplore for long years, even for centuries. The Ministry recognises the whole responsibility which it has incurred in engaging the country in this struggle; but it faces that responsibility with equanimity, because it is convinced that, in face of the persistent and systematic hostility which has for years hindered our economic activity in the Tripolitaine, and in face of the constant provocations offered by the Turkish Government, any hesitation or delay would have compromised both the honour of the country and its political and economic position.

If the final act was precipitated it was not the fault of Italy. The blame lies elsewhere. Two compelling reasons put a sudden end to the forbearance which she had consistently exhibited in the face of Turkey's manifest impotence and ill-will.

In the first place the instability of the existing *régime* in Turkey had to be considered. No one with an authoritative knowledge of the Near East can be found to assert with confidence that "Young Turkey" will endure. Friendly critics like Sir Edwin Pears point out that, if Turkey is to enter the comity of civilised nations, she will have to learn the lesson of religious equality. Under the auspices of the Salonica Committee there can be no hope that this lesson will be learned.

The so-called Committee of Union and Progress has become a byword in Europe. Composed as it is of a heterogeneous medley of reformists, reactionaries, and other fanatics, most of whom are Jews or crypto-Jews, this irresponsible but omnipotent body is itself completely at the mercy of financiers, most of whom again are likewise Jews. In their zeal for their own interests and for a cause which they have espoused but can never make their own, these wirepullers have embarked upon a policy of "Turkification," without reference to the needs of the "Ottoman" Empire as a whole. There is no more pitiless persecutor than your Jew, when dressed with a little brief authority. The Albanian massacres, which were as atrocious as any of the crimes perpetrated by Abdul Hamid, the insurrection in Yemen, and the growing discontent in Mesopotamia and Kurdistan bear witness to the handiwork of the Salonica Committee. Tripoli in the meantime was allowed to starve.

Those who have seen in Paris and in other European capitals

the shady financier who boasts of being in the confidence of the Committee will readily understand that no other results could be expected. Every observer who has learned to preserve an open mind will agree that a man may be either a Jew or a Turk and at the same time be a person whose acquaintance is worth cultivating and whose friendship is to be valued. But when a Jew, especially a Levantine Jew, starts masquerading as a "Turk," and dabbles alternately or simultaneously in politics and in finance, it is high time to beware of him. And yet it is men of this stamp who make and unmake Ministries at Constantinople, who direct the policy of "Turkey," and who profess to represent "Young Turkey" abroad.

In the foreign sphere these renegade interlopers boast that it is their desire to hold aloof from the rival systems of alliances in Europe, and to remain on friendly terms with all the Powers. In its practical aspect, "sitting on the fence" (in the Salonica sense) means ordering battleships in England and putting German guns and German instructors on board of them. It means buying German goods with French money, and raising loans in France in order to finance German railways in Asia Minor. It means setting England and France by the ears in Constantinople, and keeping Russia and Austria at loggerheads in the Balkans. Germany, having laid aside her flute in the European concert, affects to call the tune at Constantinople, and the German Ambassador, with a cynical eye to the main chance, has shown that he is willing to play "See the conquering hero come!" in honour of any Ministry or *régime*, good, bad, or indifferent. As Baron von Marschall is not by any means a fool, it looks very much as if Germany more than suspects that existing conditions in Turkey cannot last. In this expectation, the "Young Turks," and especially the Salonica fanatics, are presumably to be encouraged to hasten the day of dissolution by their unconscionable practices. Turkey, the real Turkey, ought to take warning by the fate of Abdul Hamid, whom Germany dropped as irrevocably as she will abandon the "Young Turks" when the time comes.

It is not by exclusively developing her military power, under German inspiration, that Turkey will be able to fit herself for a place among civilised nations. It is—to repeat the authoritative opinion of Sir Edwin Pears—only by learning the lesson of religious

equality that Turkey can hope to come to her own. The pseudo-Nationalist movement, the "Turkism," which the Salonica Committee have striven to foster must be allowed to exhaust itself. It is bound to end itself by sheer futility. Then and not till then will the power of Germany at Constantinople be broken.

The Powers of the Triple Entente can afford to wait and see whether Turkey is capable of shaking off the parasites who are sapping her vital strength. As a brilliant student of Near Eastern affairs has observed, the "Ottoman" Empire will not be able to assert itself as such until the various nationalities have vindicated their equal rights, and until the despotism of a corrupt and alien oligarchy has been superseded by an administration which shall be determined at all costs to promote the economic development of the country. If the loss of Tripoli helps Turkey to realise where her true interests lie, this blow may yet prove to have been a blessing in disguise.

A strong and united "Ottoman" Empire, which would be capable of securing stable conditions in the Balkans, is a British interest. But British policy can never be concerned to perpetuate the nefarious dominion of the masterless men of Salonica. In no circumstances ought British opinion to be invited to continue to extend to this discredited clique the sympathy under cover of which the Albanian atrocities were committed.

Apart from the instability of existing conditions in Turkey, the consideration which more than any other precipitated Italy's action in Tripoli was the fear that she might be forestalled in her historic ambition to secure a footing in North Africa. As readers of the *Morning Post* have been reminded, although for the last three and a half centuries Tripoli has, more or less directly, owed allegiance to Turkey, the connection of Tripoli and the sister-province of Cyrenaica with Rome and Italy dates back to the year 96 B.C., and was maintained under the Empire for more than four centuries, until Genseric wrested the African provinces from the Romans. Belisarius restored the Roman dominion for a season, but, owing to the neglect and indifference of the Metropolis, the provinces were conquered a second time, upon this occasion by the Arabs, who remained in possession until 1146, when Roger of Sicily took Tripoli by storm. After interludes of more or less

precarious tenure, the Italian connection was reasserted by Ferdinand the Catholic at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and in 1530 the Emperor Charles V. gave Tripoli to the Knights of St. John who had been expelled from Rhodes by the Turks. By the middle of that century, however, the corsairs had succeeded in driving the Knights from this fresh stronghold, and Tripoli lapsed into barbarism.

Under the Roman dominion the African provinces constituted one of the chief granaries of the Empire, and at a still earlier date, as the representation of the silphium plant on the coins of Cyrene of the sixth century B.C. symbolises, this region, in which Greek mythology situated the Garden of the Hesperides, was famed for its agricultural riches. The Italians may be destined to rediscover the spring of this old-time wealth by establishing an intelligent system of irrigation. But their primary concern has been to assert afresh the Italian connection in this part of North Africa, and to guard against their being forestalled by Powers which have no such historic title to a position in the Mediterranean.

Until this year Italy had based her hopes for the future upon an unpublished understanding which she concluded with France ten years ago, and in which her prior claim to the control of the Vilayet was recognised. Upon the strength of these implied assurances Italy throughout the whole course of the Morocco conflict has observed an attitude of friendly *désintéressement*. During the last eighteen months or so, France, as a result of a series of incidents along the undelimited Tuniso-Tripolitan frontier, in which French troops and Turkish irregular levies were concerned, had been urging upon the Porte the necessity of delimiting the boundary between Tunis and Turkish territory. These representations were repeated at intervals, but without any apparent effect, until suddenly at the beginning of this summer the appointment of a Franco-Turkish Boundary Commission was announced.

Those who are acquainted with the influences which are paramount at Constantinople are inclined to believe that Turkey's consent was secured by the agency of Germany. It is indeed more than probable that the German Government may have been desirous of furnishing evidence of "good-will," in view of

one or other of the minor colonial negotiations which have intermittently been pending between Paris and Berlin during the last two or three years. To the Porte Germany may well have represented that her conversations with France afforded an excellent opportunity for a Franco-Turkish settlement, which the German Government would endeavour to render as favourable to Turkey as possible. The price of German good offices might have proved to be Marsa Tobruk, or some other Tripolitan harbour which might have been considered suitable as a site for a German coaling-station in the Mediterranean. In the light of the fact that during the last few months attempts have been made to oust the British naval instructors who are serving under the Turkish Ministry of Marine, and to instal German officers in their stead, it would not by any means be surprising if this phase of German activity had excited serious apprehensions in Rome. In any case Italy appears to have had reason to fear that what she had come to regard as her inalienable inheritance in Tripoli might be seriously diminished, if not altogether entailed, under cover of a Franco-Turkish boundary agreement, promoted by Germany at the price of a footing for herself on the Tripolitan coast.

In this connection it would be interesting to ascertain what basis, if any, there was, or is, for the belief which prevailed, and still prevails, in various Italian quarters that England was, and still is, hostile to Italian expansion in North Africa. From the British point of view there can be no question but that the Italian occupation of Tripoli will ultimately exercise a beneficent influence upon political developments in Egypt as well as in the still undelimited regions of the Sahara and of the Anglo-French Sudan. If Tripoli was again to change hands, it was imperative that the control of the coast-line should not pass to a pirate-Power like Germany. The strength of Great Britain's naval position in the Mediterranean, in the Red Sea, and in the Persian Gulf must remain the measure of her strength in the Near and Middle East. A variety of Mediterranean combinations are conceivable, but, thanks to the Italian action, the menace of a Turco-Teutonic naval coalition operating from both shores of the Mediterranean has been removed. Italian policy as regards Crete does not suggest that Italy will allow this or any other island-outpost to pass under Turco-German naval control. So long as the

Anglo-French Entente endures, the Powers which hold Malta and Bizerta will be able to maintain the balance in the Mediterranean. But on no account can Great Britain allow herself to be shouldered out of the Mediterranean.

Those who describe Italy as having adopted a policy which, in their opinion, is "at variance with the usual practice of civilised nations" have forgotten the tone in which Great Britain ordered the Turks out of Akabah.

In the South African War, as Cecil Rhodes has testified, England, and not only England, but Canada also and Australia, fought in order that the "British connection" might be preserved. As soon as this object had been attained by the forcible exclusion of German and pro-German influences, the Act of Union, which still remains an inexplicable mystery to England's Continental critics, became possible. Is it not reasonable to credit Italy with analogous motives for her action in Tripoli?

It is necessary to repeat and to realise that the policy of the Italian Government reflects the will of the Italian people. Without any previous artificial agitation, such as the German Navy League and the Pan-German League systematically conduct in Germany, and although the Tripoli expedition is by no means a war of defence, Socialist and pacifist protests have been silenced, and the whole of Italy has accepted not only cheerfully but with enthusiasm the consequences of the venture. Censorious critics chide the Italian Government for indulging in a policy which, in their opinion, may yet lead to a general European conflagration. What Power, it may be asked, would have an interest in provoking a conflict of this kind? France is under an honourable obligation towards Italy to remain benevolently neutral. As for England, is the agitation of the Jews and crypto-Jews (who seem to have a hand in everything nowadays, even in the disestablishment of the Church in Wales!) in favour of their "kith and kin of the dispersion" at Salonica and elsewhere to be allowed to prevail against British interests? There remains Germany—the Power which by officiously offering to mobilise half a dozen Army Corps on the French frontier at the time of the Fashoda incident was willing to provoke a European war if only she might widen the breach between England and France; the Power which during the South African War moved

heaven and earth in order to bring about the intervention of Europe against England, and which has crowned a record of forty years' unrest by the pirate's stroke of Agadir! But, unless indeed it is to be supposed that Italy was in league with Germany, what "moral" justification for intervention would even Germany have had upon this occasion?

The truth of the matter is that the world has been confronted with the manifestation of a nation's will to live. Italy has shown herself to be ready to bear witness in the field to her conception of her national destiny. History teaches that when manifestations of this kind are legitimate and that when the end in view is pursued by legitimate means the world's opinion holds that nation absolved. Sentiment, as a leading Unionist journal has had the good sense to point out, must in the long run be outweighed by considerations of interest. In the case of the Italian action in Tripoli, alien appeals have for a moment been allowed to darken counsel in the British mind. When the din has subsided, England, and Turkey too, if it is not too late, may each come to see where their true interests lie. The instinctive response of the Italian nation to the call of the Government ought to be sufficient to give pause to the detractors of Italian policy. As for the doting chatter of the pacifist, which is an insult to the conception of a free and sovereign State, no verdict which the Hague Tribunal could pronounce would ever prove so final and enduring as the decision of the sword. Questions such as the "compensation" due to Turkey (why not to Italy?), and the ultimate domestic consequences to Italy, are matters solely for Italian statesmen to consider.

When British public opinion has had an opportunity of judging Italian policy from a point of view other than that of the Salonica Committee, Englishmen cannot fail to be grateful to Italy for freeing Tripoli from its infamous past, for demonstrating the fact that Jews and international financiers do not represent Turkey, for provisionally excluding Germany from the Mediterranean, and, finally, for the way in which after years of forbearance she has stated a clear issue and solved it in accordance with the good old rule and the ancient plan.

TOBRUK.

THE GREAT VICTORY IN CANADA

THE unexpected has happened. The Liberal Government of Canada, entrenched in power as it was by fifteen years in office, has gone down in sudden and overwhelming disaster. It is not merely defeated. It is destroyed. Nothing but a long penitence in Opposition and a plenary renunciation of the cause for which they fought can ever restore the Liberal leaders to the *confidence of the people of Canada.*

The victory is appallingly complete. In a House of Commons of 221 members (with one constituency, the Yukon, still to vote) a Liberal majority of forty is converted into a Conservative majority of fifty. From the Atlantic to the Pacific there is an almost unbroken tale of Conservative triumph. In the Maritime Provinces, where in the last Parliament the Liberals held twenty-five out of thirty-five seats, the returns now show the election of nineteen Liberals and sixteen Conservatives. To the advocates of Reciprocity this is galling indeed. Under Reciprocity Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were supposed to come to their own. The fish of the coastwise counties and the turnips of the inland townships were expected to flow again into the market of a grateful Boston. Nova Scotia, rudely torn by Confederation from the embrace of the down-east Yankee, was to have turned again to its first love.

In Quebec the results are equally striking. Here until yesterday the name of Laurier reigned supreme. An unbroken French vote was cast according to the leader's bidding, and, in spite of the existence of the English-speaking population of the Eastern Townships—a plantation of the early Loyalists—and of the smaller half of the metropolis of Montreal, only eleven seats were held in the last Parliament by the Conservatives out of a total representation of sixty-five. In the new Parliament

the Liberal members from Quebec will number only thirty-six and the solidarity of the French vote is broken beyond repair.

But it is in Ontario that the full avalanche of disaster has fallen upon the Liberals. The great central province, the real pivot of the national life of Canada, is swept clean from end to end. Of its eighty-six members, seventy-three are Conservative. In the capital city of Toronto, which contains five constituencies, only one of the Liberal candidates obtained enough votes to prevent the forfeit of his election deposit. In Ontario the Liberals, or to put it more fairly the Reciprocity men, find themselves, in the homely phrase of the jubilant rural editor, "licked off the face of the map."

Manitoba shows an almost equal Conservative victory. Of its Parliamentary delegation of ten members only two are Liberals. From the Pacific province of British Columbia a solid phalanx of seven Conservatives will journey gaily to Ottawa without a single Liberal to keep them company. The grain provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, it is true, have held tight to their allegiance. Before the election the Liberals held thirteen of their seventeen seats: the Liberal representation will now be increased to fifteen members; but so small a ray of sunlight struggles vainly with the hopeless darkness of the Liberal outlook.

Not only is the party overwhelmed, but its leaders, the late Ministers of the Crown, are those buried most deeply by the political landslide. Of thirteen Ministers who offered themselves to the electorate, seven are defeated. Mr. Fielding and Mr. Patterson, the twin craftsmen of the Compact, are out of Parliament. Mr. Mackenzie King, Sir Frederick Borden, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Graham, and Mr. Templeman lie buried beside them. Mr. Pugsley, of St. John, New Brunswick, in despite of the prestige of his position as Minister of Public Works, is only declared elected by two votes and hangs suspended by a thread over the yawning gulf of an electoral recount. Mr. Lemieux and Mr. Beland enjoy the mingled consolation and chagrin of being elected in one constituency and defeated in another.

One realises better the magnitude of what has happened by recalling the position of exceptional strength in which the Liberal administration stood twelve months ago. It had enjoyed

some fourteen years in office. Its lavish and increasing expenditures on public works had driven its roots deep into the soil. Its picturesque leader Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his more commonplace followers had managed to surround themselves with an air of invincibility that was becoming a legend. A sort of mythology had sprung up. The leader with his white plumes typified as it were purity and chivalry: his bi-lingual eloquence recalled the union of the two races on which the Canadian Commonwealth is built. Beside him was Sir Richard Cartwright, the Nestor of the Senate, whose views on Free Trade were known to be so profound that they figured, without further utterance, for fifteen years as the solid asset of a Protectionist Government. Here, too, was Mr. Fielding, the magician of the legend who could spin you a yearly surplus out of the palm of an empty hand as easily as a juggler twirls a billiard-ball out of nothingness. Near him, lest the reproach of senility might be brought against a Government growing grey in office, was Mr. Mackenzie King, a sometime economist now "gone to the bad" in politics, whose boyish countenance was useful as typifying the fire of youth and in its gentle moments was supposed to beam with all the roguishness of political childhood. The debonair Mr. Fisher presided over Agriculture and the Weather, becoming, in the Liberal mythology, the God of the Harvest, just as Mr. Pugsley had become the God of Wharves and Bridges and Sir Frederick Borden, from his repulse of the Fenians of 1866, the God of Scientific Warfare. Around the whole group, and especially around the person of their leader, there had grown up, in the soft Indian summer of prosperity in which Canada has basked of late, an atmosphere of exaggerated credence on the part of the electorate scarcely believable in retrospect. The Liberal Government was seen through the refracting prism of the national prosperity—an illusion which its members were in no haste to dispel.

Against this combination, or rather against this favoured environment, the Conservative Party had three times striven, and might again have striven, in vain. Their defeat in 1908 was complete. It was in every sense a personal triumph. There was no great issue before the country. The personality of Sir Wilfrid Laurier dominated the foreground of the political scene. The pot-and-kettle accusations of graft and counter-graft passed

harmless over the heads of an electorate happy in the cornfield and the counting-house.

Nor is it to be doubted that had the recent contest been fought over the same issues, or lack of issues, the result would have been the same. It is true that the cause of the Conservatives, even apart from Reciprocity, was good. The lavish expenditures of the late Government, its willingness to build canals without water, wharves without ships, and post-offices without letters, the serious scandals which attached to more than one public department, the gyrations of its little navy, whose *rôle* in a British war was screened behind a curtain of official ambiguity—all of this contained within it enough to ruin (if poetic justice reigned over politics) any Government that ever sat. But the electorate was over-busy and would not be disturbed. "You can't beat Laurier," it said, and that was the end of it. The sunshine vote, which is large in Canada, lay basking on the Liberal side of the fence.

"Whom the gods wish to destroy," so ran the Roman adage, "they first make mad." This is what happened to the Laurier Government. The docility of the electorate had led them to believe that there was no public opinion in Canada other than the creed dictated from the departments at Ottawa. In an evil hour they listened to the fowler's pipe of President Taft, luring them to Washington and Reciprocity.

The proposals of the Reciprocity Compact, now gone to its long home, originated not out of any need or desire of the Canadian people, not from any decline of our commerce or disturbance of our markets, but simply and solely out of the revolving issues of American politics. In the past, of course, as everybody knows, reciprocity of trade with the United States, partial or complete, has more than once figured as the chief issue of Canadian politics. From 1855 to 1866, before yet Confederation had come, reciprocity in natural products was actually in force. Twenty years after Confederation the Conservative Party of Canada would have been willing to accept a partial measure of the sort had Washington been willing to grant it. In 1891 the Liberals had staked their fortunes on the issue of complete Reciprocity, or commercial union, and had lost. Since then the issue had subsided into a deathlike sleep from which

awakening seemed impossible. Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself had frequently made capital by denouncing the policy.

But the situation in the United States had changed. The increasing exploitation of the resources of the Republic led its leaders to look longingly towards the treasure-house of natural wealth beyond the frontier. The ravenous paper and lumber industries, consuming the forests of the United States at a rate three times as fast as their natural growth, turned hungrily to Canada. The millers of Minneapolis computed with envy the growing crop of the new North-West. More than that, the protective system of the Republic, excellent in its ground-plan, had been pushed here and there by the amalgamated interests to the point of extortion. The rising cost of living, due chiefly to the progressive organisation of labour, and tending to squeeze the middle classes between the upper and nether millstones, was laid by many at the door of Protection. A tariff question loomed upon the horizon. The voice of the consumer was lifted up in pain. The Democrats, encouraged by the cry, harked back to their classic doctrine of a revenue tariff. The Republican President must do something to set his house in order for the election of 1912. The attempted revision of the Protective system resulted in the abortive Payne-Aldrich tariff, satisfactory to nobody except perhaps to Mr. Payne and to Senator Aldrich. Reciprocal trade with Canada was eagerly taken up as a means of supplying the industries of the United States with the raw material of the Dominion, easing the agonies of the consumer at least until he should awake from the election of 1912, and above all as a means of enabling Mr. Taft to ride the high tariff horse and the low tariff side by side and to perform from their backs his distinguished double summersault into the Presidential chair.

The particular effect of Reciprocity upon the economic life of Canada it was no part of Mr. Taft's official duty to consider. But for British readers, who are habituated to an entirely different atmosphere from that of this country, and many of whom live still under the preconceptions of a particular school of economic thought, it may be well to consider why it was that reciprocal trade in natural products was rejected by the overwhelming vote of the Canadian people. That the vote was

largely due to what may be called national as opposed to commercial reasons no one will attempt to deny. But the economic case against Reciprocity was enormously strong. To the universalist Free Trader, of course, the whole thing is amazingly simple. It can be settled in the form of a syllogism and written out in a few sentences. Free Trade is a good thing. Reciprocity is part of Free Trade. Therefore Reciprocity is a good thing. It is very likely that many people in Great Britain who entertained very positive convictions on the subject got no further than this. But the moment that one admits that Protection is sometimes a good thing, then the case is altered. Where Protection is a good thing, as, for instance, the official Liberal creed has recognised it to be in Canada for fifteen years, then it does not follow that you make it a still better thing by punching a piece out of it. The Reciprocity Compact proposed to leave every producer in Canada protected, except the farmer. His products were to enter into free competition with those of the United States, and, as an incident to the compact, with those of all other British countries and with twelve favoured nations under special treaty arrangements. In return the farmer got access to the American market, though not, by the way, to the market of the favoured nations.

At the present time the Canadian farmer sells over 80 per cent. of his produce in his own protected market. The prices which he receives are on the whole better than the prices in the closed American market. Wheat and barley and hay are higher in price in the United States, but the prices of horses, cattle, hogs, and other livestock, and of dairy products—in other words, the prices of the finished product of agriculture as opposed to the cruder first products—are better in Canada. All of this was amply proved by Mr. Taft in the documents issued by his Government on behalf of the American farmer. But to the Canadian farmer—except to the grain-grower of the Western plains—the argument worked the wrong way. In other words, the enormous growth of the home market in Canada has given to the Canadian farmer privileges which he had no mind to forego.

Still less did the compact please the Canadian manufacturer. His industry lives upon Protection: the high wages which he pays demand in the interests of himself and his men the exclusion of goods made with cheaper labour. He was not immediately

affected by the compact, but he had the sense to see that if the farmer suffered under it, inevitably his own protection must go down. Reciprocity, in other words, was a breach in the national tariff system under which both farmer and manufacturer have lived for thirty years. The danger to manufacturers carried with it a menace to the great number of factory towns of Canada, scattered from Halifax to the head of the Lakes and rising already in the West; more than all, this danger threatened the belt of towns that runs through Central Ontario, which have grown up, however wicked it may sound, under the shelter of the tariff.

Still less did the compact please the transportation interests of a country whose railroads have been built up east and west in defiance of geography, and which represent an initial economic sacrifice for the sake of a final economic unity.

Behind these arguments lay the greater question of the disposal of our natural resources. The British reader is here on unfamiliar ground, for his national economy offers but little parallel. Yet the case is simple enough. It is best illustrated by considering the future use to be made of the enormous national wealth represented by our forests. Two policies are open to us. We may, under the purest teaching of Ricardian Free Trade, cut down the trees and sell them out of the country to the highest bidder. We sell the pulp-wood: the foreigner, with better immediate advantages, makes the paper. The woodcutters live on our side of the line: the paper-makers live on the other. As a means of getting as rich as possible in twelve months this system cannot be beaten. Under the other method, the hostile *tariff of the foreign nation, or, what is the same thing, an export-*prohibition like that of the Canadian provinces, prevents the wood from being taken out of the country and forces the foreign manufacturer to move in with his capital and men and swell the wealth and population of the country. From the cosmopolitan point of view this is needless; from the national point of view it is everything.

These then were the economic arguments which, it may be said with confidence, appealed strongly enough to the Canadians to have carried the day, even if they had stood alone. But a greater consideration lay behind. Reciprocity carried with

it an inevitable political entanglement. If the Maritime Provinces looked to Boston for their well-being, if Quebec and Ontario were inextricably connected with the market of the central States, if the Grain Provinces poured their harvest into Minneapolis and Duluth, inevitably the lines of social, commercial, and political intercourse would have been distorted from the mould in which we have sought to cast them. This process once started could not have been arrested. The solidarity of the Dominion of Canada, the economic integrity which it is acquiring after years of sacrifice, would have been rent asunder. With it would have broken the tie which binds this country to the Mother Country and the other Dominions under the British Crown. This, undoubtedly, was the great underlying thought in the mind of the people of Canada, which cast the silent vote of the masses, in defiance of party allegiance, and in many cases in disregard of personal gain or loss, against the Reciprocity Compact.

The whole situation seems clear enough in retrospect. It was by no means so clear in the troubled months just elapsed. It was the first intention of the Laurier Government to have passed the compact on the strength of their solid party vote in the late Parliament. We can see now what a betrayal of the national will such a course would have involved. The first effort of their opponents was to force them from this course. Great meetings were held in Montreal, Toronto, and other centres: the Government was challenged to put the issue before the people. With each succeeding month a national opposition developed, though its strength was realised by few. Prominent Liberals deserted the fold. A national Anti-Reciprocity League undertook to lay the case before the people. The Conservatives in Parliament, encouraged by the spreading opposition, stubbornly blocked the public business of the country in order to force the Government to a fight at the polls. The Government, serenely confident in its power to have its way either by a Parliamentary vote or by a popular election, granted a dissolution. Then came the conflict. In its earlier stages the supreme optimism of the Liberals was unshaken. Yet the handwriting, for those who could read it, was already inscribed upon the wall. From east to west of Ontario the Conservative meetings outnumbered the

Liberals in attendance by two to one. The roaring enthusiasm of these gatherings recalled the great days of Macdonald's victories, and the campaigns of 1878 and 1891. Powerful influence was thrown into the balance. Mr. Clifford Sifton, the sometime Minister of the Interior in the Laurier Cabinet, was early in the fight against his former colleagues. The most important journal in Canada, the *Montreal Star*, threw the whole force of its power and the prestige of its reputation into the struggle against the Compact. It sent its special correspondents into the United States; it disseminated articles, editorials, and even anti-Reciprocity advertisements broadcast over Canada. It virtually staked its name and its reputation on the cause it had espoused. Sir William Van Horne left the retirement of his picture-galleries to stump the Maritime Provinces. Every day Liberals wavering in their faith made public recantation of their error, and yet so widespread was the feeling that "Laurier could not be beaten" that on the very day before the elections the correspondent of a New York daily telegraphed to his paper that the betting in the clubs of Montreal stood three to one in favour of the Liberals.

Crosswise through the fight ran the struggle of the French Canadian Nationalists against the supremacy of Laurier and in protest against the policy of defending Canada by sea. In the Province of Quebec they placed a dozen candidates in the field. They fought not in alliance with the Conservatives, but side by side with them, seeking a common object in the overthrow of the Government. Alliance, indeed, was scarcely possible. A portion of the Nationalist creed, it is true, might well command the sympathy of the Conservatives, with whose party traditions it is in intimate accord. The desire to retain unimpaired the rights, the privileges, and the "nationality" of the French Canadians is in keeping with the best teachings of the Conservative school. Sir John A. Macdonald saw in it, in his day, the only prospect of a united Canada. The demand for honest Government is one that commands everywhere at least a nominal assent. But the claim of the Nationalists that Canada needs no form of maritime defence, whether local or imperial, is as unpatriotic as it is illogical. It can only be held either on the theory, obviously silly, that no foreign nation could ever quarrel with us, or on the

theory of a parasitic subordination to the United States. Alliance between the two parties there was none, as Mr. Henri Bourassa, the fervid protagonist of the Nationalist movement, took pains to declare on the very morrow of the victory. But they at least hunted in couples, the Conservatives in most cases leaving the Nationalist candidates unopposed. The fact that the Nationalists succeeded in electing only one candidate entirely belonging to their party removes them from being an active factor in the new Parliament.

The final struggle and the sweeping victory came upon the country with a great wave of surprise, relief, and national exaltation. Every man was proud of his neighbours when he learned that they had been thinking in the same way as himself. It is seldom that Canada has witnessed such throes of excitement as those that marked the election night of September 21. The autumn sky reddened with the bonfires and torchlight processions of the triumphant Conservatives. In many cases victory was achieved where nothing but an honourable defeat could have been expected by the most sanguine. Here and there contests were fought which will go down in the history of the Dominion. In the County of Kings in Nova Scotia the veteran Sir Frederick Borden, the Minister of Militia, who had represented the riding for twenty-four years, was defeated by an undergraduate of Acadia College. Most notable, perhaps, of all in Canada was the contest in Brome, an English-speaking county of Southern Quebec. Here Mr. Fisher, the late Minister of Agriculture, had reigned supreme. Here, as became his office, he had established himself with a model farm and a mimic husbandry which, if not remunerative in the meaner sense, at least returned a liberal crop of votes that sprang from a constituency perpetually watered with the hose and sprinkler of minor agricultural benefactions. Elections came and went, but Mr. Fisher reigned undisturbed. Not so this time. The constituency witnessed the sudden onslaught of a young Montreal lawyer, Baker by name, untried as yet in politics, whose father had been one of the strong men of the Macdonald *régime*. Confident of his cause, he canvassed the broad riding from house to house, with an impetuous ardour that turned the hesitating support of his adherents into a flame of enthusiasm. When, midway in the election returns, the news was flashed from

city to city that the hitherto impregnable County of Brome had fallen, it was felt that the Liberal *régime* was at an end.

The interpretation of the great election in Canada is of supreme import to the whole Empire. In its narrower sense it means much, of course, for the two great political parties of Canada. It places the Conservative Party not only in office, but in a position of advantage which will last for years to come. They are elected upon a negative question. In assuming control they reinherit their own national policy. Their great majority will enable them to disregard the importunities of factions and place-hunters. The splendid campaign and the indomitable pluck of their leader, Mr. Borden, sets him in the light of the standard-bearer of the whole nation on the path it has chosen. In opposition Mr. Borden has had his detractors. Now that he is in office the country is making discovery of the fact, patent enough long since, that his sterling honesty, which even the most virulent of his adversaries has never dared to impugn, and his unwavering courage of conviction, will make him the ideal head and centre of a truly national Government.

Of necessity the election carries with it the entire discomfiture and disorganisation of the Liberal Party of Canada. As a factor in Opposition the party is weakened by the discredit of its leaders. Mr. Fielding's bid for the succession to the leadership as the man who made Reciprocity has ended in his eclipse. His wreath of laurel is exchanged for a tin extinguisher. Reciprocity, of course, must be thrown overboard; indeed that awkward ballast is already being heaved up to the bulwarks of the dismantled ship by the few navigators who remain on deck. In addition to that the advantage of a solid French vote is lost to the Liberals for ever in the game of Canadian politics. The Nationalist wedge has been driven deep into the tree. The advantage of the enormous prestige of Sir Wilfrid Laurier as a leader is also gone. Whether his present position as leader of the Opposition be long or short, he can never regain the position in Canada from which he has fallen. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, it may be said, with all the gentleness of speech which is becoming in speaking of such a man on such an occasion, touched in this election upon the one point on which he never fully enjoyed the confidence of the Canadian people—our relations to the British Empire. It has been his

fortunate lot to represent us on great occasions. He has ridden for us in coaches of State, to the plaudits of a London multitude. He has coined phrases for us, of summoning us to Imperial councils and the like, grandiloquent in the utterance, but meaning less and less as they recede into retrospect. That he ever really understood the feelings of his English-speaking fellow citizens of Canada towards their Mother Country, that he ever really designed to advance the cause of permanent Imperial unity—these things may well be doubted, even by those who are most ready to pay tribute to the long career of disinterested public service which he has written upon the annals of Canada.

It is this very question, that of our permanent Imperial union, on which the chief bearing of the Canadian election falls. We are, in Great Britain and throughout the Empire, groping for something which we desire but still seek in vain. The great problem of our common future is to find an organic basis of lasting union. That it will be found those of us who have faith in the Empire cannot for a moment doubt. Meantime the voice of the Canadian electorate comes as a plebiscite of the eight million people of this half of the continent in expression of their earnest wish for an enduring union with the Empire. How far and by what steps the new Canadian Government will be able to aid in cementing the bonds of Empire time and circumstance alone can show. Meantime it counts for much that the greatest of all the Dominions beyond the seas should have borne such witness to its faith.

STEPHEN LEACOCK.

THE CRYING NEED OF HOUSING REFORM

It is almost impossible to take up a newspaper in these days of strikes and labour unrest without reading something about "hooligans" and "slum-dwellers." We realise that though the railway strike was the occasion of such riots as occurred at Liverpool and Llanelly, the actual perpetrators of the violence were not in most cases railway men at all, but the "hooligans" who came out of the neighbouring slums. It appears that we have in all our big towns a large and dangerous population, living in a state of semi-starvation and semi-barbarism, amid surroundings loathsome in the extreme. We have only in many cases to stray a few yards to the right or left of the main thoroughfares of some of our principal cities to find rows of dingy courts and alleys, without light, air, or cleanliness. Many of the houses stand back to back, so that no through ventilation is possible, while often great obstructive buildings keep off the sunshine, and most of the roads, if indeed the narrow alley-ways can be called roads, are *cul-de-sacs*. When we see the character of the dwellings we cannot wonder at the character of the people. Rather I should say we may well wonder at the character of many of them, for I have met some of the best people in the world, God-fearing men and women, and bright, jolly children, in the filthiest slums. But alongside of them live whole colonies of thieves and prostitutes, and in these surroundings is bred that greatest of modern curses, the young hooligan, the young man with perhaps a smattering of Board-school education, but with no religion, no ideals, no idea whatever of duty or patriotism. These are the people who, when they hear the revolutionary doctrines preached by the Socialists and Anarchists, absorb them in their crudest form, and translate words into deeds by heaving a brick at the first "capitalist" they meet and at the working man who

sticks to his post in the midst of a strike. I am not for a moment saying that the existence of the slums is the only cause of "hooliganism," but it is undoubtedly one of the chief causes, and we shall never get rid of the one until we get rid of the other.

Let us examine another pressing evil, not so much social as physical. The most baffling disease which the medical profession has to combat is that generally known as tuberculosis. So serious have its inroads become that in the National Insurance Bill Mr. Lloyd George proposes to make a capital grant of one million sterling to erect sanatoria for consumptive patients, and one million a year for their maintenance. The question, however, is naturally being asked, "Could not this money be better spent on destroying the breeding-places of the disease, and so preventing its growth, instead of on sanatoria designed to cure it?" There can only be one answer to this question, and that in the affirmative. Then what are the principal breeding-places? Undoubtedly the slums. How true this is was forcibly brought to my notice a little time ago. As Chairman of the Housing Committee of the London County Council it was my duty a year ago to bring forward a proposal of that committee to clear three notorious slums in South London, known as the Tabard Street, Grotto Place, and Crosby Row areas. From the official figures supplied to me it appeared that whereas for a period of five years the death-rate in London as a whole had averaged 14·9 per thousand and from phthisis alone 1·44, in the Tabard Street area the average from all causes was 36·8 and from phthisis 3·88. Grotto Place was even worse, the figures being, from all causes 39·1, from phthisis 6·10. Thus in the Tabard Street area the death-rate from phthisis was nearly three times that of London as a whole and in Grotto Place nearly five times. Facts like these speak for themselves and require no comment.

Of course attempts to get rid of the slums have been made in most towns in the last forty years, and much excellent housing reform has been carried out by enlightened local authorities and landowners. Here and there we see bordering on existing slums huge barracks, "block dwellings," as they are called, not ideal residences for the poor by any means, for there is nowhere for the little ones to run about and play, but at least they are clean

and airy, with good sanitation and consequently a low death-rate, and these mark where even more pestiferous rookeries than any we have now existed a few years ago. Or again on the outskirts of a town the council has built model cottages under Part III. of the principal Act, or a co-partnership society is laying out a "garden city" to attract the workers into purer air and surroundings, while a cheap electric tram or a workman's ticket on the railway provides the means of communication. Then again we have Building Acts now, and we do not allow speculative builders to crowd as many houses to the acre as can be got in, as we used to do in the glorious mid-Victorian days of *laissez-faire*, and consequently the worst class of slum cannot be created in the future. But when all is said we have acres and acres of horrible slum property in most of our towns, the like of which exists nowhere else in the world that I know of, but which are the monopoly of "Merrie England." What are we going to do with them? Is *laissez-faire* still to prevail? Are the laws of slumdom as eternal and immutable as those of the great fetish called "Free Trade" are said to be? Or are we going to make an effort to wipe out a national disgrace, and to insist that the workman shall have the right not only to live, but also to live in a decent house amid surroundings which are not calculated to injure his health, to depress his spirit, and to debase his whole nature?

Here, in my opinion, is a great opening for the Unionist Party. On no subject have the Conservatives and Unionists a better record than in the matter of housing reform. Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Beaconsfield were the first two statesmen to tackle the question at all. They met with constant opposition and ridicule from Whigs and Radicals, saturated as they were with the *laissez-faire* and Free Trade nostrums of the day. When in 1850 a deputation headed by Lord Shaftesbury (then Lord Ashley), supported by the Bishop of London of the day, by Charles Dickens, and other leading men interested in the condition of the poor, waited on Lord John Russell to call the attention of the Government to the appalling and insanitary condition of the homes of the working classes, which had largely conduced to the great cholera epidemic in London in 1848–9, the only answer he got from the Whig Prime Minister was: "In this city there is very naturally and properly great jealousy of interference either

with local rights or individual action and freedom from control." Lord Shaftesbury, however, persisted, and in the next year he passed the Common Lodging Houses Act, which, though it did not go far, was the first attempt made by the Legislature to deal with the housing problem. Nothing more of importance was done till 1868, when Mr. Disraeli's Government was in office. In that year the first of the series of Acts known as Torrens' Acts was passed, which provided for the appointment of medical officers of health and gave power to local authorities to compel the owner of an insanitary house to put it into repair. This was followed in 1875 by the Artizans' and Labourers' Dwellings Improvement Act, passed by Lord Cross, the Conservative Home Secretary, generally known as "Cross's Act." This differed from Torrens' Act inasmuch as it provided powers for dealing with whole slum areas which had been represented by a medical officer as insanitary, whereas Torrens' Act had in view single houses only. Various amending Acts followed, and a Royal Commission was appointed on the motion of Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords in 1884, of which one of the members was the late King, then Prince of Wales, whose constant interest in the question is well known. In 1890 a great consolidating and amending Act was carried by Lord Salisbury's Government, which, though frequently improved in detail since, remains the code under which all housing reform has to be carried on. Under the Act clearance schemes of areas or groups of houses so structurally deficient as to require complete replanning, which formed the subject-matter of Cross's Act, are dealt with under Part I., the power to compel owners to repair individual houses or to close and demolish them is dealt with under Part II., while Part III. enables local authorities to provide housing accommodation voluntarily (*i.e.*, not in order to fulfil a rehousing obligation) whenever they are of opinion that there is a dearth of such accommodation in the district.

It was the practice of Radicals in those days to jeer at this "policy of sewage," as they called it, yet how much better was such a policy than one of purely destructive political change! Much good work has been accomplished under these Acts, as I have already said. Unfortunately they did not go far enough; "the vested interests in filth and dirt," to quote a vigorous phrase used by Lord Robert Grosvenor in 1850, proved too

strong. A very great deal remains to be done, and at the present rate of progress it will be many years before our slums are extinguished. One great defect is the excessive cost of proceedings under Part I., which renders clearing an area a luxury to be indulged in by a local authority at very rare intervals. From a return published on October 30, 1907, by the London County Council, entitled *Cost of Clearance and Rehousing*, it appears that up to that date the Council, and the Metropolitan Board of Works before them, had completed thirty-one schemes involving the displacement of 41,584 persons of the working class, and that the net cost falling on the rates was no less a sum than £2,044,401, or £50·5 per person displaced. This leaves out of account the cost of rehousing altogether, which is, or at least should be, remunerative, and which as a matter of fact shows a small annual surplus in London now. The net cost means the total cost of acquiring the properties, of compensating trade interests, of constructing new roads and carrying out other works, together with law and other incidental charges, after deducting the value of the sites for rehousing and of surplus lands sold. So appalling, indeed, has the cost been that the London County Council initiated no new scheme for ten years, and only recommenced the policy again last year because it was felt that the condition of the Tabard Street, Grotto Place, and Crosby Row areas was so bad that they could wait no longer. The estimated net cost of this scheme, which comprises some 16 acres and involves the displacement of 4552 persons, is £382,900, to which must be added £4800 for the creation of an open space, which, though not absolutely necessary, is most desirable.

Besides the London County Council other local authorities have been deterred from an extensive use of their powers under Part I. by the excessive cost. Liverpool, indeed, is an exception; thanks to the progressive policy of the Conservative majority on the City Council a number of Part I. schemes have been successfully carried out in recent years, and the work is still going on, but the authorities admit that but for the cost much more might have been accomplished, and there is much yet to do. The Birmingham authorities, on the other hand, have preferred to rely chiefly on their powers under Part II., compelling the owners of individual houses to put them in order, and they have been fairly

successful in their efforts. Similar action is now being taken extensively by some of the metropolitan boroughs in London, but much more might be done by them. I do not myself see, however, how the procedure under Part II. makes it possible to deal with large slum areas, where several acres must be cleared and the whole requires replanning, though it is certainly a useful and inexpensive plan for dealing with single houses, or even a single row or court. In any case the process must be a very slow one, and in the meantime our slums go festering on, a danger to the whole community.

There is another school of housing reformers who object to money being spent on slum-clearing at all, and who would rely entirely on building "garden cities" on the outskirts of towns, or even in the open country, and trying to attract the people to come out and live in them. There is much to be said for this idea, and it may prove to be the ultimate solution of our difficulties, but the creation of garden cities alone will never drain the existing slums. Does anybody suppose that if the London County Council had decided to spend the money now being devoted to clearing the Tabard Street and other areas in laying out a garden city somewhere in the south-eastern suburbs the dwellers in the slums would have gone there and these areas would have been closed in the next fifty years? However excellent it may be for the working classes to avail themselves of cheap trams and workmen's tickets and to live in garden cities in the suburbs, it must be remembered that there are always a certain number who are compelled to live quite close to their work—*e.g.*, costers, porters in the early markets, and the like. In the case of the Tabard Street scheme it was computed that 1700 of the 4552 persons to be displaced were of this character; and why should not these people have decent sanitary homes near their employment? The real truth is that while every encouragement should be given to their formation, garden cities, taken by themselves, will no more rid us of our slums than will leisurely proceedings under Part II. Yet our slums must go.

The first thing to do, in my judgment, is to recognise that the decent housing of the people is a national question, which can no longer be left exclusively to local authorities and private enterprise. Indeed, to unregulated private enterprise in the past

we owe the slum. We must go boldly to the State and demand State assistance of a very material character. By the recent Development Act large sums are contributed annually for various objects of public utility, such as afforestation and the straightening out of main roads. These objects are all good in themselves, but how much more important it is to get rid of these horrible courts and alleys and houses unfit for human beings than to improve roads chiefly for the benefit of motorists! We ought to ask the Government for at least one million a year for housing reform, and no money could be better spent.

How should this money be applied? The Government should appoint Housing Commissioners, whose duty it would be to consult with local authorities, to survey the large towns and map out the plague-spots, to consider in what districts, rural as well as urban, there is a dearth of housing accommodation, and to co-operate with local authorities in carrying out housing schemes. Some local authorities lag behind others in their zeal for housing reform; this is especially the case in some of the smaller municipalities, chiefly owing to poverty, sometimes because the slum-owner or the speculative builder is strongly represented on the local council and has his own axe to grind. In these cases the Commissioners would, in a well-known Radical politician's expressive phrase, "supply the ginger." Upon their advice grants would be made towards slum-clearance schemes, not exceeding half the net cost, or towards housing schemes under Part III. in cases where workmen's dwellings cannot be supplied at rents that workmen can pay without a burden being placed on the rates. This is frequently the case in rural districts, in many of which there is a positive "house hunger." Nor should the assistance be confined to local authorities. Companies, building societies, co-partnership associations, and even landowners prepared to embark on housing schemes which must clearly be unremunerative should receive grants in aid under suitable conditions. In this way the work of properly housing the people would be immensely speeded up, and the most backward districts would take seriously in hand the work of housing reform.

At the same time various amendments should be made in the existing Acts to remedy ascertained defects. It cannot be denied that notwithstanding the drastic provisions of the Act

of 1890 the slum-owner gets as a rule far too much for his property when acquired compulsorily by a local authority for the purpose of an improvement scheme. The valuation is generally based on rental, and the rents are swollen by overcrowding; thus the slum-owner is rewarded for doing that which is most detrimental to the community. Nothing, indeed, pays so well as to own a slum. The owner gets abnormally high rents so long as it exists, and he does as little in the way of repairs as possible in the hope that before long his property will be condemned as an "insanitary area" or part of one, and that then a beneficent local authority will come along and buy him out at a high figure. It is true that, according to the Act, deductions are to be made if the value is inflated by reason of overcrowding, but in practice this has often been disregarded owing to the extreme difficulty of proving overcrowding. The best plan would be to eliminate values based on rental altogether, and to value the site and the structure separately, giving the full commercial value for the site, and in the case of the structure valuing it at the cost of erection minus depreciation for its age and condition of disrepair. This would be fair to the slum-owner, who is entitled to the value of his slum, but to nothing more. The question, however, is full of difficulty, and we can only hope to obtain some amendment of the existing clause which will carry out our objects.

Another great source of loss to local authorities, and especially to the London County Council, has been the obligation to rehouse the people displaced on the site or in its immediate vicinity. There are, as I have already pointed out, a certain number of persons who must live near their work, but the majority of the dispossessed people can always live further afield, and would be willing to do so if they had the chance. But though the Local Government Board has certain dispensing powers, in most cases the local authorities have been compelled to rehouse on the sites. What has been the result? The sites have been acquired at their full commercial value (*i.e.*, their value in the open market, unfettered by any conditions as to what use they may be put to). Now, however, their use is restricted to the housing of the working classes, and their value is in consequence greatly diminished. The London County Council and other authorities accordingly have adopted the practice of writing them down to "housing

value" (*i.e.*, their value when subject to this restriction), and this in some cases has amounted to not more than one-seventh part of the commercial value, which the Council had to pay when it purchased! In the case of the thirty-one completed schemes in London mentioned above, 61 per cent. has been written off the purchase price on the average, and this loss represents about 25 per cent. of the total net cost of the clearance. This writing-down process has been freely criticised, but if fairly done it is sound, and represents the fact that the sites are not being put to their best economic use. In any measure of housing reform I should suggest that in future local authorities may provide rehousing anywhere within their boundaries or outside them if suitable sites can be found, and that the Local Government Board or Housing Commissioners shall, after reviewing the circumstances, consider that their rehousing obligations have thereby been fulfilled *pro tanto*. This would avoid the wasteful writing-down process, and enable the sites acquired to be disposed of to the best advantage.

Then again local authorities should not be confined to providing working-class accommodation alone, but should be allowed to do a little town-planning, provided the object is to facilitate the provision of working-class dwellings. By town-planning I mean a very generous treatment in the way of open spaces, the number of houses to the acre not to exceed fifteen at most, and as a rule to be less, and the introduction of better-class villa residences and the like. No greater mistake economically or socially can be made than to mass *all* the poor in cities by themselves, leaving the better-off classes to segregate themselves in better-class quarters. Yet this has been the effect of the Housing Acts up to date. For example, land purchased for voluntary housing under Part III. of the Act of 1890 can be used for housing the working classes and for nothing else. Some years ago the London County Council purchased a large estate of 225 acres in Tottenham, and as the law stands now it must all be developed as workmen's dwellings. Up to the present some forty acres have been covered, with twenty-seven houses to the acre on the average. At this rate the estate when completed will have some 6000 houses, all inhabited by the working class; in other words, it will be a large city of the poor of, say, 30,000 inhabitants. The Council is now proposing

to ask for special powers from Parliament to develop part of this estate as a "garden suburb," but such powers should be given generally to all local authorities.

There are many other points in which useful changes might be made in the existing Housing Acts to facilitate their working. It is an open secret that they are being embodied in a Bill to be brought in by the Unionist Social Reform Committee in the House of Commons. It is further proposed that another Bill should be introduced to amend the Small Dwellings Acquisition Act of 1899 so as to enable working men to purchase their homes on easy terms by an extensive use of State or municipal credit. The conditions laid down by the existing Act are practically prohibitive, the buyers having to find in cash one-fifth of the purchase price—*i.e.*, £50 or £60 in most cases—and in addition the legal costs. All these changes, however, are of small importance compared with the recognition by the State that the immediate clearance of the horrible slums in our towns and the provision of decent, healthy homes for the people is a vital necessity for the nation, and must be undertaken at once, whatever the cost. Here is a policy for the Unionist Party. Let them declare open war on the slums. Let them demand help from the State, a million a year at the very least. Let them press this demand boldly without delay. Whether they force the hands of the present Government or whether, failing in this, they keep it in their own hands and carry it through themselves later on, they will have succeeded in removing one of the greatest blots on our civilisation.

ARTHUR GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN.

OUR SENTIMENTALISTS AND OUR SEA-POWER

If anything could have awakened our sentimentalists and Pacifists from their dreams, it is the history of the last six months. For six years the darling leaders and prophets of the Radical Party have persistently assured us that war had become a thing of the past. The moral law reigned in Europe. We could count, they told us, and furiously denounced the *National Review* for ridiculing their assertions, on the goodwill of Germany and other Powers, if only we were weak, meek, and humble enough. Even the *Westminster Gazette* preached that "policy, not armed strength," was the real preventive of war in this moral age. *Coups de main* were deeds that belonged to a dark past and had been eliminated by progress. Arbitration and the Hague Tribunal would effectually prevent any future recourse to arms. A fresh argument irresistible to those materialists who imagine that nations and men labour only for gain was provided by that master sophist, Mr. Norman Angell, in *The Great Illusion*. It was to the effect that the financial Powers of the world were so completely interdependent that no one of them could make war on another without suffering such exorbitant loss as to render war a bad business proposition. Hence war was financially impossible.

That responsible people really swallowed this new and preposterous doctrine is proved by the policy of Radical Ministers, and we must add by the half-hearted opposition offered by Unionists to that policy. Unless we are to suppose Messrs. Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, and L. Harcourt open enemies of their country, we must put down to their childish ignorance their campaign against British armaments. When every other Power in the world was increasing its army and its fleet they proceeded

to cut down the British outlay on both. Mr. Lloyd George proclaimed in the *Nation* that naval armaments were "futile." He announced that the country could not pay for both a social policy and "Dreadnoughts," and intimated that in a world of peace the naval position could safely be allowed to slide. He and Mr. Churchill in the background dealt deadly blows at every recurring naval programme. If they had been granted their way—and that they were not was due to the strenuous opposition of men whom they denounced as panic-stricken alarmists, but whose doctrines they have since embraced—there would have been no British "Dreadnoughts" laid down last year and only four in 1909. They would have brought down the British strength in modern battleships to a bare numerical equality with the German fleet. Now that they are adopting a very different tone in their speeches and proclaiming that England cannot accept peace with dishonour or abandon her rights, and that she must be prepared, if need be, to support them with force, it should not be forgotten that they did their best to place her in a position where the surrender of those rights and peace with shame must have been inevitable. If there is any truth in the old saying, "Gouverner, c'est prévoir," then recent events have proved our demagogues mere charlatans. After trading for years on the voters' ignorance and short-sightedness, they have calmly repudiated their utterances of the past.

But Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. Harcourt were not the only converts to the new theories. The world was treated to the astonishing spectacle of a British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs who spent his time in chasing the moonbeams of universal arbitration. Sir Edward Grey's acceptance of far-reaching changes in the laws of naval war to Britain's disadvantage at the Hague Conference of 1907 shocked those who had believed that he was a strong and clear-headed Minister. It was followed by his negotiation of the miserable Declaration of London, of which more anon, and by his eager and credulous espousal of Mr. Taft's proposal for a treaty of unlimited arbitration with the United States. Instead of attending to British interests, Sir Edward forthwith subordinated British policy to American aims, by doing all that lay in his power to further the treacherous Reciprocity Treaty between Canada and the United States.

No one but a child will believe that the Foreign Office was not concerned in this dishonourable intrigue, which, had it succeeded, must have at once injured British trade and dealt a fatal blow to the unity of the British Empire. But as the whole plot has collapsed and as Mr. Bryce's efforts have failed, this is a subject which may well be left for the younger and more energetic Unionists to probe in Parliament. Suffice it to say here that Sir Edward Grey's and Mr. Taft's new treaty, which was to "inaugurate a new era," to begin the "golden age," and to "serve as an example to all the Powers," has been pitilessly cast by the American Senate on the rubbish-heap, after its cowardice, cant, and folly had been denounced in suitable terms by Mr. Roosevelt. It is not pleasant to find a British Foreign Minister subjecting his country to such a rebuff, or showing so lamentable a want of worldly wisdom. But, after all, it must be said for our Cabinet that if they are meek and mild enough in facing foreign Powers and upholding the honour of England, they have shown extraordinary courage in coercing their King.

The first lesson to our Pacifists has been the Agadir affair. Suddenly, last July, without warning or notice the pacific and friendly German Government despatched a gunboat to that Moroccan port, and thereby raised afresh the whole question of Morocco. It had been settled once in 1904; it had been settled a second time in 1906 by the Algeciras Agreement; it had been settled a third time by the Franco-German understanding of 1909. Yet in the summer of 1911 it had once more to be painfully debated and blackmail to be paid to Germany to induce her graciously to withdraw her ships. Was Germany prepared to submit the question to The Hague? Did she trouble twopence about "the financial interdependence of the money Powers" when she dealt her blow? The only points that counted in her eyes were the French, British, and Russian armaments. Throughout the summer and early autumn peace hung by the slenderest thread. France and Germany accumulated forces on the Alsace-Lorraine border. The bulk of the British Navy assembled in its fighting position in Cromarty Firth. Russia took steps which indicated that she would keep her military compact with her ally. Twice at least there were alarms that war had actually come. British naval dispositions were hurriedly altered. Coal

was rushed north by train to the Fleet. If Germany eventually drew back her retreat must be ascribed solely to military and naval causes, not to moral laws. Her naval staff calculated that the chances at sea would be more in her favour two years hence. Her military staff was none too certain of Italy, tardily realised the enormous progress achieved by the French Army, and awoke to the fact that on the thirtieth day after mobilisation the Russian troops might begin to cross the eastern frontier in enormous force. It was not the fetiches of our Pacifists that kept the peace, but the armed force, confidence, and unity of the Triple Entente.

"Yes," we shall be told, "but how about the 'panic' on the Berlin Bourse?" That "panic" was a small affair. And if the credit of the Powers concerned be examined it will be discovered with some surprise that England and France, who were certainly not the aggressors, suffered most by the period of suspense and financial tension. It was not Germany that was hardest hit. German 3 per cents. fell from 84 at the end of 1910 to 81½ in the "panic." The loss was 2½ points. British Consols dropped from 79¼ to 76⅝, a fall of nearly 3. French Rentes fell from 97 to 93, a fall of 4. The fearful financial convulsion that Mr. Angell had predicted produced comparatively insignificant effects at Berlin. And it is known that in the event of war all preparations have been made by the German Government for promptly dealing with any financial crisis. A *moratorium* will be proclaimed, as Sir Francis Oppenheimer points out in his last report. Meantime we are left with the knowledge that the results of the Morocco affair, coinciding as it has done with the widespread strikes in this country, which are the direct result of the class war preached for the last four years by Messrs. Lloyd George, Churchill, and Ure, have been more disastrous to credit and business in England than in Germany.

After Morocco, Tripoli. The Italian Government applied in the South of Europe the methods which Germany had used against France, but with infinitely more justification and reason. For a year it had been protesting to the Young Turks against their cavalier treatment of Italian nationals and Italian commerce. The Young Turks, placing all their trust in their secret understanding with Germany, treated the Italian complaints with derisive contempt. There were even reports that they were pre-

paring to hand over Tobruk, in Tripoli, to Germany as a base for the squadron which the German naval staff has long been preparing to send to the Mediterranean. The solemn homilies which at the beginning of the war the British Press read the Italians all ignored these important facts. Italy's action was in no way directed against British interests, and it must be said that the British Government has acted with perfect loyalty to Italy as an old friend of this country. Whatever sympathy we may feel for Turkey, there can be none for the Young Turks, who showed no gratitude for Sir Edward Grey's efforts on their behalf in 1908, but sold themselves to Germany. It is an open secret that eight or ten years ago Italy obtained from the British and French Governments recognition of her privileged position in Tripoli, where the Turkish dominance has never been more than a shadow. It is not less certain that in return Italian influence in Egypt was thrown into the British scale when our position in that country was not what it is to-day.

We have been told by all the sentimentalists that wars, if they come at all, cannot come suddenly. Yet here is an example to the contrary. On September 23 the Italian mobilisation began under the screen of a strict censorship on telegraphs and telephones, as the Italian Government desired to anticipate any attempt on the part of its nominal ally to carry out an Agadir *coup* in Tripoli. On the 26th the Italian fleet appeared off the Tripoli coast, and simultaneously an ultimatum was handed to the Turkish Government requiring the cession of Tripoli. On the 29th, as the Young Turks dropped the ultimatum into the waste-paper basket and appealed to Germany, Italy began hostilities. A week earlier it is safe to say that no one in Europe had foreseen the danger. Again all the fetiches were of no avail. Mr. Stead is still tearfully complaining that no one has paid the slightest attention to the Hague Tribunal. Arbitration has been scorned. "The palladium of the world's peace" aroused no enthusiasm anywhere. The "solidarity of nations in preventing war" proved as empty a safeguard as that financial interdependence of the Powers, which failed to move the Italian Government by one hair's-breadth from its course. Italy refused to take Mr. Angell's theory into account, and nothing terrible has happened to her in consequence. The general strike, which Socialists

declare is the sure preventive of war, was tried by the Italian syndicalists without a gleam of success. The strike ignominiously collapsed, and if it had not failed the gentlemen who planned it would have been placed in prison and their dupes shot down with the approval of the whole Italian nation.

In England the *Daily News*, which has devoted all its energy for the past six years to weakening British armaments, suggested with lamentable inconsequence that Britain should assume the task of dragooning Italy and Turkey into peace by making war on them both, and thus estranging both parties to the quarrel. This absurd suggestion to kindle universal war in order to prevent a petty conflict was received with the ridicule it deserved. Mr. Stead's fatuous journey to Constantinople to "stop the war" was not less absurd, though Mr. Stead has at least been an advocate of a strong British fleet in the past.

As peace was preserved in the Morocco affair by the strength of the French army, the self-confidence of the French nation, and the preponderance of the British fleet, so in the Tripoli affair war was precipitated by the naval weakness of Turkey. At German counsel the Turks had devoted all their resources to the organisation of a large army, because this army would have been a useful weapon in the hands of the Germanic Powers against Russia and England. But as they had neglected their fleet the strength of the Turkish land forces could not be brought to bear. The Turkish navy had fallen to a figure which would have satisfied even Messrs. George and Churchill. It mustered only two old battleships of German *provenance*, and was so miserably weak that it did not venture to put to sea. If there is anything in the Pacifist theory that absence of armaments tends to avert war here was a test case. The Young Turks might plead that they had trusted to the Hague Tribunal, the financial interdependence of the Powers, and Mr. Angell's demonstrations that the conquest and annexation of each new province involves immense loss to the conqueror, to protect them against the designs of Italy. Actually it was their want of battleships that made the war. Had the Turkish fleet been strong enough to threaten the Italian command of the sea or to meet the Italian ships in action, it is perfectly safe to assert that the war would never have taken place. Italy would never have run the risk

involved in bombarding Tripoli and effecting a landing with a large Turkish fleet in being, supported by Turkey's huge army of 750,000 men. The work of hunting down the Turkish fleet might well have required months and given time for the most perilous complications.

The idea that right will defend itself by some mysterious process or that all nations will rush to assist a Power which does not trouble to protect itself by powerful armaments has been proved to have no relation to facts. The sentimental rhetoric of the Lord Mayor of London, Mr. Taft, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Stead, and the gentleman who, with that graceful felicity of speech so common among Radicals, is described by one of them as "silly, meddling Meyer" is shown by events to be sheer folly. It is worse. It preaches the gospel of the "shirker"—the man *who wants the palm without the dust. Right in international* affairs depends on the readiness of a people to make sacrifices for it and strenuously to defend it. "Nationality is impaired and the national principle is violated just as soon as a nation neglects any source of efficiency which is required either by its international position or by its national purpose." And our sentimentalists should remember that "national development is as close to the will of God as the institutions of philanthropy or the rites of divine worship." A people which is not prepared to fight for its inheritance to the last will not long retain that inheritance in a world where nations are armed to the teeth. Such a people may rest positively certain that no one will stand up for those imagined rights which it does not itself deem worthy of determined effort. If God is on the side of the big battalions, it is because the nation which provides the big battalions is generally in earnest and is not afraid of wounds or loss or death.

Though, for the moment, Germany has encountered diplomatic defeat at Agadir, one further fact emerges. The effect of the crisis has been to exasperate German feeling against Britain. At every turn the German Government has artfully represented Britain as "the enemy," standing behind France and encouraging her to defy German demands. There was probably never a time when German hostility to this country was stronger. The first moral drawn by the German Press from the Agadir affair is that Germany

must have more ships. We in England have to reckon with the enmity of a nation of sixty-four million people—a nation of prodigious strength and virility—organised as no other nation in Europe is, with its entire able-bodied manhood trained to arms, with a navy which already some independent judges pronounce the best of its size in the world, with abounding finances and swiftly expanding trade. Instead of the negligent, careless, slack administration of political mandarins which prevails in this country, in Germany we have government by business men applying scientific principles and expert knowledge. And Germany has not used and is not using up her strength in bitter internal quarrels and sectarian disputes. She is not wrecking her most ancient institutions or robbing either of her two great Churches. She is not dissipating her financial resources on callow, ill-devised projects of social reform. Her whole expansive force, which is terrific, is reserved for employment against the foreigner, and is being concentrated upon one supreme task, the provision of a fleet which, backed by her enormous army, shall be capable of forcing Britain to make way for the German world-designs. From the standpoint of the German *realpolitik*, even the Tripoli affair may be turned to useful account. If Britain should find her hands tied, if her fleet in home waters should be so disposed that it could be beaten in detail, Germany might strike suddenly with no more warning than the twenty-four hours which Italy gave the Turks. More than ever in the immediate past will it be necessary for Britain to remain on the alert, to be ready for any surprise. It is on the efficiency and the ample strength of our fleet, not upon any peace movements or Hague Conferences or Declarations or Treaties, that we must depend for our safety. Any weakening of our fleet in present world-conditions will inevitably bring war and disaster. In every part of the world there are British possessions as open to attack as was Tripoli, if once the predominance of our Navy were removed or destroyed. Of the eligible plots open to ambitious Powers with a passion for colonies we own most, and some of those plots—as, for example, Northern Australia—are being put to no satisfactory use.

It comes then as a fresh shock after all the Government's recent bellicose speeches and protestations to find Mr. McKenna

intimating that the next Navy Estimates will show a reduction, and hinting that the British programme of "Dreadnoughts" may be reduced to two. The very speech in which he made this suicidal suggestion was telegraphed to Germany and deliberately distorted, so as to forward the campaign which the German Government is carrying on for a larger fleet and to represent him as threatening Germany. For this act of lamentable bad faith satisfaction was only tardily offered, with the extraordinary excuse that a portion of a leading article from a French newspaper had accidentally become incorporated with the report. This fresh incident might have awakened even Mr. McKenna. Recent events have shown very clearly that the British Navy, far from being too strong, is approaching the most critical period in its whole history and that its future position at sea is very far from being assured. Now that the Morocco crisis is over, it is in the national interests to speak plainly and to disclose certain facts which have hitherto been quietly suppressed.

In the moment of danger, when war seemed probable, Germany had nine "Dreadnoughts," ready for sea and in fighting trim, though four of these had not completed their trials. The whole force was concentrated. On the British side there were fourteen "Dreadnoughts" nominally with the Home Fleet, but of these one was absent undergoing refit at Portsmouth. A fifteenth was beginning her trials in the south. The British force, therefore, omitting older ships, which are of comparatively little importance, consisted of thirteen "Dreadnoughts" in the North of Scotland, and two at Portsmouth, 700 miles away. The German force of nine could have struck in between these forces. On paper the odds look all against the Germans, but in actual fact four of the German ships were larger and more powerful than their opposite numbers in the British Home Fleet of thirteen. Moreover, the German destroyer flotillas, which in recent years have drawn very close in numbers to our own, and which on the average are actually faster, were probably superior in force, as nineteen of our best destroyers were absent undergoing repairs in the south. The situation in September therefore illustrated the contention of those naval critics who have frequently pointed out that the British Navy, being compelled to be always *en vedette*, can never rely upon bringing its full strength into action. On the other

hand, a Power circumstanced as is Germany, with an immense army and perfect system of coast-fortifications, can send all its ships into harbour for simultaneous repair, if it chooses, without taking any great risk, and can have everything ready and every unit in line if it decides to pounce.

The whole British naval and military policy is based on the supposition that the British naval force is to the German as two to one. That idea underlies Admiral Wilson's famous memorandum on invasion. But when we turn to the actual facts we find that during the last six years the number of British "Dreadnoughts" laid down has been twenty-six British to twenty-one German. That is not two to one or anything like it. Or, if we take the total British strength of "Dreadnoughts" the number built, building, or in hand is thirty British for the Royal Navy, against twenty-one German. The German "Dreadnoughts," however, are larger and more powerful ships than the British. The displacement of the British thirty vessels only works out at 580,000 tons, while that of the Germans is 490,000, so that in tonnage the German "Dreadnought" fleet is to the British as five to six. This is no large margin of security, if there is any margin at all. As Germany admittedly can build as fast as England, should she choose to accelerate her programmes, there is nothing to prevent her twenty-one ships from being at sea as soon as the British thirty.

In addition to the above thirty vessels, two "Dreadnoughts" of a weak and not very satisfactory type are building for the Dominions. One of these, the *Australia,* will not be under the orders of the British Admiralty. Both will be stationed in the Far East, and thither one of the thirty purely British "Dreadnoughts" will also be despatched; indeed the vessel is already under orders. This brings down the British force for European waters to twenty-nine ships as against a German twenty-one. But from that twenty-nine, in the disturbed state of Europe, it will become a matter of imperative necessity to reinforce our Mediterranean Fleet, which at present is a pitiable collection of antiquated vessels. Even if Italy refuses to support Germany in any attack on the British Empire—and nominally she is bound to Germany—the Austrian fleet may have to be reckoned among our antagonists; and by the close of 1914 it will have four very powerful "Dread-

noughts" at sea, besides three ships of the "Lord Nelson" class. Five British "Dreadnoughts" of equally powerful type must therefore sooner or later be sent south. That will leave us with exactly twenty-four ships to the German twenty-one, and the British ships will be inferior in size, and possibly in armament, and will have a total displacement less than the German. For the real fact is that we are scarcely maintaining a one-Power standard.

As with "Dreadnoughts," so with destroyers. In the last six years the number laid down for the Royal Navy has been eighty-six, three of which are for New Zealand service, leaving eighty-three for work at home. The number laid down for Germany is seventy-two; and the German boats carry a heavier torpedo armament. Here again, instead of two to one, we have seven to six, odds so small in our favour that in war the British destroyer flotillas will not be able to carry out their work of closely watching a hostile coast, and may suffer defeat. Japanese experience off Port Arthur proved that to keep five efficient destroyers off the enemy's port eight to ten vessels of the type were needed—*i.e.*, nearly half the nominal strength would at any given moment be absent, coaling, refitting, or resting their crews. At this rate, taking the British boats of less than twelve years of age, which number 126, and the corresponding German craft, which number 102, the British strength that can be maintained off the German North Sea coast is not more than seventy or eighty boats at the most. The Germans, by concentrating their force, can attack these eighty with a hundred boats whenever they choose.

At the critical moment the want of properly prepared bases on the East Coast was cruelly felt by the British fleet. The German navy has a submarine-proof base at Wilhelmshaven. The British fleet has not one single harbour north of Dover proof against torpedo-boats, not to mention submarines. Yet Germany is now building large sea-going, sea-keeping vessels of this type. The British fleet at Cromarty was much exposed to destroyer and submarine attack, and the force of destroyers and small craft attached to it was not sufficient effectively to screen it. Under Lord Fisher the construction of small modern cruisers was neglected, with the result that our fighting fleets are wretchedly equipped with these craft. As it appears that we have abandoned our time-honoured strategy of steaming straight with all force to

the enemy's nearest ports, offering battle and blockading his coast, for the plan of keeping our fleet in some British port, this absence of prepared bases is a matter of tremendous moment. Nor is it only docks, repairing facilities, and enclosed harbours that are wanting. There was little or no coal on the coast—a peril to which Lord Charles Beresford drew attention all in vain three years ago—and 20,000 tons had to be hurried by train to Scotland. Any one who knows anything of naval operations must be aware that quick coaling from trains is out of the question, yet no satisfactory arrangements have been made for the transfer from the shore to the ships. As German "Dreadnoughts" can now take fuel on board at the rate of over 500 tons an hour, this is a matter which imperatively demands attention and expenditure. As yet, it has received neither. If our fleets are not to be fatally handicapped, they must be provided with all the appliances required for rapid coaling, and secure bases must be constructed. Millions must be expended; and yet here is Mr. McKenna or his successor going to cut down the Navy Vote.

There must be not only bases, but also docks. As against the eleven German docks for "Dreadnoughts" on the North Sea coast, we have one complete—which will not take our newest ships—and another floating dock, nearly complete. Two more docks are advancing at Rosyth at a snail's pace. It really seems hopeless to urge this need upon the nation's attention. Ten years ago the *National Review* pointed out the danger, yet in the meantime little has been done and only half-hearted measures have been taken. But a fleet which dare not venture to show itself on the enemy's coast—and that such a policy should be adopted shows how greatly we have fallen—must have secure bases in which to lie without risk of "being Port-Arthured." We are still talking instead of acting, and the Government is looking for economies, not considering the supreme claims of efficiency in war, which mean the safety of the country.

A yet worse feature is that ammunition has been so stinted that to-day our ships fire less than the Germans, and we, who for years led the world in gunnery, are dropping back here as in the quality of our ships. Nothing could be more perilous than to refuse sufficient ammunition or to fail to grant the sums required for large-scale battle practice and reserve guns to replace weapons worn out by constant firing. It is true that gunnery

makes no show in tables of ships, but on the field of battle it will determine the issue of the conflict. We cannot look in this direction for any advantage against the German navy. Probably its shooting is equal to our own; Germans assert openly that it is superior. Extreme rapidity of fire has been attained with the heavy German guns; and the German ships appear to have been specially designed with a view to a peculiar form of attack—in line abreast, at high speed. To meet such an attack our officers require continual practice in combined manœuvres with large numbers of battleships. The Germans perpetually exercise their ships in large masses. On our side such extensive exercises are rare and not a matter of almost daily occurrence. Nor does it appear that our fleets of heavy ships are systematically worked in combination with sea-going submarines. We have several of these craft, yet they are not attached to the fully manned divisions of the Home Fleet. As for the work of blockading, we have never tried our modern fleet at that against a strong force for six weeks or a month—presumably because such a trial would cost too much and because its results would be too disquieting to our mandarins.

Nothing can be more important than the organisation of the high command and naval staff. Yet we have no Admiral Staff in our Navy. We have no accepted strategic and tactical doctrine in consequence. The lessons, if any are taught by our naval manœuvres, which generally consist in effecting the junction of two fleets—a junction that sound strategy would effect long before hostilities came—and in which the ships are not permitted to use their full engine-power, are not pointed out, so that the officers of the fleet are not given a proper training. During the most perilous moment of the Morocco crisis the Home Fleet was without its commander-in-chief, who was absent through illness. Surely the one vital fleet ought never to be left thus headless in an emergency. All these faults can be remedied with time and money and effort, but the money, it appears from Mr. McKenna's recent speech, will be wanting. As it is, we appear to be relying for our safety upon the old plan of guesswork and haphazard improvisation.

If the fleet is not up to its work—and it has never been really tested by systematic and carefully planned manœuvres extending over at least a month, so as to try the endurance of ships and crews, in recent years—there is nothing behind it. Our coast defences are not markedly superior to those which the Italian fleet

so easily knocked to pieces at Tripoli. The most powerful gun mounted in them is the 9·2-in. weapon, which opposed to the modern 11-, 12-, or 13·5-in. gun and to the modern armour is weak and out of date. It is better policy to put money into battleships and mobile force than into bricks and mortar and fixed guns ashore, but if we leave our coasts open we must add largely to the margin of naval superiority and provide ships for the work of coast defence. That we are not doing. It is certain that in war our Admiralty will be driven by panic-stricken cries from our great towns on the seaboard to detach vessels from our weak fighting line for their protection. As for our commerce, though the new laws of naval war so carelessly accepted at The Hague in 1907 have added immeasurably to its danger, it is still left to defend itself. There is not one single modern fast cruiser in the Central or Southern Atlantic, on the American coast, in the Indian Ocean, or on the Australian station, and some time will elapse before the two small fast ships of the Australian Navy and the four small fast cruisers of the Canadian fleet are at sea.

While our coasts and commerce are quite inadequately protected, our military position does not improve. The regular army has been cut down by the present Government. Whether it could take the field promptly with 150,000 men in a great war is extremely doubtful. The latest French authority, Colonel Boucher, examining the task before the French army in war, decides that the British troops will not arrive in time for the decisive encounter. That, of course, is not to say that they will be useless. But the Triple Entente will unquestionably be weakened if the idea advanced by M. Hanotaux gains strength in France, that France reaps nothing but anxiety and danger from her understanding with Britain. As for the Territorial Army, its collapse appears imminent. Its strength at the present time is 50,000 below its establishment, and there is a moral certainty that in the course of next year, when the term of service of a large number of its men expires, it will fall 100,000 below its establishment—to 215,000 men, without horses, without training, without trained officers, with an artillery which would be massacred were any attempt made to bring it into action against Continental batteries.

We must go back to the Two-Power Standard, to the Two-Keels-to-One Standard, if we wish to be safe. The policy of naval economies, if persisted in, means constant diplomatic tension,

involving ruinous loss to British business and prodigious injury to our vast financial and commercial interests. Even from the economic standpoint of profit and loss, which the Pacifists always apply, an all-powerful British Navy by assuring the future is an asset of incomparable value. If our position at sea were in doubt, Consols would fall to 50 or 60; all gilt-edged stock would be unsaleable; the savings banks would have to suspend payment for the simple reason that their assets, Consols and gilt-edged securities, could not be converted into cash, and gold could not be obtained; there would be a financial panic of the gravest character; enterprise of every kind would be checked; advertising in the newspapers would cease with a suddenness of which the Morocco affair and the strike crisis have given some foretaste; food would advance to ruinous prices just at the very moment when works in all directions were closing down from want of raw materials; the sufferings of the poor and of the working man would be incredible, though the "idle rich" might live in passable ease abroad on their foreign investments. The demagogues and sentimentalists who by sins of omission and commission are doing their best to bring such tribulations upon their country are the most cruel and pestilent enemies of the poor.

With the hopeless catastrophe which has overtaken arbitration and the half-baked ideas of the Pacifists all motive for ratifying the Declaration of London has gone. At the Imperial Conference Sir Edward Grey urged upon the Dominion Premiers the necessity of accepting it, on the ground that it was an essential preliminary to secure the alliance of the United States and to further the general cause of arbitration. The American Senate has since made it clear that any alliance is out of the question by throwing the arbitration treaty on the dust-heap. The action of Germany and Italy has proved the worthlessness of Hague Conferences as a preventive of war. Why then persist with the Declaration? It has been condemned by all the British Admirals who are free to speak their mind, with the single astounding exception of Sir Cyprian Bridge. It has been pronounced favourable to Germany and unfavourable to Britain by impartial foreign experts such as the Danish naval officer Commander Hovgaard. It has been denounced by the British Chambers of Commerce and the Chambers of Shipping. While it assures

the food-supply of our Continental enemies, it places the British food-supply in deadly peril. It restricts the operations of our fleets. It does not forbid a new and most insidious form of privateering devised by Germany. It gives belligerents the right to sink our ships when we are neutrals. It subjects our British Admiralty Courts to what has been justly described as a "dago tribunal," on which Britain has one representative out of fifteen, though the British merchant marine is in carrying power half that of the whole world. But the mischief is not yet done. The nation is not yet absolutely committed. The House of Lords can undo the results of its disastrous and miserable vote in favour of the Parliament Bill by throwing out this mischievous measure. Let it offer that as some faint atonement to the country for its treacherous scuttle in August. And let us have an end of this policy of whining make-believe, of cant and cowardice, and like honest and patriotic men address ourselves to the work of making good the neglect and errors of the last five years before the hour of battle comes. For that it is coming, and swiftly, no one who marks the present state of Europe and the world can doubt.

At the moment of going to press comes the extraordinary news that Mr. Winston Churchill has been pitchforked into the office of First Lord of the Admiralty. No politician on the Treasury Bench has a more sinister record. At the Colonial Office he produced confusion and exasperated South Africa by his meddling with Natal during the native troubles. At the Home Office he assailed the judiciary, pandered to criminals, and by his moral cowardice caused pandemonium in South Wales during the miners' strike. Until the last few months he has been a consistent enemy of the Navy, and has attacked the Two-Power Standard. It is an open secret that he was one of the leaders of the party in the Cabinet which fought against a programme of eight "Dreadnoughts" in 1909. That such a man, with such a past, should be turned loose on the British Navy at a most critical hour is a crime against the nation. It is precisely the same crime as was committed in France when the French fleet was entrusted to that arch-demagogue M. Pelletan.

IGNOTUS.

ON PLAYS AND PLAY-WRITING

Many years ago I was approached at the Savile Club by an elderly Oxford Professor with a packet of manuscript under his arm. He confided to me that his health had some time before broken completely down through overwork. "My medical advisers," he said, "ordered me to give my mind a thorough holiday; the most trifling mental exertion they said might result in *meningitis*. So I determined to give my brain a complete rest and I've been whiling away the time by—er—by writing a play." I read his manuscript and I saw no reason to doubt that he had conscientiously carried out his physicians' instructions; that is to say, the play he had put together betrayed no signs of any intellectual exertion whatever. But I am afraid it was never produced.

Far more intelligent men, however, than that worthy Oxford Don have failed as dramatists—some simply through lack of dramatic and theatrical aptitude—but many, like him, through a secret half-conscious contempt for the craft of play-making. The most brilliant writer of our generation—Robert Louis Stevenson, who was endowed with almost every gift that a dramatist needs—humour, imagination, knowledge of humankind, knowledge of effect, characterisation, and the power of writing beautiful dialogue—who ought to have enriched our stage with many magnificent plays, who made several attempts—was entirely unsuccessful in those efforts through underestimating the dignity of the work he was undertaking. Pinero, in a most interesting lecture delivered some years ago to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, draws attention to an essay of Stevenson's in his *Memoirs and Portraits* which "throws a curious light upon his mental attitude towards the theatre." It is called "A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured," and in it Stevenson

describes the delight he took as a boy in gazing into a window in Leith Walk where there stood all the year round a "theatre in working order with a 'forest set,' a 'combat' and a few 'robbers carousing'"; and Sir Arthur traces the disastrous influence of those early impressions upon Stevenson's subsequent dramatic efforts. "He played at being a playwright," says the author of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, "and he was fundamentally in error in regarding the drama as a matter of child's play." Stevenson is not by any means the only illustrious man of letters who has tried in vain to woo the drama in this amused, affectionately-patronising spirit. I remember how Besant's kindly eyes used to sparkle roguishly behind his spectacles whenever he talked of play-writing; he seemed to look on it as a larky recreation akin to riding on a round-about on Hampstead Heath. Also I fancy when Tennyson approached a theatre his mind subconsciously reverted to Hogarth's picture of players dressing in a barn. I recollect his once inquiring in heavy North-Country tones of a group of actresses in a green-room, "Is this where you put on your *fleshings?*" These and many other great authors have attempted to write plays and failed through imagining the art they were essaying to be a trivial art scarcely worthy of the name.

But there has arisen of late years, on the other hand, another type of misguided dramatic aspirant who has succeeded in exciting in some quarters a certain amount of passing attention—a pygmy type not to be mentioned in the same paragraph as the literary giants who have tried to toy with play-writing. I mean the earnest young writer who, far from underestimating the importance of the drama, pays it the highest compliment he can imagine by regarding it as the heaven-sent trumpet through which he is to bray his views on social problems of his own projection—as the megaphone through which he is to teach this poor old world how to revolve. He is, as a rule, a youth possessing not one of the qualifications which go to make a dramatist. He has no spark of that discriminating restraining sense which is called humour; no sense of beauty—nor of proportion—nor of effect; and no knowledge of the society he deems it his mission to set right. His only equipment for his self-imposed task is a morbid imagination—an ingenuity for conceiving horrors in the

way of unusual sins, abnormal unions, inherited taints. And this is the kind of young man who inveighs against the discretionary powers of the Lord Chamberlain and cries out against the merry humours of Labiche. For some recondite reason which I have never been able to fathom, a large number of people regard the writing of grave plays as an art on an altogether higher plane than the writing of bright plays; just as some are apt to class the tragedian as a more intelligent mime than the comedian —though as a matter of fact it requires no more brains to frown through a horse-collar than to grin through one. Furthermore, it is assumed by many as an uncontrovertible postulate that it is vicious and demoralising to deride moral laxity, but virtuous and elevating to discuss it—nay, even to extol it under certain conditions—provided you do so gloomily. Personally I think the influence of the theatre either for good or evil is much overrated. But if a young person *could* be harmed by seeing a play, I think it would more probably be by a sombre dissertation on the right of a wife to desert a degenerate husband—or one of the many kindred topics so dear to the New Dramatist—than by the frivolous burlesque of ill-assorted marriages, such as one finds in the old French vaudevilles. As for the influence of plays on people of mature years, it seems to me just as preposterous to suppose that a man would be impelled by witnessing a Palais Royal farce to go forth straightway and deceive his wife as that he would be inspired to beat her and throw their offspring out of window by watching "Punch and Judy."

I don't myself think it is the business of a dramatist to preach or try to teach a lesson. All that he has to do, it seems to me, is to produce a work of art which shall worthily stir the emotions. But, assuming for a moment that I am wrong and that he really *has* a mission to try to salve the souls of his audience, I think he is far more likely to achieve such an end by making vice ridiculous than by making it interesting. I am not for a moment suggesting that all French farces—especially the more modern ones—are suitable for the English stage; far from it. Many of them are artlessly disgusting in motive. But, speaking generally of the old-fashioned Palais Royal vaudevilles, and particularly of those which have been adapted and played over here with the license of the Lord

Chamberlain, I cannot for the life of me see how they can be deemed demoralising. While on the subject of adaptations from the French, I should like to express my entire disagreement with the pronouncement one so often sees in the papers that "Mr. So-and-So was well advised to keep the scene in France." If the locality of a foreign play cannot be changed to England, or, at all events, the nationality of the characters to English, I question if it is ever any good to attempt to adapt it. It is not merely a question of scenery, dress, and "properties," as they are called—there are also, after all, the actors to be considered; it is impossible for the cleverest of these to convey that they are representing foreigners while they are speaking the beautiful but phlegmatic English language. Even if they have the skill to simulate foreign movements and gestures, these do not mitre with English words, so that the result can never be artistically satisfactory. As a matter of fact, in almost all the successful adaptations that I can recall during the last thirty years or so, the *mise-en-scène* has been changed to England: *A Scrap of Paper*, *Peril*, *Diplomacy*, *A Pair of Spectacles;* the only notable exception that occurs to me is *Fedora*, which was, of course, a colossal success, although the play was kept Russian. I should like to record, by the way, that Bancroft's personal share in the adapting of the Sardou plays which he produced was a very considerable one and contributed in no small degree to the artistic and workmanlike way in which they were turned into English successes.

The day that the Berne Convention foregathered was a cold day for the English dramatist. In the palmy period preceding it, of course, French pieces were freely adapted, very often for the better (witness Tom Taylor's admirable *Ticket-of-leave Man*, which was an infinitely finer play than the original *Rétour de Melun*), and no one dreamt of acknowledging any alien so-called "rights." It was assumed very properly by our patriotic forebears that those had all been captured at Waterloo. Nowadays, to balance matters the foreigner receives, it seems to me, a great deal more than his fair dues. I suppose it is just that he should be well paid for his fundamental idea—although Louis Stevenson was wont to declare that "a plot is merely a question of an arm-chair and a cigarette" (as, with that bright

genius, no doubt it was). But even in the rare cases where the French story has not to be entirely overhauled and changed and reconstructed, the actual adaptation of dialogue is in itself an art possessed by very few and requiring especial talents which ought to be especially recognised. First of all, the adapter should have a thorough knowledge of both the languages with which he is proposing to juggle. This may sound like a truism, but I could mention many who have essayed the feat of adaptation —and will doubtless essay it again—who can neither read French nor write English. Then he must have the gift of finding *equivalents*—for adaptation is not a matter of mere dictionary research; the adapter has to interpret—not just the author's words, which would be easy enough, but his meaning, which is a very different and more subtle task. And then, if a really skilful adaptation has been achieved—that is to say, an entirely different play yet one conveying a corresponding impression to an audience of a different nationality and temperament, with fresh *dramatis personæ*, talking in their new characters to the same end as their foreign originals—the highest compliment the adapter can expect to receive from the careless spectator who has seen both pieces will be something like this: "Yes, my dear fellow—excellent, most amusing. I saw the *real play* in Paris. Of course you had a pretty soft job—you only had to translate it; but you've done *that* 'top-hole.'"

There is another branch of adaptation from foreign sources which may, by a slight stretch of denfiition, be included under the generic heading of Play-writing—I mean the adapting and compiling of Musical Comedies. People wonder at the family resemblance between all these productions; but that, I think, is not fortuitous but designed. The perspicacious managers of this class of piece have discovered that the average playgoer prefers an average entertainment. If a new "show" were to display any unusual special quality the average playgoer would be startled and perhaps annoyed. And the average entertainment is secured in a similar way to the average face in a photograph. Some time ago we had in one of the magazines a number of composite photographs representing various types. The typical preacher's face was obtained by taking on one plate a composite photograph of, shall we say, Canon Henson, the Bishop of London, Fr.

Bernard Vaughan, and General Booth; the typical novelist's face by a combination of, possibly, Marie Corelli, Hugh Benson, Charles Garvice, and George Meredith; the typical actor's face by a mixture of, say, Beerbohm Tree, George Grossmith, Jun., Lewis Waller, and Little Tich. In a similar manner a shrewd *impresario* gets a piece written and rewritten by half a dozen authors—all eminent and accomplished but with entirely different temperaments, styles, and ideas, and the result is a typical successful Musical Comedy which will resemble every other successful Musical Comedy that ever was written; because despite the wit and originality of some of the individual authors the spontaneity of each contributor has been neutralised by blending with the others. Thus, although the casual pleasure-seeker may be disappointed to find no novelty to excite his admiration, and the world is not enriched by a new work of art, the faithful patron of Musical Comedy is reassured to find no unorthodox departure from the form of entertainment to which he has been accustomed and the prudent manager is enriched by a steady influx of gold into his coffers for many months and even years. So long as the conservative public continue to clamour for conventional Musical Comedy, we cannot blame theatrical directors for continuing to see that they get it.

The peevishness of the middle-aged over the triteness of modern musical plays—and indeed of modern plays in general—may be due to the fact that the young demand a different fare from their elders. When I used to sit, with rows of other youths, in the stalls of the Strand Theatre in 1879, all of us chewing tooth-picks, after the elegant fashion of the day, and hammering applause with our crutch sticks when Florence St. John as Mme. Favart had enchanted us with "In Age's Dark December" or "I am an artless thing!" there were no doubt plenty of elderly curmudgeons round about us sighing for the rococo humour of the old Planché extravaganzas and glaring at us young fellows for presuming to admire any successor to Pattie Oliver or to smile at any jest that didn't hinge upon a play of words. They didn't interfere with our enjoyment; we didn't care how much they glared; we regarded them simply as prehistoric old fossils of the Paleozoic age. At a certain club to which I have had the honour to belong for the last thirty years there existed when I

first joined a little sodality of humorists of a previous generation who were wont to dine together every Friday evening and shake their sides and laugh till the tears ran down their cheeks over puns and antiquated anecdotes which plunged us junior members into the depths of low spirits. These cheery ancients used ingenuously to tell all the newly elected—" If you want to see the club at its *best* you must come some Friday night. Friday night's the *great* night here." We irreverent youngsters, on the other hand, used to allude to the occasion of their weekly symposium as " Chestnut Friday" and—unless we had forgotten the day of the week—we rigorously avoided it. Well, each of those hoary-headed jesters has long since gone to his account. But Nemesis, with her helm and wheel, has not forgotten our irreverence. Only a few nights ago I was sitting at the same club with a party of my contemporaries—by chance we were sitting at the end of the festive board which used to be occupied by the old nuisances of our youth. We were in high spirits, merrily interchanging reminiscence and quip and jest, when I suddenly caught sight of some nameless lads—new members—huddled together at the other extremity of the table, murmuring in undertones and glancing askance at us over their shoulders; and I recognised what Barrie might call " the Chestnut-Friday look "—the same expression on their faces that ours had worn years ago when we were used to grunt and sweat under the archaic hilarity of a past period. I frankly admit, therefore, that those no longer in their first youth are apt to be prejudiced, that they are not entitled to judge current artistic work solely by the gauge of their own predilection—that is to say, by the criterion of a previous generation. Still, without discussing for the moment the comparative artistic merits of modern and old plays, I maintain that although there must be at least twice as many theatres in London to-day as there were thirty years ago—independently of Halls and Palaces and suburban theatres—the playgoer has a less interesting and, strange to say, a less varied set of entertainments to choose from now than he had in those days. There seem first of all to be fewer good all-round companies composed of skilled and experienced actors; this may be partly due to the greater number of theatres, which has caused the comparatively few accomplished artists we have to be more distributed. There

seem to be fewer skilled and experienced dramatists habitually at work writing plays; this may be because the fortunate ones make such enormous sums of money nowadays in a very short time that they can afford to work only when they choose. Then most of the theatres seem to have lost their *individuality;* there seem to be fewer each with its own especial prestige for comedy, drama, farce, burlesque, or what not; this may be partly due to the unsentimentality of the new type of tradesman manager which is a development of the last few years. I think this is a greater misfortune than might at first sight appear. Before the Dragon "Syndicate" pushed his huge nose into the dramatic Arcadia, the theatres were almost all under the management of actors who had made the money they invested in them by success in the craft they loved, who surrounded themselves by the best companies they could engage; and their object, pleasure, and pride was to keep these companies together so that the performers played with ease into one another's hands; and each of these theatres became identified with some definite and distinct branch of dramatic art. Thus the playgoer who was in the mood for modern comedy would know without looking "under the clock" that he could find it in perfection at the old Prince of Wales'; if he wanted to see Shakespeare more artistically staged than it ever had been before, he would go to the Lyceum; burlesque, played in those days by artists who could sing and dance and impersonate as well as amuse, he could find at the Strand or Royalty—and so on. Those *personal* managements, if I may so distinguish them from the modern anonymous boards of directors, were in a mutual competition which was directly artistic and only indirectly commercial; and the bands of players who served under them worked with the eager loyalty of subjects to a monarch instead of with the grudging compliance of members of a democracy with their chance leaders. I don't suggest that there were no internal dissensions and jealousies—but there was a wonderful *esprit de corps;* the member of every company was proud to belong to it and each believed his own to be *the* leading theatre in London. And besides this invaluable spirit of loyalty, there used to be a far greater keenness about the actual *work* of acting, the *appétit qui vient en mangeant*—the keenness that comes from practice; and there was less time given to Golf.

The Golden Age for actors and their patrons reciprocally seems to me to have been the couple of decades commencing from 1865. During that period, at the initiative of Sir Squire Bancroft, who, assisted by his accomplished wife, was the sower of that Golden Age, the comfort and luxury of the playgoer began to be considered as it had never been considered before; artistic attention began to be paid for the first time to the mounting of plays other than poetical plays —to plays of all kinds, including modern comedies which had previously been thrown on anyhow with any old back-cloth and set of wings that chanced to be mouldering in the scene-dock. Actors began to receive high salaries—not too high, but quite high enough. Even the harmless, necessary authors were not forgotten; they began to receive a modest interest in the success of their plays, instead of having to part outright with all property in their work for a slender sum down. And, in the grateful ardour of all this content and happiness on both sides of the footlights, Artistic Endeavour and Cordial Appreciation embraced and the Drama was blessed with numerous healthy and beautiful offspring. There were first of all the Robertson Comedies—*Society*, *Ours*, *Caste*, *School*, and the rest; these were not an imitation of anything else, but a new kind of play—a new model, the general lines of which might be copied and followed to-day as they were copied and followed in '88 (*almost* within my two golden decades) by Pinero when he wrote his dainty *Sweet Lavender*. Next there were the magnificently staged and acted versions of Sardou, so admirably turned into English plays by Charles Stephenson, Clement Scott, and Bancroft. These were a new kind of adaptation and they have remained as a permanent model for all who should desire to anglicise foreign plays for the future. Then, during that halcyon period, Gilbert and Sullivan (under the auspices of D'Oyly Carte and Michael Gunn) endowed us with a delightful, entirely new and native School of Light Opera—unlike anything we had possessed before —with a humour both in dialogue and music, which was purely and essentially English and is appreciable even by the non-humorous. And another contributor to the brightness of the era of which I speak was Pinero, who in 1880 made the first real start on his triumphant career as a dramatist and commenced that long—

rarely interrupted—series of successes both in farce and in comedy-drama which we all trust may continue to extend *ad multos annos*.

And all this time, bear in mind, while our national stage treasury was being thus permanently enriched, the ordinary everyday drama was flourishing in a score or more of West-End theatres, where companies which would to-day be called "star companies" were playing the great classics of Shakespeare and Sheridan; the admirable plays of such skilled craftsmen as Dion Boucicault, Tom Taylor, and Charles Reade; and the buoyant, irresponsible burlesques of H. J. Byron and F. C. Burnand.

Now surely I am entitled to claim that the twenty years which produced—I am content to rely on only those three important contributions to art—the Robertson Comedies, the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, and the early plays of Pinero was an exceptionally notable period in our not very notable modern dramatic history? Are we not justified in regarding it as our theatrical Golden Age? And its lustre appears to me to shine forth all the more effulgently from the contrasting dullness of the last twenty years, during which time I cannot see that our stage has produced anything new of which we are entitled to be artistically proud. There have been many successes—popular and esoteric; there have been "runs" of unprecedented length; there have been larger sums made over individual plays than ever were made before. But the most paying plays are not necessarily the best plays.

The most gifted dramatist since Pinero, I should say, is Barrie. He, I know, has done some very brilliant work. I only had the pleasure of seeing his *Admirable Crichton*, which was most ingenious and entertaining, but it could not be called—nor did it pretend to be—the foundation-stone of a new School of Drama. Had Barrie been, when he began to write for the stage, an indigent young man starting to earn a living by play-writing, instead of a deservedly popular and prosperous novelist, bubbling forth plays out of the ebullience of his fanciful cleverness, he would most likely have placed himself on a permanent pedestal in our gallery of original British Dramatists. As it is, I think he will have to be content with an ephemeral popularity and console himself, presently, on Olympus with the recollection

that while the Public did woo him it was in a continuous shower of gold.

Without pausing, then, to discuss the various plays of the many admirable authors who have given us passing entertainment without enriching our theatrical library with masterpieces, let us investigate and strive to discover some of the reasons of the dramatic-artistic barrenness of the last twenty years. We are first of all confronted by the dullest and greyest and hardest and least surmountable reason of all—the Political-Economical-Scientific reason, namely, that there has been no *supply* of dramatic art simply because there has been no demand for dramatic art. The British nation is not an artistic nation; the British public does not know good art from bad and the British newspaper-reporter-critics cannot guide them because they are handicapped by a similar dead weight of ignorance. Besides which, the class of critics whom I include under that heading do not aspire to guide; each of them is in such eager competition with his fellows to prove himself infallible, that his sole aim is to be correct in his "exclusive" prognostication of success or failure—or, in other words, to lead the public the way the public mean to go in any case. Moreover, any box-office keeper could tell you that newspaper criticisms only affect the destinies of a play for about the first fortnight or so; if the piece can struggle through the first two or three weeks of its existence it will succeed or fail according to the verdict of the ordinary playgoer. The opinions of what is called in Journalese "the Man in the Street," that is to say, the man or woman at the dinner party or in the train or in the tram-car, who has seen a play and proclaims that he enjoyed it or that he was bored by it, are the opinions which make or mar the fortunes of a theatrical enterprise. And as it is seldom that he or she has any artistic taste it is only by a remote chance that the play you hear you "really ought to go and see" proves to possess any artistic merit. Another peculiar fact about the British playgoer is that although one man may lead him to the theatre, forty cannot make him listen to the play. He goes because he has been told to go, and having got there and parted with his hat and coat, and bought a sixpenny volume of advertisements playfully called a "programme," he feels he has done his duty—that his responsi-

bility is over. He can often tell you the names of some of the performers, but never the name of the author. If you ask him what the play was about, he gives you a look of helpless reproach as if you had hit him in the wind. At last perhaps he will stammer: "Oh—I don't know—it's about a fellow who—that's to say, there's a detective; and the girl finds out—that's to say, she *doesn't* find out—at least, not till the last act. But there's an awfully exciting bit where he gets away. You really ought to go and see it; it's well worth seeing. It's at the—h'm—what do they call it? One of those theatres near the—er—Thingummy Tube." All this is very discouraging to the young dramatic aspirant, thirsting for fame; it demoralises even the *blasé* old hand.

I was dining a great many years ago at the Café Anglais in Paris, with an old gourmet who suddenly turned first pale with horror, then crimson with fury, because the toast beneath our woodcock was slightly sodden. He sent for the *maître d'hôtel* and finally for the *chef* and delivered a scathing diatribe, contrasting the exquisite *cuisine* under the Second Empire with the slovenly table tolerated under the Directorship of M. Thiers, pointing contemptuously all the time at the limp scrap of toast which had called down all his invective and winding up with the terrible reproach—"*C'est la dégringolade!*" The *chef* burst into tears and at last, between his sobs, contrived haltingly to explain that his artistic downfall was entirely owing to the inappreciativeness of *les touristes étrangers* who came to the Café Anglais in the same spirit that they went to the Tomb of Napoleon, merely because they had been directed thither by their guide-books; that they had by degrees broken his heart—not so much by neglecting to praise his *chef-d'œuvres* as by failing to complain if by chance some careless *marmiton* had sent up an underdone cauliflower or an overdone quail. In a similar way the public's lack of palate has much to do with the insipidity of the dramatic fare served up nowadays by playwriters who could do infinitely better if they felt their efforts would be discriminatingly discussed. The foreknowledge that his handiwork is to be submitted to a listless audience, who neither know nor care whether it be ingenious or blatant, amateurish or workmanlike, original or stolen—is very uninspiring and

dejecting to a playwriter; and, unless he be very artistic or very rich or very vain or (as might well be) all three, it is very apt to affect the quality of his work. The author who is writing, not merely to satisfy his artistic aspirations but also to make his living, is strongly tempted, in these circumstances, to write an imitation of whatever stuff appears to be in vogue for the moment; problem plays (that is to say, plays made up of an elaborately contrived question leading up to an obvious answer) if problem plays happen to be in the air; cheap epigram plays if (in the lamentable absence of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels) cheap epigrams seem to be in demand; or if "modern" plays appear to be attracting temporary favour, one of those odd works which are enigmatically styled "a page of Real Life," mysterious dissertations with no beginning, no middle, and no end. But there is one fact which the writer who is "writing for the pot," so to speak, is bound to find out, sooner or later—probably to his surprise—and that is, that it is impossible for any one, however clever he may be, to write acceptable work with his tongue in his cheek. When an author who has done better things makes a popular success with some cheap and tawdry piece of work, he is apt, when tackled by his artistic friends, to wink and shrug his shoulders and say: "Oh, yes—I knew it was claptrap while I wrote it. But it's what the public wants. I wrote it for a lark—as a *tour de force*—just to make money." Don't believe him. If his piece is drawing the town, he did *not* know it was claptrap while he wrote it. The public, though they have no artistic sense, can tell, unconsciously but unerringly, whether a play is written from the heart or from the head. The play may be a rubbishing piece of work—as to that they can't judge—but if it carries them away, you may be sure it was the very best piece of work the author was capable of doing at the time.

When Pettitt and Merritt were writing their very conventional melodramas which drew thousands of pounds and tens of thousands of people to the Adelphi, they used to blur their manuscript with hot tears on every occasion that they had to *re*-condemn Terriss to be wrongly accused and dragged by the police from his bride's arms, at the door of the Village Church at the end of Act I., for a crime really committed by Abingdon; they used to laugh till their sides ached whenever they *re*-arranged that Harry Nicholls,

when calling to propose to *Clara Jecks*, should in his nervousness sit down upon his new top-hat; and they would embrace one another with tears of relief and joy each time they re-conceived the idea that Terriss, in uniform, naval or military as the case might be, should leap in through the window just in time to fell Cartwright to the ground and rescue Miss Millward from his odious advances. *These* authors usen't to wink and nudge and shrug—they wept and throbbed and shook with emotion as they wrote their inspired balderdash. *They* believed such plays as theirs had never been written before in the whole history of the world. *They* believed in the beauty of their work, and it was by the sheer force of that faith that they were able to proselytise the British public and compel them to believe in it too. But fervent appreciation of one's own work is only half the battle. Were it the whole secret of success we should all be millionaire dramatists. Besides their enthusiasm Pettitt and Merritt had, like almost all the authors who have made popular successes, a thorough knowledge of the technicalities of their craft—of what are slightingly called "the tricks of the trade"; their fault was that they had not the art to hide their tricks. Æschylus and Sophocles and Euripides, Corneille and Racine and Molière, Shakespeare and Sheridan, Sardou and Pinero, have all been masters of these very same "tricks"; but they have performed them so skilfully, as a rule, that the quickness of the hand has deceived the eye. These masters have excited admiration by producing the ace of diamonds, or the rabbit or the bowl of gold-fish, apparently from nothing; while their clumsier brethren have excited derision by conspicuous bulges and obvious fumbling. No one can afford to despise or dispense with "the tricks of the trade." But the artist must learn to practise them so skilfully that the audience are beguiled into thinking their effects are produced by entirely new and original means. We laugh at the schoolboy who awkwardly pretends to cut a piece of string with a penknife and then produces it whole; but when a sallow-faced white-bearded Arab, at Shepheard's Hotel, performs precisely the same trick with an unfolded turban and a scimitar to the accompaniment of Oriental music we throw up our hands and exclaim, "This man possesses some supernatural power."

The managers of what I have styled the Dramatic Golden

Age had a practical expert knowledge of what a play should be, acquired in the soundest possible manner by a long career of practical experience of acting in good, bad, and indifferent plays and of feeling in what respects they were good, bad, or indifferent; of observing how the public were moved by the various artifices and expedients of the various good, bad, and indifferent authors to excite their emotions. I do not blame modern managers for not having the same practical expert knowledge; it is their misfortune, not their fault. But I *do* blame them for having *no* knowledge and for making no effort to acquire any knowledge. The timber merchant, the woollen-draper, the corn-chandler—each takes pains to learn what sorts of timber or wool or corn to select and what to reject. Of all tradesmen, the theatrical manager of to-day—he whose business it is to buy from the dramatist and offer to the public plays which may cost thousands of pounds to produce—he alone seems content to trust entirely to luck. I suppose, in these days, all theatrical managers *can* read, but I seriously doubt if many of them do. The reading of manuscript at all events, the sampling of the material they deal in, they delegate to an underling—anybody. In most of our theatres, nowadays, the official who is selected and appointed with the least thought and care is—the Play-reader. He is sometimes a more or less "literary gent," with knives of his own to grind; or he may be that modern development, the Press agent—who also looks after the "personal paragraphs" and arranges advertisements of the Big Hat brand; most frequently the arbiter of the putative work of art is the prompter. But I am not at all sure that any of this tag-rag and bob-tail are not better qualified than the average present-day manager himself. In his heart I believe he mistrusts his own judgment, for he always shrinks from initiative; his one desire is to "play for safety," to acquire a piece as like as possible to the latest success. As a matter of fact, I think most of the successful plays of the last ten or twenty years have not been selected but written on commission or accepted unread, on the reputation of well-known authors, and played practically as they were written—because the authors have been big enough men to refuse to have them altered. I am sure that tinkering at rehearsal has spoilt many more plays than it has improved.

To summarise my dissertation, it seems to me that the British Drama has arrived at a deadlock. The authors don't write stimulating plays because of the listlessness of the public; the public remain listless because the authors don't write stimulating plays. Dull public and sulky authors react on each other and the result is an *impasse*. There would seem to be also, as I have hinted, an uninspiring ineptitude among most of our young actors and actresses for which they are in no way to blame. The only *deus ex machinâ* to set matters straight, to instruct the player, encourage the play-writer and rouse the playgoer, would be a practical, experienced, and artistic theatrical manager—one who has not only acquired the XYZ of his art, but has also been through the bitterness of learning its ABC. Alas! he appears to be as extinct as the dodo or the *grisette*. What then is to be done? The obvious answer, and I am afraid the answer which must be adjudged correct, is—"Nothing!" *Unless*, while we still have with us the masters, we can provide a school where actors and actresses can acquire experience and a knowledge of their art, so that they may one day become properly equipped for management. I don't mean an academy, but a practical school; that is to say, a real theatre with a real paying public determined to get their money's worth. The only way, it seems to me, to achieve this end would be for Mr. Carnegie to become suddenly and seriously stage-struck and endow a scheme for an old-fashioned country Stock Company. I would have it in some town where the best traditions of the stage still linger, such as Bristol. The Chairman of the Board of Experienced Directors (there should be no modernists among them) should be one of the happily remaining managers of my Golden Age—such as Sir Squire Bancroft: on the Board I should hope to see the rest of them—Wyndham, Kendal, and Hare. If I had to choose an actor-manager to conduct the theatre under the supervision of these sage guides, I should select Forbes Robertson, who acted with Phelps, who, in turn, acted with Macready—and so we should get back our stage continuity. The theatre should be run as nearly as possible on the old Stock Company lines. It would be an essential part of the scheme that all the very best actors and actresses living, belonging to the Golden Age period, should be engaged—no matter how princely their salaries—in order that

our novices should have the privilege and benefit of playing with them and studying their methods; and that is why we should require a stage-stricken millionaire—or, shall we say, a money-stricken stage enthusiast?—at the back of us. Apart from the heaviness of the special salary-list, I believe the enterprise would pay its way. I am certain it would improve the art of acting in England; and with improvement in acting would come greater public interest in the theatre—and better-made plays for the stage.

Unless some such scheme as this is carried out, I am afraid British acting will grow weaker and weaker and British plays duller and duller; and the British public will yawn wider and wider and finally desert the theatres altogether and flock in a body to the music-halls. Variety entertainment will develop and thrive and the Drama fall into a decline and die a lingering death. The Modern Comedies will follow the old five-act dramas and disappear in red fire down the grave-trap. The Cinematograph in shimmering splendour will reign in our transformed play-houses. Theatrical companies will vanish like the old street marionettes, and Shakespeare will go the way of the Musical Glasses. . . .

CHARLES H. E. BROOKFIELD.]

SOME FOLK AND THEIR HUMOURS

THESE "folk" inhabit a certain district lying on the fringe of one of the great coal-fields. It is an ugly place. There are squalid cottages and rows of brick houses, dingy and smoke-begrimed, and the economically erected church and profusion of ignoble Bethels and Zions add nothing to the scene in the way of dignity or beauty.

There is, it is true, from the summit of its steep streets a wide view of fresh-wind-blown country and green pastures, but in a flight to these Elysian Fields the imagination is hindered by the immediate foreground of huddled houses and narrow streets where the stream of human life pursues its course. It is a life of strenuous toil and rough jocosity, with very little either of desire or opportunity for the cultivation of the gentler graces. But just beneath the harsh surface of grim facts there lie the tragedy and comedy, the poetry and pathos, and the quaint humours which infuse the dull commonplace with a never-failing interest. And these "workers" are proverbially friendly and gregarious. While being "improved" does not perhaps lie within the scope of their desires, they are quickly responsive to kindness, and equally quick to resent interference. Existence is for them a sort of happy-go-lucky, a game of see-saw. When work abounds and money abounds it is spent freely and foolishly; in bad times they hunger and pinch, and exist one knows not how. In no season of the year, however, does thrift show its prudent face. Yet they are not devoid of forethought, for they are capable of exercising remarkable ingenuity in the forecasting of a possible Gift.

"I'm agoing to church reg'lar now," an old woman announces in the early autumn, with unvarnished frankness. She has, of course, the Christmas distribution in view, and a weekly appear-

ance under the pulpit may secure a petticoat for so regular and devout a worshipper.

"Ah," said another woman fervently, "I was glad as my mother didn't die till her had 'er Christmas Gift. The Vicar give 'er a small loaf and a chemise. I took 'em to 'er and she did seem pleased. 'Mother,' I says, 'no one shan't wear this chemise but you. *I'll lay ye out in it*,' I says. And I did. It was nice for her to take 'er Gift with 'er."

Old age, alas! even with the annual consolation of a Christmas Gift, is too often a period of suffering for the poor, though the present provision of the Old Age Pension has made the possessors more desirable inmates of their children's homes. But any negation in their eyes seems preferable to the Union. "I shan't live long when I gets in," sobbed a forlorn old widow for whose poverty it was the only refuge. "Two ladies from my street went, and they was so cruel to 'em it killed 'em."

The natural question as to their treatment met with the unexpected answer: "Why, they put 'em in the bath!!" But very possibly the bath as a novel experience at the close of a long and unwashed life is rather a serious shock to the system.

In a generation which has for the most part received some rudiments of education the prevailing ignorance about illness or the most elementary laws of health is certainly astounding.

"How's the baby?" inquires a district visitor, looking at the blotched and blinking infant peeping out of an old shawl on its mother's shoulder.

"Fell away something cruel," is the answer. "Gone to nothing, look ye. Measles, that's what it is. The 'Germans, the doctor says. I *was* agoing up to the meeting this afternoon, but Miss Z. she met me, and she did speak so nasty about me a-mixing with the other mothers that I shan't go now. I did feel 'urt, I can tell ye. As if ye can give it like that! when it's the *Lord as sends it where He will*."

"Miss Z. carried on to me just the same last year when my two had the fever," interposes a neighbour. "But as my 'usband says, it don't do to take notice of 'er, her being *nought but an old maid*."

The manifold diseases of another infant were described in picturesque terms by the mother. "What with the scarlet

fever, and purple measles, and browntitis, he's never 'ad no chance."

The extraordinarily high death-rate among the infant population necessitated the appointment by the County Council of a Health Missioner, whose official efforts, though at first bitterly resented as interference, have considerably reduced the mortality bill for the district.

It is not intentional neglect on the part of the mothers, but ignorance and carelessness. The girls and boys marry when barely out of their teens, wholly unfit for the grave responsibilities which they so unadvisedly assume, and as the poor little children have to struggle for their existence from their very birth, it becomes merely a survival of the least unfit. The young women, as a rule, prefer going out to work to housekeeping, and hand over the care of the little children to small nurse-girls, who feed and warm and cool and do with the wretched little creatures according to their own sweet will. A *crêche* is working its way by very slow degrees into the comprehension of the mothers, but as a rule their ideas, or rather prejudices, are extraordinarily conservative—except in politics.

But along with all the ignorance and prejudice there is a vast amount of patience under suffering, and acquiescence in privation and misery, as if it were the inevitable lot of mortals.

Whether or not they follow medical advice is difficult to ascertain, but a dispensary note is supposed to have a magical effect, probably because it comes as a Gift, and the giver is usually invited to taste, or at least to smell the medicine. The more potent, the more efficacious. But while there is no hesitation concerning dose-swallowing, the feats of surgery occasionally inspire some dread.

A woman afflicted with a surface swelling causing great discomfort said: "The doctor calls it cancers or toomours, I forget which: it's the best o' the two [a daughter interpolates with "Toomours"]. Well, he wants to cut it out, but my 'usband, he says, 'No, ye know now where ye am,' 'e says, 'but if they get a-cutting things out of ye, ye don't know where ye'll be.'"

As for sick-nursing, the very idea of such a thing is incomprehensible, and under these circumstances and in these

surroundings it is impossible not to realise that much of the suffering, like most of the poverty, is avoidable.

As the young married women dislike home-keeping, so other girls have a root-objection to the restraints and decencies of domestic service, and it must also be confessed that they are not welcome additions to orderly households. After an enormous amount of persuasion the mother of a pretty, refined-looking girl suffered the district visitor to find a situation for her daughter. Needless to say the mistress also required persuasion, but all being finally settled it only remained for the girl to take possession of her "place." However, she never appeared—neither she nor any intimation or reason for her non-appearance. The visitor on going to ascertain the cause was met with the calm announcement: "Well, ye see, Anna Eliza's such a girl for 'er freedom. Her says to me, 'Mother, I don't think as I'll go, I'd feel like a bird in a cage,' and I says, 'If that's it, my girl, ye'd better not.'"

So Anna Eliza went to the bucket works along with the other uncaged birds of her acquaintance, and at nineteen started off on a home of her own with a juvenile husband.

Another instance of dissatisfaction with the restraints of domestic service was that of a certain sociable young person, called Harriet C.

"Harriet's come 'ome," explained the mother, "because her wasn't rightly comfortable. She 'ad such a deal o' cold bacon for breakfast, and 'Arriet's one as can't stomach cold bacon, and the missus was a 'ard woman, she put on my girl something cruel. So 'Arriet come back to 'er mother, and the missus did make a bother at 'er going off sudden-like. But 'Arriet don't care for service. She's such a one for 'er pals, and some missuses is against 'em 'aving their pals perpetual. We've took in a girl now, as 'asn't no home about 'ere. 'Arriet wanted 'er. She works at the bricks, and as I says, 'The house is full enough now, and she'll 'ave to sleep along of you and Louisa, and three in a bed ain't all that pleasant when the 'ot weather comes.' But she would 'ave 'er. She's a rare girl for company is 'Arriet."

Courting is conducted in a very free-and-easy fashion. The works and brickyards are too rude an environment for plants of such tender growth as Delicacy and Sentiment, though individual taste is, it appears, a determining factor. For example, Bertha's

sweetheart took a fancy to her "'cause 'er face was al'ys clane," which must have been a distinguishing mark among her mates. The girls, I believe, as often as not purchase the wedding-ring, and drag reluctant lovers up to the altar. Once secured, the husband is endured. He is the wage-earner, and very often wage-spender too. If he gives a percentage of his earnings with due regularity to the upkeep of the home, he is a "good 'usband"; if he also refrains from personal chastisement, he is a "comfortable 'usband." It is no insult to inquire of a wife if her husband is steady, or if he is kind to her; the information is often volunteered on a very slight acquaintance.

"I daresay you think as my 'usband give me this black eye," says a worn wife, interpreting the visitor's unspoken thought. "Well, 'e didn't. I catched it against the cupboard. Not but what he'd *use* to knock me about, something cruel, but he's give over 'cause he said as it made me *look so old*."

Another doughty young woman, having handed her mate over to the magistrate, declared afterwards with an air of triumph that "Mr. Parks was ever so much better for the lock-up. It did 'im all the good in the world. She'd never seen such a difference in any one as in Mr. Parks. It just showed 'im as he wasn't going to be master," &c.

But, to the looker-on, apart from these domestic matters, one of the grimmest facts of this boisterous life is the hideous waste of money.

In some of the homes, when work is plentiful, the united earnings of the family amount to a weekly sum which would rejoice the hearts of countless poor clergy and professional strugglers, but no sign of comfort testifies to its existence. It is squandered in the most appalling fashion, in eating and drinking and sprees, or in the purchase of unnecessary things.

A certain Joe bought a gramophone in their early and expensive days, and his mother said: "Yes, that be Joe's. He *was* courting a young lady, but he's give 'er up of late and took to the gramophone instead." The gramophone as an alternative to the young lady seemed strange, but it appeared to be a lucid reason to Joe's mother.

The father of a family, when remonstrated with on his wholesale expenditure on beer, replied in an aggrieved tone: "And

what be the use of me working and striving to get good money if I bain't to 'ave the fun o' spending it?"

The force of the "rainy day" argument is too abstract an idea to be easily assimilated by people whose mental horizon is bounded by the weekly pay-day or daily wage. It is open to question whether abstract ideas can find any entrance into minds so generally materialised as these. It is not so much wilful rejection as inability to assimilate.

A certain Lady X., whose gift for exhorting "mothers" was in high repute, addressed herself to a large meeting of these women. They listened to her open-mouthed, while she, as a wife and mother herself, entered into their necessities and difficulties. A week later one of the women (a very average specimen) was asked: "How did you like Lady X.'s address?"

"Oh, well" (patronisingly), "it was very nice." After a moment's reflection came the unexpected question: "Might she be a married person, do you think?"

"Of course. Don't you remember she spoke to you wives and mothers as a wife and mother?"

"Ah, yes—o' course. When 'er got up and said, 'Moothers, *all* moothers, *moothers* all,' my word, it was beautiful!!!"

Perhaps for the education of the human being in its moral infancy the old prohibitory style is the best, "*Thou shalt not.*" The motive force of a loftier idealism misses its mark on a conscience which is in a merely rudimentary condition. The conscience-sense has first to be created before it can bring into activity a self-restraint on a higher plane than the mere fear of the police-court.

And yet there is a longing, undefined and inarticulate, for something higher. It works itself off in tremendous hymn-singing, in ecstatic sighs and groans during a sermon if it stirs their feelings, but being mainly in the department of the emotions it has little or no restraining power in the rough-and-tumble of daily life. Yet there never seems to be any doubt in their minds that 'eaven and 'appiness are awaiting them on the other side, and their departed ones are invariably spoken of as "better off"—perhaps their heaven, if they could define it, would be merely a negative one of rest from toil, and freedom from the disturbing presence

of hunger and cold. Thirst probably is scarcely regarded in the light of an evil!

One widow of my acquaintance, however, relied on more material consolations in her bereavement, consolations of which a neighbour gave an illuminating account.

"Yes, the poor old fellow's dead, and a good job for 'im. He suffered cruel at the last, and they 'adn't thought much of 'im for a good bit, for ye see, he 'adn't done a stroke o' work getting on three years. My 'usband went to the funeral; it was in the cimitary, and the man from Mount Zion did it. He did 'im and a baby together, and he never said a word over 'em, no sermon nor nothink. And Mrs. S. 'ad always made believe as she was a church-goer, and she did look nohow when the Vicar took and asked 'er who'd buried 'im. Ye see the old fellah 'ad never been to church or chapel, never to no place o' worship, but he was as comfortable a old fellah, old Bennie was, as ever broke bread, and that's the truth! They tells me as she'd get fifty pounds for 'im—she insured 'im so. She makes out as 'e wasn't worth more than ten to 'er. But don't tell me! Look what the burying's cost 'em. And she's gone and bought two new pigs, and put 'em all in black, and she's about starting a shop. The poor old fellah was worth more to her dead than living. Now, there's Mrs. Butts next door. Her 'usband's cost 'er close on forty pounds the last ten years with 'is bad 'ealth and doctor's bills—and as she says, 'he ain't worth a penny of it.' But that's just the way; there's some seems born to fortune, and others to misfortune. Well, it's a queer world, that it is."

Yes, that it is indeed!

RUSTICUS.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS

October 9, 1911.

CANADA met Mr. Taft at the parting of the ways and turned her back upon him. The rendezvous was of Mr. Taft's own seeking. He invited her to come into the American garden and listen to his gentle pleadings. Mr. Taft's intentions were "honourable," of course, when he wanted Miss Canada to "walk out" with him, but like any other properly brought up young person she declined the offer. The refusal was not even softened. It was deliberate, pointed, emphatic. Canada goes about her affairs with a blithe heart; Mr. Taft is sorely disappointed.

The result of the Canadian election last month was not only a smashing surprise, but also a heavy blow to American pride. No one, I think, anticipated it; least of all the Administration. When the negotiations were first entered into the practical question that each Government asked of the other was, "Are we powerful enough to induce our respective legislative assemblies to ratify our work, or are we simply playing politics, hoping to fool the other side, as well as our own people?" From the first Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues were sure of their position. The Liberal Government was firmly entrenched in Canada, it had the moral and active support of a Liberal Government at home, it commanded a strong majority in the House of Commons, the agricultural West was supposed to be passionately demanding a free access to the American market, the Premier, a striking personality, was the idol of his people. The Opposition, of course, would object and try to embarrass the Government, which is the function of a properly constituted Opposition, and was to be expected, but its efforts would be futile. As experienced politicians and men who knew the strength of their own forces and the weakness of their opponents, Sir

Wilfrid Laurier and his Cabinet could anticipate the result without misgivings.

The danger seemed to come from the other side. Mr. Taft knew the opposition he would encounter. He believed that he could beat it down, but he was never certain. So doubtful did the Canadian Government consider the outcome that it determined to do nothing until the United States had acted; so superior did Sir Wilfrid feel that he was resolved not to be placed in the undignified attitude of rushing in to ratify his part of the bargain only to have it contemptuously tossed back at him by the American Congress. Sir Wilfrid gave the world to understand that the action of the Canadian Parliament was merely a constitutional formality. The real work had been done when his two Ministers whom he had clothed with plenipotentiary powers signed the Agreement. The rest was merely red fire to amuse a democracy. There would be speeches and the usual denunciations, but when the talk got to be rather a bore Sir Wilfrid would lift his hand, his docile followers would vote as they had been ordered, and Reciprocity would be fastened upon Canada.

Mr. Taft, as we all know, met the opposition he expected. Reciprocity was as unpopular in some quarters as it was popular elsewhere. Its opponents were able to prevent a vote in the last Congress, which compelled Mr. Taft to call an extra session of the new Congress—now with a majority in the lower House opposed to him politically—to enact the necessary legislation. He had to place his reliance on his political opponents, and it was only because those political opponents considered it was to their political advantage to support the President that the Bill became law. Its fate was in doubt almost to the last. It could have been defeated if the men who were fighting it had been men of sincere convictions and courageous, who were able to convince the country of their sincerity and disinterestedness. Mr. Taft won because the country never doubted his sincerity and honesty.

It was Canada that gave us the surprise. An Opposition that had seemed powerless suddenly revealed its strength. It could be neither bullied, bribed, nor broken. Unable to defeat the Bill, it could prevent its passage; it showed Sir Wilfrid that he was no longer master in his own house; he was merely a tenant by grace. The long-drawn-out debate, the forcing of the General

Election—which up to the day of polling Sir Wilfrid believed was to be the greatest triumph of his long and brilliant political career—and the emphatic repudiation by the people of Canada of a policy that would have been no less injurious to Canada than to the rest of the Empire, are the events of yesterday, too recent to need retelling.

Parenthetically it may be observed that this whole Reciprocity business, so far as Canada is concerned, shows how very little politicians and political managers know of the real sentiments and feelings of the people whom they are supposed to represent. Had the correspondent of an English newspaper been sent to Canada last January and reported to his paper that the Canadian people were overwhelmingly in favour of, let us say, the annexation of Jamaica, and repeated that statement day after day for six months, at the end of which time the question was decisively decided in the negative, the correspondent would have lost his job, just as Sir Wilfrid Laurier has his, the newspaper would have been made to appear ridiculous, and the public would have been able to indulge in the usual sneer at newspaper "unreliability." Yet no newspaper can hope to possess, no matter how great its resources and its enterprise, the sources of information that a Government does, and no newspaper, it may be added, has ever been worse informed on the state of public opinion than was the last Liberal Government of Canada. The most that the Government would concede was a possible reduction of its majority as the result of the active and vigorous campaign made by the great manufacturing interests of Toronto; that the West would join hands with the East to overthrow the party was an idle hope that need not seriously disturb any Government supporter or the American newspapers who saw in Reciprocity their profit. No fear of defeat was expressed in the numerous communications, official and unofficial, that passed between Ottawa and Washington or London; the delay, owing to the "stupidity" and obstinacy of the Opposition, was annoying, but not dangerous.

The effect of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's defeat is damaging to Mr. Taft's personal prestige and his party's prospects. I think I have made it clear in previous letters that the sentiment in favour of

Reciprocity in the United States was not one-sided; but its strength lay in the belief of the great mass of the people that it meant a reduction in the cost of the necessaries of life; and an appeal to the pocket is the strongest argument a politician can use. It is human nature to value that which we cannot obtain, and the more to desire it the more difficult is its possession; and men are no different from little children in this respect. The people who were only lukewarm about Reciprocity when they believed that Canada was the suitor now think there is a great deal more in Reciprocity than they first imagined, and that it is the only solution of that desperate arithmetical problem of making a dollar buy two dollars' worth of food. If they are still engaged in that sum next year—and there is nothing to indicate a sudden or pronounced drop in commodity prices—what more natural than that they should turn to the Democratic Party as the only means of relief? Mr. Taft attempted to cut the ground from under the Democratic feet. He essayed to prove that it was as easy for the Republicans to reduce the Tariff as it was for the Democrats, and if the Republicans revised duties it was unnecessary to put the Democrats in power. Considered as a political move solely it was shrewd politics, but dependent upon its success. Unfortunately for Mr. Taft Canada spoiled his game.

Canada has shown the American people that she will not pay the price the United States asks. Mr. Taft has nothing more to offer; Americans, therefore, can hope for nothing so long as the Republicans are in power. But Canada, of course, will not refuse the profit of the American market, if it is offered as a gift and not at a price. If Mr. Taft's argument is sound—that his own country will gain fully as much as Canada by lowering the Tariff wall that now separates them—it is to the Democratic Party that Americans must look. If the Democrats elect Mr. Taft's successor and a majority in both branches of Congress they will put in operation a tariff law that will provide either for the free entry of Canadian products, or if not absolutely free at least at rates of duty greatly reduced from those now existing. Certainly for the moment the abortive attempt at Reciprocity has done the Republicans much harm, and Mr. Taft personally even more injury.

Had Reciprocity been a policy unanimously approved by his party Mr. Taft would to-day be in a happier position. But he forced it on a reluctant party, or at any rate a large and formidable section of his party, who could see no merit in the policy, and his advocacy of the measure has raised up for him a new crop of bitter enemies; and Mr. Taft already had enemies enough and to spare. Success might have been a justification and it would have been a vindication of the correctness of his judgment; but to create friction in the party ranks with nothing substantial gained does not enhance the estimate of Mr. Taft's political sagacity. That Mr. Taft did not consider political or personal consequences when he championed Reciprocity is no extenuation of what his opponents term his blunder. The President of the United States is a politician—sometimes in the broad and worthy sense of the word and sometimes in its narrow and unworthy meaning—but a politician he is always; and a politician is judged only by one standard—success.

In the gratification over the result of the election that proved Canada's loyalty to the Empire and her own traditions we may overlook the real meaning of the rejection of Reciprocity, a danger as great to ourselves as to Canada. It would be foolish and harmful to pretend that the mass of Canadians who followed the leadership of Mr. Borden were animated solely by the desire to protect the Empire against encroachment, or that the Canadian people are prepared to make lasting sacrifices for the benefit of the Mother Country. That would be expecting too much and would be crediting Canadians with an excess of altruism somewhat rare in an age whose keynote is self-interest tempered by intelligent selfishness. Deep at the bottom of every Canadian's heart is the sentiment Canada for the Canadians, not Canada for England, any more than Canada for Australia or South Africa; Canada linked with England and Australia and South Africa, but not existing for them.

Canada's loyalty to the Mother Country will be measured by the Mother Country's loyalty to Canada. Loyalty is two-sided; it means not alone giving, but also receiving; if there are sacrifices to be made one side must not be expected alone to stand the burden. Fortunately no sacrifices are required; all that is

needed is not statesmanship, for that is too portentous a word and implies the possession of gifts denied the ordinary man, but merely common sense; the same quality that thousands of men exercise in their affairs in the city of London or the city of Toronto every day in the year and do not plume themselves on their ability or arrogate to themselves the title of "statesmen." If the bonds between England and her great Dominion are to be strengthened—and it is easy enough to bring that about—Canada must find her profit in British markets rather than in American, and a sensible fiscal arrangement will make that possible, to the profit of Great Britain no less than that of Canada. It seems curious that a country with a population of a hundred millions and such enormous resources as those of the United States should be in a measure dependent upon a country with a population less than one-tenth as large and resources not so highly developed, but the attempt to secure Reciprocity has made plain a fact that before only a few persons comprehended. Canada has had her eyes opened, and the lesson taught her by the United States will not be forgotten. For many years the American policy has been to make the world pay handsomely for all that it was forced to buy from America, and to pay even more handsomely for the privilege of entering the American market. Canada is now in the same happy position so far as the United States is concerned, and can make that country pay the price she demands for products of the soil that are essential for American welfare. If the United States can find a profit by entering the Canadian market Americans can very well afford to pay for that privilege; an arrangement that can easily enough be turned to the common advantage of both Great Britain and Canada if common-sense methods are employed.

There was launched from the yards of the Fore River Shipbuilding Company at Quincy, Mass., a few weeks ago, what is said to be the largest battleship afloat. The event is interesting for two reasons, first because it shows the capacity of American shipbuilders to turn out war-vessels, and also because it is perhaps the beginning of South America as a factor in the great naval problem. The *Rivadavia* was built for the Government of Argentina, and why that country should find it necessary to invest more than a couple of millions sterling in one of the most powerful battleships

in the worl[illegible] not been satisfactorily explained. [illegible] time there is great naval activity among the leading South American countries, but as a writer in the Press points out, "it is not long since Brazil's navy mutinied and nearly caused a revolution," and he asks: "Is the flocking of these bristling sea monsters in southern waters a safeguard or a menace to peace among the South American States?" a question that the future will answer. But powerful South American navies will be a strong argument for the "two-ocean" school, the men who insist that the United States must maintain a fleet as formidable in the Pacific as in the Atlantic, which means doubling the present strength of the American navy.

The *Rivadavia* is 585 feet long, and while there is considerable difference among the newspapers as to her displacement, the *Army and Navy Journal, an authority on such matters,* places it at 27,500 tons, or 1500 tons heavier than the ships of the "Arkansas" class, which Americans assert are now the heaviest vessels afloat; although Japan is said to have plans prepared for a ship the equal of the *Rivadavia*, and the British cruiser *Queen Mary* now building it is understood will be nearly 1500 tons heavier than the Argentine "Dreadnought." The *Rivadavia*, while perhaps the largest battleship afloat, is not the most powerful. She carries twelve 12-inch guns in her main battery, which is the armament of the "Arkansas" class, but these have a radius of fire of 120 degrees as against 90 degrees only in the American vessels. This battery, however, is inferior to the *Orion's* 13·5 guns, or to the 14-inch which the *New York* and *Texas*, now building, will mount, although these ships will be 500 tons smaller than the *Rivadavia*. The 14-inch guns of the newest American "Dreadnoughts" will for the moment be the most powerful naval artillery in the world, but outclassed by the 16-inch guns on which the American ordnance experts are now working, and which it is their ambition to place on board an American battleship.

If the South American republics continue to increase their navies and are the possessors of battleships the equal of those of any first-class Power, it will necessitate a redistribution of the American naval force. Except at occasional intervals American battleships have not been sent to South America and the flag has been represented in those waters by cruisers, but with "Rivadavias" in commission the United States cannot lose face by having

comparisons made to its disadvantage between cruisers and battleships, as it is part of the policy of the United States as the guardian and custodian of the Monroe Doctrine to impress South America with her power. Battleship must be matched against battleship, so that the creation of a South American navy will either force an increase of the American navy or reduce its strength in the home waters of the eastern and western coasts.

A few months ago I called attention to the large sums of money spent by candidates to secure election to Congress, especially to the Senate, and to the fact that there was no national Corrupt Practices Act in America, which too often made a seat in the Senate the prize of the man with the deepest pocket-book. Congress has now passed a law that will end this scandalous state of affairs, and make it no longer possible for the reproach, as Senator Root said in a speech a short time ago, that a man of moderate means is practically debarred from seeking a senatorship in many States by the lack of a limitation on the amount of money which may be thrown into the contest by a richer antagonist. In the contest now pending to unseat Senator Lorimer on the ground of bribery and corruption it has been sworn to that $100,000 was expended to secure his election. Senator Stephenson of Wisconsin, complying with a State law, certified that it cost him even a larger sum to be elected. In those States where no returns are required it is impossible to tell what the candidates' expenses are, but one hears remarkable stories of the money spent to secure election.

The law passed by Congress restricts the amount to be spent by a candidate for a senatorship to £2000, which is ample for the legitimate expenses of canvassing, distributing literature, postage, and other necessary expenses, and quite inadequate when a candidate relies on his money to corrupt a legislature or debauch the voters of an entire State. Legislators who are willing to sell themselves do not usually command a high price and voters can be bought cheap, but under the most favourable circumstances £2000 will not go very far. If the law is strictly and honestly enforced and not permitted to become a dead letter, as too often happens with so many laws in America, a great deal will have been done toward the purification of politics.

The new law also makes it more difficult for political parties

to buy Presidential elections, and will seriously embarrass the managers of both parties next year in their efforts to secure campaign funds. In the old days railway companies, insurance companies, banks, and other great concerns made large contributions to the war-chest of the party with which they were affiliated or whose success they believed was to their advantage. Nominally a "voluntary contribution," more often than not it was a fee paid in advance for favours to be conferred later, and it was money that came out of the pockets of stockholders, some of whom might be opposed to the policies or principles of the party or candidate for whose benefit it was made; but they had no voice in the matter, and the directors or president, usually the latter, did as he chose. Readers will probably recall the sensation that followed the disclosures of the contributions of the life insurance companies to the Republican campaign fund, and how the candidate fearing defeat personally urged Mr. Harriman, the President of the Union Pacific Railway Company, to raise money to be used in New York in the week before election, which Mr. Harriman did to the amount of $260,000. It was these disclosures that began the agitation for a law that should make it impossible for railway presidents and other men similarly placed to use money in the interest of a political candidate or to be able to spend fifty thousand pounds for "expenses" on the eve of an election—"expenses" the nature of which was not revealed.

Under the law just passed all "corporation" contributions are prohibited. A railway president, the chairman of a board of directors, or any other person may be as generous as he pleases with his own, but in his official capacity he cannot use the funds of his company for political purposes. As men are usually more generous when it costs them nothing than when they have to pay for it, the temptation is much less to make these contributions, even if the law permitted them. Furthermore the law requires that the names of all contributors and the amounts they subscribe shall be made public, from time to time, before the election. As there is a prejudice against a political party accepting contributions from certain sources and a Presidential candidate putting himself under obligations to men who are never suspected of being moved by generous or patriotic motives, it will be much more difficult to raise campaign funds, but it will also make money a less determining factor in a Presidential election.

What it costs to elect a President only very few persons know, and they have always taken good care not to admit the public to their confidence. The high-water mark was probably reached in 1896, when Mr. McKinley was elected for the first time and Mr. Bryan made his first appearance as a Presidential candidate. The Republican National Committee of that year had practically unlimited funds at its disposal, for the election of Mr. Bryan meant the rehabilitation of silver as a money metal, and every business man and property-owner saw ruin staring him in the face if the Democrats were successful. "Expenses" were enormous, especially in those States where the silver sentiment was strong, and the wealthy were willing to do almost anything to avert the panic they feared. They bought safety, but it was expensive.

The American business world is not in a particularly optimistic frame of mind at the present time, and the fear is openly expressed in some quarters by men of cool judgment who are not usually given to exaggeration that the country will be in the grip of hard times within the next few months. For several weeks now there has been a steady shrinkage in the prices of the leading railway shares on the New York Stock Exchange, a movement at first explained by "professional manipulation," but now attributed to causes less artificial. "The railroads are the arteries of trade," one newspaper comments, "and when they give such plain signs of distress it is not strange that many observers argue that trade all over the country must be in a bad way." The United States is suffering from causes that are world-wide, but in addition there are conditions purely local. The senseless crusade against the so-called trusts and the fear of antagonising labour go a long way toward explaining the present unsatisfactory state of affairs.

Men engaged in large business operations are between two fires and do not know which way to turn. There is not a combination of capital that may not be declared illegal. The Standard Oil Company was ordered to be dissolved, because it was declared to be a monopolistic combination in restraint of trade—in a word, that it was able to put up the price of oil to the consumer, although, as a matter of fact, it reduced prices. The Tobacco Trust was declared illegal, and the gravamen was that it was

able to sell cheaper than its competitors and defy their competition and therefore ruin them. No one denies that a great many scandalous and criminal things were done by unscrupulous men in the name of "big business," and that regulation and Government control are necessary, but reforms could be brought about without wrecking all business. At the present time business is dislocated and out of gear because no one knows what the law permits, or whether he is entitled to the respect of the community for providing employment and creating wealth or has forfeited his own self-respect for being engaged in a criminal operation. Capital, always timid, is now more timid than ever. It would be folly for men to embark in new enterprises only to find that their money is in danger of being lost because the modern system of business is a violation of the law. That is one reason why stocks go down and purchasers are scarce. *Moody's Magazine*, a recognised financial authority, says: "The significant part of the present situation is that the market, even after this drop, does not give the slightest signs of recovery. No one with money to buy things apparently believes that the bottom has been reached, or that the market is anywhere near the bottom." There are always men with money watching their opportunities to pick up bargains, and who know that Union Pacific at $160, which pays 10 per cent. on par, is a bargain, but if they are convinced that it will go ten or twenty dollars lower it pays them to wait. Evidently the men with money to invest agree with the writer in *Moody's Magazine* that the bottom has not yet been reached.

Politics, as usual, are hurting business, for manufacturers, uncertain what changes will be made in the Tariff in the near future, are afraid to make plans ahead, and buyers will not stock up and risk heavy loss. No one is sure that the next President will not be a Democrat, and if a Democratic President is elected he will undoubtedly bring in with him a majority of his party in both Houses, which will give them the power to carry out their programme of Tariff Revision. Until the result of the election next year is known it is hopeless to expect, I think, any improvement in business, and we shall be fortunate if we get through the next twelve months without serious difficulty.

And then there is labour. The demands of labour have been

steadily increasing, and employers have been compelled to yield to them to avert strikes. Rather than bring about a cessation of work masters have raised wages, but the time has about come when employers have determined to make a stand and to refuse longer to submit to dictation. The position of labour is very different in the United States from what it is in Great Britain. Here the unions are much stronger and are able to prevent the employment of non-union men in certain industries. There is greater freedom in England than there is in the United States. Union men will not work side by side with non-union men here as they do there, and when the union men are strong enough they insist that none but members of their unions shall be employed, the alternative being a strike. For some years employers have been agitating against the tyranny of the "closed shop." They have no objection to the union—a great many employers regard it as in the interests of labour and a convenience in bargaining—but they seriously object to the unions trying to discriminate against other classes of labour or to attempt to interfere in the way an employer manages his business. During the last few years the country has repeatedly been on the verge of a national strike, especially among the transport workers, that would have brought industry to a standstill, for in the United States the favourite weapon of labour when it is at war with capital is the general or "sympathetic" strike, that begins often in a minor dispute involving a few men and drags in thousands and tens of thousands out of "sympathy." State and Federal Governments, unlike the English, do not hesitate to use the military when the mob can no longer be controlled by the regular police force. The National Government insists that there must be no interference with the conveyance of the mails, and it does not procure a safe-conduct from strike leaders. The Central Government cannot interfere until the State authorities ask for assistance or it is clearly manifest that the State police and militia are powerless. Then the War Department, under the President's direction, takes command; and the strikers have a wholesome fear of regulars, for regulars shoot to kill when the order is given to fire, and no mob has ever yet stood in front of a Gatling gun. If there are serious labour conflicts during the coming year it will not be surprising.

A. Maurice Low.

DR. JOHNSON AND DR. DODD

THE description of Dr. Dodd in the *Dictionary of National Biography* as "Dodd, William, 1729–1777, forger," is almost Devonian in its directness. Accurate though it unfortunately is, one cannot help feeling a certain sympathy for the unhappy subject. If his offence was serious, the punishment was terrible, and the forgery was undoubtedly rather the act of a weak, unprincipled man impelled by the pressure of events than that of a deliberate criminal. It certainly so appeared to Dr. Johnson. When all efforts to save Dodd had failed, Johnson wrote to him in prison: "Be comforted, your crime, morally or religiously considered, has no very deep dye of turpitude. It corrupted no man's principles: it attacked no man's life. It involved only a temporary and reparable injury." Dr. Dodd's faults of character were just those that with an adequate income become almost virtues. Like Becky Sharp, he would have found it comparatively easy to be good on £5000 a year. His talents were considerable, his social gifts undeniable—a kindly, hospitable man; but hospitability on an inadequate income is a dangerous virtue. Dr. Johnson describes him well as

> a man whom we have seen exulting in popularity and sunk in shame. For his reputation, which no man can give to himself, those who conferred it are to answer—of his public Ministry the means of judging were sufficiently attainable. He must be allowed to preach well, whose sermons strike his audience with forcible conviction. Of his life those who thought it consistent with his doctrine, did not originally form false notions. He was at first what he endeavoured to make others, but the world broke down his resolution, and he in time ceased to exemplify his own instructions.

The son of the Vicar of Bourne, in Lincolnshire, Dodd went to Cambridge at sixteen, where he entered as a sizar at Clare College, and graduated as fifteenth wrangler. After Cambridge he sought his fortunes in London. In 1751 he married

Mary Perkins, the daughter of a verger, in Durham Cathedral. Unfortunately the marriage was hardly so idyllic as it sounds. The lady was not above reproach, even if she were not, as Horace Walpole asserted, Lord Sandwich's mistress, and there can be little doubt her influence and extravagance contributed in no small degree to her husband's downfall. After being suspected of a novel, facetious in the sense that the word bears in the booksellers' catalogues, he turned his attention to the Church.

Dodd was ordained a deacon in 1751, and started his ecclesiastical career as a curate at West Ham. His success was immediate. Dodd was one of the rare examples of an eloquent mathematician, and in the pulpit his natural gifts found a congenial expression, and almost at once he became a popular preacher.

In 1758 a charitable institution was opened for the purpose of assisting unfortunate women, under the name of Magdalen House. Dodd was appointed chaplain, and a regular salary of £100 a year was voted him. Besides his clerical duties, Dr. Dodd found time for literature. His *Beauties of Shakespeare* had a great vogue. Altogether he wrote some fifty-five volumes, ranging from a commentary on the Bible, published shortly after his appointment to the Royal Chaplaincy, to *Diggon Davie's Resolution on the Death of his Last Cow*, and including, with a horrible irony, a dissertation on *Frequency of Capital Punishments, inconsistent with Justice, Sound Policy, and Religion*.

The new charity appealed to the public. It became a hobby of the fashionable world, largely owing to Dr. Dodd's eloquence. Horace Walpole describes a visit in a letter to George Montagu: "We met at Northumberland House at 5, and set out in four coaches. Prince Edward, Colonel Brudenel, his groom, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lady Carlisle, Miss Pelham, Lady Hertford, Lord Beauchamp, Lord Huntingdon, old Bowman, and I." Such was the party. The chapel is described as small and low but neat, hung with Gothic paper. The service consisted of prayers, psalms, and a sermon, "the latter by a young clergyman, one Dodd, who contributed [it appears Horace Walpole's Protestantism had been a little scandalised by the Catholic atmosphere of the place] to the Popish idea one had imbibed by haranguing entirely in the French style, and very eloquently

and touchingly he apostrophysed the lost sheep, who sobbed and cried from their souls"—and must have done it very well, for "so did my Lady Hertford and Fanny Pelham till I believe the city dames took them both for Jane Shores," and we learn that the preacher concluded by "addressing himself to his Royal Highness, whom he called most illustrious Prince, beseeching his protection" so successfully that Horace Walpole declared the sermon "a very pleasing performance" and got "the most illustrious," who sat before the altar in an armchair with a blue damask cushion, a prie-dieu, and a footstool of black cloth with gold nails, "to desire it might be printed," and Dr. Dodd, whether to remove any misapprehension or not, composed a poem on the Countess's tears.

His fame as a preacher spread. If money were wanted for a charity, a sermon from Dr. Dodd was the way to get it. In 1767 he received the distinguished honour of being appointed chaplain to George III., and at the same time chaplain to the Bishop of St. Davids, who also made him Prebendary of Brecon. In the same year he became tutor to Philip Stanhope, afterwards Lord Chesterfield. If misfortunes are often blessings in disguise the converse is sometimes true, and it was a bad day for Dodd when he was introduced to Chesterfield.

However, for the moment his star was in the ascendant. Fortune smiled even on the verger's daughter. She receives a legacy of £1500 from a source as to which history is discreetly silent, and wins £1000 in a lottery. This was her husband's opportunity. Most prudently he invested the money in a chapel in Pimlico, called Charlotte Chapel after the queen. No money was ever better laid out. The fashionable world flocked to Pimlico. He became an eighteenth-century George Honeyman. The Charlotte Chapel was as thronged as Lady Whittlesea's, and, as in the latter place of worship, "all the nobs came to hear him." Success was assured. It is true a censorious world gossiped. His attentions to the female portion of his congregation were a little marked. Ribald people called him "the Macaroni parson," and alleged an over-fondness for the good things of this world.

Still his congregation remained staunch and all went well till 1774.

Then, in an unfortunate moment for Dodd, Dr. Moss was made Bishop of Bath and Wells. This left vacant the fashionable living of St. George's, Hanover Square, said to be worth £1500 a year, and Dodd was undoubtedly in pecuniary difficulties. An anonymous letter was written to Lady Apsley, wife of the Lord Chancellor of the time, offering her £3000 and an annuity of £500 a year for the vacant preferment.

The letter was traced to Dodd.

The poor Simonist adopted the usual formula of his kind. He wrote a dignified letter to the papers, saying that at the proper time, in spite of deceptive appearances, all would be cleared up. But it would not do. The facts were too blatant, and he was struck off the list of Royal Chaplains.

It was the beginning of the end. The scandal was public property. Foote put him in a farce under the name of Mrs. Simony, and Dodd found the moment opportune for foreign travel. At Geneva Dodd visited his former pupil, now Lord Chesterfield. Despite all he was well received—it may be the full details of the scandal had not reached that peaceful spot—and he was presented by his noble patron to a living in Buckinghamshire. Encouraged by this preferment, he returned to England, and found, at any rate, the Magdalen House faithful to its chaplain, for his portrait was soon after painted and hung in the board-room.

All might yet have been well had it not been for his fatal debts. Whether they were due to his gambling and riotous living or his wife's extravagance matters little. Their total remained the same, and the creditors were equally importunate. Something had to be done, and in his case there was no Colonel Newcome to appeal to—Charlotte Chapel is sold.

Poor Dodd, in the language of a contemporary, even "descended so low as to become the editor of a newspaper."

All to no avail; and then the fatal step was taken.

In 1777 Dodd offered a bond for £4200 in the name of Lord Chesterfield to a stockbroker named Robertson. For this amount Dodd undertook to pay £700 a year—Robertson finds a lender on these terms. The bond is lodged with the solicitor to the confiding lender, who, with a professional lack of charity, formed certain suspicions and went to see Lord Chesterfield, and all was

peer. As to the forgery there could be no doubt, but Dodd was certainly unfortunate. Warrants were issued against him and Robertson. They were arrested and brought before the Lord Mayor. If the solicitor had not been in such a hurry the situation might have been saved.

Dodd returned £3000 and offered security for the balance. It may fairly be assumed, with regard to the solicitor and his client, the money was what they wanted. The prosecution was satisfied; but it was too late: the criminal law had been set in motion, and the Lord Mayor of the day could only be obdurate. The result of the investigation at the Mansion House was to clear Robertson, who seems to have been an innocent dupe, and to send Dr. Dodd to the Old Bailey.

In this matter Lord Chesterfield has been somewhat unfairly attacked. For years he was regarded as one who had acted with unnecessary harshness to his old tutor and friend. Long afterwards, when rallying a brother peer, who had shot a highwayman in self-defence, with the question, "When did you kill a highwayman last?" he was met with the retort, "When did you last hang a parson?" Yet it is difficult to see how Lord Chesterfield could have acted otherwise. He did not set the law in motion—nor was he the prosecutor. He gave evidence, it is true, but that he couldn't avoid. If he might have done more to save Dodd from execution, it must be remembered in fairness he had helped him at the time of his disgrace, and was rewarded almost immediately by the forgery of his name by the man he had befriended.

The trial at the Old Bailey could only have one result and one sentence. The bare question left was—could Dodd's life be saved? Great efforts were made. It says much for the man's character that he should have endeared himself to so many. About his social qualities there can be no doubt. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, who knew him well and dined at his house, describes him "as a plausible, agreeable man, lively, entertaining, well informed, and communicative in conversation." But there must have been more in the man to have made so many do so much.

It was no less a person than Caroline, daughter of the Duke of Grafton and wife of the Earl of Harrington, who enlisted Dr. Johnson on behalf of the prisoner. Johnson's acquaintance

with him was of the slightest. He had met him once, years before; nor could they have had much in common. We know how "mighty offensive" Dr. Johnson found the public "levity of parsons," and he would probably have thought taverns as unsuitable for prebendaries as he did for bishops. The Doctor, too, had a magnificent philosophy concerning friendship. As to feeling the distresses of others, "there was much noise made about it, but it was much exaggerated." In fact, "no one ate a slice of plum pudding the less because a friend was hanged," and so forth.

But the Doctor as a philosopher always reminds one of his friend Mr. Edwards, who "set out to be a philosopher, but cheerfulness kept breaking in." So with Johnson; admirable though his theories, when it came to action his humanity broke in with results equally fatal. He was one of the few philosophers who kept his rules of conduct for home consumption and shrank from applying them to the outside world. Dodd had one claim the magnanimous Johnson could never resist. He was in sore distress. Here was a poor weak, erring mortal, and a chance of saving him. To the stout old Doctor there was only one thing to be done, and with all the latent energy of an indolent man he threw himself into the struggle.

Allen the printer, who was Johnson's landlord in Bolt Court, and also a great friend of the convicted man, carried the Countess's letter to Johnson. We are told Johnson read it, was very much agitated, and said, "I will do what I can," and he certainly did. Sentence had been postponed in order to argue a point of law taken in Dodd's favour. Dr. Johnson wrote the speech Dodd delivered before sentence of death was passed, and also wrote the sermon delivered in Newgate Chapel by Dodd to his fellow convicts.

Dodd writes to him: "I am so penetrated, my ever dear Sir, with a sense of your extreme benevolence towards me that I cannot find words equal to the sentiments of my heart. You are too conversant in the world to need the slightest hint from me of what infinite utility the speech on the awful day has been to me."

The sermon was afterwards published under the style, *The Convict's address to his unhappy brethren.* As to which a nice point of casuistry arose later on. Johnson complains to Boswell

that Dr. Dodd should have left the world persuaded that the address was his own composition. Boswell reminds Johnson that he, at any rate, contributed to the deception, "for when Mr. Seward expressed a doubt to you that it was not Dodd's own because it had a great deal more force of mind in it than anything known to be his you answered, 'Why should you think so? Depend upon it, sir, when a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight it concentrates his mind wonderfully.'"

Johnson, however, is not to be cornered.

Sir, as Dodd got it from me to pass as his own, while that could do him any good, that was an implied promise that I should not own it. To own it, therefore, would have been telling a lie with the addition of breach of promise, which was more than simply telling a lie to make it be believed it was Dodd's. Besides, sir, I did not directly tell a lie, I left the manner uncertain. Perhaps I thought that Seward would not believe it the less to be mine, for when I said that I would not put it in his power to say I had owned it.

The final thing Johnson wrote was *Dr. Dodd's last solemn declaration*, which was left with the sheriff at the place of execution. In this composition the passage occurs: "My life for some few unhappy years has been dreadfully hypocritical." This Dodd changed to "erroneous," with a note to the effect that "with hypocrisy he could not charge himself."

Poor Dodd was at any rate frank enough when his pious friends tried to console him by saying he was leaving "a wretched world." "No, no," he said, "it has been a very agreeable world to me." Johnson quaintly comments on this: "I respect Dodd for thus speaking the truth, for to be sure he had for several years enjoyed a life of great voluptuousness."

In addition to these efforts Johnson had written to the Lord Chancellor Bathurst, and Lord Mansfield, also a petition for mercy, signed by twenty thousand people, forwarded by the City of London; but much to his annoyance "They mended it."

Later on Dodd writes again, asking Johnson to compose for him a letter to be sent to the king. Johnson wrote the letter, writing at the same time to Dodd:

"SIR,—I most seriously enjoin you not to let it be at all known that I have written this letter and to return the copy to Mr. Allen in a cover to me. I hope I need not tell you I wish it success, but do not indulge hope—tell nobody."

The letters were taken to Dodd in prison by Mr. Allen, who was a great friend of Akerman, the Governor of Newgate. Johnson had not the heart to see Dodd himself, as he said: "It would have done me more harm than it would have done him good."

According to Boswell, Johnson also wrote a petition from Mrs. Dodd to the Queen, and observations in favour of a petition presented by Lord Percy printed in the newspapers. He certainly wrote to Charles Jenkinson, afterwards Lord Liverpool. But all in vain. The king refused to interfere. Poor Dodd, who had had great hopes—"They never will hang me," he said to his jailor—faced the position with a fortitude with which many would not have credited him.

To Johnson he writes before the end a letter of thanks. "Accept, thou great and good heart, my earnest and fervent thanks and prayers for all thy benevolent and kind efforts on my behalf." And the kind Doctor writes in reply the letter from which an extract has been given earlier, concluding with the touching request: "In requital of those well-intended offices which you are pleased so emphatically to acknowledge, let me beg that you make in 'your devotions' one petition for my eternal welfare."

Johnson thought he might have been pardoned. He writes to Boswell: "Poor Dodd was put to death yesterday in opposition to the recommendation of the Jury, the petition of the City of London and a subsequent petition signed by three and twenty thousand hands. Surely the voice of the public when it calls so loudly and only for mercy ought to be heard."

Wraxall asserts that Lord Mansfield, who had a good deal of the austerity of a Scotchman with a career, prevented the king exercising the prerogative of mercy. Still, judged by the standard of the time, it would have been an unusual extension of clemency. Dodd's friends did not confine their efforts to petitions. According to Johnson, Dodd's City friends found a thousand pounds to be given the jailor if he would let him escape, and an image was made in wax, which was actually carried into the prison to be substituted for the fugitive forger. Johnson says he knew a man who walked about outside Newgate with £500 ready to be paid to any turnkey who could get him out; but it was too late—the prisoner was closely watched.

Their exertions did not rest even at this.

According to Miss Reynolds, sister of Sir Joshua, Dodd had hopes up to the last.

Some medical friends had told him that his life might be saved if the knot were tied in a particular manner behind his ear. This would prevent the extinction of life if he were cut down at once. Then he was to be carried by his friends to a convenient place, where they would use their utmost efforts to restore vitality.

The hangman fixed the rope as desired and whispered to Dodd, "You must not move an inch," but he struggled, with a fatal result.

Wraxall tells much the same story. According to him, Dodd and the executioner were observed whispering. Wraxall attributes the failure of the plot to the enormous crowd which attended the execution and prevented the body being removed with sufficient despatch. He declares: "His body was conveyed to a house in the City of London, where it underwent every scientific professional operation which it was hoped might restore circulation. Percival Pott, who was one of the most eminent of the surgeons of the day, was present to direct them." But it was not to be, and Dr. Dodd died on the scaffold.

When all was over there was a reaction in Dodd's favour, and in certain and feminine quarters a tendency to place the poor man on a pedestal he little deserved, but Doctor Johnson, who had worked so loyally to save him, showed his usual sound sense. "A friend of mine," he says, "came to me and told me that a lady wished to have Dr. Dodd's picture in a bracelet and asked me for a motto. I said I could think of no better than *currat lex*. I was very willing to have him pardoned, that is to have the sentence changed to transportation, but when he was once hanged I did not wish he should be made a saint." That poor Dodd undoubtedly was not, but we may at any rate say this in his favour: many a worse man has had more leniency shown him.

H. C. Biron.

OLD MASTERS AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES

THE phenomenal success, financial and artistic, of the exhibition held two years ago at the Grafton Galleries in aid of the National Gallery Funds is being repeated at the present moment; and this exhibition is in many respects the most remarkable art event of the year—a year which numbers among its surprises the disappearance of "Mona Lisa." Most students will, I think, agree that not a little of the success and attraction of these two exhibitions centre in the admirable and scholarly catalogues. The system adopted, whilst capable of minor improvements, is a model upon which all other exhibitions—particularly the Winter ones at Burlington House—ought to be catalogued. Every scrap of fact bearing upon the *provenance* of a picture is a most important part of its history; but the vicissitudes of pictures by Old Masters have been so varied and are so full of ramifications that in very few instances can a *provenance* be built up and considered as final.

Except those in public galleries—and not always all of these—there is a lamentable *lacuna* of several centuries in the history of nearly all old pictures. Vasari and other early writers record the existence of certain works, some of which remained in their original homes, churches, chapels, and private palaces, until the Continental upheavals of the latter part of the eighteenth century, and then disappeared, to turn up in English houses. The Grand Tours of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were responsible for the quiet disappearance, from Italy especially, of many fine pictures as well as vast quantities of rubbish; whilst the convenient method of disposing of consignments at the rooms of Mr. James Christie greatly favoured the

importation* and distribution of the art treasures of the Continent.

The difficulties in building up the pedigree of a picture are due, first, to the rarity of old sale and other catalogues; secondly, the indifferent manner in which pictures were at one time catalogued; and, thirdly, to the haphazard way in which attributions have been changed from time to time. What is wanted is less criticism and more documentation. A diligent and exhaustive examination of available records would show us a clear history of the successive ownership of many fine pictures in public and private collections. The matérial for this is exceedingly voluminous and would occupy many years in getting into order, but this once done would prove of the highest value in the history of art.

The catalogues of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, the *Burlington Magazine*, and Mr. M. W. Brockwell's labours have contributed much towards this desirable end. But much more remains to be done, and much that has been done readily admits of correction and amplification. With a due spirit of thankfulness for the many "favours received" in the shape of excellent

* A well-documented and statistical history of the importation of works of art into England would form a valuable book. For instance, in the Treasury Papers, 1722, vol. 240, No. 5, July 13, there is a most interesting Memorial of the Commissioners of Customs to the Lords of the Treasury, of which the following is a *précis:* Their lordships having given directions that some pictures belonging to Lord Whitworth, his Majesty's late Ambassador at Berlin, which he has had a great while, and are now under stop here, may be delivered in like manner as has been accustomed to be done to other ambassadors on their return, acquaint their lordships that by several laws certain duties are laid on pictures imported. The proper officers have certified that the duties laid on these twenty-three pictures amount to £63. The present Bishop of London on his return from being Envoy in Sweden paid custom for a considerable quantity of plate, pursuant to directions from the Treasury. The Earl of Strafford, when Ambassador from his late Majesty to the States of Holland, paid duties upon his pictures, under a report to the Treasury in 1712, and it has been the constant practice ever since to insist on the payment of the duties on pictures, and so forth. More than a century afterwards, according to a writer in *Notes and Queries*, February 5, 1898, the number of pictures imported into Great Britain from 1833 to 1838 inclusive from Germany, Italy, and Holland averaged about 8000 annually; for the year ending January 1839 the number was 9620, and the amount of duty paid was £2844; in 1840 the number was 11,641 and the duty £3299; in 1841 the number was 11,920 and the duty £3028, and in 1842 for 13,108 pictures the duty was £3681.

cataloguing, I should like to indicate a few amplifications on certain entries in the Grafton Gallery catalogue.

To take, as the first instance, the entry of Mr. Brinsley Marlay's interesting Cassone front, No. 2, with an episode from the story of Cupid and Psyche, which Mr. Berenson ascribes to Jacopo del Sellaio. The *provenance* of this is not fully worked out. It came, as suggested at second hand, from the Fesch collection, but never from that of J. W. Brett, an error due solely to a blunder in Redford's *Art Sales* (ii. 237). As I have the French edition (printed in Rome in 1841) of the Fesch catalogue in which the whole of the 3222 pictures of which the Cardinal's wonderful collection originally consisted are fairly fully enumerated, and also the catalogues, dated 1844, of the sale which took place in Rome in 1845, I am able to add what I think are some interesting facts. There can be no doubt that the artist—whoever he was—of the Cassone front in question painted a series of pictures illustrating this story. Two of them had apparently always been together from the time they were painted until they were purchased or otherwise obtained by Cardinal Fesch (1763–1839), the half-brother of Letizia Ramolino, Bonaparte's mother, who had unrivalled opportunities of collecting. In the 1841 Fesch catalogue they are Nos. 2356–7, are bracketed together and thus described: "La fable le Psyché, representée en deux tableaux que l'on attribuée à l'école florentine." The dimensions are given as 1 pied 10 pouces high and 5 pieds 6 pouces broad. These dimensions agree as nearly as possible with the picture in the Grafton Gallery. In the sale catalogue they are Nos. 1219–20, and realised 69 and 80 Roman écus respectively, and were purchased for or by Mr. Davenport Bromley, who bought many pictures at this sale, as did the Marquess of Hertford and several other English collectors—a sale in which, it may be added parenthetically, there was a version of Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa" of which we have heard so much lately, and of which there is a copy now at the Grafton Gallery.

Waagen saw Mr. Davenport Bromley's collection at Wooton Hall, and it is evident that, following upon his remarks in *Art Treasures of Great Britain* (iii. 374), this pair of pictures came to be ascribed to Filippo Lippi, by whom, until recently, they were considered to be. Waagen, however, committed himself

somewhat reluctantly, for he says "I am inclined to attribute" these two pictures—which he regarded, curiously enough, as altar-pieces!—to that artist. In 1863 the Davenport Bromley pictures were sold at Christie's, and these two so-called Filippo Lippis were purchased by Mr. Alexander Barker, at whose sale in 1879 they again came into the market. They were now separated; one was sold for 120 guineas to M. Coureau, and went to either France or Germany, and the other for 115 guineas to Messrs. Colnaghi and Co., doubtless Mr. Brinsley Marlay's, who lent it to the Grosvenor Gallery in 1893–4. Mr. Berenson in his census *Florentine Painters of the Renaissance*, 1909 (pp. 181–185), has only traced this one of the pair. The Barker sale of 1879 contained a third and smaller panel (16 × 59 in., as compared with the Fesch pictures, which measure 23½ × 70½ in.) of the same series; this was bought by the late Charles Butler, and was sold at Christie's in May last, as by Filippino Lippi, for 500 guineas, although Mr. Butler had only paid 65 guineas for it in 1879. Mr. Berenson also includes this panel in his Jacopo del Sellaio census. Broadly speaking, only about a century in the life-history of these Cupid and Psyche pictures has been accounted for, and, as they were painted before 1493, over three centuries yet remain to be filled in with their successive owners!

Lord Brownlow's "Scene from 'Orlando Furioso'" (No. 30), formerly ascribed to Dosso Dossi and now attributed to his less well known brother Battista di Dosso, is probably one of a series done for the House of Este. In an inventory of the pictures belonging to the Principe Cesare Ignazio d'Este, dated 16 Giugno, 1685, there is the following entry: "Un Paesi de Dossi, con l'istoria della lotta che fece sul ponte Rodomonte et Orlando," and if it is not identical with Lord Brownlow's, it is evidently one of the same series. It would have explained much to the average visitor if it had been pointed out that the Countess Cowper's three pictures with the story of Joseph (Nos. 32, 33, and 35) formed part of the series painted by Andrea del Sarto, Granacci, and Pontormo for the bedroom of Francesco Borgherini and Margerita Accaiuoli in their summer palace on the Borgo S. Apostolo. During the siege of Florence, we are told, Della Palla—"ce brocanteur le quatre sous"—agent of François I., made an unsuccessful effort to carry off the furniture and pictures of this

room. Four of these panels are still in Italy; two by Andrea del Sarto in the Pitti Palace and two by Granacci in the Uffizi. The Countess Cowper lends one by Andrea del Sarto and two (both formerly ascribed to him) by Pontormo. Waagen (*Works of Art and Artists in England*, 1838, iii. p. 9) only mentions the first of these, which he refers to the later period of the master. Nothing appears to be known of their modern history.*

An interesting fact may be mentioned in connection with Lord Brownlow's "Diana and Actæon" (No. 154). The catalogue states that in a letter of 1559 to Philip II., Titian mentions an "Actæon torn by dogs," but that "hitherto no one has identified this with the present work." In a "Catalogo" (dated *circa* 1689) of the pictures of the Queen of Sweden I find the following entry: "Un quadro di Diana in piedi in atto di saettare Adone [? Actæon] preso da cani in bellissimo paese fatto con grandissima arte, figure grandi al naturale, di Tiziano, in tela alte p[mi] [palmi] sette et un terzo e larga p[mi] otto con cornice dorata liscia alla romana." The history of this picture is unusually clear for about two and a half centuries: it passed with others from Queen Christina's collection into that of the Duke of Orleans, and thence into that of Sir Abraham Hume for 200 guineas; it is noticed in Waagen's *Art Treasures* (1854, iii. 313); on p. 471 of the *Description des Tableaux au Palais Royal*, 1727; and in Buchanan's *Memoirs*, ii. 113.

Passing from the Italian pictures to those of the Dutch, Flemish, and other schools, it may be pointed out that the Rembrandt portrait of Caterina Hooghsæt (No. 60) is described in Edmund Higginson's catalogue of 1842, No. 39; and that Turner's "Windmill and Lock" (No. 66) was sold in the Heugh sale at Christie's in 1874 for 1750 guineas. The Holbein portrait said to represent Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk (No. 81), was in the sale of Bertie B. Mathew, of Cavendish Square, on

* A very considerable number of the Cowper pictures were collected by Amabel Lady Hume (afterwards successively Baroness Lucas and Countess de Grey), who died in 1833, and who was almost the only English lady who has collected Old Masters with signal success. The 1834 catalogue of pictures belonging to Thomas Earl de Grey at his house in St. James's Square shows this remarkable woman's enterprise in a hobby in which few women have entered. This Earl de Grey succeeded his aunt at 4 St. James's Square, and in due course the collection was inherited by his grandson, the late Earl Cowper.

May 16, 1846 (Lot 23), when it was said to represent the Emperor Maximilian, and when it was bought by the dealer H. Farrer for 80 guineas. M. L. Dimier, in *Le Portrait du XVIe Siècle*, 1904, published a learned commentary on the exhibition of Primatifs Français in Paris of that year, and deals at considerable length with Sir Frederick Cook's portrait of Diane de Poitiers by Clouet (No. 85); the comments of so high an authority must form an important item in the bibliography of this picture.

Two of Lord Spencer's exhibits are of portraits of which the identity is uncertain. The Titian supposed portrait of Ignatius Loyola (No. 105) has been at Althorp for at least nearly a century. Curiously enough, its attribution to Titian is of comparatively modern date, for in Dibdin's *Ædes Althorpianæ*, 1822 (p. 273), it is described as by an unknown master "apparently of the sixteenth century," and as having "all the force and severity of the pencil of Spagnoletto." This may suggest a revision of the present attribution. The second portrait, "Old Cornaro" (No. 44), which appears in the 1851 catalogue of the Althorp pictures as by Titian (and as such it is reproduced on p. 228 of the *Klassiker der Kunst* volume on this artist), is now ascribed to Tintoretto; it is not mentioned in Dibdin's *Ædes*, but it may possibly be the "Portrait of one of the Cornaro family"—"highly descriptive of ease and dignity"—in the Edward Cox sale of 1815 (Lot 72, 10½ guineas), when it was claimed to have come from the Orleans collection, but in which it cannot be traced. Another of Lord Spencer's exhibits, Joos Van Cleve the Younger, by himself (No. 89), calls for notice. This is mentioned and reproduced by Dibdin (*Ædes*, p. 246) as an unknown portrait, "apparently of a man of letters, by Sir Anthony More—a very fine specimen of the master"; the engraving of it was by Professor Hesse, of Munich, "from an exquisite copy in water-colours, of the same size, by the late Mr. Satchwell."

Although Goya's portrait of Doña Antonia Zarate (No. 52), the property of Mr. Otto Beit, may not have been previously exhibited, it is none the less well known, and has been frequently reproduced: *e.g.*, *Zeitschrift für bildende kunst*, 1900, p. 229; *The Connoisseur*, October 1902, p. 116; and also on p. 195 of an article on Goya in *L'Art et les Artistes*, of which I have unfortunately omitted to date my excerpt.

I may add some important data to the very long entry concerning Lord Northbrook's portrait of Jan Steen by himself (No. 93). This was one of the many fine pictures collected by Bouchier Cleeve (who died in March 1760), a wealthy pewterer of Cheapside, and hung at his house at Foots Cray, Kent. "There is a pewterer," writes Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, February 9, 1758, "one Cleeve, who some time ago gave a thousand pounds for four very small Dutch pictures," and who, it may be added, acquired Foots Cray in 1755. Cleeve's daughter Ann married (April 10, 1765) Sir George Yonge, K.B., M.P., Governor-General of the Cape of Good Hope, and he squandered not only his own patrimony, but the estate of his wife. Cleeve's collection remained intact until March 24–25, 1806, when it was sold at 4 Stratford Place, London, by an auctioneer named White; this Steen portrait, described as "very masterly and finely painted," was Lot 68 in the second day's sale. Lord Penrhyn's Cuyp (No. 104) is one of the several with which the siege of Breda inspired that all-round artist. This particular example is evidently from the J. Hargreaves sale of 1873, when it brought 120 guineas.

Whilst it has been possible in a limited space to deal only with a few of the pictures now on view at the Grafton Galleries, and whilst these annotations may prove acceptable in the compilation of the *édition de luxe* of the catalogue of that exhibition, it has been, I think, made abundantly clear that by no means the last word has been said as to the vicissitudes of many of the pictures on view. The catalogue sets up a very high standard for such compilations, and the pressure under which it was compiled constitutes it an amazingly noteworthy production. Next to the æsthetic enjoyment of viewing a picture by an Old Master is an account of its history down through the ages.

W. Roberts.

THE NEW PROTECTION

The adventurous spirit in Australian politics has inspired much daring legislative exploration work. An Australian Parliament seeks the ideal system of government with the spirit in which navigators sought the North-west Passage; and is not timid of venturing on new tracks in the quest. The ideal is as elusive as all human ideals, but in the work of exploration some valuable discoveries are made: and these are for the use of the world as well as for the use of the little British community holding its island outpost in the South Seas. The Australian ballot, the Australian system of land titles (known as Torrens) have been imitated in other countries: and Australian legislation on industrial and agricultural subjects is being closely watched by reformers all the world over. Mr. Roosevelt, for example, in his recent attempt to find a broader popular sanction for the Republican Party in the United States, went to Australia for the single constructive feature of his platform, and advocated an approach to the tariff ideas which the Commonwealth has evolved and styled the "New Protection." The ideas of that "New Protection" begin, too, to find expression from platforms in Great Britain (those who talk of "social reform allied to Tariff Reform" are really talking the "New Protection"), and are worthy of close study by the leaders of the party which seeks to make Tariff Reform the first step in a policy of national reorganisation.

The phrase "New Protection" was originally, I think, Mr. Deakin's, though it is now most often in the mouths of the members of the Labour Party. The antithesis to it in Australian Protectionist politics I remember once phrasing as "the high-tariff and low-wage policy." There was then a manufacturing interest in Australia, infected with American ideas, which was very insistent in its demands for high Protection against foreign competition, and at the same time very reluctant to allow its workers

the betterment in wages and labour conditions which should follow Tariff Reform. That "high-tariff and low-wage section" nursed into life the policy of the "New Protection," which is simply a policy of pursuing by tariff legislation the general benefit of the community, and especially the benefit of farming and industrial classes.

A tariff—it is only necessary to explain in Great Britain, where Free Trade ideas (and misconceptions) survive—can be used with efficacy for a wide variety of purposes. It may be used to force a quick growth of local manufactures, leaving the employer, worker, and consumer to share the benefit on the principle of "he takes who has the power." That is the Protection of the United States. It has led to an enormous material prosperity; and it has also led to Trusts, to savage labour discontent, and to the looting of the consumer. The country as a whole has enormously benefited, but the benefit has not been very evenly distributed, and this inequality of distribution has led to serious and, on the whole, just discontent. Again a tariff may be used to further national ambitions, with the main idea of making a people more self-sufficient, and better prepared for war. That is the Protection of Germany and Japan. It has, within a century, raised a European country, which once was mostly notable for supplying waiters to Europe, to a position in which all Europe waits anxiously on its decrees. It has lifted an Asiatic nation from a pretty and uncivilised mediævalism into a place in the concert of Great Powers. Again a tariff may be used with the main idea of securing within a country the greatest comfort for the greatest number by excluding cheap foreign competition and, within the enclosure of customs walls, keeping up a high average of contentment. That is the "New Protection" of Australia, making the well-paid worker its chief object.

The "New Protection" has been attempted rather than actually achieved in Australia, as the constitutional limitations of the Federal power have stood in the way of the full working of the practical steps adopted to give it effect. But its principle is accepted by all parties; by the Labour Party first of all, which advocates at the present time a thorough revision of the tariff on "New Protection" lines; by the following of Mr. Deakin, who, whilst in office, introduced in the Harvesters' legislation (Customs Tariff Act, 1906, Excise Tariff Act, 1906) all the principles of the

"New Protection"; and even by the Free Trade remnant which takes up the position that "if there is to be any Protection at all, it should certainly be given for the benefit of all classes of the community."

The Harvesters' legislation before mentioned will best explain the "New Protection" methods, to which it gave concrete legislative expression. The facts upon which that legislation was based were accepted at the time as these: Australian inventiveness and enterprise had evolved a new type of harvesting machinery, "the stripper-harvester," suitable for the thin crops of the great wheat areas of the plains. It stripped off the grain from the crop as it stood, leaving the straw to be afterwards eaten down by cattle. American manufacturers copied the design of these Australian machines, and began to compete with the Australian manufacturers in the Argentine Republic and in North Africa, where similar conditions called for the stripper-harvester: and also they attacked the Australian manufacturer in his home market with "dumped" goods, the idea being to kill the Australian production and thus have a world monopoly. The ordinary tariff gave some protection to the Australian manufacturers, but not sufficient to enable them to meet "dumping" competition. They asked, therefore, for a much higher import duty, sufficient to exclude altogether the American imports. In the export market of Africa and South America they were able, they stated, to withstand American competition because the conditions were fair. There was no "dumping." American and Australian machines alike were sold for a profit and the superior quality of the Australian article secured for it a better share of the trade than the American enjoyed. But in the Australian market the American sold at below a profitable rate so as to shut up the Australian factories and thus allow of the development of an American agricultural machinery Trust with the whole world as its field of exploitation. It might lead to a long and entirely profitless controversy if I were to state that these *were* the facts of the case. But they were accepted as the facts by a majority of the Australian Parliament. It is really immaterial to the present argument whether the stripper-harvester was worked out on independent lines in America, or was actually pirated by Americans from Australian inventions. It is also immaterial whether the American exporters to Australia really "dumped"

or not. What is relevant is to consider how the Australian people, believing these to be the facts, determined to save for their country the agricultural machinery industry, honestly convinced that it was in danger.

Against the raising of the tariff wall strong objections were put forward in some quarters. It was urged that to raise the tariff would enable the agricultural machinery makers of Australia to create a Trust among themselves, and, having a monopoly by grace of the prohibitive tariff, to raise the price of their machines against the farmer. Agricultural machinery, it was urged, was the raw material of the farmer. High Protection on it would raise prices hugely, make the farmer's life harder and the bread of the people dearer. There was another objection to an increase in the tariff on agricultural machinery, that the manufacturers did not pay their workers good wages, and therefore the industry was not a public-benefit one, and therefore not entitled to sympathy.

The position was met by legislation, which provided: (*a*) That the tariff on agricultural machinery should be raised to a rate sufficient to give adequate Protection against the American competition; (*b*) that in return for the wider Australian market thus secured to them the manufacturers of the stripper-harvester should materially *reduce* their price to the farmer and should better the wages of their employees. Thus by exclusion of foreign competition, a fair local price and fair wages were both ensured. The Act studied the interests of consumer, producer, and worker. It might have left the settlement of wage conditions to private negotiation, but it was natural, in a country where industrial arbitration is becoming accepted generally as the substitute for strikes, to arrange the wages too.

The theoretical Free Trader will, at first thought, be confident that the above represents an economic impossibility. But, after all, the legislation was only an attempt to exploit for the public advantage a familiar principle of modern industry: that the greater the production and the surer the market the cheaper the possible rate of production. A manufacturer or combination of manufacturers, assured of, say, the supply of 50,000 locomotives yearly in England, could turn them out at a much cheaper rate than if they had to keep their works going for the supply of perhaps 35,000, perhaps 40,000, they could never tell: or perhaps

indeed only [illegible] because of some great dumping of a foreign rival's surplus stock.

It will be of interest to quote an official summary of this Harvester legislation as showing the method of the "New Protection":—

By the Customs Tariff, 1906, increased duties were imposed upon certain classes of agricultural machinery, notably the "stripper-harvester," a machine invented in Australia, which has, to a great extent, replaced the "reaper and binder and thrashing machine" in the harvesting of wheat. By the same Act it was enacted that the machines scheduled should not be sold at a higher cash price than was thereby fixed, and that, if that price should be exceeded, the Commonwealth Executive should have power, by reducing the Customs duties imposed by the Act, to withdraw the tariff protection.

By the Excise Tariff Act, 1906 (No. 16 of 1906), an excise of one-half the duty payable upon imported agricultural machinery was imposed upon similar machinery manufactured in Australia. But it was provided that the latter should be exempt from excise if the manufacturer thereof complied with the following condition, namely, that the goods be manufactured under conditions as to the remuneration of labour which

(*a*) Are declared by resolution of both Houses of the Commonwealth Parliament to be fair and reasonable; or

(*b*) Are in accordance with the terms of an industrial award under the Commonwealth Conciliation and Arbitration Act, 1904; or

(*c*) Are in accordance with the terms of an industrial agreement filed under the last-mentioned Act; or

(*d*) Are, on an application made for the purpose to the President of the Court, declared to be fair and reasonable by him, or by a judge of a State court, or a State industrial authority, to whom he may refer the matter.

The Harvester legislation was doomed to failure; but the rock on which it split was not an economic principle but a constitutional law point. The manufacturers of agricultural machinery were themselves quite satisfied that if the tariff were raised so as to exclude altogether foreign competition, they could raise the wages of their workers and lower the price of their goods. But when the Federal Constitution defined the ambits of authority for the Federal and the States legislatures it left the matter of industrial legislation partly in the hands of the State authority; and the High Court of Australia ruled that this Harvester legislation was a trespass by the Federal power on State rights, and therefore void. The party in office in Australia now proposes a constitutional amendment which will give the Federation full power in such matters. Then the "New Protection" will be enforced not merely in regard to one industry but in regard to all.

That "New Protection" will give to the Australian manufacturer an adequate tariff against foreign competition. But it will be on the condition that he pays fair wages and charges fair prices. A sweating industry will lose its Protection. If, too, advantage is taken by manufacturers of prohibitive Protection to form Trusts and unduly raise the price of goods to the consumer, they will lose their Protection. A permanent Tariff Commission under this system will watch the interests of manufacturers, consumers, and workers, and see that there is a "square deal," to use Mr. Roosevelt's phrase.

The ideal of the "New Protection" (which is purely an industrial policy) has been to an extent modified in Australia by an Imperial purpose, which is responsible for the preference granted to British imports; and by a national defence purpose which recognises that the increasing liabilities for naval and military expenditure will enforce the continuance of many revenue producing duties really foreign to the "New Protection." (The "New Protection" aims at free trade in everything the country cannot economically produce from its own resources; and objects therefore to duties, such as that on tea, which are so dear to the heart of the British Free Trader.) But, in the main, the purpose of the tariff is to raise profits for the farmer and wages for the worker. It is found that this means a general prosperity for the community. With the farmers doing well and the workers doing well, all classes, professional, mercantile, and investing, do well.

When a patriotic party in power in Great Britain sets to work to lay down the lines of a tariff, it will probably find much that can usefully be imitated in the "New Protection" of Australia. A purely "farming and industrial" tariff would possibly not suit altogether the needs of Great Britain. If I might hazard an opinion, I should say that in this country the first aim of a tariff should be defence, *i.e.*, to make the food supply more sure: the second aim, the bettering of the agricultural and industrial conditions; the third aim, Imperial. The Australian tariff system is, in the first instance, agricultural and industrial, in the second, Imperial and defensive. It comes, I think, closest to the ideal tariff for this country, but withal will provide hints of methods suitable to Great Britain rather than a model for imitation.

FRANK FOX.

MR. R. L. BORDEN

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE hour brings forth the man. Seldom has the truth of this optimistic saying been more strikingly verified than in the case of Robert Laird Borden. Little more than a year ago Mr. Borden was comparatively unknown even in the Dominion of Canada. To-day he has won a world-wide reputation as the man who inspired the Canadian nation to reject the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States of America, who beat back the forces of those enemies in Great Britain, Canada, and the United States who would gladly see Canada annexed to the last-named country, and who has given to the whole British Empire another opportunity of realising in its fulness the ideal of Mr. Chamberlain. The leadership of Mr. Borden in this great crisis cannot be too highly praised. From the first moment when the danger appeared he grasped its full significance and set himself resolutely to combat it with all the power at his disposal. He rejected with scorn that policy of "uncompromising toleration" which carried Colonel Newcome to Westminster, and adopted instead the maxim of Alvan in *The Tragic Comedians* that "compromise is virtual death; it is the pact between cowardice and comfort under the title of expediency." Seeing at a glance where the strength of the Reciprocity movement lay, he undertook with characteristic courage a prolonged tour in the West. The same ground had, not long before, been traversed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Mr. Borden's campaign afforded the West an excellent opportunity of judging between the merits of the two leaders. Sir Wilfrid's speeches had been chiefly conspicuous for froth and the vain endeavour to reconcile his pronouncements in the East with a

policy that should win him votes in the West. Mr. Borden, on the other hand, maintained an unflinchingly consistent attitude and refused to buy votes at the price of becoming a political mountebank. He told the farmers that so long as he led the Conservatives his party would have nothing to do with Reciprocity, and the progressively increasing number of the attempts to spoil his meetings showed clearly that the grain-growers were frightened at his success. And of that success there can be no doubt whatsoever. He may not, perhaps, have influenced any very large number of voters in the West, but he won for himself that tribute of admiration which is always paid to the man of single-minded purpose, and he put fresh heart into his followers in every province of the Dominion. Everywhere the Conservatives redoubled their efforts, and there was no slackening in the tension until the results of the General Election showed that the Canadian nation was resolved to work out its own independent destiny upon the American continent and at the same time to remain an integral part of the British Empire.

That Mr. Borden has revealed unexpected qualities of leadership may frankly be admitted. But that his triumph should have come as so much of a surprise as it appears to have done shows that his great quality of courage has been very imperfectly appreciated. And yet this characteristic has been the mainspring of his political career, as the following brief sketch may serve to indicate.

Born at Grand Pré in 1854, Mr. Borden came of British stock. His ancestors were "men of Kent," and (if we may accept the testimony of a certain sporting journal which affects a hue common also to a particular brand of pills efficacious for pale people) the original branch of the family is still flourishing at Headcorn. After having received his education at Acadia Villa Academy and having acted for a time as a professor in the Glenwood Institute, Nova Scotia, Mr. Borden was in 1878 called to the Bar. Before long he became the recognised leader at the Nova Scotian Bar, and when he made his appearance before the Supreme Court at Ottawa he speedily took rank with the leading advocates from Montreal and Toronto. The law was a profession which commanded his sincere enthusiasm and which he was eminently qualified to adorn. What position he would have attained

had he not entered the Federal Parliament in 1896 as member for Halifax it is impossible to say. He entered Parliament reluctantly and only as the victim of severe pressure. For the first few years his heart was evidently not in his new duties. He spoke but infrequently, and his speeches were for the most part concerned with questions in which legal considerations were paramount.

In 1901 came one of the most important crises in Mr. Borden's life. Sir Charles Tupper, who had led the Conservative Party after the withdrawal of Sir Mackenzie Bowell, decided to retire, and it became necessary to appoint a successor. The position was one which only a man of courage would undertake. For the plight of the party was truly piteous. Demoralised by the death of their great leader, Sir John Macdonald, the Conservatives had further lost Sir John Abbott, Sir John Thompson, and Sir Mackenzie Bowell in rapid succession, while Sir Charles Tupper's service as High Commissioner in London had put him somewhat out of touch with his party. For a decade or so they had drifted helplessly along, and their impotence was increased by the bold adoption by the Liberal Party of that project of Preferential Duties with which the Conservatives had long coquetted. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was now at the zenith of his popularity with both the English and French Canadians and was firmly entrenched behind his winning personality. There was no one on the Conservative side who could pretend to anything like an equal authority; certainly not Mr. Borden, whose uneventful Parliamentary career had only begun with Sir Wilfrid's Premiership. And yet it was upon Mr. Borden that the choice of the party fell. It is no wonder that he was unwilling to accept the post, and his unwillingness was, no doubt, increased by the consciousness that he was regarded as a stop-gap. His *nolo episcopari* was, however, overruled, and, having once sunk his personal desires, Mr. Borden addressed himself to his uphill struggle with a stout heart.

Neither in the General Elections of 1904 nor of 1908 did Mr. Borden have a sporting chance. The former struggle turned mainly upon the terms of the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. Mr. Borden neatly summed up the difference between the two rival policies when he inquired whether the Canadians wanted a Government-owned Railway or a Railway-

owned Government. But the fight was, on the whole, not adroitly contested by the Conservatives, and the impression gained ground that they did not want a second transcontinental railway. In 1908 there was even less at issue, and Sir Wilfrid, pointing to his white hairs as Sir John Macdonald had done before him, asked to be allowed to finish his life's work. In both years Canada was enjoying a prosperous season, and the Conservatives were regarded by some people in the light of a baby which deliberately pumps up its tears and bellows lustily for the mere sake of bellowing.

But in the meantime the reputation of Mr. Borden was steadily increasing. In 1904 a Conservative saying had been, "We had rather take Quebec than have written Gray's Elegy." When, however, in the following year Sir Wilfrid Laurier introduced his Bills establishing and providing for the government of the new provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan and proposed therein to establish the "separate school" system in its entirety, Mr. Borden took up a position of determined hostility. By this action, of course, he incurred the bitter enmity of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, to placate which had been an endeavour of the Conservative Party. His standpoint, which was the broader and the strictly Federal one, did not commend itself to all his followers. He stuck to his guns, however, and, aided by dissension in the Laurier Cabinet, had the satisfaction of seeing the Premier himself bring forward an amendment to his own Bill which did much towards mitigating the grievance.

Another occasion upon which Mr. Borden showed marked courage was when the Canadian Parliament made the experiment of paying an official salary to the leader of the Opposition. He was not himself in need of the money, but he fully realised that a time might come, as it had come in the past, when such assistance would be of great importance, and he consented to accept the money duly voted. For this action he was bitterly assailed by many of his own party, who proclaimed that he would henceforth be the mere tool of the Laurier Government. His dignity in these circumstances was admirable; nor, having accepted the salary, did he attempt to play to the gallery by ostentatiously disbursing it upon other than his own personal expenses. Such a record as this might, one would think, have led the observant

critic to expect that, when the hour came, Mr. Borden would not fail through timidity.

Of the part which he has played during the past twelve months in Canada something has already been said. The question now is rather as to what his future policy will be. And it may be said at the outset that he entertains no hostility towards the United States. The utterances of Mr. Taft, Mr. Champ Clark, and Mr. Hearst have, not undeservedly, met with firm rejoinders; and, indeed, even Sir Wilfrid Laurier was goaded into telling Mr. Taft to mind his own business and not interfere in Canadian politics. Mr. Borden has wisely refrained from recrimination. "Canada," he declared in the statement which he made when the results of the election were known, "has emphasised her adherence to the policy and tradition of the past fifty years. She was wisely determined that for her there shall be no parting of the ways, but that she will continue in the old path of Canadian unity, Canadian nationhood, and the British connection. She has emphasised the strength of the ties that bind her to the Empire. The verdict has been given in no spirit of unfriendliness and hostility to the United States, and no such spirit exists, but Canada directs and elects to be mistress of her own destinies and to work out those destinies as an autonomous nation within the British Empire." The foregoing passage not only shows his attitude towards the United States, but outlines also his position towards the Empire. This was yet more clearly explained in the speech which he made at the farewell banquet to Earl Grey. After expressing his conviction that the British Empire would develop along the lines of autonomous development and that no portion would be called upon to surrender self-government, he went on to say:

> We do hope that consistently with that there may be surer and more effective development in trade and in defence within the Empire. We have not begun, perhaps, to realise the material future of this country, or, what is greater, its power and influence for the civilisation of the world as a nation within the Empire.

And he concluded by saying that as Canada grew to greater power and influence she would be faced also with a greater responsibility and that he had no doubt that she would meet that responsibility adequately. It is to be noticed that in this

remarkable speech, of which the above does not pretend to be more than a bald summary, Mr. Borden made special mention of trade and defence. In the early days of Mr. Chamberlain's propaganda the Liberals of this country used to amuse themselves by applying the telescope to the more myopic of their eyes and complaining that they could not see where the Colonial "offer" came in. The fact that Mr. Borden is an avowed Protectionist who believes that adequate protection for Canadian manufacturers is quite compatible with an increased measure of inter-Imperial trade may, not improbably, revive this ridiculous affectation. Mr. Borden's statement is therefore important not only as discounting this "argument," but also as implying that he is not dismayed by the temporary dominance at Westminster of the faction who "banged, barred, and bolted the door," and that he is not afraid to proclaim his adherence to "the greatest political imposture of modern times." The duty of Unionists in these circumstances is clear, and, if there were any doubt, it should be made doubly clear by the views taken at Berlin of the new situation. For the moment Germany has profited by the rejection of Reciprocity, which would have left her the only great commercial country to which the Canadian General Tariff applied in its entirety. The hope was, however, cherished that Mr. Fielding would in due course have made some agreement whereby Germany would have escaped subjection to what would have operated virtually as another Canadian surtax. This hope has now been abandoned, and it is thought that Mr. Borden will not make any other trade agreements until a system of Imperial Preference has been devised. It may not be inappropriate here to mention the suggestion that the Canadian Tariff should be lifted out of party politics by the appointment of a permanent Tariff Commission. The suggestion is one which Mr. Borden has promised to adopt, and one which, as applied to this country, might be well worth consideration.

With regard to defence Mr. Borden will have a difficult course to steer, but he is fortunate in being independent of the votes of Mr. Bourassa and his party. Mr. Borden has declared that the Laurier naval policy "would not add an iota to the fighting strength of the Empire." Little as yet has been done to give effect to that policy, and it may well be that Mr. Borden will

advances the view that Canada is not yet ripe for a navy of her own, and that, until she is ripe, she will aid the Mother Country in the same sort of way as New Zealand has done.

Other matters which are sure soon to engage Mr. Borden's attention and which must be briefly mentioned are such questions as the construction of the Hudson Bay Railway and its operation by an independent commission, the construction of terminal elevators to be worked under Government control, and the encouragement of the chilled meat industry.

One last, and that a very important, point remains. It is confidently expected (and the expectation is a sincere tribute to the courage, honesty, and integrity of the man) that Mr. Borden will do much to check political corruption. Here Sir Wilfrid Laurier, for all his personal integrity, failed lamentably. One well-known public man recently described the situation under the Liberals as one of "widespread, systematic and ruthless robbery," and Mr. Joseph Martin, K.C. (a Liberal and a supporter of Reciprocity), declared that "all Government contracts, concessions and privileges, including even the appointment of judges, are put up for public competition and go to the highest bidder." By his promise to appoint a permanent Tariff Commission Mr. Borden has made an auspicious start which will be welcomed by all who have felt the shame and degradation of the Red Parlour. That Mr. Borden will succeed in stamping out "graft" altogether is unfortunately improbable, but he can at least take to heart the statement of one journal that "the slush funds did not hurt the Government half so much as the reluctance to investigate slush fund charges." If (as there is every reason to believe) he has both the courage and the determination to cope with this evil, Canada will have double cause to bless the day when she passed by the golden casket of American Reciprocity.

MAXWELL H. H. MACARTNEY.

GREATER BRITAIN

CANADIAN AFFAIRS

I

THE new Governor-General, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, has been welcomed in Canada with extraordinary enthusiasm, and his first official acts have proved that he has an instinctive sympathy with the aspirations and inspirations of the Dominions beyond the seas. This power of entering into the thoughts and feelings of the great transoceanic democracies is a remarkable prerogative of our Royal Family—would that British politicians as a class could acquire it—and a cohesive principle the force of which can only be appreciated by the travelled Imperialist.

It is with deep regret and a grateful sense of his devotion to every good cause that the Canadian nation says *au revoir* to Earl Grey, whose services as Governor-General will never be forgotten. It is not a case of saying good-bye; for every Canadian is confident that he will refuse to be bound by the foolish precedent which forbids a retired Governor-General to revisit the Dominion. The popularity of Earl Grey among all sorts and conditions of Canadians is a thing apart, an achievement transcending all the official successes of seven years of epic endeavour. Accessibility, of course, has always been a characteristic of all Canadian Governors-General; there is not, and never has been, nor ever will be a "Court" in the special sense of the term in Canada or in any other of the Dominions beyond the seas. But during Earl Grey's Governorship the new man with a new idea has always been especially welcome at Rideau Hall or wherever the Sovereign's representative happened to be for the time being. Indeed he has sometimes been coerced into attending; more than one Westerner has found the absence of his "glad clothes" (the

Western phrase for evening dress) an insufficient excuse for absenting himself. "I should describe him," said one of these improvised guests, "as the kind of man who wants to know all about him. Me and him had a heart-to-heart talk about the mines and agricultural prospects at home. I told him all I knew, and he was real interested in affairs on the coast" (British Columbia). During what used to be called Viceregal progresses Earl Grey's time has generally been spent in the most inclusive kind of wayside conversations; it has always been rather a difficulty with his suite to extricate him from long talks, full of solid stolid facts, with casual acquaintances who could tell him something new about this or that phase of Canada's everyday life. Since the way to the average Canadian's heart is to be really interested in the affairs of his own particular town or district (the best in all Canada, of course) it is no wonder that the retiring Governal-General's passion for information about men and matters has made him universally admired in every part of the Dominion. More especially as it is known that he never forgets anything he has been told, and is always anxious to help any *bonâ-fide* "proposition" brought to his notice during his innumerable journeys. The casual saying, "When Grey goes back to the Old Country he'll be as good as another High Commissioner's office," summed up the popular conception of the genuine nature of the Governor-General's friendship for Canada and the Canadians. In a new country, be it remembered, a man does not separate his private life and his business affairs; you are not really his friend unless you are interested—not passively, but actively—in his work. So it comes about that all classes of the community have come to consider Lord Grey as one of themselves, a Canadian among Canadians, who was as incapable of putting on "frills" or patronising anybody as, say, Sir John Macdonald, and was always content to be himself and to say what he meant and mean what he said in any kind of company.

Of his public life during the last seven years as much is known in England as in Canada, though the full significance of some of his acts and speeches (the latter were never official orations, but always heart-to-heart talks, informal and appealing) can only be appreciated by those in close touch with popular opinion. Every Canadian Governor-General is expected to achieve one "big

thing" in the course of his term. Opinions sometimes differ as to which is the big thing in question; in the opinion of a certain Toronto professor, for example, the greatest achievement of one of Lord Grey's predecessors consisted in the handing over of a number of historical documents, supposed to be the inalienable property of the Governor-General, to those who could make the best use of them—a blameless felony which has been silently condoned. But the outstanding event of Lord Grey's Governorship was the Quebec Tercentenary, a glorious pageant, and the purchase for the nation of the historic battlefields on the Quebec heights. Nothing has done more to make the *entente* subsisting between the two Canadian nationalities *cordiale* in the best sense of the term. As regards his relations with Government and Opposition leaders, no word of criticism has ever been uttered; his close friendship with Sir Wilfrid Laurier has never given rise to a suggestion that he was Liberal in his sympathies. In his dealings with neighbouring countries he has shown himself a pioneer by ignoring precedents. He was, for example, the first Governor-General to visit Newfoundland and to make the personal acquaintance not only of the Sovereign's representative there, but also of the French Governor of St. Pierre-Miquelon, the last fragment of the French Colonial Empire in those vexed waters. No doubt the sticklers for gubernatorial etiquette must have observed these innovations with fear and trembling. But no catastrophe ensued—the chief result was that something was done to remove the curious notion widely current among the Newfoundland fisher-folk ten years ago that the Canadian "foreigners" wish to make their island a member of the Canadian Confederacy in order to obtain material for schemes of a belligerent nature. Again, in delivering his famous speech at a Pilgrims' Banquet in New York, he courageously defied an established precedent. Speaking in the name of Canada, he reminded his hearers that the Dominion, while valuing the goodwill of the Republic, intended to work out her own destinies on independent lines. None of those present resented this outspoken utterance; they took it sitting down and talked of him as the "big Englishman" among themselves afterwards. They did not foresee, nor did the speaker perhaps, that such a statement implied the rejection of Reciprocity a very few years later.

Finally, let us gratefully remember that Lord Grey never was afraid to talk "straight Imperialism" to the Canadian people. He has been criticised for so doing in the French-Canadian Press. But he never allowed the people of his adopted country to forget that Canada is a part of the Empire, and there is no denying that his public utterances have had a most wholesome effect during the period of incubation on the recent movement, now happily routed, in the direction of Continentalism.

2

Cabinet-making in Canada is always a difficult business. Each Province (with the exception of tiny Prince Edward Island) should have the representation in the Cabinet to which it is entitled by its population and prestige, and a great variety of individual interests have to be considered. A Cabinet such as Mr. Asquith's, which largely consists of "carpet-baggers," is almost unthinkable from the Canadian point of view, which assumes that a Minister should have an intimate knowledge of the life and industry of some important section of the country. If this common-sense principle were accepted in the Mother Country the ridiculous weaknesses of the Asquith Administration—for example, the lack of a representative of "the City" and a Chancellor of the Exchequer whose apprenticeship to affairs was served in a small solicitor's office in a small town somewhere in Wales—would be out of the question. Mr. Borden's solution of the problem is marked by his shrewd common sense, and is a sufficient answer to the assertion, often heard on Liberal platforms during the recent campaign, that the Conservatives had not the men to make an official Executive. In point of fact the Borden Administration is appreciably stronger in practical ability than that which it displaces, and it does not contain any of those struggling business men of whom it can be said significantly, "So-and-so is not in politics for his health"—a guarantee that Mr. Borden intends to give Canada the clean government which, as the many serious Departmental scandals of the last few years clearly proved, she has certainly not possessed during the *régime* of the Continentalists. It is a notable fact that the Premiers of Ontario, Manitoba, and British Columbia—the three men who, next to Mr. Borden, did most to rout the forces of Americanisation

on September 21—have not transferred themselves from the Provincial to the Federal sphere of political activity. It is needless to say that Sir James Whitney, Mr. R. P. Roblin, and Mr. McBride could have had front seats in the new Cabinet if they had so desired. But they have wisely preferred to continue the important work they have in hand and to form the second line, so to speak, of the victorious army of Canadian Imperialism.

The question of the High Commissionership has been settled by Lord Strathcona's patriotic consent to continue his arduous labours despite his great age. There is no stronger or more sincere supporter of the constructive policy of Imperial Preference, and he will be in the fullest sympathy with the efforts of Mr. Borden and his associates to put the Empire on a business footing instead of merely talking about it, as was the custom of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It has been suggested that the latter should be appointed as Canada's representative in the Mother Country. No doubt his appointment would be enthusiastically welcomed by the members of the British Cabinet who sided with the Reciprocity movement in the electoral campaign and instructed their obsequious servitor, Mr. Bryce, to do what he could to help on the intrigues at Washington for the sale of Canada's birthright. But it is the general belief among Conservatives that the plot would be renewed in London if Sir Wilfrid Laurier were appointed to the High Commissionership, and that half the fruits of a victory for Imperialism would be thrown away if one whose acts prove him to be an anti-Imperialist were to have further opportunities of asserting himself. It may be taken as certain that even in the event of Lord Strathcona's retirement no former member of the Laurier Administration—not even Sir Frederick Borden, who is the present Prime Minister's cousin—would be sent as Canada's ambassador to the Mother Country.

3

An official bulletin published at the moment of writing gives the population of Canada as 7,081,869, which will be increased to some slight extent when a few census results from the outlying or unorganised territories come to hand. In 1901 the population was 5,371,315, so that the increase has been 32 per cent. approximately in the last decade. It was generally believed that the

8,000,000 mark would have been nearly, if not quite, reached. The gain by immigration during the past ten years was 1,[illegible]; and this influx, added to the natural increase, should have provided the increment so confidently expected. What are the causes of this unexpected shortage of close on a million? In the first place, it must be remembered that it is a custom, not only in the West but also in the Eastern Provinces, for cities and towns to exaggerate their population and to "boost" themselves from time to time by issuing what may be described as a cooked statistical balance-sheet. A and Z are local rivals (from the Atlantic to the Pacific you find that the industrial foci sort themselves out into competing pairs), and when it is announced that A has 5000 inhabitants the municipal authorities of Z are compelled for business reasons to make as good a statistical show or run the risk of losing the patronage of the outside investor in urban real estate. The result is that a part of the population of each ambitious centre is really "water," a liquid asset which dries up the moment the census goes on its rounds. Death-rates are whittled down, birth-rates screwed up, and no record is kept of those unpatriotic persons who are so blind to their best interests as to go and exist elsewhere, whereas the new arrival is never overlooked and is sometimes statistically treated as a kind of plural citizen. Secondly, there can be no doubt whatever that the birth-rate in the Eastern Provinces is falling, as it has fallen in New England, and in the Western towns a similar tendency has been remarked of late years. Thirdly, there may have been an increase in the annual leakage of population into the United States, where the English-speaking Canadian has no difficulty whatever in obtaining a well-paid position in business (indeed he may be defined as the Scotchman of the New World) and the French-Canadian is in request as a factory-worker. In the past the self-expatriated Canadian was met with only in the border States. Now he is found in every part of the Republic, and there is an influential Canadian colony in nearly all the Latin-American countries.

The population is distributed as follows, the rate of increase for each Province being given: Prince Edward Island, 93,722 (9 per cent. decrease); Nova Scotia, 461,847 (½ per cent. increase); New Brunswick, 351,815 (6 per cent. increase); Quebec, 2,000,697 (21 per cent. increase); Ontario, 2,519,902 (15 per cent. increase);

Manitoba, 454,691 (78 per cent. increase); Saskatchewan, 453,508 (396 per cent. increase); Alberta, 372,919 (411 per cent. increase); British Columbia, 362,768 (103 per cent. increase). The population of the chief cities is as follows: Montreal, 466,197; Toronto, 376,240; Winnipeg, 135,430; Vancouver, 100,333; Ottawa, 86,340; Quebec, 78,067; Halifax, 46,081; Calgary, 43,736; Hamilton, 42,363; Victoria, 31,620; Regina, 30,210; Edmonton, 24,882.

By the British North America Act, Canada's written Constitution, the representation of the Province of Quebec is fixed at 65 members, the electoral unit of population being obtained by dividing the whole population of the Province by that number. Since the new electoral unit (30,779) is 15 per cent. larger than that which determined the readjustment of representation after the census of 1901 it is clear that all Provinces with a less rate of increase than Quebec will lose members. Prince Edward Island will lose one, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick two each, and Ontario four. On the other hand, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta will each gain five members apiece, while British Columbia will have four more. The East thus loses nine, while the West gains nineteen, having its representation increased from 34 to 53, so that we may expect to see Canadian politics "occidentalised" to a considerable degree during the next ten years.

E. B. O.

CORRESPONDENCE

MR. REDMOND'S TWO VOICES

THE following important correspondence has passed between Mr. F. E. Smith, M.P., and Mr. John Redmond, M.P.:

70 Eccleston Square, S.W., October 15, 1911.

DEAR MR. REDMOND,—You are reported in the *Daily News* of Friday, October 13, 1911, to have made the following observations with reference to my speech at Glasgow of October 12:

> I say it is not playing the game, poor and wretched though that game may be, for men like Mr. Smith to make false accusations against his political opponents. He accused me of having been in the habit of speaking with two voices—one in America and one in Great Britain. I indignantly deny that accusation. I have never in my life said one word on a platform in America one whit stronger than I have said in my place on the floor of the House of Commons. I have never, in America or anywhere else, advocated the separation of Ireland from Great Britain.

You charge me explicitly in the passage which I quote with having falsely accused you of speaking with two voices, one in America and one in Great Britain. I fully admit that I made this charge, and that if it is false I owe you public amends. I write to you as a fellow member of the House of Commons in order to determine whether the charge is false or true.

Your English voice is illustrated in the statement above quoted, that you have never, in America or anywhere else, advocated the separation of Ireland from Great Britain.

Will you be good enough to inform me whether you are correctly reported in the *Daily Independent* of December 9, 1895, as having said:

> Our principles are easily defined. They are the independence of Ireland and the civil and religious liberty of all her sons. . . . Ireland for the Irish is our motto, and the consummation of all our hopes and aspirations is in one word to drive English rule, sooner or later, bag and baggage, from our country.

If this report is inaccurate, have you ever corrected it? If it is accurate, does it represent your present position?

Will you be good enough to inform me whether you are correctly reported in the *Worcester Spy*, U.S.A., November 14, 1901, as having said:

> What are our motives and objects? First of all our ultimate goal is the national independence of our country; 2, I say in its essence the national

movement is the same to-day as it was in the days of Hugh O'Neill, of Owen Roe, of Emmett, or of Wolfe Tone—to overturn the foreign domination in our land and to put Irishmen in charge of their own affairs.

If this report is inaccurate, have you ever corrected it? If it is accurate, does it represent your present position?

Will you be good enough to inform me whether you are correctly reported in the *Freeman's Journal* of October 13, 1910, as having said at Buffalo:

Without freedom all these great concessions are practically valueless; or, at any rate, such value as they possess is to be found in the fact that they strengthen the arm of the Irish people and push on to the goal of national independence.

If this report is inaccurate, have you ever corrected it? If it is accurate, does it represent your present position?

Will you be good enough to inform me whether you are correctly reported in the *Freeman's Journal* of September 27, 1910, as having said at Buffalo:

I have come here to day to America to ask you to give us your aid in the supreme, and I believe the final effort to dethrone, once and for all, the English Government of our country.

If this report is inaccurate, have you ever corrected it? If it is accurate, does it represent your present position?

Will you be good enough to inform me whether you are correctly reported in the *Irish World* of November 19, 1910, as having said:

We demand an Irish Parliament for Irish affairs, and subject only to the Irish people. Less than that we do not ask, and less than that we shall not accept. They ask us to demand more, and I answer in the words of Parnell: "Let us get this first, and then demand more." We do not set a limit on the march of the nation.

If this report is inaccurate, have you ever corrected it? If it is accurate, does it represent your present position?

I have asked you the question in reference to each of the above quotations, whether it represents your present position. If it does not you have evidently, and on your own admission, spoken with two voices. If it does, the conclusion is even clearer, for on October 7, 1911, you are reported in the *Morning Post* as having made the following observations:

We are only asking for the management of our own local affairs by an executive government which will be responsible to the public opinion of Ireland. We accept your supremacy, and we not merely accept it, but we invite you, if any one has any doubt upon the question, to make in the terms of your Bill that supremacy as effective as you like.

You are also reported in the *Morning Post* of October 11, 1911, as having said at Whitechapel:

I am here to give an assurance to them that the days of ill-will and hatred on the part of Ireland against this country have passed away, and that Ireland is at this moment holding out the hand of friendship to England and is asking only that she should be allowed to take her proper place as a peaceful, prosperous, and loyal portion of the Empire. . . . Let me define what I mean by Home Rule, by the just and moderate demand of Ireland. I mean that Ireland should be conceded that right of managing her own purely local affairs for herself in a subordinate Parliament subject to the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament.

The comparison of these extracts with those above set forth makes it clear that unless you have been the victim of an abominable conspiracy sustained over a long period on the part of the Nationalist Press, you have vehemently and for many years advocated national independence, and that you are now, in order to delude and cajole English audiences, repudiating these pretensions and confining yourself to the advocacy of an Irish Parliament strictly subordinate to the Imperial Parliament.

It would appear, therefore, that my statement at Glasgow was fully warranted under these circumstances. You will, I am sure, see the propriety of either justifying or withdrawing your assertion that I have made a false accusation against you in this respect.

John Redmond, Esq., M.P.

MR REDMOND'S REPLY

Mr. Redmond replied as follows

Aughavanagh, Aughrim, County Wicklow.
October 19, 1911.

DEAR MR. SMITH,—I have only to-day received the interrogatories which you have been kind enough to administer to me. I congratulate you on the industry you have shown in searching through hundreds of speeches of mine, as far back as the year 1895, for isolated passages to endeavour to bolster up your accusation against me that I have been guilty of the dishonesty and the folly of speaking with different voices in America and in England on the question of Home Rule.

I trust your occupation has been exhilarating and informative, but why limit your researches to the year 1895? I would suggest that you should go back to the commencement of my public career in the year 1881, and thus complete your study of my public utterances, although I must admit that I scarcely think the result will scarcely compensate you for the time which will have to be devoted to this task.

Even if I desired to do so, I have not the means at my disposal of verifying quotations, some of them sixteen years old.

I declared, in my speech at Glasgow, that "I have never said one word on a platform in America one whit stronger than I have said in my place on the floor of the House of Commons, and that I have never, in America or elsewhere, advocated the separation of Ireland from Great Britain." I stand by this declaration.

I have spoken, no doubt, of Irish independence, as Parnell did. I have spoken about putting an end to British Government in Ireland, and so forth. All these statements, however, are only to be read in the light of the innumerable declarations made by me on hundreds of platforms in America and in this country and in the House of Commons, that all that we asked was that, in purely Irish affairs, we should have control of the government of the country in an Irish Parliament in the same way, though not necessarily by the same machinery, as is the case in the Colonies.

Over thirty years ago, Mr. Isaac Butt defined Home Rule in this sense.

That definition was always accepted by Mr. Parnell, has always been accepted *by me, and has never* been questioned by the National Party in this country.

Your insinuation that I desired to deceive Irishmen in America by putting the Irish *demand* in a more extreme form is ludicrous, in face of the fact that I published, in *McClure's Magazine*, in New York, in October of last year, at the commencement *of* my campaign to obtain the "foreign dollars" which so much riled you and your friends, an article in which I specifically defined what Ireland's claim was and is when we speak of Irish Legislative Independence. Here was my definition, which is only a repetition of what I have been saying for thirty years, both in America and in Ireland:

> Legislative and executive control of all purely Irish affairs, subject to the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament. In other words, we want an Irish Parliament, with an Executive responsible to it, created by Act of the Imperial Parliament, and charged with the management of purely Irish affairs, leaving to the Imperial Parliament, in which Ireland would probably continue to be represented, but in smaller numbers, the management, just as at present, of all Imperial affairs, the Imperial Parliament also retaining an overriding, supreme authority over the new Irish Legislature. That is what Ireland wants.

There is one quotation which you attribute me as to which I can speak with absolute certainty. You say that on November 10, 1910, I spoke as follows:

> We demand an Irish Parliament for Irish affairs and subject only to the Irish people. Less than that we do not ask. Less than that we shall not accept. They ask us to demand more, and I answer in the words of Parnell: "Let us get this first, and then demand more."

There is not one syllable of truth in this quotation. Parnell never used the words attributed to him, and I never used the phrase either. I publicly repudiated it this year in the House.

A concession to Ireland such as we demand will, in my judgment, finally settle the Irish question. My colleagues and I will accept it in that spirit, and, so far as it is possible to pledge our countrymen, so it will be accepted by them.

Surely it would be a more worthy occupation for a man of your gifts and influence to endeavour to have some share in bringing about the reconciliation of Ireland than to waste your time in digging in the grave of the past in the hope of resurrecting some raw-head-and-bloody-bones to frighten certain timid and credulous members of your party in England. It is not thus that a grave and serious constitutional problem should be discussed by serious men.

Rt. Hon. F. E. Smith, M.P.

A REJOINDER

In response, Mr. F. E. Smith wrote as follows:

70 Eccleston Square, S.W., October 23, 1911.

Dear Mr. Redmond,—I am obliged by your letter of October 19, in answer to mine of the 15th. I hope you will acquit me of discourtesy if I limit our discussion to its original issue. I accused you at Glasgow of speaking with a double voice in your advocacy of Home Rule—a separatist voice when you

[illegible] money in America for sedition in Ireland, and a moderate policy when you required political support in England. You publicly replied that this charge was false. This and this alone was the issue between us. You denied at Glasgow that you had ever advocated separation from England. I showed in my letter by a series of extracts from your speeches extending over a period of [illegible] years that you had vehemently and repeatedly in Ireland and America advocated separation from England. Except in one case (to which I will recur) you are unable to contest the accuracy of my quotations. With your Irish-American voice you have advocated, unless the Nationalist Press has wickedly garbled your speeches, "a policy that will drive English rule, sooner or later, bag and baggage, from our country," "an ultimate goal which is the national independence of our country." Nor is this, as you half suggest, ancient history. As recently as September 27, 1910,* you spoke at Syracuse of "dethroning once for all the English Government of our country."

Is this your present view? Has this been your recent campaign? It is evident that the two are as far apart as the Poles.

Nor is your strange contention more happily chosen that your speeches advocating "Irish independence as Parnell did" and "putting an end to British government in Ireland" are to be qualified by speeches delivered at other times to different audiences in which you foreshadowed some form of Colonial delegation. This circumstance proves, and proves only, that your habit of speaking with a double voice is more inveterate than I had imagined. A similar comment disposes of the reference to your article in *McClure's Magazine*. The terms of that article are wholly inconsistent with your speech at Syracuse on September 27, 1910. How many do you imagine of the American-Irish who cheered your platform rhetoric are readers of *McClure's Magazine?* I should conjecture that the magazine article was intended for the consumption of the friends of Mr. Bourke Cockran and the rhetoric for the followers of Mr. Ford.

A more detailed reply is required to your denial that on November 10, 1910, you used the following language:

> We demand an Irish Parliament for Irish affairs, and subject only to the Irish people. Less than that we do not ask. Less than that we shall not accept. They ask us to demand more, and I answer in the words of Parnell: "Let us get this first and then demand more."

You observe that "Parnell never used the words attributed to him, and I never used the phrase either." I accept your recollection unreservedly, but I suggest for your consideration the view that your memory has played a trick upon you, for (*a*) there is nothing in the speech of substance which does not appear in other utterances of which you do not contest the authorship. Moreover, Mr. T. M. Kettle, speaking on your behalf at New York in November 1906, said: "The message we bear is from that illustrious leader of our party, John Redmond. If there is any man in this audience who says to us as representing that Parliamentary movement: 'I don't believe in your Parliamentary ideas, I don't believe in Home Rule, I go beyond it; I believe in an independent Irish nation'; if any man says this, I say that we don't disbelieve in it. These are our tactics—if you are to take a fortress first take the outer works." This is

evidently a specific declaration on your behalf to the Separatist Party that if Home Rule is granted you will at least not oppose their ambitions—and a declaration made for the purpose of obtaining their financial support. If it is such a declaration, I am confident that as an honourable man you would not attempt to evade your obligation when the time came to fulfil it. (*b*) The actual words to which you object were quoted by me from a full report of your speech which appeared in the *Irish World* of November 19, 1910. (*c*) If, as you assert, Mr. Parnell did not use the actual words attributed to him in the *Irish World* report, they were undoubtedly in accordance with his views. For instance, in a well-known speech he said at Cork on January 21, 1885:

> No man had a right to fix a boundary to the march of a nation, and while they struggled to-day for that which it may be possible for them to obtain, they might struggle for it with the proud consciousness that they were doing nothing to hinder or prevent better men who may come forward in the future from gaining better things than those for which they were now struggling.

In fact, the concluding words in the passage which I quoted: "We do not set a limit on the march of the nation"—are, I believe, inscribed in letters of gold on the Dublin monument to Parnell which you unveiled on October 1, 1911.

You indicate, in conclusion, that my method of criticism is unworthy of one whom you very kindly describe as possessing gifts and influence. Have you ever attempted to understand the other point of view? Many of us bitterly resent the use you have thought it wise to make of your mastery over the dependent Government which you maintain in office. To us it is clear that you aided the Government to destroy the Constitution not because you shared any of their quarrels since 1906 with the House of Lords, but because you were promised in return a Home Rule Bill over the heads of the constituencies.

Your own pacific assurances are the only guarantees which the nature of the case can offer to Ulster, and it is therefore both relevant and necessary to discover whether these assurances are consistent with your utterances on occasions when you were at liberty to publish your views without any ulterior motive.

As our discussion was public in its origin, I propose to send this correspondence to the Press.

I am, yours faithfully,

F. E. Smith.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

The Eternal German

OUR readers will have been fully prepared for the sensational disclosures of the past month. By conscientious students of Anglo-German relations they could have been foreseen and foretold with precision. Let us avoid losing the wood for the trees. It is one of the cardinal doctrines of *real politik*, or practical politics, as understood in Germany, to take obstacles or rivals in detail and destroy them. The German Empire, founded on blood and iron forty years ago, had pursued this policy with unchecked success. Denmark was the first victim, Austria the second, and France the third. Their overthrow was compassed within a decade. Denmark was so unfortunate as to possess territories coveted by Germany, because necessary for the future construction of the Kiel Canal and the doubling of German sea-power; Austria-Hungary must be defeated in order that Prussia might become the leading German Power; France in order that Prussianised Germany might become the first European Power. In each case the victims were successfully isolated and discredited by astute diplomacy, and then suddenly overwhelmed by superior force. Thirty years elapsed during which the German Empire remained at peace, weakening her neighbours by fomenting quarrels and promoting several wars. She prospered amazingly and postured as a pillar of peace. Meanwhile her political ambitions expanded with her material growth. Napoleonic dreams of

world-wide conquest flashed across the brain of her imaginative ruler, whose eloquence from time to time startled the world, though few realised its full significance. It was only intended for home consumption, but no embargo could be placed on its export. Neighbouring Powers became uneasy; former friends suspicious, former rivals composed their feuds—united they might hope to stand, divided they must inevitably fall. The German army automatically increased by leaps and bounds; the German navy was launched on an ocean of Anglophobia during the South African War, and the fires of frenzy have been deliberately and systematically stoked ever since. "Our destiny lies upon the water" was the Imperial catchword and subsequently the popular catchword. "Without the consent of Germany's ruler nothing must happen in any part of the world." Again, "As my grandfather reorganised the army, so I shall reorganise my navy without flinching, and in the same way, so that it will stand on the same level as my army, and that with its help the German Empire shall reach the place which it has not yet attained." These sentiments crystallised in the preamble of the Navy Act of 1900, scheduling the British Navy as the objective of the German Navy.

The Syndicate

EVERY European Power was threatened from the same quarter: France equally with ourselves—the Imperial sabre rattled audibly along her frontier; Russia no less than France, and at inopportune moments Hohenzollerns in "shining armour" appeared in various capitals. Long-continued German effort to become the over-lord of Europe, before whom all other Powers must bow the knee, was in a fair way to becoming realised, and the liberties and independence of smaller nations were imperilled. The position was rendered trebly menacing by the fact that Germany was the predominant partner in a powerful alliance, whose junior members had hardly a soul to call their own. For threatened nations it was simply a question as to whether they should stand together in a defensive pact against the common bully, or allow themselves to be separated and dealt with in detail, with the former fate of Denmark, Austria-Hungary, and France before them. That is the whole European question as is revealed by every international incident. Germany has powerful allies, but she denies the right

of other nations to form friendships, because every serious friendship is necessarily a bulwark against aggression, and there is only one formidable aggressor in Europe to-day. It would, in the face of such elementary incontestable facts and of every manifestation of German diplomacy, seem impossible for any sensible Englishman, Frenchman, or Russian to suggest any solution of the European problem except one, namely, that their respective countries should develop their belligerent strength to their maximum capacity by land and sea, and be prepared to stand together in the common cause of peace. But apparently there are persons who would resent being described as other than intelligent who deliberately advocate that Germany should be encouraged to levy what toll or blackmail she pleases on her neighbours, while they should refrain from combining, but should pursue a policy of "splendid isolation" and avoid "entangling alliances." If the hateful truth may be told, there is a large and powerful international syndicate, with ramifications in every capital, including London and Paris, working chiefly through corrupt or cosmopolitan papers, inspired or controlled by that hateful figure the International Jew *—if we may use a word which shocks our esteemed contemporary, the *Spectator*. These internationalists, *alias* pro-Germans, demand that, in "the interests of peace," Europe shall pass unresistingly under the German yoke.

"Submit and Suffer"

GREAT BRITAIN is to give the signal, if we listen to the advice of wealthy aliens who repay our hospitality by playing the game of our enemies, who are to be allowed to dominate the Continent, while we sink to the level of the Isle of Man. That is clearly the programme of Anglo-Swiss, Anglo-Germans, and Cocoa magnates who control a large portion of the Radical Press, and seek to coerce the Radical Government; while among so-called Unionist papers, which derive their inspiration from Potsdam, or are mere Bourse organs, the same note is struck by gifted members of the chosen race, who are becoming a positive peril to their adopted country. "Appease Germany at all costs. If she wants

* We should always be careful to distinguish between the National Jew, who is a patriot, and the International Jew, who is a cosmopolitan and usually an enemy of England and a more or less avowed agent of Germany.

your trade, let her have it. If she wants your possessions, let her have them. If she wants to reduce your ship-building programme, reduce it. If she wants to increase her own, let her increase it to her heart's content. The more "Dreadnoughts" she has, the better; the fewer you have, the better. It all makes for peace. If she wants to overrun Europe, let her overrun it. Peace is the greatest of British interests, and therefore no price is too great to pay for it. If Germany invades you, 'submit and suffer,' in the words of an eminent Nonconformist divine. Counter-preparations are costly and will interfere with social reforms, to say nothing of the steadiness of stocks and shares, because you might be tempted to resist, whereas if resistance is made impossible all temptation will be removed. Let Germany have whatever she wants, and all will be well." Happily, the British Government, in spite of a deplorable record on National Defence and a continuous stream of silly, sentimental speeches, has not reached the depths of abasement of our Swiss and other Pacificists. Indeed, Great Britain has recently given the world a striking object-lesson in the wisdom of the alternative policy. Once knuckle down to a bully and you will have perpetual war. Stand up to him and you will have peace. Our readers will be far better informed than ourselves upon recent events, because they will enjoy the advantage of having read the statement of Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons on November 27, which will give a very different impression from the deluge of mendacity now flooding Germany with the object of keeping the voter up to the patriotic mark at the impending elections, and preparing the way for another outbreak of German "Dreadnoughts." But the facts are familiar to every intelligent observer.

Signals

AFTER the visits of the German Emperor and the German Crown Prince and Crown Princess to this country—which were danger-signals to all serious students of German methods, accompanied as they were by a positive Niagara of gush from prominent politicians and leading journals, while the Potsdam Press was positively off its head with excitement, and in consequence of all this fatuity and gush Germany deemed the moment propitious to make yet another attempt to break up the Entente between this country and France. Great

Britain was so clearly in the hands of Jews, Quakers, sentimentalists, and cranks. She was prepared to eat any number of leeks and, *ex hypothesi*, would abandon France under pressure in the supposed interests of peace, and Germany would then be able to enter into an offensive and defensive alliance with our betrayed and exasperated neighbour—at our expense. That was the calculation. Alternatively, should Great Britain unexpectedly stand firm another Anglophobe agitation might be successfully engineered in Germany which would materialise in yet another batch of super-"Dreadnoughts." It was heads the German Government won, and tails they didn't lose. That is the whole explanation of the sudden appearance of a German gunboat, the *Panther*, at Agadir on July 1—the chosen day of challenge, because, as the Crown Prince and Crown Princess had barely left these shores, our sense of hospitality might be expected to restrain us from being "disagreeable to our dear German Cousin." London society, which prostrated itself before the Prince last summer, has had its reward this autumn in the shape of his Royal Highness's indecent manifestations of hatred of England, which were no surprise to those acquainted with his real sentiments. France could be safely bullied, humiliated, attacked, should she dare single-handed to stand up to Germany and resist the preposterous demands presented to her to the accompaniment of warlike preparations, while the *Panther*, plus the *Berlin*, remained at Agadir. British Ministers were extraordinarily patient; German Ministers correspondingly insolent. Our inquiries were not even deemed worth an answer. The position was critical, but, happily, our Government had the necessary nerve. Mr. Lloyd George has made many vile and vicious speeches, setting class against class in this country, and the harm they have done is immeasurable; but on July 21, after German warships had been three weeks at Agadir without any explanation on the part of the German Government, while the inspired Press was proclaiming that they had come to stay, and Germany was adopting a truculent attitude towards France, clearly intended either to provoke war or to break up the Entente, the Chancellor of the Exchequer made some atonement for past indiscretions by a speech at the Mansion House as irreproachable in terms as it was unmis-

takable in tone, which, backed as it was by the determination of the Cabinet, saved the peace of Europe, which does not depend, as illusionists pretend to imagine, upon honeyed words or aversion to war, but upon the amount of belligerent power behind peaceful intentions. The speaker merely declared that we were neither a *quantité négligeable* nor a faithless friend. That such a declaration at such a moment should have infuriated the German Government proves that the Kaiser and his advisers had regarded us *as both the one and the other.*

The Only Way

Germany realised that she had once again completely misjudged the international situation, was woefully misinformed concerning British policy, underrated the fortitude of an aroused France, and had forgotten the loyalty of Russia to her ally. After some perilous hesitation, during which we may be sure that Austria-Hungary's "enthusiasm" was carefully considered in Berlin, while Italy's reluctance could hardly be concealed, as a practical Power Germany accepted the situation, deciding that the game was not worth the candle. That the German Government has got itself into a mess with various sections of the German people, some of whom complain of its irresolution at a critical moment, others of its menacing excess of zeal, goes without saying. It is not our concern; we are only interested in applying the moral which is the one our readers must be almost tired of hearing, viz., that if you wish to keep the peace with such a Power as Germany there is one way and only one way, namely, by convincing her that she stands to lose more than she is likely to gain by breaking the peace. That is the case for the Entente between France and England, which has supplied yet another instance of its pacific influence. It is the case for extending the Entente between ourselves and France into a Triple Entente, embracing Russia, who, as we have suggested, played an important and valuable part during the recent crisis. If these three Powers develop their armaments to their utmost capacity, and make it plain to the world that any other nation who deliberately picks a quarrel with any one of them will have to reckon with the three, there is no human probability of a great European war. If, on the other hand, any of them listen

to false or foolish counsellors, who advise England to abandon France, and France to abandon England, and both to abandon Russia, while Russia abandons both, the sole effect would be that each of these Powers would be completely at the mercy of Germany, and Europe would pass under the domination of the Prussian Junker. That Radicals, who affect to regard themselves as the party of progress, should seriously advocate a policy which could only result in the establishment of a universal despotism of reaction would be amazing, were Radicals capable of amazing. The single object of German cajolery at the present moment, as of German coercion recently, is to break up the Entente, but it should only serve to cement the Entente, which has justified its existence on several critical occasions, but never with such *éclat* as this autumn. Unionists are prepared to give full credit to the Cabinet on this question, but they are entitled to ask in return that any weak spots detected in our naval organisation, or rather want of organisation, should be immediately made good, and that the whole question of national defence by land and sea should be reconsidered in the light of recent events; that there should be a cessation of misleading speeches, and that the country should be taken into the confidence of the Government and educated in the true proportions of the danger that confronts us. We would call our readers' attention to the remarkable series of articles in the *Morning Post* (November 8 to 15) entitled "The Writing on the Wall," which discuss the outlook with masterly ability and exceptional knowledge. We trust they will be republished if only for the sake of those who are twaddling anew about "a clean slate." The slate is clean enough. Let us write on it as before: "The Peace of Europe largely depends on the common-sense, the strength, the loyalty, and the patriotism of Great Britain."

Mr. Balfour's Resignation

ON Wednesday afternoon, November 8, Mr. Balfour put an end to an impossible position by announcing his resignation of the Unionist Leadership. His retirement was characteristically unexpected and unobtrusive, and had evidently been considerately arranged with a view to causing the least possible friction and to facilitate the task of his followers in selecting a successor. The momentous announcement was made at a specially convened

meeting of the Executive Committee of the City of London Conservative Association, and although a few intimate friends and colleagues were privy to his intention, the secret was successfully kept, and the political world was startled by the swiftness and suddenness of the ex-Premier's action. *Punch* in particular looked uncommonly foolish. At an obscure office in Gresham Buildings, Basinghall Street, under the chairmanship of Sir Joseph Dimsdale, and in the presence of a scanty gathering, as it was impossible for busy men to attend at such short notice, the Leader of the Opposition, in a dignified and moving speech, made known his decision: "I desire to say that after very long and serious thought I have come to the conclusion, for reasons which I shall give you in a moment, that the time has arrived when I ought to resign—not my seat—which I hope you will allow me, as long as you think I can serve you, to retain—but my Leadership of the Party with which I have been so long connected and to whose fortunes I still hope to do good service." He did not suppose that any one aware of the facts would grudge him some period of repose or would think he was making an unreasonable request "in asking, not that I shall be released from public service, but that I shall be released from the continuous and unceasing strain which inevitably falls on a Leader of a Party at any period of our history, but falls upon him with increasing severity as the claims of democracy and of our popular form of government grow and multiply." The speaker had been nearly thirty-eight years in Parliament. "I have been—if you count the Leadership of the Opposition, as surely you ought to count it, as being equivalent to office, and it is, indeed, equivalent, as far as its Leaders are concerned, to being in office—I have been in office in that broad sense of the word for a quarter of a century, and a quarter of a century continuously." Mr. Balfour first joined Lord Salisbury's Cabinet in 1887 as Secretary for Scotland, and almost immediately afterwards became Irish Secretary, and then, on the death of Mr. W. H. Smith, he began his twenty years' Leadership of the Unionist Party in the House of Commons, of which ten were spent in the Leadership of the whole House—"a longer period of consecutive Leadership than that of any Minister in the country since the death of William Pitt."

The work of a Leader had always been strenuous and was now increasing, because under the peculiar arrangements of the present Government the House of Commons was expected to sit for ten or eleven months in every year, which threw an additional strain not merely upon Ministers themselves but on the officers of the House and the Public Departments, "but necessarily and inevitably upon him, whoever he may be, who is for the time being responsible for the policy of the Opposition." That was one cause of the growing labours of a Party Leader. Then there were the growing demands of extra Parliamentary work, and though Mr. Balfour had been singularly happy in representing a generous and indulgent constituency,

Leadership

the broad fact remains, and it is, believe me, one of the dangers in the future of democracy, that the demand made on legislators and administrators for work which is neither legislative nor administrative has become so heavy that both administration and legislation are likely to suffer. You will more and more find it difficult to get at the same time men of adequate leisure and adequate position prepared to undergo the great toils which inevitably attach now to political life, and we are probably nearer than we have ever been before to entrusting our affairs to those who for quite worthy but on the whole less satisfactory reasons are prepared to be politicians, and nothing but politicians, to work the political machine as professional politicians—not professional in a bad or degrading sense—but as professional politicians. You will find it more and more difficult to obtain from those who are best able to give it the best kind of public service in the House of Commons and elsewhere.

Reverting to his own personal case, Mr. Balfour observed:

You may say I am not yet sixty-four, and that I ought to have, if health is spared me, many years of active life before me. About that no man can say. Let me make a single observation. I desire to leave the position of heavy responsibility which I have held before I can be suspected of suffering from the most insidious of all diseases, the disease which comes upon those who, without losing their health or their intellect, nevertheless get somewhat petrified in the old courses which they have pursued, whose authority grows because they have been long in the public service or have been great men of science or business, or whatever it may be, but who cannot deal with the great problems which in this changing world are perpetually arising, with all the freshness and elasticity really desirable in those who have to conduct great concerns.

Mr. Balfour continued:

No man ever knows in himself when that moment has come. A man knows he is ill; a man may even know when his memory begins to fail, or some other obvious sign of decay is pressed on his vision; but the sort of malady of which I am speaking may attack people in the prime of life, in the prime of intellectual vigour as long as the intellectual vigour is exercised on the old

[illegible]. But nevertheless, although they may retain apparently all the powers both of brain and of limb which they had in the prime of life, they are less capable of adapting themselves to the changing circumstances of life than those who are of less authority, because younger, and yet more capable, also because younger. I am vain enough to hope I have not reached that yet. But I should be miserable if I ran the margin fine, and nothing, I think, would be more terrible for one than to realise that, while people were looking to you more than ever owing to your lengthening experience of Leadership, you have not got the keenness or alertness, which must go with increasing years, adequately to meet the demands made on it.

Mr. Balfour had no occasion to apologise for "this somewhat egotistical address" as he was necessarily compelled to be frank with his closest supporters and followers, and it will be generally agreed that he was wise and considerate to the Party at large and the general public in allowing these informal observations to be given to the Press. He told his audience: "I am confident I could not, if the fortunes of our Party will—as I think they will—rise to their ancient heights—I have not, I am confident, the vigour again to conduct the Ministry. If that be so, and if we are in sight of the time when my term of Leadership must come to an end, the only question for me to consider is when is the best time to go, from the Party point of view. I have no doubt, after having given the matter the most careful consideration I can, that this is the best time. All times are bad. If a surgical operation is to be performed, to-morrow always seems a better day than to-day."

"My Unfortunate Successor"

Mr. Balfour recognised that "a change of Leadership must always produce some disturbance, however slight, and it would be wrong of me to make such a change—it might be made inevitable by an attack of illness at any moment—it would be wrong of me to make the change at the moment when the great causes we have at heart are being fought for in the House of Commons." The present Session was, relatively speaking, uncontroversial, in spite of the Insurance Bill, while next Session would be charged with revolutionary measures. Mr. Balfour wisely discarded the bad advice of those friends who strongly urged him to procrastinate. "You may say to me, 'Why should you not wait till next Session, till the Home Rule controversy is over?' But who knows what is going to happen

before the end of next Session? Who knows whether we shall not be in the throes of a General Election, and what chance has my unfortunate successor if he has no time to get into his saddle, if he is given no interval before the stress of fight comes on, if he is suddenly left at the very crisis of our destiny to deal with the situation, the difficulties of which he is not able to survey or combat?" Continuing his thinking aloud, Mr. Balfour declared that the only argument against choosing the present moment was "a certain feeling of unrest in the Party." But speaking from long experience of public life and a careful reading of political history before he entered Parliament, he did not believe there was anything exceptional in the present state of the Party. Looking at the Conservative outlook two years before Disraeli's great triumph in 1874; or at the position of the Radical Party two or three years before Mr. Gladstone's victory in 1880; or at the position, again, of the Unionist Party two or three years before 1886; or, again, at the divergences between Radicals and Liberal Imperialists before the unexampled triumph of 1906, "I think you will agree with me that we at this moment, as compared with other Parties who had been long out of office and suffered defeat at the polls, are not in the bad position which some over-critical advisers would suppose." Parties were composed of human beings, and from the very nature of the case there would be always people to grumble and criticise whenever things were not going right. "It is inevitable, and no one ought to lose his temper over it. Such critics and grumblers are like microbes, which, as doctors tell us, dwell within our organism, and, if we sit in a draught, or lower our vitality by fatigue, we get a violent cold in the head or a slight attack of fever; they become active; but when our strength is recovered the microbe resumes his proper place and becomes comparatively innocuous, and the full vigour of the patient is restored."

No one will quarrel with this diagnosis, but modern research tends to teach that active, vigorous, hostile microbes are invaluable elements in the organism. So much so that in their absence it is becoming increasingly the practice to introduce them by inoculation, because they destroy the microbes already in possession which have caused the lowered vitality and the other evils upon which Mr. Balfour

Microbes

put his finger. "So let nobody take a dark view of our fortunes. On the contrary, I believe, and that is one of my reasons for choosing this moment, I believe we have a considerable prospect of growing influence in the country." The present Government had lived on electoral bribes for six years. They had been floating helplessly down the revolutionary stream, which they had neither controlled nor guided, but were prepared to snatch any advantages offering themselves. "They have attacked the Crown. They have attacked the Second Chamber (or, as we should prefer to say, they have destroyed the Second Chamber with its own consent); they have bound the Representative Chamber hand and foot, and, having finished their bribes, they are now lapsing into the old Radical practice of destroying Churches, passing what they conceive to be judicious Reform Bills from a gerrymandering point of view, and generally comporting themselves as a Radical Party in difficulties always does comport itself." His successor would have the inestimable advantage—Mr. Balfour proved a true prophet—"in the early days of his office of finding that there is a growing mass of public opinion behind us, and that the great causes we all represent are growing in favour with the mass of our fellow-countrymen." In conclusion the Leader of the Opposition hoped

to have years of activity which I can devote not merely to the constituency which I represent, but to the whole country, to the whole Party, to all who represent the Unionist cause in England, in Scotland or in Ireland. Those services will not, indeed, be given under the same arduous conditions as hitherto. They will not impose the same strain upon my growing years, but I hope they will not be without some small value, and at all events this I can say, that while men grow old, and men pass, those who have given service must feel, when their time of service comes to an end, that behind all those individual considerations there are great and permanent causes which do not decay with human weakness or perish with human life. Those great causes I shall be as devoted to as your member as I have been as the Leader of the Party, and we may feel ourselves in the future, as we have been in the past, brothers engaged in the furtherance of one great cause.

Individual Interests

At the close of this striking speech the chairman proposed a resolution in the name of the Executive Committee of the City of London Conservative Association, expressing deep regret at the decision of Mr. Balfour to relinquish the Leadership of the Conservative and Unionist Party, "held by him for so many years to the great

advantage of the State and to the honour of his Party. They remember that he has led the House of Commons for a longer consecutive period than any previous Minister—while his unflinching courage, his unchallenged superiority in debate, his scrupulous fairness, and his unswerving loyalty to his country and his Sovereign have justly earned for him the admiration of all Britons to whichever political Party they may belong." The committee recorded their unabated confidence, and trusted that their senior Member might "long be spared to place at the disposal of his country and his King his ripe judgment, unrivalled experience, and generous assistance in all that conduces to the best interests of the Empire." In reply Mr. Balfour demurred to the observation of one of the speakers that the announcement of his decision "will cause consternation among our ranks." "That would be a real and a great disaster, and I earnestly hope that all members of the Party far beyond this room will bear in mind how much greater the cause is than the individual, how, indeed, utterly insignificant mere individual interests are compared with the principles which it is their duty to support and pass on from one to another in an unending tradition." We do most devoutly hope that this wise advice will be assimilated by every Unionist. Our Party has suffered terribly from the continuous subordination of the highest political interests to petty personal considerations. The amount of jealousy aroused among the slacker Unionist Members of Parliament, who rarely do a hand's turn for any of the causes they are sent to Parliament to champion, at the activity of more strenuous members who take their work seriously, is one of the most sickening features of public life to-day. Probably the Radicals suffer from the same disease, but we naturally only know it among our own side. The amount of crabbing and "grousing" by futile Parliamentarians at any manifestations of activity or independence among robuster brethren would be unbelievable were not one continually coming into contact with it. The slackers and time-servers who infest all political parties and have been offensively to the fore of late years would do well to remember—in Mr. Balfour's own words—how "utterly insignificant" are "mere individual interests" as compared with the principles of the Party, which is not the private property of Tapers and Tadpoles.

Mr. Balfour gave another piece of advice:

Duty to Leaders

"Most of all, I think, they will remember how absolutely necessary it is for the success of any party and any argument, that they should maintain unqualified and enthusiastic loyalty to their chief. The new leader in the House of Commons—because it is only in the House of Commons, I am glad to think, a new leader will have to be found—will, of course, not have an easy task before him either at the beginning or any other period of his leadership, because leadership is never an easy business, but I earnestly trust that everybody in their respective spheres will do their best to make that heavy task as light as they can, and they cannot do more in the cause either of party unity or of aiding those who are carrying on the party work, than by giving to their new chief in the House of Commons, when they have selected him, that generous support without which no labour, no ability, no eloquence, can be more than a vain show of empty effort. I believe they will do so. The Unionist Party have always been faithful to their leaders, and I am sure that ancient tradition will be maintained upon the present occasion.

Mr. Balfour followed up his speech in the City by a letter excusing himself from attending a dinner held in honour of Mr. Hayes-Fisher that same evening (November 8) which he had hoped to attend. "Circumstances, however, made it necessary to anticipate the date at which I had originally designed to announce my resignation of the Leadership of the Party, or I would have given you timely notice of the fact that I was unable to be present with you to-night." For some considerable time Mr. Balfour had been medically advised to restrict his political activities so far as he could. The strain of the last two years, embracing two General Elections, would have told on the strongest man, which Mr. Balfour has never been, as it has told on the Leaders of the Opposition in the House of Lords and in the House of Commons, who have necessarily borne the brunt of responsibility throughout the prolonged and harassing constitutional controversy, and it is now generally acknowledged—as it will be universally acknowledged by historians—that the decision into which in the first instance Lord Lansdowne, and, secondly, Mr. Balfour, allowed themselves to be "rushed" this summer by impetuous and ill-judging colleagues, made the burden of Leadership practically impossible after the capitulation over the Parliament Bill.

Health and Politics

The whole story has not yet been told, and many persons are interested in suppressing it, though it seems rather absurd that occurrences familiar to every schoolboy in succeeding generations should be withheld from contemporaries. The personal element counts immensely in public affairs as in all other human affairs. Neither Mr. Balfour nor Lord Lansdowne has enjoyed his usual health this year, and Mr. Balfour in his City speech referred to some consequences of lowered vitality. Both the Unionist Leaders are too great gentlemen to have their symptoms exploited in the Halfpenny Press, as happens when some prominent politicians are temporarily laid on the shelf. But Lord Lansdowne's illness after the last General Election, as a consequence of his unwonted and admirable exertions on the platform, became an important political factor, being the primary cause of unaccountable delays in the formulation of Unionist policy concerning the House of Lords. Week succeeded week, and month followed month, without our unfortunate Party being allowed to know its policy, not merely as regards the Parliament Bill, which was somewhat perfunctorily debated in the House of Commons, but also as regards the equally important question of the Reform of the House of Lords, on which lucidity was singularly lacking. It was not until the Parliament Bill was through the House of Commons and on the eve of introduction in the House of Lords that an official Opposition scheme for the reform of that unlucky body was promulgated—at a moment when all energies should have been concentrated upon fighting Mr. Asquith's scandalous Bill. It is known to a large number of people, and there is no reason to continue concealing the facts, that after the irreparable loss of Lord Cawdor, who had been the principal adviser of the Leader of the Opposition in the Lords, that pushful Proconsul, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, as he then was (he has since become a Coronation Earl), took advantage of Lord Lansdowne being, so to speak, "off colour," constituted himself his chief counsel, and gave him the worst possible advice, both as regards the Parliament Bill and the Reform of the House of Lords, with the result that the Unionists, who had all the cards in their hands had they chosen to play them, were outmanœuvred and bluffed by the enemy, with the dire results we have hardly begun

to realise. If we may be permitted the expression, Lord Curzon was the active "villain of the piece" in the sense that he "nobbled" his leaders and "nobbled" a powerful section of the Press in the interests of the "scuttle" policy. He grossly aggravated his offence by flamboyant and pugnacious oratory, encouraging the public to believe that whatever others might do one Peer, at any rate, was prepared to die in the last itch.

The Mystery

LORD CURZON challenged the Radicals to create their peers; he told Unionist audiences that they were in for "the fight of their lives" long after he had made up his mind to run away, and he has been publicly accused of going so far as to advise Unionist peers to practise a form of courage to which he could not rise, namely, to vote with the Government in the fateful division of August 10, 1911. Lord Curzon did something more, of which the public has not been apprised, and his most vociferous denials will not convince those acquainted with the transaction. Having "nobbled" Lord Lansdowne for the policy of "scuttle," he proceeded to "nobble" Mr. Balfour, without complete and final success. To make sure of his victim, and to close the door on any possible reconsideration of a suicidal policy still in a nebulous condition, Lord Curzon published a letter in the *Times* declaring in terms that the Unionist Party was committed to the Lansdowne House policy, *i.e.* of abandoning Lord Lansdowne's own amendments, from fear of a creation of peers. Mr. Balfour, in a fatal moment of philosophic hesitation, refrained from repudiating Lord Curzon's catastrophic contribution to the *Times*, and the Unionist Leaders became irrevocably committed to the white flag, and thereafter Lord Curzon remained master of the situation, feeding ignorant newspapers day by day with lists of innocent peers who were totally unconscious of previous manœuvres. It goes without saying that Mr. Balfour should have asserted himself, but health counts enormously in politics, and he was probably feeling weary and jaded at the end of an exacting Session, so he allowed himself to become the passive instrument of the worst possible adviser, and he went to Gastein—on the morning of the fateful day—generally disgusted at the

position into which things had drifted, and by no means unsympathetic towards the "No Surrender" peers under Lord Halsbury's leadership. The episode was pitiable, and the Leaders were necessarily responsible for an irretrievable blunder which will probably in due time provoke a civil war that will afford Germany her opportunity. It is saddening beyond measure that disinterested men like Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour, with an honourable record of public service, should have hearkened to interested advisers. Nor is it pleasant to observe that the organiser of a Unionist tragedy should have honours heaped upon him by a Radical Government. Since the Coronation Earldom we read of Special Remainders to various members of Lord Curzon's family—honours hitherto reserved for men who have gloriously served their country on the field of battle. We all know what Radicals thought of Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty. These cannot be belated rewards for that epoch-making *régime*. What does it all mean?

Leadership in the Lords

It was freely rumoured and generally believed that Lord Lansdowne would not improbably follow Mr. Balfour's example by escaping from the yoke of the leadership in the Upper House, but Mr. Balfour had made a special point of declaring that there was no vacancy in that office, or, indeed, in the leadership of the Party, which, strictly speaking, is at the present time without any titular Leader. Lord Lansdowne hastened to confirm Mr. Balfour's statement that he had no intention of retiring. Nevertheless it is positively asserted in competent quarters that present arrangements are temporary, and that Lord Lansdowne's health debars him from continuing to occupy a position which is not only onerous, but positively odious under the present revolutionary *régime*. The House of Lords is nothing nowadays but an impotent irritant, thanks to the hateful measure passed last session, and the Leadership of the Opposition, which all fair-minded men acknowledge that Lord Lansdowne discharged with conspicuous wisdom until he succumbed to the sinister influence of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, has been rendered impossible, as we can now all see the futility of the two years' delay before the will of the House of Commons becomes the law of the land for which such

terrible sacrifices were made. We hesitate to credit the scandalous suggestion that, in addition to his Special Remainders, Lord Curzon has secured the reversion to Lord Lansdowne's position, with an ultimate eye on the leadership of our Party. All Unionists desire effective unity as a condition precedent of smashing the Government, but any such selection would be tantamount to a challenge to the rank and file, and could not fail to reopen the floodgates of controversy and the waters of bitterness. Surely, as Lord Curzon attaches such immense importance to honours, and as an Earl is fully qualified to obtain the Garter, he might direct his ambitions in the direction of a guerdon, which, if there is an ounce of gratitude in the present Prime Minister, he should be only too anxious to accord his friend, rather than to positions of great political influence in a Party whose confidence he has forfeited. We refuse to believe that Lord Lansdowne would be privy to the threatened disaster of a Curzon leadership in the House of Lords. Some peer must be selected on his merits. We trust there is still sufficient independence among the Peers to veto any flagrant job. The Opposition in the Commons have done their duty; it is for the Lords to follow suit.

Mr. Balfour

WE do not propose to follow the example of our contemporaries in reviewing Mr. Balfour's political career, emphasising his varied services to the State and his supreme Parliamentary gifts, for the simple reason that a few months hence Mr. Balfour will return to the House of Commons in completely restored health as its greatest private Member, to join in the congenial work of destroying the measure which "Toe the line" Asquith and his muddle-headed colleagues are now endeavouring to draft. The Radical Party are looking forward with unconcealable glee to the embarrassment which they anticipate will be afforded by the presence of Mr. Balfour to the new Leader of the Opposition. They will shortly be laughing on the wrong side of their faces. As usual, they misjudge both their men. Mr. Balfour is the last man to play Mr. Gladstone's game after his spurious retirement from the Liberal Leadership in 1875—a precedent hopefully paraded in every Radical "leader"—by waging guerrilla warfare on his own account, while

the new Leader looks forward, as does the whole Party, to the crushing blows which Mr. Balfour, untrammelled by the toils of Leadership, will deal the next ill-starred Home Rule Bill. The most brilliant chapter of his political career is associated with Ireland, and it is the belief and expectation of Mr. Balfour's friends, who unanimously approve his action in terminating an impossible situation, that he will add another brilliant chapter to that career by his assistance in annihilating the last despairing effort to establish a Transvaal in the heart of the United Kingdom. In passing we would give a friendly hint to federalisers and devolutionists, comprehensively termed "Popkins & Co." Mr. Balfour is not one of them. The restoration of the Heptarchy will remain outside the pale of practical politics. The battle will be for and against the unity of the United Kingdom. In this connection we would refer to an article in this number by the Nationalist Member for the St. Stephen's Green Division of Dubin (Mr. P. J. Brady), who had been told that the *National Review* was too prejudiced to give the other side a hearing. Our answer was to accept his article, which affords us an opportunity of emphasising our opposition to every form of Home Rule or to anything leading to Home Rule. Mr. Redmond's nauseating, hypocritical, mendacious speeches to English audiences are the final nails in the Home Rule coffin. To entrust the destinies of Ireland to such a man would be the blackest of crimes and the most stupendous blunder.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain

IT was generally believed that Mr. Austen Chamberlain, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, would be selected as Mr. Balfour's successor in the Leadership of the Unionist Party in the House of Commons. He appeared to have every qualification for the position—a great name, political capacity, Parliamentary experience, industry, principle, character, a strong following in the House and a very strong following outside, to say nothing of superior hierarchical "claims" to which professional politicians attach even undue importance. He was Mr. Balfour's colleague in the Constitutional Conference, his selection being interpreted as defining his position as the Unionist Leader's first lieutenant, and in his chief's absence he led in the House of Commons. The selection of Mr. Austen

Chamberlain would have been a guarantee to the British people and the British Empire that henceforward there would be no faltering as regards the great constructive policy with which the name of Chamberlain is imperishably associated. The duty of selection necessarily lay with Unionist Members of Parliament, and from the moment a vacancy was declared, if not some time before, an extraordinary amount of lobbying went on in the interests of Mr. Walter Long—acknowledged by all men to have behaved with great dignity and forbearance at this crisis—who was considered by enthusiastic friends, a numerous and powerful body, to have a prior claim to the Leadership as an older man, while there was a sentimental feeling that Mr. Long had been somewhat left out in the cold during the closing years of the old *régime*. It was plausibly objected, moreover, that Mr. Austen Chamberlain was a Liberal Unionist, and that with Lord Lansdowne—another Liberal Unionist—leading the House of Lords there would be a distribution of spoils calculated to upset the equilibrium of the preponderating portion of the Unionist Party. We venture to doubt whether these fine distinctions count as much outside as they do with our Parliamentarians, and it was amusing to observe the horror of the *Spectator* at the threatened excess of Liberal Unionists. The vast majority of Unionists desire to have the best man, and don't care a brass farthing whether he is a Liberal Unionist or a Conservative Unionist, though we admit an overdose of Whiggery is more than the Tory Party can be asked to submit to; but then Mr. Austen Chamberlain is not a Whig. We have no desire to dwell on these personal matters, especially as the Opposition has been singularly happy in its selection, but our scattered readers who are not in touch with British newspapers and may conceivably have been befogged by the curious cablegrams which radiate from London to the more distant parts of the Empire, will be interested in a brief recital.

Mr. Long

MR. LONG's friends, who were eloquent and active, urged that he enjoyed the advantage of being a Churchman, a country gentleman, and "Hail fellow well met" with all and sundry, whereas Mr. Austen Chamberlain was a Nonconformist and somewhat reserved, though he is

immensely liked and respected on account of his unselfish devotion to duty and principles, of which this crisis has afforded another instance. Indeed, it may be said of both the chief competitors for the Leadership that they occupy to-day a higher position in the eyes of the Party than ever before. Of the actual arithmetic as to Chamberlainites and Longites we know nothing and care nothing. The sooner the episode is buried and forgotten the better for the effective unity of Unionism. Both principals, as we have said, behaved extremely well, for directly they ascertained that the Party was fairly divided, they realised that the one thing to be avoided at all costs was a further period of tension and discordance, and they magnanimously decided to subordinate their own high claims for the common good, and to concentrate their influence on securing the unanimous election of a colleague. Sir Edward Carson, who had strong support, steadily declined to allow his name to be put forward, and there remained Mr. Bonar Law, whose high qualifications had been urged from the outset by our spirited contemporary, the *Daily Express*. From the moment he emerged into view as a possible Leader he made extraordinarily rapid progress in public opinion, both inside and outside the Parliamentary world. He had the advantage of belonging to the Conservative section of the Unionist Party, and therefore the supposed Liberal Unionist disqualification could not be urged in his case. Then he was a man of business, and a successful man of business, and it was instinctively felt that his selection would rally to the Unionist Party a large and influential section of the community which had gradually been slackening in its allegiance without being in any way reconciled to Radicalism. To speak plainly, the business world regarded the Opposition as a somewhat amateurish affair, in which eminent noblemen, with a "pull" on the Party, occupied positions out of all proportion to their ability, while country gentlemen, not necessarily in touch with other country gentlemen, had too large a hand in shaping our policy. It was thought that a man in close touch with the industrial world would at the present juncture be more likely to retrieve the fortunes of the Party than anybody else: nor was there any prejudice whatsoever against Mr. Bonar Law, which is a great factor at junctures of this kind.

It is true that he was not associated with the "No Surrender" movement, as many of us hoped he would be, but at any rate he abstained from misleading the public by heated eloquence, and he was perhaps the only man who adduced serious argument in favour of the final action of the House of Lords—not that we agree with it. In other words he was the only man outside the "No Surrender" ranks whom the "No Surrender" Party could unreservedly follow. Of his Parliamentary powers it is unnecessary to speak, though we have never been able to attach that extravagant importance to the Parliamentary side of public affairs which looms so large as to overshadow the outlook of the London and provincial "leader" writer. The fact remains, however, and it is a very useful fact, that Mr. Bonar Law is the next best debater in the Unionist Party to Mr. Balfour. Above all he has been from the outset of the fiscal controversy the most persuasive, the best informed, the most skilful and, indeed, unanswerable exponent of "the first constructive work" of the Unionist Party, and his selection, no less than that of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, would be a guarantee of the restoration and retention of Tariff Reform in the forefront of the Unionist programme. It would be a decisive intimation to the working classes of this country, who were attracted by Mr. Chamberlain's propaganda and have been repelled by its subsequent side-tracking, that Unionists mean business in reforming a fiscal system ruinous to national and Imperial interests, but peculiarly cruel to the masses of the people, whose wages stagnate or decline while prices rise. It would equally convince the Empire that the largest Party in the Mother Country believed in the policy of Reciprocal Preference, and will give effect to it at the first available moment. Of the happy accident that Mr. Bonar Law was born in Canada, of his delightful personal qualities, of his unique powers of speech it is unnecessary to say anything, as they now fill newspapers which until the other day had been declaring that Mr. Balfour's retirement would involve the complete collapse of Unionism all over the country. Any doubts of Mr. Bonar Law's qualifications for his new position were set at rest by the Radical Press, which made no attempt to conceal its chagrin at the unexpected development. More artless articles have never been published, even in the Cobdenite-cum-Cocoa chronicles, which announced

Mr. Bonar Law

that Mr. Bonar Law's selection would be displeasing to the Coalition. Mr. Bonar Law was deemed capable of being "rude" to his Majesty's Ministers, and our opponents, completely demoralised by excessively tender treatment, in terms declared, "You mustn't choose Bonar Law—we don't want him!" Let us not be ungrateful. These critics played a useful, if unwitting part in helping Unionism to a wise selection, as many who had not accustomed themselves to the idea of Mr. Bonar Law as Leader not unnaturally said: "If our opponents so strongly object, he is probably the right man." After it was all over and the die was cast, a notorious member of the present Cabinet, who, though a pious Nonconformist, speaks in terse and vigorous language not wholly suitable to tabernacles, is reported to have expressed an opinion highly flattering to Mr. Bonar Law, couched in language too profane for reproduction in these pages.

The Transformation

THE episode of the change of Leadership was remarkable from every point of view, and the Unionist Party, from Mr. Balfour downwards, gave an extraordinary display of political efficiency and sagacity. As we have seen, on November 8 Mr. Balfour announced his retirement in the City before a single whisper had appeared in any newspaper. The next two or three days were divided between glowing tributes to the services of the retiring Leader and the usual alarums and excursions incident to every political crisis. What we may call the period of "Pull devil, pull baker" did not last long, and the Party has been placed under the deepest obligations to Mr. Walter Long and Mr. Austen Chamberlain for their patriotic and public-spirited action in withdrawing their candidatures in order to save an awkward situation, which might conceivably have developed into something approaching a split. On November 9 the names of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Walter Long, Mr. Bonar Law, and Sir Edward Carson were in everybody's mouth in connection with the vacant Leadership, though we understand that Sir Edward Carson never for a single moment allowed his friends to imagine that he was prepared to undertake an office for which many people believed that he was singularly qualified. On the 10th it became known that as between Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Walter Long, the foremost competitors, Party opinion was fairly evenly divided,

and the magnanimous decision was come to by Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Long to devote themselves to securing the unanimous selection of Mr. Bonar Law at the meeting of the Carlton Club which had been fixed for Monday, November 13. It was simultaneously announced that upon whoever should be selected as Mr. Balfour's successor would fall the arduous duty of taking the retiring Leader's place at the annual mass meeting of the Party, which was to be held at Leeds on November 16, in connection with the Conference of the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations. On Saturday (November 11) it became generally known that the arrangement proposed by Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Long would be accepted by the Party, and that there was no shadow of doubt as to the unanimity of the choice.

Artless Radicals

The daily comments of the Radical Press on this unexpected development made really delightful reading, and Unionists would be guilty of base ingratitude in not acknowledging the assistance of their opponents. The *Daily News*, for instance, which, as we all know, is animated by a passionate attachment to the British Squirearchy, declared: "The country gentry will be asking this week-end whether any good thing can come out of Glasgow, and, incidentally, they may have words to mutter about Birmingham—the cause of all these woes." We cannot pretend for a moment to have our Cocoa contemporary's knowledge of the inner mind of the country gentry, but we would hazard the opinion that November 11 to 13 was one of the happiest week-ends in the country houses of England for many a long day. The country gentry for whose susceptibilities the *Daily News* is so solicitous are perhaps the most intelligent, as they are certainly the most patriotic, section of the community. They are entirely above the class or sectional prejudices with which they are credited in the Radical Press, and of late years they have keenly resented the predominance in our Party of the "old gang," which, though mainly composed of country gentlemen eminently fitted to shine in country and county affairs, is totally unfitted to occupy the great positions into which they have been pitchforked through the good-nature of Mr. Balfour. A new era in which capacity to destroy, capacity to construct, and capacity to reconstruct were adequately recognised by the powers that be in our Party would

be as welcome to the country gentry as to others, because they realise the vital need of getting rid of his Majesty's present Ministers. The country gentry in the two Houses have had their opportunity, and the country gentry outside the two Houses feel that they have not made the best of it, and they are the first to welcome the advent of a new man who will attract support to our Party hitherto lacking, and will convince the nation that the Unionist Party means business, and is consequently to be trusted with national business. Among ridiculous criticisms on Mr. Bonar Law prominent in Radical newspapers and faintly echoed in some Unionist organs, was the insensate objection that he had never sat in a Cabinet and therefore couldn't lead a Party. In the eyes of outsiders one of Mr. Bonar Law's many merits is the very fact that he has not sat in previous Unionist Cabinets, and is consequently not tarred with the Mandarin brush.

Carlton Club Meeting

THAT this was fully understood by the intelligence of the Party, which greatly distinguished itself at a turning-point in our history, is proved by the impressive proceedings at the Carlton Club on October 13, where the Opposition met at midday. No reporters were present, and, according to the official *communiqué*, Mr. Henry Chaplin was voted into the chair, on the motion of Lord Claud Hamilton, seconded by Colonel Lockwood. Then Mr. Walter Long proposed, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain seconded, "an invitation to Mr. Bonar Law to assume the Leadership of the Unionist Party in the House of Commons. The motion was carried unanimously and by acclamation." Mr. Bonar Law thanked the meeting, and undertook to take the post, after which Mr. Chaplin proposed that the following message should be sent to Mr. Balfour, with the unanimous approval of the audience:

> That this meeting of your followers assembled to elect a successor to your leadership of the Unionist Party in the House of Commons places on record the profound regret at the loss which both the nation and the Party must sustain by your resignation. But in view of the reasons which you have assigned, it recognises that your decision was inevitable, and that the most devoted of them could not ask you to reconsider it. It desires, however, to express its profound appreciation of the splendid services you have given, both to them and to the country, during thirty-seven years of Parliament and twenty years of Leadership, and it earnestly wishes for you a complete restoration to health and strength, which may enable you to resume in a less onerous position, and at no distant

state, some portion of that arduous and splendid work which you have given to the service of your country and your Party for so many years.

The proceedings terminated in less than an hour with a vote of thanks to Mr. Chaplin, proposed by Lord Charles Beresford and seconded by Mr. Frank Mildmay, one of the most unobtrusive but useful members of the Unionist Party, who quietly took possession of what was regarded as an impregnable Radical stronghold in 1885, and by his personal popularity has kept it through storm and stress by majorities which now cause it to be regarded as a Unionist stronghold.

Time-serving

We need not dwell on the *volte-face* of many Unionist journals caused by the great political transformation effected between November 8 and November 13—*i.e.* in five days—though it would form a pretty study in time-serving. Conspicuous in the competition was a newspaper which for a quarter of a century had almost daily licked the boots of Mr. Balfour, and had denounced, in season and out of season, as traitors to the Unionist Party those who, like ourselves, were appalled by the results of the policy of drift. Mr. Balfour retired, as we have seen, on November 8. On November 13 his own special organ was worshipping the rising sun in these terms:

Fortune has presented Mr. Bonar Law with a wonderful opportunity. We have not a doubt that he will make surprisingly good use of it, and that he will speedily justify the choice of the Unionist members, if it should fall upon him next Monday. Hitherto his interventions in debate have been comparatively few; now they will be constant, and if he receives the loyal support which is his due from all sections of a Party in which there now exists no justification or cause for dissension or difference, *the Unionist Front Bench may become stronger and more effective than it has been for some years past.* [Our italics.]

Four days later the same organ declared: "The new Leader has spoken, and no one who reads Mr. Bonar Law's admirable speech at Leeds last night can fail to detect all through it the ringing accents and sure sense of direction which denote the born leader of men." After a long period of wobbling on the fiscal question, because wobbling was believed to be in fashion, it is most agreeable to note the electrical effect of Mr. Bonar Law's eloquence on the wobbler of wobblers.

We have had a remarkable series of prosperous years in trade. Yet wages have been practically stationary. The only things which have risen with unfailing persistence have been the prices of commodities and the general cost of

living, while the stream of emigration has been steadily flowing from our shores, and the amount of capital invested abroad has increased at an unparalleled rate. Why should these things be? That is the question at issue. The Free Trade economists can assign no satisfactory reason, while the discontent and unsatisfied hopes of the working classes have recently led them into courses of violence to which England had long been stranger. The alternative, as Mr. Bonar Law argued with great force last night, is fiscal change—fiscal change as the only possible method by which the general level of wages may be uplifted and unemployment diminished.

Auspicious Omens

THERE is but little doubt that Unionist Members left the Carlton feeling very much better than they had done for a very long time. The considerate and thoughtful manner of Mr. Balfour's retirement, the splendid self-effacement and stirring example of Mr. Long and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the unanimous selection of a man so admirably suited for his new position, all combined to exercise a stimulating and most salutary effect. Surely the Unionist Party was on the eve of better things. As a good omen for the new era, it was announced that Mr. James Buchanan, an ardent supporter of Tariff Reform, had celebrated Mr. Bonar Law's selection as Leader by an undertaking to contribute two thousand pounds a year for five years to the Tariff Reform League; while that very night came the welcome and scarcely expected news of a splendid Unionist victory in Oldham, where a Radical majority of 3501 in December had been turned into a Unionist majority of 1632. These bald figures do not convey the precise position, because there was no Labour candidate in the field at the previous contest, whereas the present by-election was three-cornered, the vacancy being due to the elevation of Mr. Alfred Emmott to the peerage, although he was understood to have given unusually positive pledges to his constituency that under no circumstances would he consent to become a peer. The figures were as follows:

Mr. E. R. B. Dennis (U)	12,255
The Hon. A. L. Stanley (L)	10,623
Mr. W. C. Robinson (Lab)	7,448
Unionist majority over Liberal	1,632

We have never overrated the significance of by-elections, but even the least superstitious could not fail to regard Oldham, polling as it did on the very day that Mr. Bonar Law became

Unionist leader, as singularly auspicious for the new era. No Unionist has sat for Oldham since Mr. Winston Churchill was returned as a Conservative in 1900 by the narrow majority of 222. Naturally the Radicals are obliged to make the best of a bad job by adding the Labour and the Liberal vote together and proclaiming "a great victory for the party of progress." It is funny without being vulgar, considering the hostility among the rank and file of the Labour Party towards the present Government. We should be nearer the mark if we added the Unionist and Labour votes together, labelling them "the anti-Government vote," which would give a majority against the Government nominee of about 9000 votes. If the great Master of Elibank—long may he remain where he is—can derive any encouragement from the Oldham figures he is welcome to it.

"ey" or "ie"

THERE has since been another equally "encouraging" election, which was no three-cornered contest, but a straight fight between the Opposition and the Government, in a field of the Master's own choice. Mr. Emmott is not the only democrat who has "ratted" to the Peerage. There is Sir Edward Strachey, who has lived for a quarter of a century on the exploitation of popular prejudice, and is one of the joint authors of the Parliament Bill. Ministers required his job, and he required a peerage, apparently in order that the highly respectable and honoured name of Strachey, which is associated with some of the most admirable work in the public service, should be transformed into Strachie. This transformation has cost the Radicals another seat (South Somersetshire), a Radical stronghold of twenty-five years' standing, brilliantly captured by Mr. Aubrey Herbert, a most welcome addition to the Unionist Party in the House of Commons. The Master of Elibank is as little the Master of South Somersetshire as he was the Master of Oldham, the figures being:

The Hon. Aubrey Herbert (U)	4,878
Mr. Henry Vivian (L)	4,730
Unionist majority . .	148

Compared with the last election, this shows an increase in the Unionist vote of 561, and a decrease in the Liberal vote of 54. Loud are the lamentations in the National Liberal Club,

and furious are the execrations of the Master, who, in order to gratify the snobocracy of his Party, makes two Liberal Peers and two Unionist Members of Parliament. May his shadow never grow less. He is one of our assets. South Somersetshire was rendered all the more striking by the fact that apart from a continuously Radical tradition, Mr. Lloyd George bespattered the constituency with scandalous undertakings to relieve local interests from the oppression of his National Insurance Bill. Mr. Aubrey Herbert has been the recipient of an unusual number of congratulations, especially from those acquainted with his prolonged, devoted, and splendid spade-work. There is hardly a Radical seat in the country which would not ultimately succumb to such a candidature, and when a man of this type wins a seat he usually keeps it. As we go to press comes the joyful news that Lord Robert Cecil has carried Hitchin by the magnificent majority of 1633. Truly the stars in their courses are fighting for Mr. Bonar Law, whose leadership has commenced under brilliant auspices. "Law's luck" will become proverbial and will be worth thousands of votes among the great army of non-politicians.

The National Union at Leeds

CIRCUMSTANCES combined to give unusual interest to the gathering of the National Union at Leeds (November 15 to 17). There were the usual preliminary functions and gatherings, but the Conference proper, attended by nearly 2000 delegates, opened on the morning of November 16, under the chairmanship of Lord Kenyon, who moved a resolution expressing deep sympathy and regret that Mr. Balfour's health should, in view of the growing exigencies of Party Leadership, have necessitated his retirement, coupled with an expression of sincere affection and "profound appreciation of his unique services not only to the Party, but to the nation and the Empire." This was seconded by Mr. Chaplin, and was carried by the audience standing. Mr. Walter Long had a great reception in proposing a vote of congratulation to Mr. Bonar Law as the new Leader of the Unionist Party in the House of Commons, and pledging him "the loyal and undivided support of every member of the Party throughout the country." The new Leader "has risen to a great position in the House of Commons in a very short time, and he has secured that position by his marked ability, his unswerving honesty, and by his great

loyalty to his Leader and to the principles of his Party. He has proved himself to be a statesman of no mean order. . . . We are united and determined in the support we offer to Mr. Bonar Law. His task is no easy one. He brings to it courage, ability, and determination. We will do our share, as we are confident he will do his. I assure Mr. Bonar Law that he will find in the Unionist Party, in all parts of the country, not only that he has supporters, but firm and affectionate friends." Mr. Austen Chamberlain wrote an equally cordial letter, describing Mr. Bonar Law as a man who had "already proved himself to be the possessor of great qualities. He is now called by the unanimous voice of colleagues in the House of Commons to face a new and heavy responsibility. He has a right to demand, and will receive, the hearty support of all who have combined to place this burden upon him. The day of his election was signalised by a great victory at Oldham. Let us make these events the starting-point for a new and more strenuous campaign against the forces of disruption and spoliation, which, having destroyed the Constitution, now menace the Union and threaten the religious life of our nation." Mr. Chaplin then moved a resolution reaffirming previous resolutions on fiscal reform passed by the National Union during the last four years, and asserting that the issue of the Canadian elections furnished an opportunity to give effect to the offers of Canada for Reciprocal Preference. This was seconded in an admirable speech by Mr. Hewins, the secretary of the Tariff Commission, who pointed out that when the history of our times came to be written it would be found that the really critical years in the history of the British Empire had been the last three, and the critical months, from January up to September 21, when Canada gave her verdict on American Reciprocity.

Welsh Disestablishment

After Mr. Donald Macmaster had proposed a resolution congratulating the new Premier of Canada (Mr. Borden) on the splendid stand of the Dominion for fiscal independence, saying, "Some day Mr. Asquith would have to answer for the treachery he displayed in connection with this movement," which was carried unanimously, Mr. Walter Long moved a resolution protesting against the attempt of the Government to force Home Rule upon the country at the dictation of the

Nationalist Party, commenting incisively on the changed attitude of the Nationalists, in whose mouths butter would not now melt. This was seconded by Mr. Allen (Burgan) in a racy speech, and carried with acclamation. Lord Selborne then proposed a resolution demanding the earliest possible repeal of the Parliament Act and the restoration to the Second Chamber "of powers similar in kind to those which have been found necessary for the Second Chamber of every British Dominion, and of every other civilised country." This was coupled with a desire that the House of Lords should be reconstructed on a representative basis, differences between the two Chambers to be decided by the Referendum. Lord Selborne spoke with much force and fervour, but it cannot be said that there was any adequate discussion, or that his own policy was particularly clear. Moreover, the mere use of the word Referendum—whether it be animal, vegetable, or mineral—is enough to damn any policy, as it is Latin to nine electors out of ten. If Lord Selborne wants to kill the Referendum he will go on talking about it as such. If, on the other hand, he wishes to popularise the idea, he must always describe it as the Poll of the People. Mr. Ormsby Gore, in a brilliant speech,* which added to his ever-growing reputation, moved a resolution condemning Welsh Disestablishment, completely carrying his hearers with him. He rendered real service to the Established Church in Wales by making enthusiasts of many Unionists who had previously not realised the gravity of the issue, and the audience responded to his eloquent peroration: "Let us go out under the banner of a national religion to fight against the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church, to fight the secularisation of religious endowments, whether Nonconformist or Church. Those are old Tory principles. They are good for the country, good for the State, and good for the people." Mr. Ian Malcolm brought down the house by the word in season: "Let us send a message to the Archbishop of

* Mr. Ormsby Gore risked ruining his speech by entering a plucky protest against a temporary pandemonium caused by the organised effort of a few Party agents to howl down another speaker. It amused them and hurt no one else. It caused delirious joy to the leader-writers of the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*. No tears have been shed in the office of the *National Review*, and if anything we could say could cheer up our doleful contemporaries the *Westminster Gazette* and the *Manchester Guardian*—which have taken this insignificant incident fearfully to heart—we would gladly say it.

Canterbury that it is high time that he should be up and doing. I do not understand this suspicious silence on the part of eminent ecclesiastics. We don't want them to be courtiers. We don't want them to be statesmen. We want them to be Churchmen. Well, if they won't, the laymen of the Church of England will be strong enough. I hope the resolution will be carried with acclamation and with such a noise that it will reach the Palace of Lambeth." We are so fortunate as to be able to present our readers with an admirable article on this question from the powerful pen of Mr. F. E. Smith. Among other incidents of the afternoon we may note another excellent speech by a very young member—that of Lord Wolmer on Social Reform.

The New Leader's Début

THE first speech of the new Unionist Leader (November 16) was naturally awaited with the utmost interest, and when Mr. Bonar Law appeared on the platform of the so-called Coliseum at Leeds—the utterly inadequate hall provided by the West Riding of Yorkshire for political meetings—he received a great ovation from the upstanding audience, and from the opening sentence to the close of an extraordinarily interesting speech he completely arrested and captivated the attention of his hearers. His opening references to the retirement of Mr. Balfour and to the conduct of Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Walter Long were in the best possible taste, as was also his expression of gratitude for the welcome he had received from his political opponents. "It is not in their interests that the Leadership should be effective, and to any one who does not know the House of Commons their welcome might not have seemed a good omen for my success." But he had not been discouraged, as the House of Commons was a body of generous instincts. Nor had the Radical Press been unfair, though his attention had been called to some unfriendly passages which he had read with pleasure.

They have also given me some advice. I am, I think, by nature tolerant to difference of opinion. I have always believed, and believe now, that it is possible to dislike and even to detest opinions while still respecting the men who honestly hold them. It was with reference to that that the advice was given. It was that in the House of Commons in the future I should not be so rude as I had been in the past. It is possibly good advice. I shall at least remember it, but in the severe, and I am afraid bitter, fight which lies before us

…ing fight for everything which we hold dear—I have really no hope in acting in such a way as to satisfy the giver of that advice.

Among many excellent points in a singularly incisive speech none gave greater satisfaction to Mr. Bonar Law's audience than this undertaking that kid-glove methods would be discarded in dealing with the bitter enemies of every principle and institution which the Unionist Party exists to defend. The speaker went on to declare that a new Leadership in the House of Commons did not mean any new programme. "I do not believe in elaborate, still less in varying programmes. Our opponents have tried it during their period of opposition. They had a new programme for every session. It was not very successful. Do not let us imitate them." If he could be of any service to the Party it would simply be by urging it "to move straight forward without haste, but without rest, to the goal which lies before it. That goal is, in the first place, to get rid of the present Government, which from the beginning has been a danger to our country, and which now is tearing down the destructive path with ever-increasing rapidity. When this is accomplished it will be our duty to face the new problems which the new conditions and a new age have brought us by new, but by conservative, methods. No Government of which I or my colleagues on this platform are members will ever be a Government purely of reaction."

Statesmanship

"It was once said by Burke that a disposition to preserve and an ability to improve taken together would be his standard of a statesman. If our countrymen entrust us with power it is in the spirit of those words that we should undertake that task." Has the Conservative creed ever been more comprehensively or pithily stated? That was the new Leader's reply to the anonymous letters of disgruntled "old Tories" gleefully reproduced in the Radical Press to the effect that the election of Mr. Bonar Law represented "in a certain sense a weakening of some of the oldest traditions of the Tory Party." The speaker proceeded to heap coals of fire on the heads of his critics, who, it must be said, are very few and far between, by placing the defence of the Established Church in Wales in the very foreground of Unionist duties. "We shall resist to the

utmost of our power this destructive proposal of the Government," which "in my judgment has nothing to justify it, which has nothing even to explain it except prejudice and bigotry." You would find many orators with good voices advocating many causes in Hyde Park, "but you will find always that the advocate who has the largest audience is he who proclaims that there is no God. In such an age I cannot understand how any Christian, to whatever denomination he belongs, how any man can desire to weaken, if not to destroy, a Church which has undoubtedly been doing a great work, and doing it with ever-increasing efficiency—a work not only in the interests of Christianity but also in the interests of humanity." This passage again was peculiarly welcome to an audience many of whom had already heard the case for the Church in Wales expounded with cogency and fervour at the National Union Conference. The Archbishop of Canterbury should realise that the Unionist Party is in earnest on this question. There is no scope for the intervention of highly placed umpires whose impartiality consists in invariably giving their own side out. If our two Archbishops, his courtly Grace of Canterbury and his Socialistic Grace of York, desire to sacrifice the Established Church in Wales, let us hope that they will, at any rate, have the courage to say so openly at the earliest stage of the contest, so that the general body of English Churchmen, lay and clerical, may know precisely where they stand, and whom they can trust. The position of all Churches and of all institutions has already been gravely compromised by the disloyalty of the Archbishops over the Parliament Bill, which they did everything to pass while pretending to abhor. There is no room for repentance, but we may at least be spared further manifestations of treachery or hypocrisy.

Home Rule

On the subject of Home Rule Mr. Bonar Law was equally unimpeachable, and his exposure of the Prime Minister, who used to demand independent Liberal majorities so that he might be saved from Nationalist domination, was very effective. Were Home Rule submitted to the electorate as a clear issue the same decisive answer would be returned as on previous occasions, and therefore the Constitution had had to be

suspended, and it would remain suspended until Mr. Redmond's orders had been obeyed. The sole ground on which Home Rule was attempted to be justified was the nationality of Ireland.

But people do not become a nation because they happen to live in the same island. If there is one nation in Ireland there are two, and two separated from each other far more acutely than either is separated from the people of Great Britain. We do not suggest that the minority of Ireland should dominate the majority. No, but we say, it is equally unjust that the majority, because it is in Ireland, should dominate the minority because it is also in Ireland. They are, both majority and minority alike, not only inhabitants of Ireland but citizens of the United Kingdom, and both can rely on obtaining justice—in a way in which, I am afraid, they could not rely on receiving it from one another—from the membership of the House of Commons, in which both are represented.

Mr. Bonar Law's recognition of the claims of Ulster vividly recalled some of the late Lord Salisbury's great Unionist speeches. "Old Tories" can sleep quietly in their beds.

The Nationalists may be the most tolerant people who ever existed. And to judge from Mr Redmond's speeches in Ireland—he has not always spoken in quite the same strain—the one characteristic of himself and of those whom he represents, their one burning ambition is when they are smitten on one cheek to turn the other to the smiter. That may be their characteristic, but the minority do not think so, and what is that minority? It is important from the point of view of numbers, for it comprises more than one-fourth of the whole population of Ireland. It is far more important from every other point of view, and its real weight and power are enormously increased by the way in which that minority is concentrated. These people, accepting strictly and literally Mr. Redmond's present declaration, have declared that under existing conditions they will not submit to such a Government. Their moral force in taking up that attitude is increased to an extent which is simply incalculable by the fact that they will say, and will be entitled to say, that this intolerable tyranny, as they regard it, is being forced upon them against the will of the majority of their fellow citizens of the United Kingdom.

The Unionist Leader recalled the fact that in one of the debates in the House of Commons he had said what he now repeated, "that in my belief the Government, under Irish domination, have not only destroyed our Constitution, but put in danger our whole system of representative government," which rested on a convention that at any given time the majority represented the balance of forces in the country. But that convention could only continue to be respected so long as the powers of the majority were used with moderation and with a due regard to the convictions and the strength of their opponents. "It cannot continue if the majority

tries to ride rough-shod over the minority. If the Government, therefore—I think they are beginning to realise its difficulties—really tried to carry out the programme which they have so light-heartedly set up, then my belief—and these will be my last words to you on this subject—is that they will strain our Parliamentary institutions to the breaking-point."

Taxes and Doles

MR. BONAR LAW devoted the rest of his speech to Tariff Reform and Imperial Preference, a subject, we need hardly say, which he handled as only he can handle it. The greatness of a nation did not depend upon the number so much as upon the character of its people, and character could only be formed under decent social conditions. There was a widespread feeling of labour unrest not confined to this country, but to be found elsewhere, which simply meant that the working classes believe they are entitled to have and desire to get a larger share of the profits of industry. Two special causes had accentuated that feeling in this country, namely, the Budget campaign of two years ago, which stirred almost every family in the Kingdom, and persuaded the poor that the passing of the Budget would be the beginning of a golden era, and the absolutely unprecedented outbreak last August was, in the speaker's belief, "simply ripened fruit of the seed sown during the Budget campaign." But there was another cause. During the last ten years there had been a considerable increase in the total wealth of the country, while the condition of the working classes, so far from improving, had actually deteriorated. According to the Board of Trade statistics, the cost of living had increased by nearly 10 per cent., while wages had remained stationary. All classes, including employers, would like to see the working classes enjoying as large a share of the fruits of industry as was compatible with the success of those industries. How could that result be obtained? There was the Government method, which consisted of taking away from the rich in taxes and handing to the poor in doles. It was simple, but dangerous. Capital suddenly attacked was liable to fly away. "The Prime Minister, whose economical views are at least original, has told us that the more capital flies from this country to be invested abroad the better for it. Well, if he is right, we never have had benefactors like

the present Government. During the short time they have been in office the amount of capital that has gone abroad for investment, as shown even in the very imperfect returns of the Inland Revenue Commissioners, is greater, taking the average of five year periods, than in the twenty years before they came into office." There was yet another fact, namely, that while the statistics showed a period of good trade, there had been a steady and enormous emigration from these shores. If the men at the head of the Government spoke of capitalists "as if they were outcasts, to be treated as if they were beasts of prey to be shot at sight, you will, indeed, injure the capitalists, but you will injure far more vitally the man whose only capital is his skill and his industry, and who, in order to invest that capital, requires not merely the wealth of the capitalist, but the energy in directing industry which has created that wealth."

Tariff Reform

THERE was another method, namely, to reform our fiscal system, which none of them pretended would cure all the evils, but it would do much to help the greatest of them, namely, chronic unemployment. They had something to justify this claim in the shape of the rise in the cost of living, without any corresponding increase in wages, which characterised this country and no other. In Germany there had been perhaps as great a rise in the cost of living, though not greater, but as they knew from the authoritative reports of our own Consuls in Germany, "there has been a rise in wages which more than compensates for the increased cost of living. I do believe that Tariff Reform would tend to raise the level of wages; but I am sure of this, that without some change in our fiscal system, a general rise in the level of wages is absolutely impossible." The Insurance Bill, for example, which he hoped had something more to say for itself than "9*d*. for 4*d*.," added a new and heavy burden to industry, varying in some cases from less than a shilling to more than 20*s*. in the pound in other cases. Could any one suggest that such a burden should be borne exclusively by the producer? Even Mr. Lloyd George suggested that the consumer should bear part.

But under our existing fiscal system how is that possible? Of all manufactured goods consumed in this country, something like ten per cent comes from abroad.

That is not a large proportion you may say; but there is no business man in this room who does not know that it is quite a large enough proportion to regulate prices. If you impose a new burden on the home product, and no corresponding burden on the foreign product, is it not certain that the extent of that foreign competition must be increased? Mr. Lloyd George has improved. After passing his Old-Age Pensions scheme, he took a voyage across the North Sea, where accidentally he discovered Germany. He has done better with regard to the Insurance scheme. He took his journey before and not after; but in spite of that improvement, he has missed the one lesson which German experience ought to have taught him.

Prince Bismarck provided Germany with her insurance scheme, but Prince Bismarck gave German workmen a security in the German markets, for the change in the German fiscal system preceded the German insurance scheme. Bismarck "first stopped the leak which was sinking the ship, and afterwards it was easy to improve her sailing qualities. We must do the same. If we do not, then most certainly Bills introduced with the best intentions, perhaps, for helping the poor, for helping unemployment, will inevitably turn out to be Bills to increase the number of the poor and to create unemployment."

Canada

MR. BONAR LAW ended a great speech in every way worthy of a great occasion by a reference to the Canadian election, which might prove to be "a landmark in the history of the world." While the result was in suspense he had never criticised Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government, because, however much the question of Reciprocity concerned us, it primarily concerned Canadians, and it was for them and not for us to decide. Moreover, they should never forget that it was the Laurier Government "which gave to the work of our people at home Preference on the Canadian market. We are grateful to him for that, but we are grateful to him again, for the example which was set by him has now been followed by every one of the self-governing Dominions. Let us remember also that while the British Government defended that Treaty (*i.e.* between Canada and the United States) on the ground that it would destroy Preference, Sir Wilfrid Laurier defended it because it would not, in his belief, destroy Preference." While differing from him on that question, Mr. Bonar Law's admiration for his great intellect and eloquence was in no way diminished. "But now the

Canadian people have decided we have a right to rejoice in their decision." To understand the verdict they must bear in mind the attitude of Radical speakers and Radical newspapers before the event. Reciprocity was described as a great step towards Free Trade, so its rejection must be a relapse from so-called Free Trade. Then it was one of many death-blows to the cause of Preference. "If that were true, then the rejection of the Treaty gives new life to the cause of Preference." It was supposed again to be another proof that trade must be governed by natural laws and controlled by natural forces. "That is true, but the rejection of the Treaty proves what our opponents always forget—that the greatest of all natural forces is human character and sentiment. The real meaning of the rejection of that Treaty was simply this: Canadian people believed—and I agree with them—that President Taft was right when he said that it was a case of now or never; because they believed that the election would decide, and perhaps finally decide, whether Canada was to continue as a great autonomous nation—more and more closely bound to the British Empire—or whether she was to become more closely united, socially and economically, and ultimately politically, with the great nation lying to the south." We make no apology for reproducing the peroration—not that Mr. Bonar Law in the conventional sense ever perorates—of the new Leader's first speech to a great popular audience, which was as rapturously received as it has since been enthusiastically praised throughout the United Kingdom and the British Empire. Among the first congratulations was one from Mr. Balfour on what he rightly described as "a great speech."

For many years, on every opportunity, the Colonial Prime Minister of every self-governing Colony has urged upon the Mother Country the policy of reciprocal Preference—that each part of the Empire should give to every other part different and better terms than are given to the rest of the world, and the Canadian election is merely an emphatic reminder to us that that is still the policy of the self-governing Dominions. I referred the other day to an incident in my own experience, which I shall repeat to you to-night. A friend of mine was in Canada while the elections were going on. As soon as they were over, he tells me, this was the message that was everywhere given: "We have done our part. It is up to the Old Country now to do hers." We have thrown away many opportunities. We are fortunate; we shall have one other opportunity—one only, at the next election. I am satisfied that we shall not throw it away.

As probably most of you know, I was born in Canada, and spent the early years of my life there. Of many disqualifications for the position which I now hold—and no one feels them more strongly than myself—that is not one; it is an advantage. For twenty-five years a determination to maintain the integrity of the United Kingdom has given a name to our party. We are the Unionist party. But ours is now a larger Unionism. It is for us not only to preserve; it is for us also to create; it is for us to maintain; and we shall maintain, in spite of the lowering clouds which now threaten us, the integrity of the United Kingdom. It is for us also—it is for the men of this generation—to create the vital union of the British Empire.

Unionist Revival

The Unionist Party hardly knows itself at the end of the month of November. Listlessness, depression, despair, and schism have given way to energy, hope, confidence, and unity. For the first time for many years the Party can concentrate its undivided energies on the congenial task of combating a coalition of all the appetites founded on snobbery, jobbery, and robbery. We can face the future with calmness and conviction that the tide is slowly but surely turning in our favour. The cumulative effect of three signal victories in such diverse constituencies as Oldham, Hitchin, and Somersetshire can hardly be exaggerated. They are all the more impressive because, as we have seen, two of these three by-elections were on ground of the Government's own choosing. The conversion of two sturdy democrats into hereditary peers has proved an expensive operation, costing two seats at a critical juncture in Ministerial fortunes. Such disasters cannot be explained away, except on the agreeable assumption that the Cabinet is losing the confidence of the country. Their practical results are important. Their moral effect is prodigious. The losers are depressed, the winners correspondingly elated. If Oldham can be lost, any Radical seat can be lost. If South Somersetshire can be won, any Radical seat can be won. Now that we know precisely where we are we enter every contest confident of success, which means that the battle is half won before it is begun. There is a frighful slump on the other side. The Cabinet is a collection of conflicting factions, each contending for the upper hand, and a mass of personal jealousies and antagonisms. Ministers cannot keep up the farce of speaking civilly of one another, and most of them are engaged in manœuvring for further and better positions. None of their projects will hold water. Mr. George's Insurance

Bill, of which we publish an exceptionally able and not unsympathetic analysis by Mr. Waldorf Astor, who has made the subject his own, threatens to go the way of the People's Budget, which has long since been exposed as a fraud and a fiasco from the fiscal point of view, and is now seen to rest upon illegality. The Coalition, though still held together by "the cohesive power of public plunder," is no longer enamoured of itself. The Labour Party in Parliament may continue to play the tame cat to the Cabinet, but the Labour vote has become restive and rebellious.

Misplaced Optimism

THEN, again, although the Dollar Dictator is compelled to preserve a Cabinet which alone holds out any prospect of even presenting a Home Rule Bill to Parliament, if one-tenth of what one hears is true, Mr. Asquith and his colleagues will be found as incapable of solving the problem which, according to Mr. Gladstone, baffled "the wit of man," as the Grand Old Man himself; and though it would be unwise to credit any of the more sensational rumours as to splits or Dissolutions, the next few months will offer golden opportunities to the Opposition, who will be well advised to keep their powder dry and to have plenty of it. Dementia has seized a Ministry which, having been found out by the men of Great Britain, proposes to appeal to the women, of whom eight or ten million are to be enfranchised in order that fresh audiences may be found for Mr. Ure. Of foreign complications we will say nothing from a Party standpoint, as the situation remains far too grave. As we have always maintained, it will require the utmost efforts of the ablest men of all Parties to tackle the growing menace across the North Sea, which, as we have long predicted, and as every succeeding month reveals more plainly, is destined to completely overshadow the relatively minor issues on which Parties fall and rise. We are, however, entitled to insist that the optimistic declarations of Ministers concerning the prospects of disarmament, the advent of arbitration, the goodwill of other Powers, upon which to a large extent British policy of late years has rested, have been completely falsified by the event, and, however reluctant may be their followers, the Government cannot ignore the supreme duty cast upon them to place our national defences on a basis corresponding with the

perils confronting us. From the outset we have warned Ministers that their naval and military policy was totally inadequate in view of the prodigious and unresting exertions by sea and land of our challenger, and that reduced Naval Estimates and the disbanding of Regular battalions were simply tempting Providence. The only serious pretext offered for retrenchment was the undertaking that the old Volunteers were to be converted into a so-called Territorial Army, which would provide us with an infinitely stronger home defence force than we had ever had before. This prognostication has gone the way of its fellows, and Lord Haldane, who once declared that the only claim to fame he coveted was as the undertaker of conscription, through the complete and irremediable failure of a policy which was declared by sycophants to entitle its author to be regarded as a combination of Moltke, Carnot, and Cardwell, has brought us face to face with Compulsory Service as the only alternative to national suicide. We patiently await the moment when our public men of all Parties—because all Parties have grievously failed upon this question—will have the courage to tell the public the truth and to advise the proper remedies.

Hysteria and Sense

The British Press, which once held a high reputation abroad for its capacity in collecting and its impartiality in publishing facts, has suffered severely in prestige owing to the idiocy—it is the only word—with which several newspapers—some of which ought to have known better—have allowed their columns to be exploited by men with axes to grind in vilifying Italy. Since the South African War, when almost every foreign printing press—outside Italy—became a fountain of Anglophobe faslehoods copiously nourished by many of the same cranks now engaged in blackening the character of Italy, there has been nothing like it. We ask our Italian friends to believe that their detractors have neither reflected nor affected British public opinion. Many of them are already wearying or ashamed of atrocity-mongering. We have met many English people who strongly resent this Press outbreak, and ask themselves what it means. Lord Willoughby de Broke has denounced it from the platform and many protests have appeared in the Press. We gladly give prominence to Mr.

LORD ROBERTS AND THE ITALIAN ARMY

On being asked for his opinion upon the reckless charges made against the Italian Army, Lord Roberts made the following statement:

"It is totally unfair, as we are a friendly nation, to criticise any military measures which the Italian Commander-in-Chief may have found it necessary to put in force without having access to the information upon which he acted. As far as can be learnt from the more trustworthy reports that have reached this country, the Italians were suddenly faced with a rising of Arabs in the direct rear of their line of resistance. Such a desperate state of affairs would in any case warrant desperate measures to re-establish the equilibrium of battle. Time also was pressing, as the main attack by the Turks and Arabs was imminent. That the means employed to re-establish what I have called the equilibrium of battle was severe is doubtless true, but in war it is usually the severest measures that are, in the long run, the most humane. No soldier will put any credence in the reports that women and children were deliberately killed by the Italians, but doubtless in the act of clearing the hostile villages behind the Italian lines many innocent people suffered with the guilty. Such things are unfortunately inevitable in war.

"In no army in the world could the orders which General Caneva found it imperative to issue for the clearance of the Tripoli oasis have been carried out without instances of regrettable severity. The very urgency of the operation alone would necessitate this severity. Only those who have had experience in war in all its phases have the right to judge of the expediency of reprisals, and then only when they have access to the information which was at the time in the possession of the directing Staff.

"Roberts, F.M.

"*November* 25, 1911."

Capel Cure's article, which we would commend to able editors. Mr. Chamberlain's intervention is warmly welcomed in England, and should serve to show Italy the real sentiments of responsible and serious Englishmen as opposed to halfpenny hysterics which must not be taken for more than they are worth. The appended quotation is taken from the *Morning Post*—than which there is no more influential paper in England—being a reproduction of a telegram to the Italian Press:

> Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the great British Statesman, though withdrawn from active politics through ill-health, occupies as high a place as ever in the esteem of his countrymen, and speaks with all his old authority. He follows public affairs at home and abroad with the closest attention, and in a private conversation on November 19, he expressed the utmost indignation at the scandalous attacks in a portion of the British Press on the Government and army of such a friendly nation as Italy, which proceeded from misinformed or prejudiced observers, who were careful to conceal the provocation on the other side, and the treatment of Italian troops who fell in the field. Mr. Chamberlain dwelt on the prolonged friendship between Italy and Great Britain, declaring that Englishmen would always gratefully remember the attitude of the chivalrous Italian nation during the South African War, when the British Government and the British Army were the objects of a similar campaign of mendacity, waged by several English newspapers now attacking Italy. On being asked by the friend to whom these remarks were made whether publicity might be given to them, the eminent Statesman replied: "Tell him he is at entire liberty to repeat what I said to him yesterday about the Italian war in Tripoli and the attacks made on the Italian troops. It is a matter about which I feel very strongly."

As we go to press we hear of Lord Roberts's opinion expressed in the form of a message to Italy, which will abundantly compensate a friendly nation and a gallant army for the grotesque attacks of which they have been the object.

WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT

Mr. Hobhouse has recently made it clear with characteristic maladroitness that the different sections which from time to time have composed the Government's majority in the House of Commons are not united for the furtherance of any common political programme; that each section has in view the accomplishment of a special project, and supports the Government in the hope, often ill-founded, that this project will be ultimately achieved with Ministerial assistance. This hope is often so earnest as to induce one section of the Coalition to support measures which are distasteful to it. Thus Mr. Redmond, in order to get Home Rule for Ireland, supported the Budget, though of opinion that it was "bad and oppressive and inflicted a cruel additional burden upon the people of Ireland." The licensing clauses of the Budget reconciled Sir Thomas Whittaker to the other clauses of that measure, though he considered that their author, Mr. Lloyd George, was "like the devil with his pitchfork; whenever he sees a British industry, he sticks it into it." The allegiance of these different sections is obtained by promises, and maintained by the appointment of dates, or the allocation of a session during which their projects are to be executed. The session of 1906 was devoted to an attempted gratification of Dr. Clifford's sectarian spite. The session of 1908 was hypothecated for the satisfaction of the teetotal virulence of Sir T. Whittaker and Mr. Sherwell. Mr. Redmond is promised that 1912 will see a separate Parliament established in Dublin. In view of his admitted services in maintaining the Government in office he might well be thought entitled to exclusive use of this session, but he has to share it with the Welsh Radical Members of Parliament, who, in return for their subservient "loyalty" to the Government, have been given

the prospect of despoiling the Church in Wales. Not long ago one of their number summed up his colleagues: "Political gifts" (he said) "have in their case produced political nepotism. They have been the recipients of the spoils of victory." In more homely language, "They have either got something or they are expecting something." Now, however, even their chairman, Mr. Ellis Griffith, who tries to conceal a nature very timorous and self-distrustful under an appearance of bluster, has agreed "to fall into line and do his duty," because his supporters in the country are viewing with dismay the rapid progress the Church is making in Wales, and realise that, in the words of Alderman Thomas, of Cardiff: "This is the one chance of this generation to secure the passage of a Welsh Disestablishment Bill."

As long ago as May 1907 Mr. Lloyd George wrote to a correspondent: "You ask me whether, if this Parliament runs its normal course, it is the intention of the Government to press a measure for the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church in Wales through all stages in the House of Commons. To this I can give an unqualified answer in the affirmative."

No attempt was made until 1909 to fulfil this undertaking. For some time the Government evaded its discharge on the ground that it would be inadvisable to introduce the Bill until they were better informed as to the relative strength and condition of the Church and the Nonconformist bodies in Wales. In 1906 Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman appointed a Royal Commission to prosecute this inquiry, and gave as his reason for doing so that, "in his opinion, the omission to appoint a Commission when similar Bills were introduced in 1894 and 1895 was a most unfortunate one, as the Government of the day were exposed to a good deal of embarrassment in the framing and conduct of the measure." He added that the Government "were anxious to obtain the report of the Commission at an early date, as it would be of material assistance."

The Royal Commission sat until November 1910 and heard evidence. In 1909 it became clear from the newspaper reports of its proceedings that the evidence given before it exposed the falsity of the Nonconformist claim to numerical superiority over Churchmen in Wales. It therefore seemed inadvisable that

Nonconformists should wait for the report, and they urged the Government to proceed without delay. The Bill was introduced in April of 1909, though Mr. Lloyd George had said in 1908 that "there has never been a great question settled in this country but what (*sic*) they had had an official inquiry into the statements made in regard to it." Mr. Asquith sought to justify its introduction, many months before the Commissioners could issue their report, by saying that the newspaper reports of their proceedings gave an adequate indication of the character of the report. If that contention were sound, it would have b en unnecessary to publish the report. But since then the Government have published it, not, indeed, in time to enable the electors to study it before the last election, but on the very eve of the polls, after the contest had commenced and when it was impossible to devote adequate time to its consideration. Yet it is contended that at that election the electors gave an unqualified verdict in favour of the Bill. An interesting light is thrown upon the validity of this claim by a study of the election addresses issued during the election. In Wales and Monmouthshire twenty-six supporters of the Government issued election addresses, but only eight mentioned Disestablishment, while two spoke of "religious equality." The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the Carnarvon Boroughs, issued in lieu of an election address what was called by his admirers "a trumpet-call to the Boroughs," but the note of Welsh Disestablishment was not heard in that blast. Of 210 Government supporters in England who issued election addresses only four mentioned Disestablishment, while six mentioned religious equality or liberty.

But the report is now published and available for study. What does it show? That the Church is the Church of a dwindling minority? It shows, on the contrary, that it is the largest religious body in the Principality, and that it is progressing more rapidly than any other. The figures given in the report do not purport to show the exact number of the adherents of each religious body. A religious census alone would show this. Such a census, though always advocated by Churchmen, and particularly demanded this year in the House of Commons by Lord Hugh Cecil, has always been opposed by Nonconformists,

and was refused by the Government. Each clergyman of the Church of England who was asked the question by the Commissioners welcomed the idea of a parliamentary religious census, and the Welsh Bishops also expressed their desire for it. But with the exception of a Congregational minister and a Baptist minister, who were the first witnesses before the Commission, none of the Nonconformist witnesses approved of it. It should be remembered that before the Irish Church was disestablished a religious census was held. In the absence of the indisputable evidence which such a census would afford, we are thrown back upon the figures given in the report of the Royal Commission, the *personnel* of which was determined by the present Government in no spirit of favour to the Church. The report contains the numbers of the Church's communicants and of the communicants or members of the different Nonconformist denominations:

Church Communicants . . .	193,081
Congregationalist members . .	175,147
Calvinistic Methodists . . .	170,617
Baptists	143,835
Wesleyans	40,811
Smaller Protestant denominations	19,870

The Commissioners make the following comments on these figures: "Taking the word 'communicant' from the Nonconformist point of view, it is plain that technically the Nonconformist figures given before the Commission are figures for members and represent the number of persons qualified to be communicants rather than the number of persons who actually communicated in 1905." And "in the Church of England statistical list the term 'communicant' indicates that each person on the list had received the Communion at least once within the period of twelve months preceding the compilation of the list. . . . The name and address of each communicant were presented to the Commission."

The inference is inevitable from these passages in the report that the preponderance of Church communicants over those of the different Nonconformist bodies is even greater than appears from the figures given. Every standard that can be applied shows that the Church is the largest religious body in the Principality. Take the figures given in the report for Sunday

School scholars under fifteen for the year 1905. The Church claims 112,098, the Calvinistic Methodists 98,018, the Congregationalists 82,673, the Baptists 77,929, and the Wesleyans 38,100. It is true that the Congregationalists, the Wesleyans, and the Baptists claim more Sunday School members over the age of fifteen than the Church. But it is admittedly not possible to make so fair a comparison in this case as the other, for Nonconformists encourage their members to remain in Sunday Schools beyond an age at which Church communicants are accustomed to do so. Many such adult Sunday School scholars are evidently included in the figures already given of Nonconformist members.

Other figures point to the same conclusion. In 1905 66,888 children were born in Wales, of whom 21,948 were baptized in Church. Between 1900 and 1908 the births in Wales averaged 65,722 per annum, while the baptisms in Church averaged 21,203, that is to say, nearly one-third of all the children born in Wales were baptized in Church. No Nonconformist denomination can show such a record. During the same period the marriages in Wales averaged 5248 in Church, 4652 in Nonconformist chapels and 6238 in registry offices, showing that 31·55 per cent. of the marriages were solemnised in Church.

It is clear, then, that if the Church were disestablished no other religious body is qualified by the position it has attained, or by the number of adherents it can claim, to take its place as the National Church of Wales, however much many of them may desire to do so. In Wales, therefore, religion would cease to enjoy State recognition, though such recognition may survive for a period in England. It is difficult to see how this change will forward the spiritual development of Wales in general, or of the Welsh Nonconformist bodies in particular. Their condition, as I shall have occasion to point out, is not so strong that they can afford to disregard the great growth of materialism in Wales, especially in Glamorganshire. Frequently we hear their own ministers lament the political atmosphere of some of their chapels, and the open political bias of their ministers, one of whom recently presided at a meeting held in his tabernacle for the purpose of enabling the Chancellor of the Exchequer to explain the provisions of his Insurance Bill. If Welsh Nonconformists desire spiritual and not political advantage it would surely be

better for them to unite with the strongest religious institution in their country to resist the advancing forces of indifference rather than by crippling it to further the progress of unbelief. That the Church is a growing Church is made very clear by the report of the Commission. It is even more true to say of it to-day what Mr. Gladstone said in 1891: "Undoubtedly the Established Church in Wales is an advancing Church, an active Church, a living Church, and, I hope, very distinctly a rising Church, rising from elevation to elevation."

A remarkable increase is noted in the number of communicants in each of the four Welsh dioceses. Thus in St. David's diocese, between 1880 and 1906, the number of communicants increased by 33,602, while the population increased by 27,698 only. On Easter Day 1871 the communicants in St. Asaph diocese numbered 7575; on Easter Day 1891 14,534; and on Easter Day 1906 24,938. In Bangor diocese in 1885–6, with a population of 226,040, the number of communicants was 10,029. By 1904–5 the population had decreased to 221,366, but the number of communicants had risen to 16,760. In the diocese of Llandaff the number of communicants increased from 33,453 in 1891–2 to 58,216 in 1904–5. Similar increases are to be observed in the statistics of baptisms and confirmations.

The condition of the Nonconformist bodies is not equally healthy. This fact was fully admitted on May 15 in an article in the *Westminster Gazette*, an organ very favourable to the Free Churches. It was headed: "Church Census"; "Decline in Free Church Statistics"; "Anglican Increase."

The conclusion refers to both England and Wales, and is very relevant to the present inquiry. It continues: "Churches, sittings, and ministers are continually being augmented, but the ordinary test of successful religious work shows that there has been a slackening of grip by Nonconformist Churches on the people, which has continued in some cases for the past five years." The writer gives very different evidence upon the condition of the Church. "Whilst the Free Churches have suffered losses, in some cases for three or four years, the Established Church has reported increases in communicants and in other directions. . . . Taking the three years (1907–10), there is steady growth in each department."

The numerical preponderance of the Church over any one Nonconformist denomination is so incontrovertible that advocates of Welsh Disestablishment and Disendowment are driven to the device of adding together the numbers of communicants or Sunday School scholars found in each different denomination as if they were, for purposes of comparison with the Church, a united body. For this crude method of calculation there is no justification. Fundamental differences exist between them which make it misleading and even absurd to reckon them as one. To attack and rob the Church they may indeed unite, but otherwise they are separate institutions, with different organisations, ideals, forms of government, and articles of belief. The profession of the doctrine of baptism by immersion marks the Baptists out from all other denominations with the sole exception, I believe, of the Churches of Christ, a small and obscure sect. But though both these sects practise baptism by immersion, they hold different views as to its purport and effect. They differ in polity also. The Calvinistic Methodists and the Wesleyans are connexional in their Church polity—that is to say, each individual society or church is a member of one general connexion which is regarded as the Calvinistic Methodist Church or the Wesleyan Methodist Church respectively. Baptists and Congregationalists, on the other hand, are congregational in polity, their distinctive characteristic being that all the members, and none but the members of the individual church have a voice in its affairs. It is difficult to see how the Primitive Methodists, who, according to the report, seceded from the Wesleyans, and who now constitute a separate denomination, can be honestly reckoned part of the same body as the Wesleyans. It is still more difficult to regard the United Methodist Church as being in close communion with the other Nonconformist denominations, in view of the fact that it was founded by Act of Parliament as recently as 1907 to unite in one body the Bible Christians, the Methodist New Connexion, and the United Methodist Free Churches. The mere application of the word "united" barely conceals the fact that the body consists of a number of units which have seceded from the principal Methodist denominations. As one Calvinistic Methodist minister said in his evidence before the Commission, union between Nonconformist

action is not a question of practical politics at present. When Nonconformists unite for constructive purposes as compared with those which are purely predatory, it will be time to regard them as members of a single religious body.

Mr. Asquith, in introducing the Bill of 1909, founded his argument for the Disestablishment of the Church on a comparison between the strength of the Church and that of the aggregated Nonconformist forces. But he regarded (such were his instructions) the test of seating accommodation as most valuable for the purpose of ascertaining the relative numerical strength of the Church and of Nonconformity. He is reported to have said: "Let us go to another, which I think on the whole is a more trustworthy indication of the actual distribution of the population—that is, the accommodation provided in places of worship."

This test of seating accommodation has been shown by the report to be utterly worthless, simply because Nonconformists have made provision far in excess of their requirements. They provide sitting accommodation for no less than seventy-four per cent. of the population. The Commissioners say, as to this, that "we are clear that this accommodation is greatly in excess of the number of persons who may reasonably be expected to avail themselves of it."

But in five counties in Wales Nonconformists are not content with providing accommodation for so large a proportion as seventy-four per cent. of the population, but obligingly provide accommodation which is in excess of the total population. Thus:

	Population	N.C. Accom.	per cent.
Anglesey	50,606	50,775	100·3
Cardiganshire	60,240	75,901	126
Carnarvonshire	126,883	141,912	111·8
Carmarthenshire . . .	135,328	140,993	104·18
Merionethshire	49,149	62,466	127

So much for Mr. Asquith's "trustworthy indication." He has been deceived by the zeal of sectarian megalomania.

Even more ridiculous are the figures of alleged Nonconformist adherents furnished in Sir John Williams's report published with the report of the Commission. Figures showing Nonconformist adherents were supplied to the Commission, but, in the

words of the report, "they were an estimate rather than an accurate figure, and of little or no use for statistics." This remark applies very forcibly to the figures of adherents given by Sir John Williams, as in several instances (anxious to err upon the right side) he claimed more Nonconformist adherents than there are persons in the parish in question.

The following are cases in point:

	Population	Alleged N.C. Adherents
Llanfair Mathafarn (Anglesey)	703	731
Aberdaron (Carnarvonshire)	1119	1179
Abererch (Carnarvonshire)	1159	1281
Nevin (Carnarvonshire)	1755	1756
Gwytherin (Denbighshire)	289	299
Llandoget (Denbighshire)	247	308
Pentrefoelas (Denbighshire)	441	483
Yspytty Ifan (Denbighshire)	288	320
Llancadwaladr (Denbighshire)	142	179
Efenechtyd (Denbighshire)	218	241
Gyffylliog (Denbighshire)	438	530

Other similar instances could be cited.

The excessive accommodation provided by the Nonconformist bodies, and the obvious inflation of their figures in relation to adherents, throw suspicion upon the accuracy of their other figures dealing with members and Sunday School scholars.

The Disestablishment of the Church in Wales would involve the separation of the four Welsh dioceses from the province of Canterbury, of which they have for centuries been a part. As the report says: "Each of the four Welsh dioceses is a constituent unit of the province of Canterbury, and has in all respects the same status in the province as an English diocese."

Mr. Gladstone admitted in this connection, in the House of Commons, on May 24, 1870, that "there is complete ecclesiastical, constitutional, legal and, I may add—for every practical purpose—historical identity between the Church in Wales and the rest of the Church of England."

The territory of these dioceses is not exclusively contained within the geographical border-line of Wales. This border-line has never been regarded as a boundary for religious purposes, even by Nonconformists themselves. The dioceses of Bangor and St. David's lie wholly within the confines of Wales, but

the diocese of St. Asaph has fourteen parishes entirely in England, [illegible] parishes partly in Wales and partly in England, while two parishes in the diocese of Llandaff are partly in England and partly in Wales. Eleven parishes in Chester, Lichfield, and Hereford dioceses are wholly in Wales, while thirteen parishes in those dioceses are partly in Wales. Nonconformists have always shared in this respect the eccentricities of ecclesiastical geography. The Nonconformist bodies in Wales, with the exception of the close or strict Baptists, belong to the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches in England and Wales, and not to a Free Church Council of Wales only. A proposal made a few years ago to establish a separate Free Church Council for Wales did not meet with the approval of the majority of the Welsh Nonconformists, who objected to it on the explicit ground that exclusion from the English Nonconformist organisation would be injurious to Welsh Nonconformity. They appreciate the advantage, which they deny to the Church, of union with England. The Swansea Wesleyan witness before the Commission said that the separation of the Welsh Wesleyan Methodists from the British Annual Wesleyan Conference "would be injurious to the Welsh Methodists. . . . They get such help from English Methodists that I think it would be disastrous."

No Nonconformist denomination is confined to Wales. Most of the Baptist Churches, for instance, are aggregated in county associations. There is a Welsh Baptist Union, but all the county associations are not included in it, while many belong to the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland. The North Wales English Union, the Monmouthshire Union, and the Glamorgan and Carmarthen English Union are not included in the Baptist Union of Wales. Twenty-five Welsh Baptist churches in England are affiliated to Welsh Baptist associations. Three in London belong to the Glamorgan and Carmarthen Association.

There are in Wales seventeen Welsh Congregationalist associations. Four Congregational churches in England belong to them. But they do not include all the Congregational churches in Wales, one of which belongs to a union in England. There is a Welsh Congregational Union, but some Congregational churches in Wales belong not to it, but to the Congregational Union of

England and Wales. The Calvinistic Methodist denomination has 117 churches in England. Each church or society is subject to a "monthly meeting," which is "a quasi-corporate body consisting in practice of the minister or ministers of each individual church in a particular district." There are twenty-one such "monthly meetings" in Wales. But they do not include all Calvinistic Methodist churches in Wales, while they include some situated in England. Thus twenty-one Calvinistic Methodist chapels in England are governed by "monthly meetings" in Wales, while, on the other hand, nineteen chapels in Denbighshire and fifteen in Flintshire are under the control of the Lancashire P esbytery. The Wesleyan denomination has a strong organisation in Wales under which its societies or churches are divided into four districts, all of which are controlled by the British Annual Wesleyan Conference. But *these four districts* are not strictly confined to Wales and Monmouthshire, as five circuits and one mission in the First North Wales District are situated wholly or partly in England, while part of Monmouth is in the Bristol district and part of Radnor in the Birmingham district. Further, eight circuits situated wholly or partly in Wales are in the Liverpool district. The argument therefore that Wales should be strictly separated from England for religious purposes obtains slight support from a study of the organisation of the different Nonconformist bodies.

Foiled in their attempt to show that the Church in Wales is a "dwindling minority," its plunderers assert that it is non-national and alien. Even Mr. Asquith, in introducing the 1909 Bill, resorted to this argument. He said: "When the Principality of Wales became part and parcel for political purposes of the kingdom of England, contemporaneously or consequentially, the ancient Church of Wales was incorporated into or annexed to the Church of England. The English Government succeeded in doing with the Welsh Church what it could never do and never has succeeded in doing with the Welsh people—it denationalised it."

The historical unsoundness of this statement is sufficiently shown by the fact that for two centuries and a half before Welsh members were returned to Parliament, the Welsh chapters and clergy sent proctors to represent them in the Convocation of

Canterbury. The statement in the Prime Minister's speech that the English Government "denationalised the Church" is hardly more accurate than that which preceded it. Though expressed in more scholarly language, it does not differ in substance from the hackneyed charge that the Church in Wales is "alien." It is difficult to admit that the Church was denationalised in the eleventh century if it be true that for years subsequently it numbered the total population of the country among its adherents. It would be not easy to conceive a Church more essentially national. What religion is indigenous in Wales if a Church can be justly branded as alien which has existed in Wales from the earliest times, and far longer than any other religious institution? It requires some assurance for Nonconformists to call the Church "alien" and "non-national." Their own denominations have existed between 100 and 200 years only, have never commanded the support of the whole Welsh nation, and, with the possible exception of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, had their origin in England and not in Wales. The Church, on the other hand, is, in the words of Mr. Bryce, "the legitimate historical successor of the Church of St. David," and in the words of the Prime Minister "existed undoubtedly as a living and a working Christian agency some considerable time before the mission of St. Augustine to the Saxons."

But the arguments in favour of Disestablishment excite comparatively slight enthusiasm among the "salt of the earth" political Nonconformists. What really interests them is Disendowment. They have been "blooded" by Mr. Ellis Griffith in the covetous atmosphere of Anglesey. Experienced in their own financial instability, they know that lack of funds would cripple the Church and retard its progress as nothing else could. That cupidity supplies their campaign with its sole driving-force is evident alike from their actions and their speeches. When the Welsh Church Bill was introduced in 1893, Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen, then member for Tonbridge, moved an amendment to the effect that the Bill should be divided into two Bills—the one to deal with Disestablishment and the other with Disendowment. This proposal proved unacceptable to the Welsh Radical members of Parliament, who in their eagerness to oppose it were compelled to admit that the Disendowment

clauses in the Bill appealed to them far more than those which merely provided for Disestablishment. There was "business" in one and none in the other. Thus Sir George Osborne Morgan, who then sat for East Denbighshire, said that he "did not know of a single Nonconformist in Wales who was in favour of Disestablishment without Disendowment," and Mr. D. A. Thomas, who represented Merthyr Tydvil, declared that "no Welsh member would entertain for a moment the idea of getting Disestablishment without Disendowment."

More recently, Mr. Ellis Griffith, Chairman of the Welsh Parliamentary Party (*Nil desperandum Teucro duce!*), admitted in the House of Commons that he had recommended the 1909 Bill on the ground that if the funds arising from Disendowment of the Church of England in Anglesey went to supplement old-age pensions for the county, the pensionable age in Anglesey could be reduced from seventy to sixty-five or even sixty. This shabby argument speaks for itself. He did not wholly deny having induced the people of Anglesey, his constituents, to vote for the Bill on the ground that it would produce "bread-and-butter" for them. He denied, it is true, that he originated the phrase "bread-and-butter," and attributed it to "an irresponsible person in the audience," but he admitted that immediately after the alleged interruption he "sought to justify the Bill from the material standpoint."

Is it surprising that the campaign should gain adherents among greedy and ignorant persons encouraged by Mr. Ellis Griffith to believe that the plunder of the Church will provide them with earlier pensions?

I venture to summarise the effect of these Disendowment provisions, which, we are asked by Mr. Asquith to believe, "are not inspired by any animosity to the Church of England." The churches and parsonages are to be left to the Church—not a very intoxicating concession seeing that, in the words of the report, "during the last 200 years nearly all the parish churches in Wales have been completely rebuilt or considerably restored," and that "in recent years the sums spent on church building and restoration in Wales have had to be provided by private donations and by the subscriptions of the Church of England Church Extension and Building Societies. The total amount of

voluntary contributions for this purpose for the four Welsh dioceses since 1840, so far as was ascertainable, is given in the diocesan statistics as £3,332,385."

The total net income from Church endowments in Wales is £273,747, of which £243,987 is derived from parochial endowments and £29,760 from diocesan endowments. Of the £243,987 which is derived from parochial endowments, £110,737 comes from tithe, £35,936 from glebe lands, and £97,314 from other sources. The 1909 Bill proposed to take away the whole of these endowments with the exception of £20,584 a year, or 1*s*. 6*d*. in the pound. In 511 of the 983 incumbencies in Wales every penny of endowment would disappear, while 132 other parishes would be left with less than £10 a year each. £17,069 now payable in curates' grants would be taken away without *any compensation being given to the curates, of whom there are* 561 in Wales. More than half the income from parochial endowments is derived from endowments added since 1703 by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and Queen Anne's Bounty. About one-third of this amount is derived from English sources, so that the Bill confiscates to secular uses in Wales not only Welsh ecclesiastical property, but some English ecclesiastical property also. In fact, the disendowment net is spread as wide as possible so as to catch English Church property because it is situate in Wales, and property situate in England because it belongs to the Welsh Church.

The immediate result of Disendowment would be the amalgamation of parishes. This result has followed in Ireland. Great efforts have been made in Wales of late years to divide up the larger parishes and form new parishes where new centres of population have arisen. This policy has been dictated by the view that it is advisable that the area under the charge of each clergyman should be as small as is economically possible. The execution of this policy has been made possible only by grants from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and by the collection of voluntary subscriptions. When the endowments conferred by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are taken away, together with practically all the other endowments the Church possesses, not only will it be impossible to pursue this policy of forming new parishes, but it will be necessary to re-unite those already

formed with the parishes from which they were taken. Thus much of the work of the past will be undone. It is difficult to see how this contraction of activity can benefit Nonconformists. The right of every man in a parish, irrespective of creed, to call for the spiritual ministrations of the parish priest will disappear. While the Nonconformist minister looks after his own supporters only, the clergyman tends every one in his parish who desires his ministration; and it is a matter of common knowledge that many Nonconformists avail themselves of his visits.

What is the pretext for this wholesale spoliation? Is it that the tithe-payer is to be freed from the burden of paying tithe? On the contrary, he must pay in the future as in the past, not to the parson, but to the County Council official. That the Bill is designed merely to injure the Church, without relieving any one, is manifest from the fact that tithe which is paid each year to lay tithe-owners to the amount of £38,968 a year is not touched by the Bill. While lay tithe must still be paid into the pockets of its owners, ecclesiastical tithe is to be devoted to the provision of public halls, libraries, institutes, and other secular purposes, not because the money is wanted particularly for those purposes, but because it must be given to some purpose when taken from the Church, and because even this Government will not accept the base demagogy of Mr. Ellis Griffith's suggestion that Church funds should be used to lower the pensionable age in Anglesey. Under the 1895 Bill different "objects" were specified, viz., a Welsh library or a Welsh museum. They have been provided for since out of the Imperial Exchequer, and it became necessary to substitute a new destination for the Church's funds. As Mr. Balfour pointed out, it is not in order to use them for better purposes that the Government take away the endowments from the Church. They take them away from the Church primarily, and then look round for some decent use to which they may put them.

Welsh orators in their native land delude their fellow-countrymen into supporting Disendowment by primitive and impudent misrepresentations. They say that the endowments belong not to the Church, but to the State, and that the State can do what it pleases with them. Thus Mr. Ellis Griffith is

reported in the *Wrexham Advertiser* of September [illegible] to have informed the Welsh National Liberal Council that "the State not only established, but has endowed the Church," and that the tithe rent-charge was "not a spontaneous votive offering of the whole Christian people, but a tax imposed by Imperial authority and enforced by Imperial power."

That this statement is attributable only to ignorance or a wilful desire to mislead, and that it cannot be excused on the ground of accident, is evident from the fact that he repeated it a few days later at Holyhead. A more astonishing misstatement was never made, even by this loose and inaccurate controversialist.

As Professor Freeman said: "The tithe can hardly be said to have been granted by the State. The state of the case is rather that the Church preached the payment of tithe as a duty, and that the State gradually came to enforce that duty by legal sanction." And Lord Selborne said: "It is quite certain tithes were never the property of or payable to the State," and "the tithe was never at any time a public fund or revenue."

That Mr. Asquith agrees with Professor Freeman and Lord Selborne in thinking that tithes were never a tax, but were voluntary in origin, and disclaims Mr. Ellis Griffith's theory, is clear from two circumstances. First, he did not use the argument that tithe was a tax when he introduced the 1909 Bill. Secondly, during the debate on the Welsh Church Bill 1895, Sir John Gorst moved to omit the words "since 1703" from the Bill, so that the Church would retain "all private benefactions." Mr. Asquith refused to accept this amendment on the ground that it would "give to the Disestablished Church the whole of the tithe, since it was an arguable position to take up that, although tithes became a compulsory tax after a certain date, they were originally a voluntary obligation, and were given by private persons out of their own resources. If the amendment were adopted it might be open to a Court of Law to say that practically the whole revenue of the present Established Church passed to the representative body of the Disestablished Church. In other words, the Bill, instead of disendowing the Church, would re-endow it."

The only argument ever presented in justification of the

view that the Church is not entitled to its endowments is that there was such a breach of continuity in the corporate existence of the Church at the Reformation as to make it right to sequestrate the property with which the Church was endowed before the Reformation. But this argument was emphatically repudiated by the Prime Minister in 1905: "I am not one of those who think, as used to be currently assumed, that the legislation of Henry VIII. transferred the endowments of a national establishment from the Church of Rome to the Church of England. There has been, amid all these changes, a substantial identity and continuity in our national Church from earliest history to the present time"; and by Professor Freeman, who says in his book: "The facts of history compel us to assume the absolute identity of the Church of England after the Reformation with the Church of England before the Reformation."

There is no real difference between tithes and other Church property, except that, while the other property was derived from occasional and voluntary gifts, tithes originated in an obligation which the Church taught was incumbent on all Churchmen. This obligation for many years had no more binding force than the authority and persuasiveness of the Church among its members could confer. Then it became a generally recognised custom, and subsequently was enforced by ecclesiastical law. How little a State-imposed tax was the source of tithe is shown by the fact that until very modern times it was not recoverable in temporal Courts. If, as is sometimes suggested, the tithe was given for the benefit of the poor, it is inconceivable that the poor should have lost their right to receive it, and that no trace of that right should survive at the present time.

But whatever was the origin of tithes, they have been enjoyed by the Church for centuries, and that circumstance itself, according to the policy of our law, should constitute a good title to them. Uninterrupted enjoyment of land and interests in land for a limited period of time has always been regarded as conferring a good title. But a curious distinction is made by Nonconformists in the application of this rule to their property and to that of the Church. Long enjoyment by the Church of her endowments is to be a ground for their deprivation and diversion to secular uses. But Nonconformists have not failed

to avail themselves of the advantages to be derived from the acquisition of a title to land by prescription or long enjoyment. They have even secured for themselves an Act of Parliament—the Dissenters' Chapels Act 1844—which conferred on them a special law of limitation. The circumstances under which this statute became law are interesting in view of the attack now made on the Church's endowments. During the seventeenth and the first part of the eighteenth centuries, a number of chapels were built and endowed in England and Ireland by charitable persons, members of the Presbyterian denomination. The founders of these chapels regarded the doctrine of the Holy Trinity as an essential article of their faith, and the trust deeds contained provisions which, while not expressly requiring the profession of Trinitarian doctrine, were held on legal construction to confine the use of the chapels and endowments to Trinitarian Nonconformists. At the time that these trusts were founded Unitarian doctrines were not professed by any religious denomination in this country. But during the eighteenth century Presbyterians in England and Ireland began to secede from Trinitarian teaching, with the result that at the end of the century all those in England and many in Ireland had become Unitarians. They still, however, remained in possession of their chapels and endowments. The question then arose whether they were entitled to them, and it was ultimately decided by the House of Lords that they were not. From the difficulties in which this decision placed them they were rescued by the Dissenters' Chapels Act, which provided that if a congregation of Nonconformists has occupied a chapel and taught in it the same religious doctrines for twenty-five years, it becomes absolutely entitled to it, and to any fund with which it is endowed, even though these doctrines differ fundamentally from those held by the founders. Now we are confronted with the spectacle of Nonconformists who were reinstated by Act of Parliament in the possession of property which they had forfeited by breach of trust presuming to question the Church's title to endowments which it has enjoyed for centuries.

Even on the assumption, which has been repudiated by the Prime Minister, that the Church after the Reformation was not identical with the Church before the Reformation, it cannot be

pretended that the divergence between the two is comparable to the difference between Trinitarianism and Unitarianism.

If the Church were making poor use of its property, there might be some ground for taking it away, notwithstanding its ancient title, but the testimony of opponents makes it clear that the exact contrary is the case. Mr. Asquith has told us that, "during the last seventy years at any rate, in the Church of England and Wales there has been opened a new chapter, a new beneficent and fruitful chapter. . . . She now, by every means which an enlightened ecclesiastical statesmanship and a strong spiritual devotion to the best needs of the Welsh people could dictate, is overtaking, or endeavouring to overtake, the arrears of the past."

It would be difficult to conceive any circumstances better calculated to establish the title of a Church to its endowments than that it has enjoyed them for centuries, and that it is exhibiting a "strong spiritual devotion to the best needs of the people."

Another tribute to the Church's work from a less authoritative but still important source may be noticed. Mr. Edgar Jones, M.P. for Merthyr Tydvil, is reported by the *Manchester Guardian* as recently as September 13, 1911, to have told the Welsh Baptist Union that "no one denied that the Church of England on the whole to-day in Wales was making fair use of the money it had. They must not prejudice themselves and blind themselves to obvious truths. The Church to-day made just and active use of the money."

The campaign, then, is one to deprive an ancient and not a wealthy Church of moneys well and piously used, and to bestow such moneys upon secular objects. The motives of the campaign are as mean, and petty, and spiteful as its certain consequences.

It must be remembered too that this claim to rob political opponents by Act of Parliament is made at a moment when the Constitution is in suspense. Welsh Disestablishment has never been the specific issue of an election. Not one voter in a hundred thought of it last December. Yet it will be hustled through a gagged House of Commons at the fag end of a congested session. No Second Chamber can mitigate its sordid malice; no normal constitutional method can enforce a reference to the constituencies.

It is much to be hoped that Church laymen alike in England and Wales will look to their own resolution, and to that alone, for a remedy in these menacing circumstances. We are living, as Mr. Balfour truly said, "under revolutionary conditions." Home Rule is the first-fruit of the Revolution; Welsh Disestablishment is to be its crowning mercy.

The methods by which Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. McKenna rose to notoriety are very capable of an application at once analogous, extensive, and infinitely more defensible. Let Churchmen make up their minds to confront desperate opponents with extreme methods of resistance; let them, in a word, be ranged with those who allow no moral or constitutional validity to the acts of the Government until the Second Chamber is restored. This temper and no other makes victory conceivable, and it will (should the worst happen) make success more disastrous to the assailants of the Church than a complete and definitive failure.

F. E. SMITH.

ITALY'S FRIENDSHIP

The lust of slandering our neighbours or the passive delight of hearing evil against them must be classified, in the psychology of pleasure, among the natural instincts of mankind; contrary, however, to the rest of the category, its use for a logical or definite purpose is less common than its abuse, or its employment for no purpose at all.

Idle thoughts of this description rush in to supply the vacuum in a mind left swept and garnished in the vain effort to discover reasons for a seemingly inexplicable action, while the classic words of the only child's book which can rival Collodi's *Pinocchio* keep sounding in our ears, the words of the Mock Turtle to Alice in Wonderland: "No wise fish would go anywhere without a porpoise."

What purpose therefore has prompted the English Press to engage in the campaign into which it has launched for the last four months against this country's interests? Has England so many friends as to render superfluous the ancient sympathy of the Italian people, and, even if that be so, is the moment well chosen on her part for making jettison of it? The trend of the Press, it may be retorted, implies no like tendency on the part of the Government; but yet, admitting this fact, the Press is supposed to act as the mouthpiece of the Public and to reflect opinions. Such is its obvious office in criticising events or actions, and imperious is the duty imposed on it to weigh evidence and consequences before throwing statements, as wholesome bread, to the blind insatiability of thousands. The wise exercising of this faculty of selection was always held to be, here in Italy, the traditional prerogative of the Press of England. Hence its honoured name among us and hence its influence! Hence the reason of its again being held up as an example to other countries as late as the beginning of this very year, when the first malicious reports concerning the progress of a disease,

which in reality had not yet manifested itself, were wafted across Europe to the other side of the Atlantic by the journalistic fantasy of our prematurely anxious Swiss neighbours, those stormy petrels of European hygiene.

It was with no surprise that we observed on that occasion the discerning indifference of the English Press towards the interested warnings it received, and, even through the months of July and August, when the cholera was really existent in many cities of Italy, its attitude of stately equanimity refused to be shaken by the daily lists of victims immolated by the accommodating news-agencies of Central Europe, or the harrowing assertions of citizens let loose abroad, eye-witnesses, in Swiss hotels, to the ravages of a disease whose dire effects were demonstrated to probation by the presence of collecting-boxes *Pour les pauvres cholériques italiens*, placed by pious hands on conspicuous hall tables among wooden bears and genuine vulcanite chamois-horns.

This reticence had its natural interpretation. It was supposed that the real facts connected with the epidemic were known in England, as they were known here, and were gauged at their true value. The wild statements connected with the virulence and spread of the disease, the mortality, the brutal precautions of the authorities, were, when not wholly mendacious, gross exaggerations promulgated by ignorance or venality, and inspired by the paramount necessity, to Swiss hotel-keepers, of filling Swiss hotels. The real cases, moreover, were limited in their manifestations to quarters of the affected towns into which no tourist would stray, and to a class of persons with whom he would not be brought into contact. There was never, therefore, a particle of danger to foreigners, even in the contingency of their visiting such not generally frequented towns as Genoa and Leghorn, where the disease showed most resistance to the excellent sanitary measures taken by the medical staff.

Such were the facts, and the serene attitude of the English Press was consequently explained by its perfect information, its friendly unwillingness to jeopardise the exhibitions in Rome and Turin, and its repugnance to playing the part of *vox clamantis in deserto*. For that "God I thank Thee that I am not as other men are" air which characterises the Britisher on the Continent comprises the contempt for "foreigners" who babble of danger when danger is non-existent.

But in September a change occurred, and the alarm, started in England at the eleventh hour, broke out in the form of advice to possible tourists, tendered by "foreign correspondents" whose manifest ignorance (of this country at any rate) engendered the suspicion that their foreign correspondence must be conducted from Upper Tooting. The result of this posthumous panic-mongering (for the cholera, thanks to the energy of the authorities and the calm attitude of the people, was by that time almost conquered) was not slow in declaring itself. Several public bodies, then about to visit this country, broke off long-made engagements, and, in two cases at any rate, published official announcements in the English papers that their decisions were due solely to the "outbreak of cholera in Italy" or to the "growing seriousness of the Italian cholera situation."

"This was the most unkindest cut of all." Proclamations of such a sort were obviously calculated to damage more vitally the exhibitions of Rome and Turin than was a whole train-load of Swiss and German denigration penned for commercial purposes. And it must be remembered that national aspirations centred round these symbols of Italian unity, not so much from financial as from patriotic motives.

The irritation here was accentuated by the apparently purposeless character of the announcements, the fact of their coming from England, and the date of their publication, which, by treating a past evil as a present danger, threatened great hardship to thousands who live by the winter season, and this too despite the fact that the sanitary measures taken had produced a mortality among microbes in general which render Italy at present the most disinfected country in Europe. Here was a perfect instance of the abuse of slander. It was directed by a friend with nothing to gain against a friend with everything to lose by its promulgation. *Et tu Brute!*

Untoward incidents of this description had contributed to produce a sense of uneasiness in the Italian mind as to the perfect soundness of the idol so long worshipped here, the idol of the English people with its great high-priest the English Press. Cracks were suspected and looked for, and the search soon ended, as such searches usually do end, in the discovery of serious fissures revealed by the fierce light which illumines the actions of those around us and shows us our true friends in moments of crisis.

The declaration of war with a people who, themselves the negation of European progress, had for long years heaped insults on this country was the most popular step taken by any Italian statesman since the *breccia di Porta Pia*. The day of reckoning had come. Governors and governed were of one mind, and swept together towards the common goal, expansion. This finality was essential to the interests of the country. It was vital to her self-respect, to her unfolding, nay, to her very existence; for the Italy which Englishmen have so long ignored, the Italy which has been painfully but slowly evolving during the last twenty years, the new Italy which palpitates and works and hopes in the calm confidence of her slowly acquired self-knowledge, lay in the balance. The wearying clash of local interests, the petty clamour of party strife that daily sub-disintegrated disintegration, the deep hereditary antagonism between North and South was itself allayed, while the protest of a decimated faction of noisy charlatans backed up by the sweepings of the Milan gaol threw into yet stronger contrast the general unity by the inanity of its mode of action and the prosaic suppression of its champions, to whom public opinion denied the crown of martyrdom.

The causes which welded together these unhomogeneous interests were as complex as those which led to the first crusade. They were moral, economic, and political. Italy had been too long outraged and patronised by turns, but always despised. The land of Augustus and Francesco Sforza, of Titian and Bramante, was also the land of *lazzaroni*, of brigandage, and of the *camorra*. Thus much was known of her by scholars, historians, artists, and modern travellers, and each category deluged the Press and libraries of their several countries with arbitrary descriptions of Italians of the twentieth century masquerading in the characters of Commodus or Antoninus Pius, of St. Francis or Cesare Borgia, all equally unreal, all lifeless as the dry bones in Ezekiel's valley. It was time that these delusions should be ended, that a more exact estimate should be formed by Europe of changes and of values, and that a new brand should be set upon the forehead of this people: "Italy of to-day."

Thus far for the readjustment of her moral status abroad, while from the economic standpoint the movement was opportune and imperative; opportune because of the solid financial status of the country and the immense growth of riches

during the last fifteen years, imperative as an outlet to the emigration of the Southern provinces. The former factor, treated here as the admitted basis of argument, was an unknown quantity to English writers, who perseveringly continued to treat Italy as the half-bankrupt country of 1866, and, faithful to their classic model, broke into Cassandra-like predictions on the declaration of war. Nor did they change their judgments even on perceiving that the prophesied loan was not demanded, and that the Milan and Genoa exchanges showed no signs of hysteria. A rectification would at any rate have fostered hopes that these gentlemen were beginning to bestow on Italian matters the same study which has rendered them so eminently qualified to write on their special subjects.

The sound monetary situation was therefore the key to the solution of the long-vexed problem of the South, whose energy and manhood, though contributing so efficiently by their providence to the national prosperity, are yet shorn of a large percentage of the fruit of their toil left in foreign hands on the far side of the Atlantic, and sometimes, though unfrequently, remain in the land to which they emigrated, a constituent of strength to other nations. The epithets bawled from cathedral steps by windy demagogues against the criminal scheme, born of priests and bankers, of enticing the gulled proletariat from the already depleted districts of Calabria, Puglia, and Sicily may, if translated into argument, seem logical to those who, though versed in the book-lore of colonisation, are yet ignorant of the peculiar habits and requirements of the South of Italy. The audiences in question were there to hear abuse and to wound policemen; they were, besides, Northern Italians. In the Southern provinces the Socialist leaders themselves preferred excommunication from their party rather than advance an argument which might have entailed their removal to the hospital; for all Southerners, from the Marchese di San Giuliano himself, who dictated the ultimatum, down to the humblest peasant, are firmly convinced, after the proof afforded by their willing hands in Tunisia, that the acquisition of Tripolitaine will not only provide a South America of easy access and where the land is not of others, but will also contribute towards the transformation of the Southern Provinces, as the emigration overseas has already, in lesser measure, contributed. Sicily will be no more the ultima

Pride of the peninsula, and the danger of the sulphur mines in the new provinces falling into foreign hands will be averted.

The Northern Socialists were in reality rendered desperate by events. They had preached that the army and navy were mere organs of tyranny maintained for protecting plutocrats or fattening the capitalists of the Terni armour-works. The fallacy of their doctrines would now be evident, and they were catching at any straw to save their intrigues, their theories, and their stipends from shipwreck in the sight of all.

The political moment, too, was mature. The apple desired in the green by Mazzini and Cesare Balbo, the almost ripe apple coveted by Francesco Crispi, was now about to drop from the rotten branch, and hands were stretching out to seize it. The one into which it might have fallen was gloved with steel; it had just snatched a fruit off a neighbouring tree and it was not generally supposed to be friendly to the masters of the British Isles. Another reason this why the calumnies of the English Press seem so insensate here. But the prize was Italy's by right. It was a compensation for years of self-command and of friendly acqu escence in the gains of her neighbours; secondly, there were interests at stake which no other nation could allege. A large colony, both industrial and agricultural, important commercial agencies, a line of steamers, the schools, hospitals, and only solvent bank, such were the outward signs of Italian influence, the one vivifying element in the almost atrophied victim of Turkish neglect and misrule. She had accounts, besides, to settle with the Moslem, accounts run up in exasperating years of contumely and persecution, and it was well that her sons should abandon the wordy skirmishing which was making them a nation of quarrelsome attorneys, and show that the name of *Patria* had still some value left. Lastly, it was the final chance for her future expansion. A moment's hesitation and she would have been lost, hemmed in on all sides by great and probably by hostile powers, and the new spirit that was throbbing in her would have been stifled. The international crowd was silent. It was urgent for her to speak, or else she must for ever hold her peace.

And so the word went forth, and twenty-four hours and a half later the die was cast. Italy had spoken and had acted too; and for an instant Europe stood amazed and then burst into indignation. The Presses of London, of Berlin, and of Vienna constituted

themselves into a sort of "Honorary Committee for War-games," and, whilst protesting against her meanness in refusing to supply them with "copy," proceeded to disqualify Italy on the protest of the just-minded Turk. The ultimatum of twenty-four hours was ruled to have been too brief, and, besides, had been anticipated. The Moslem himself averred this fact, "and, sure, he is an honourable man." The employment of the navy was another case of playing unfair, and Italy should wait till such time as the Turkish fleet were built and paid for. Such were the lessons in chivalry imparted gratis, not by the *Infants' Magazine* or by *Das Kränzchen*, but by serious newspapers for grown-up people. This sporting phase on the part of the judges soon took the turn of humanity; the Sixth Commandment was appealed to, as it frequently may be in war time, and many wise things were written about Hague Conferences. But Italy still refused to withdraw her ships or to recall her soldiers, so there was nothing for it except to sink the former and to drive the latter into the sea. In this pursuit it was not to be expected that Vienna and Berlin would consent to be beaten by Constantinople or to yield the palm between themselves, and so all three set up rival destruction agencies, and Tripoli was retaken, and General Caneva was imprisoned, and Italians killed by thousands, and the fleet sunk and raised, and sunk and raised again, and many other stirring tales were told to glowing Teutons. But the active demand was followed by overproduction and consequent fall in values, and the market for massacres "made in Germany" is but a weak one now. The Press, too, perhaps is discovering that truth may be used on occasions as an ingredient in news-making, as the sons of the Tuscan innkeeper learnt from their dying father that the manufacture of wine was possible even from grapes. But it was a glorious boom while it lasted, strong enough to order "right-about-face" to the established code of humanity so that the slaughter of Italians became a noble action, and to raise Turkish securities by two points on the Berlin settling day. Yet we ought not to doubt that the hands of the *Berliner Tageblatt* are pure from speculation since it assures us so itself. The Turks are at any rate welcome to their victories so long as they be only on paper, while the German public has cause to thank its Press for news which, as a reading exercise, was as good as any other news, for a divine bout of *Schadenfreude*, and, above all, for provoking

that masterpiece of deep humour on the part of the Turkish Ambassador that "if Tripoli is not retaken to-day it will be certainly retaken to-morrow." That merry diplomat must evidently have travelled in this part of Piedmont a few years back when announcements were to be seen in certain public-houses: *Domani si fa credito!*

But it is not the hostility of German-speaking allies that wounds the national sentiment. Their false news is a matter for the readers of their newspapers, their expressions of resentment justified by the unavoidable inconvenience caused them in the short supply available of official printable matter, in the upsetting of well-laid plans for the tutelage of the Ottoman patient, and in the occupation of harbours which would afford excellent anchorage for the German fleet. Encouragement besides from Berlin or Vienna of a scheme for Italian expansion might well engender the suspicion here that the enterprise was regarded in those capitals as doomed to failure from its initiation. The wound to Italy's feelings—for the affection was deeply rooted in the heart of her people—was given by her friend, by the England whose moral encouragement in days of trouble she had never forgotten, by the England for whom she alone had spoken when others railed at her for her conduct of the Transvaal War. *Et tu Brute!*

That the English Government should declare itself neutral was more the affair of the rulers than of the masses, of those masses whose sympathy with the people of Britain and growing intolerance of an unnatural political union were bringing ever greater pressure on her governors for the abandonment of the Triple Alliance in favour of the Triple Entente. The sincerity of Mr. Asquith's pledges was besides not above suspicion owing to the tardiness of the explanation to account for the presence in the Turkish service of certain English Navy instructors to that fleet, and the jubilation of part of the English Press at the "becoming neutrality" which permitted the successful passage of Turkish emissaries, and especially of Enver Bey, "the young hero of Young Turkey, the handsome warrior saint of Islam," across the Egyptian frontier into Tripolitaine. The English Government was, in the general opinion, running with the Ottoman hare while hunting with the hounds of Savoy, and this erroneous conjecture gained credence from the surprising attitude of practically

the entire English Press, which, though embracing every shade of thought, seemed only to agree in unfriendliness towards this country. No one is more pitiless than the Italian in auto-criticism, and no one more open-minded in admitting the possible justice of his opponent's views, but this Press campaign, conducted from the first in a petulant and acrimonious spirit, discloses, by its un-English levity in sifting evidence, the personal animus with which it is infused. Any statement, however infantile, is accepted, provided that its tendency be anti-Italian. The vapid sentimentalism of an irresponsible lady, the virulence of an exiled and embittered revolutionist, the falsehoods of the renegade clique at Salonica, more fitted as "Elders" to govern Jerusalem than as "Young Turks" to mismanage Constantinople, pass without comment, while the official assertions of General Caneva, a soldier and a gentleman, are disregarded or impugned; the —— draws its information from a Maltese Attorney in league with a disappointed company-promoter; while the —— itself publishes a telegram ("From our Correspondent," ——) advising English people to stay away from Italy, to avoid the inconveniences to which travellers are subjected on account of the war. This warning was written in a certain station by a querulous man who had lost his train and his temper through non-compliance with the regulation of having his boxes properly closed. But he was a —— correspondent, as he informed the awed bystanders. *Civis Romanus sum!* As a matter of fact there has never been the slightest inconvenience, there was no movement of troops that day, and an elementary knowledge of the geography of one of the best known parts of Italy would have convinced the —— that no consequences of the war could possibly affect the district from which the telegram came. The incident, whose details came under the writer's personal knowledge, was afforded an unmerited publicity on account of its comicality and the surprise felt that such information could possibly have been accepted by a paper round whose ancient traditions a halo of respect had always circled. But small feathers show which way the wind blows, and it is from tainted sources such as these that England's once "glorious Press" derives its foreign information.

Leading articles, based on such-like foreign correspondence, covertly or openly condemn Italian policy and actions, whimper

about massacres, or predict disaster. Putting aside the vapourings of cranks or the mild call to arms of a Member of Parliament whose strong point is certainly not modern history, it is impossible not to notice the general tone of hostility prevalent in writings which are not all merely harmless and mirth-producing as Christmas-tree fireworks. The constant appeal to the Hague Convention, as, for instance, against the throwing of bombs from airships (clause to which Italy had made a categorical exception), and the prophecies of bankruptcy drawn from incorrect statistics, are instances of inadequate preparation on the part of the writers. The terms "bullying" and "piracy" applied to the taking of Tripoli, and the maudlin cant indulged in on the just fate of treacherous Arabs who, having made "act of submission" and fraternised with the troops, attacked them in the rear during the heat of battle, betoken an absence of humour and a short memory on the part of those who upheld, and with reason, the hecatomb of Dervishes at Omdurman, or certain necessary examples of war's exigencies in the Transvaal. *Parcere victis debellare superbos.* The aspersions made on the troops in their painful but necessary task of eliminating a standing peril to the expedition come ill from the sons of those who blew Sepoys from cannon, and who, without that form of repression, might possibly not have retained their Indian Empire. They also demonstrate obliviousness of the fact that the first duty of a general is to provide for the safety of his troops, and the grossest ignorance of the Italian character, which errs always, as it did in this case, on the side of leniency, and instinctively shrinks from extreme measures, particularly where women or children are concerned. Fewer Arabs would have been shipped to Tremiti by the conquerors of the Mahdi. Annihilation would have been their fate, not transportation. In short, the first stone had better come from "him that is without sin," while the garb of outraged morality in which the accusations are clothed brings to mind the lines of the English poet:

> O for a forty parson-power to chant
> Thy praise, hypocrisy!

It is not for the writer to catch the infection and don the pedagogue's gown to lecture on the dignity and responsibility of the journalistic mission, nor to pronounce an elegy over the bier of a dead ideal. False news, in unwary hands, is dangerous as

boomerang, and there is a proverb here that *le bugie hanno le gambe corte.* But what Italy would like to know is whether or not this petulant campaign reflects the opinion of the British people, for another proverb says: *Dagli amici mi guardi Iddio; dai nemici mi guardo io.*

Men of weight in England, rightly anxious as to the consequences of this estrangement, abjure a Jew-bound Press acting in sympathy with its atheist co-religionists. But it is hard to understand how financial interests do not oust these tribal ties, and surely the former are served by the quick termination of the struggle on the only possible basis, the undisputed and absolute possession of the Tripoli provinces. And why should a Turcophile Press continue by its attitude to urge on that so-called Government to the prolonging of a situation which can only bring into clearer evidence the writing of the hand upon the wall: MENE, MENE, TEKEL?

Here is the enigma, and for the moment it is insoluble; but in the meantime it were well that the English people should give more evident signs of their resentment of this tyranny, if tyranny it be, lest the affection of Italy gained at her birth should be heedlessly thrown away now that she is coming of age. It is ill deriding a young man engaged on his first enterprise, and nations, when bent towards the fulfilment of their destinies, do not easily brook interference; but it is in moments of crisis that love and hate are born. Hostility in certain quarters is but as the pledge of the national resurrection, but it is now that the sympathy of England may cement a hearts' union productive perhaps of consequences in the near future. For Italy is no more merely the trustee for Europe's National Gallery, but a nation which, after years of modest patience, has shaken off the diffidence of childhood and developed to the consciousness of her strength and of her mission in the world. It is for this reason that civilisation will have little to regret in the substitution of the rule of one of the wisest of Christian monarchs for a régime more blighting than that qualified by Gladstone's classic phrase as "the negation of God."

It is for this reason, too, that England would do well to meditate on the advisability of sacrificing the friendship of a people which, in the last two months, has given proofs of secrecy, despatch, and precision, of discipline, efficiency, and

self-sacrifice worthy to make her amity desirable among the nations.

Can Britain afford in the present juncture to throw over another asset, as she has already done with Protection and the two-Power standard of her Fleet? Such a sacrifice in this case is neither demanded by generosity nor by idealism, for the gentle art of making enemies comes not under the former qualification, nor is the keeping of an old, and now profitable, friendship futile—aye, harmful to the cause of peace, as naval armaments are said to be in England.

Among the much gratuitous advice that has lately been tendered to this country by the British Isles is that of a review which bears a classic name. But it is not by silly threats of losing Tripoli, the army of occupation, and the fleet that the people of Italy will be dragged towards the Triple Entente. That result should be spontaneous and whole-hearted, and might still be accomplished if more care were exercised by serious papers in accepting the gabblings of the irresponsible, and if a fatuous campaign, which is daily rankling deeper, were pressed out of life by the weight of public opinion, a campaign that reflects small credit on those who direct it, a campaign that, to quote the words of Chatham, is "unjust, ungenerous, unmanly, un-English."

GIAN DELLA QUERCIA.
(E. CAPEL CURE.)

It is only fair, whilst correcting the proofs of this article, to emphasise such welcome symptoms of British friendship towards Italy as Mr. Chamberlain's message to this country on November 20, a message which unquestionably represents the responsible and effective public opinion of England; nor would it be right not to notice with pleasure the change of attitude which, during the last two weeks, has been animating the more serious portion of the British Press, and the gradual abandonment of the aggressive tone of hostility which characterised it for one of unimpassioned criticism.

It is this that Italy desires from her friend, the calm weighing of cause and effect, of motive and of action, the serene application of praise or of blame, sympathy if sympathy is due, and, above all, justice.

G. D. Q.

THE NATIONAL INSURANCE BILL

THE National Insurance Bill, socially and financially, is one of the most far-reaching pieces of legislation ever introduced into any House of Parliament. It levies a toll on all classes of the community. It will provide for the compulsory insurance of nearly seventeen million workers against sickness, and of another two and a half million against unemployment. For the payment of benefits to compulsory contributors alone it will lay an annual charge on employers, employees, and taxpayers of some £30,000,000, to be increased automatically as the benefits grow, and certain to expand with the extension of the measure to trades and occupations now excluded from its scope. It revolutionises the greatest of working-class organisations—the Friendly Societies; and it profoundly affects one of the great professions—that of medicine.

This gigantic scheme—the one large piece of constructive legislation in the Government programme—is to be forced through the House of Commons by Christmas, in order not to interfere with the grand attack next year on the Union and the Church in Wales.

The portion of the Bill relating to unemployment is admittedly a leap in the dark. In the history of the world compulsory insurance has been given one previous trial—in the municipality of St. Gall, in Switzerland. The experiment lasted for two years; it was then abandoned, unwept and unhonoured, as a complete failure. Our infallible Government, however, does not even think it necessary to have their proposal discussed in detail in the House of Commons; it has been relegated to a Standing Committee upstairs, whose debates, it is safe to say, not one man in a thousand reads. There, so far as this article is concerned, Part II. of the Bill must be left, or the task, already

hard enough, of compressing comment on Part I. within reasonable limits will become a sheer impossibility.

For their health insurance proposals the Government had of course a precedent in the German system, but they have borrowed little from it except the element of compulsion.

In Germany sickness and disablement (or "invalidity") benefits are administered by independent organisations and under separate laws. Sickness benefit is administered by societies of different types—consisting for the most part of associations of workers in the same locality and the same trade. The organisation is entirely local and, except that the communal clubs (which comprise about one-tenth of the workers insured) are managed by the local authorities, the societies are entirely autonomous; they are subject, of course, to the provisions of the insurance laws, but to no other external control. In 1909 there were 23,449 sickness insurance funds. Invalidity benefit, which includes old age as well as disablement pensions, is administered under the supervision of an Imperial Insurance Department by pension offices, of which there are thirty-one formed on a territorial basis and ten formed for special groups of employees, such as miners and seamen.

Mr. Lloyd George's Bill creates a central authority—the Insurance Commissioners—to supervise and control the working of the whole insurance scheme. Sickness and disablement benefit are under one management, either that of approved societies or, in the case of deposit contributors (*i.e.* employed persons unwilling or unable to join a society), that of local health committees. The Insurance Commissioners, who are appointed by the Treasury, approve a society, and can withdraw approval if a society is convicted of any offence under any Act; they can appoint inspectors to inquire into the management of a society; they determine what security a society is to give; they can make regulations as to the place in which meetings are to be held. Rules for the government of a society must be drawn to their satisfaction. Into a fund under their control and management all contributions have to be paid, and they refund to the society all sums which, in their opinion, it has properly expended in the payment and administration of benefits. The approved societies, therefore, are subject at

every point to the direction and control of a bureaucratic authority.

Under the German system, again, the contributions in respect of sickness insurance are raised in the form of a percentage of wages which is fixed, subject to a legal maximum, by each fund for itself, and varies according to the level of wages prevailing among the members, the character of the industry, and the scale of benefits required. The benefit given amounts as a rule to fifty per cent. of the wages, and the cost, in the great majority of funds, is borne by workmen and employers in the proportion of two-thirds and one-third respectively. For the purpose of invalidity insurance wages are divided into five scales, and a charge proportionate to the wages is shared equally by workmen and employers. The amount of the pension varies according to the number of the contributions paid in by the pensioner.

Mr. Lloyd George's Bill provides for one rate of contribution to cover all benefits. Men pay *4d.* weekly, women *3d.*, and employers *3d.*; the only exceptions in the original Bill were voluntary insurers and some low-paid compulsory insurers, who were to pay less and their employers more. The ordinary rates of benefit are also uniform—sickness benefit 10*s.* a week for men and 7*s.* 6*d.* for women; disablement benefit 5*s.* for men and women alike; the only exceptions were that in certain cases there were reduced rates for young persons and persons over fifty.

In Germany the only contributions made by the State under the insurance laws are (1) a fixed addition of £2 10*s.* a year to every invalidity and old-age pension granted; (2) payment of the invalidity contributions of insurers serving in the Army; and (3) the cost of the Imperial insurance office, which exercises supervision over accident insurance as well as invalidity insurance, and acts in certain matters as a Court of Appeal. The total charges under these headings amount to about £2,700,000.

Under the National Insurance Bill, the State is to contribute in the case of men two-ninths, and in the case of women one-quarter, of the cost of all benefits granted under the Bill and of the cost of administration. The original estimate of the amount to be supplied by the Exchequer under this heading to members

of approved societies alone was [illegible] in [illegible] in 1912, rising gradually to £5,498,000 in 1927. To these figures have to be added the amount of the State grant to deposit contributors, soldiers and sailors; a capital expenditure of [illegible] for sanatoria; the salaries of the Insurance Commissioners and of the "officers, inspectors, referees, and servants" whom they are to appoint, with the cost of their offices. The expense of the last item has been raised by the successful demand of Scotch, Irish, and Welsh members for "Home Rule all round"—needless to say, at the expense of the Imperial Exchequer. A further indefinite liability is thrown on the taxpayer (and the ratepayer too) by Clause 14 (4), which provides that when the sum available for medical benefit proves insufficient the Treasury and the County Council may share the deficit. To complete the comparison with *the German figures*, there should be added also the cost to the Exchequer of old-age pensions, estimated for the current year at £12,840,000.

It will be seen from the above that the differences between the German and English schemes are fundamental. To Mr. Lloyd George the advantages seem to lie all on one side. He has issued a memorandum on sickness and invalidity insurance in Germany for the purpose of throwing into relief the superior charms of his own proposals. The prejudices of a proud parent shine through every paragraph, and reach a climax when he claims that the Bill ensures "unconditional autonomy" to approved societies. It would be more accurate to describe the "autonomy" of the approved societies as conditioned by the autocracy of the Insurance Commissioners. Mr. Lloyd George claims that his scheme is simpler than the German. On the altar of simplicity—a euphemism for hurry—are sacrificed all existing voluntary organisations. The Friendly Societies will hardly be recognisable in the garb of Approved Societies. The alteration of name is significant of the change that will be wrought by the substitution of compulsion and State control for the bond of voluntary co-operation.

A uniform scale of contributions and benefits is no doubt a simpler arrangement than the German. But in a Bill which makes insurance compulsory on workers of all ages and occupations, it is bound to mean that the older men will profit at the

expense of the younger, and that some workers will be compelled to pay for benefits which they do not need, and others will not get the benefits which they require. Already it has been discovered that the sickness benefit provided by the Bill is not required by domestic servants, agricultural labourers, clerks, seamen, and others who receive payment during sickness from their employers; the ordinary scale of benefit and contributions is to be modified in such cases, and a meeting of twenty-five Scottish Liberal members has sufficed to extract from the Chancellor of the Exchequer an amendment providing that the principle of a flat rate may be abandoned altogether in certain parts of Scotland.

The injustice inflicted on younger workers remains untouched. In order to enable all employed persons up to sixty-five to come into the scheme on equal terms as regards contributions, the Bill provides that a society which admits anyone over the age of sixteen shall be credited with a capital sum (called a "reserve value") representing the estimated loss which will be incurred by the acceptance of such a member. This loss is small in the case of a man under thirty, and comparatively large when a man is over fifty.

In order to meet the liabilities thus thrown on the insurance fund over £60,000,000 will be required. This sum is to be raised by subtracting from the weekly contribution of every member of an approved society the sum of 1⅝*d.* in the case of a man and 1½*d.* in the case of a woman, and accumulating these amounts at compound interest until the debt is paid off. It will be very many years before this is accomplished. The period of sixteen years originally estimated has been extended indefinitely by the changes which the Bill has undergone in Committee; and meanwhile the contribution in respect of youthful members is at the rate of 6*s.* 9*d.* a year in excess of what it otherwise need have been. To put the same thing in another way, the whole of the State grant for the present goes to pay off the deficit on the older lives. The weekly contribution of 7*d.* from worker and employer covers the cost of benefits provided by the Bill; the State pays two-ninths of this cost; two-ninths of 7*d.* equals 1⅝*d.*, the amount which is to be deducted from the sum available for benefits. The inaccuracy of Mr. Lloyd

George's repeated statement that the State adds 2d. a week to the worker's 4d. is apparent. For many years to come the State's contribution is 1⅓d., and of that sum not a farthing goes to the younger generation of insurers.

The result of this provision of reserves for the older lives is that the Friendly Societies are able and indeed required to dispose of their existing funds, or at least of so much of them as form the reserves for benefits now to be paid by the State insurance. These funds are to be utilised in the payment of additional benefits or in the reduction of the contributions of present members. Some idea of the amount which is thus released may be gained from the fact that in 1905 the total of the benefit funds of the Friendly Societies (excluding Collecting Societies) stood at over £41,000,000. Whatever the exact sum may be, probably some £20,000,000, it is a long price to pay to the Friendly Societies for the surrender of their independence.

In considering the heavy burden which the Bill casts on the taxpayer it must be remembered that it will fall to some extent on those who get no share at all in the State grant, not merely those whose income is above the limit fixed by the Bill, but on the small tradesman, the washerwoman, the seamstress, the costermonger, the charwoman, on all, that is, who are excluded from insurance or are unable to pay the voluntary rate.

The taxpayers' money does not go to many who need it most; on the other hand, it will go to many who do not need it at all. It may go to the best-paid artisan or to the most prosperous tradesman—for the Bill fixes no limit of income in the case of anyone who is employed by way of manual labour or who has been a voluntary contributor for five years; it will go to replace the reserves which members of Friendly Societies have already provided for themselves; and in years to come it will tend increasingly to go to insured workers who need it least. Approved societies are given the right of free choice among applicants for membership, and the strongest societies will, therefore, be able to pick their members from the best-paid and healthiest occupations. A low average of sickness will enable them to declare additional benefits, the taxpayer bearing two-ninths of the cost. On the other hand, the less favoured lives—from an insurance point of view—will drift

into weaker societies with a higher average of sickness; if a deficiency results, and sickness benefit is reduced in consequence, the State's contribution will be reduced proportionately.

It is true that the lowest grade among compulsory insurers—the deposit contributor—gets from the start the full benefit of the State grant; but, correctly speaking, he is not insured at all. He draws benefits up to the amount standing to his credit at the Post Office, and when that is gone sickness and disablement benefits go also. His lot has been a little lightened by the acceptance of an amendment giving the local health committee a discretionary power to continue medical and sanatorium benefits after the expiration of the year in which his deposit is exhausted.

Many of the injustices contained in the original Bill have been redressed or modified in Committee. An insured woman who marries will now, instead of losing the benefit of her past contributions, be able either to continue her insurance as a voluntary contributor at the rate of 3*d.* per week, or to have a lump sum placed to her credit on which she can draw for benefits until it is exhausted.

Thanks mainly to the efforts of Mr. Worthington Evans, Conservative member for Colchester, the clauses relating to soldiers and sailors have been greatly improved; the rate of contribution has been lowered, and a man who loses his health in the service of his country no longer finds himself in a worse position as regards benefits than his more fortunate comrade whose health enables him to obtain admittance to an approved society.

Perhaps the most unfair proposal in the original Bill was that children under sixteen should be taxed in order to provide for the insurance of their elders. Every boy under sixteen, however small his wages, was to be compelled to pay 4*d.* a week and his employer 3*d.*, or together at the rate of £1 10*s.* 4*d.* a year, but he was only to receive such benefits as would have been obtained by a contribution of 4*s.* 8*d.* The profit to the insurance fund on this curious transaction, amounting to £800,000 a year, was to be accumulated at compound interest for the purpose of paying part of the liabilities incurred in respect of "reserve values." The clause has now, very properly, dis-

appeared, and with it the prospect of liquidating these liabilities in sixteen years.

The views of the medical profession have been met by handing over the administration of medical benefits to the local health committees, and by giving these committees power to lower the income limit for voluntary insurers and to fix the remuneration which is to be paid to the doctors undertaking insurance work. As, however, representatives of insured persons are now to have a majority on these committees (though eventually under the new sub-section (4) of Clause 43 county and borough authorities may obtain a majority on them), it may be doubted whether the medical profession has gained much by these concessions.

It is a pity that, owing to the exaction of Mr. Redmond, a Bill dealing with such vital questions as national health and unemployment should not have had that full consideration and detailed examination which, in the days of an independent Government, were given to much less important measures. Mr. Lloyd George has never pretended his was a perfect Bill —he would probably admit that in its present shape it is a better Bill than it was in June. All who have studied it closely and have tried to follow the recasting which it has gone through must realise that it cannot yet be described as a satisfactory measure. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has shown himself skilful and, when off the platform, patient in negotiations and open to suggestions. With time, he might have produced a Bill more suited to the needs of a complex community providing for an elastic scale of contributions and benefits and giving State assistance to those who needed it most. But time would be wanted to prepare and carry through a measure of that kind, and time cannot be spared by a Radical Government whose natural inclination to devote its energies to a programme of destruction has been stimulated by the exigencies of the Irish Nationalists.

On the other hand, there are good points about the Bill. It tackles a big question in a bold and comprehensive manner. It supplements old-age pensions with disablement pensions on a contributory basis; it gives maternity benefit; it makes generous provision for the treatment of tuberculosis among insured workers; it helps scientific medical research, and it

attempts to create further machinery for preventing disease by removing the conditions in which it flourishes.

For my own part, however great my misgivings on many portions of the Bill, and however deep my resentment at the manner in which it has been forced through the House of Commons, I could not vote against these things.

After all, this is not the end; it is only laying the foundations. Germany has had thirty years of building and rebuilding, although she had Bismarck to draw her plans. Mr. Lloyd George is leaving its full share of work to the next generation.

WALDORF ASTOR.

SOME FRUITS OF "FISHERISM"

The first decade of the twentieth century will live as an epochal period in the history of naval administration, and not the least of the so-called reforms introduced at that time, and throwing a long shadow over the Navy of the present, was the combined system of education. The flourish of journalistic trumpets which heralded its conception has long since died away. The arguments and counter arguments which for a time filled the service Press are almost forgotten, but now that the time of fruition has come, it is necessary to recall for a moment the leading ideas on which the system was based. In an explanatory statement which accompanied the famous Memorandum of December 16, 1902, it was pointed out that engines bulked so largely in the modern ship that the time had now arrived for every executive officer to be an engineer.

No fault was found with the executive or engineer officer of the nineties, because no fault could be found; but the advocates of the scheme quoted history to show that the soldiers who had commanded ships in the sixteenth century had been forced to master the secret of the ship's motive power and had been gradually converted into seamen. But this is not the sixteenth century. In those days the spheres of work were much more limited. The seaman and the soldier both fought on the upper deck, and the two functions were merged in order to avoid vicious duplication of effort.

But it is not entirely true to say that the soldier (or executive officer) became a sailor. What happened rather was that the seaman learnt the soldier's sense of discipline and art of command. There is a great difference between the executive officer becoming an engineer and the engineer becoming an executive officer,—

The whole argumentatory structure of the scheme rested, and still rests, on two mutually destructive propositions. Either the executive officer's ignorance of engineering handicaps him in his work—that is, the executive officer is inefficient—or the care and working of engines is so simple that any one can superintend them—that is, the engineer officer is superfluous. Both arguments were used more or less indiscriminately by the advocates of the scheme, but they cannot both be simultaneously true. The scheme cannot be based at one and the same time on the importance of engineering to the Navy and on the unimportance of the engineer.

As a matter of fact it was based on neither. It was based on prejudice. The scheme was really an attempt to get rid of the engineers' agitation for executive rank. No one in the Navy was for a moment deceived by the journalistic arguments which attended the birth of this memorable scheme. At the same time they are worth our careful examination and ought to be examined. Take, for instance, the first—that our former executive officers were inefficient. This is an argument few will attempt to sustain. Was Lord Fisher inefficient because he was not an engineer—or Sir Edward Seymour or Sir Arthur Wilson? These men were users of the instrument, and did not require to understand its construction beyond a certain point. There is no necessity for the user of an engine to have served his time at a lathe. A man can be a good rifle shot without knowing the name or mechanism of the trigger sear. Another may be a skilful motor driver and know little of the gas engine and be quite unable to calculate the retardation of the spark.

But the use of a rifle or a motor is child's play compared to the use of a fleet. The study of tactics and the methods of handling so stupendous a weapon constitute the work of a lifetime, and must be carefully distinguished from the science of its mechanism and design.

Nowhere was this more clearly illustrated than during our wanderings in the gunnery wilderness of the eighties and nineties, when great importance was attached to the cult of a gun's anatomy, to the ability to strip and assemble its parts, and to the knowledge of the number of balls in the P. IV: mounting. Meanwhile gunnery—that is, the science of the weapon's use—was neglected. The

young gunnery lieutenant was too busy making drawings of friction plates to think about shooting at ranges over 1400 yards. We were like armourers who could finger and criticise a gun, but only dimly guessed the extent of its powers.

There is another point which was purposely overlooked by the advocates of the Amalgamated Scheme. They spoke as if the executive officer knew nothing of the engine-room. But he went through a sufficient course in the theory and practice of steam engineering. He drove the engines and stoked the fires in the *Wave* as a cadet. When he went to sea he received systematic instruction from one of the engineers; he had to keep watch for a year in the engine-room when the ship was at sea. If some failed to study the subject, it was not for lack of a sound system, but for lack of supervision. In some ships the midshipmen kept their watch in the engine-room; in others they kept it on the gun-room cushions.

The "importance of engineering" argument, then, falls to the ground, if we accept the principle that it is not necessary for the users of a mechanical weapon to be engineers. And this principle cannot be rejected, for in tactics and strategy it is clearly only necessary to understand the capacities and limitations of one's weapon, not to be a master of its design and construction. But if it cannot be maintained that the executive officer need be an engineer, it is surely equally absurd to contend that because the working of a dynamo engine is a simple matter we can dispense with three-quarters of our educated engineers and place these important departments largely in the hands of men of the artificer class. This is a policy which will recoil on itself.

If all the cunningly devised fabric of argument intended to cajole the public, the Trade Unions, and the Press be torn away, it will be found that the basic principles of amalgamation were briefly these: The engineers' agitation was to be quenched by increasing the entry of executive officers, and turning them into a sort of engineer; the practical control of the engine-room was to be placed in the hands of the engine-room artificers and to act as a prospectively necessary counterweight, non-unionist stokers were to be converted into "mechanicians" competent to keep watch in the engine-room. This latter portion of the scheme has

broken down after nearly sinking a battleship and causing endless trouble and worry to the engineering branch.

Was any reform necessary then? Yes. Keyham required reform. The engineers asked for executive rank, but their disciplinary training was defective and they received very little practice in the art of handling bodies of men. They were taught at Keyham to be engineers only, not officers. They never learnt the art of command, and when they came to sea could not call their men to attention. Then they would try to brazen it out by affecting to be the complete engineer and to despise such things as drill. And then the captain would place a gunnery instructor in charge of stokers on the upper deck. And as a natural consequence the old régimists argued that men who were only at home in the engine-room could not be given executive rank. But the fault was not so much with the engineers as with the system of training. Keyham required reform—and Keyham was reformed by abolishing it.

One thing is certain. It is much easier to teach an engineer the correct Whale Island manner than it is to teach executive officers the whole science and art of engineering. The engineer ought to have executive control over his men; he should be competent to sit on court-martials and to fill executive appointments in dockyards ashore. The narrow-minded executive officer who so often used his authority to irritate and annoy must yield to the pressure of circumstances. I myself have seen an engineer commander sent for during a full-speed trial, to be told that the fans were making too much noise, and it is not surprising that under such circumstances engineers grumbled not so much for executive rank, but for any rank that would let them do their work in peace. They grew tired of being summoned on deck to be told, after leaving some important work below, that a stoker had been found on the upper deck in dirty boots. The grumble developed, in the natural course of events nowadays, into an agitation exercising external leverage on the Admiralty by means of Trade Union support; then Lord Fisher stepped into power—and into the problem. Lord Fisher was a kinetic man —fond of strong measures—the man to execute, but not to initiate reform. He had been brought up in the old Navy of masts and yards, and hated the engineers and their agitation with a bitter

hate. He decided to wipe out the agitation by wiping out the engineers. The kiss of apparent reconciliation, which was the keynote of the Memorandum of 1902, was a kiss of Judas. The engineers were not to be executive officers, but the executive officer was to be turned into an engineer, and thus the Admiralty

> Would break at one blow these galling bonds
> And cease once for all to suffer.

This was the real motive behind the new system, but in the Memorandum of 1902 not a word was said of it, and lest the engine-room artificer might also learn to use the weapon of Trade Unionism, stokers were to be taught to file castings and to be given charge of the engine-room in the garb of "mechanicians." And yet the new scheme is not to be unconditionally condemned. Th major reforms permitted the introduction of a number of excellent minor reforms. The architects of the new house forgot the staircase and the drainage, but they introduced many good features. The mechanism of instruction was thoroughly overhauled. The schools are run on sound modern lines, and had the two separate branches been retained, no better system could be desired. Osborne and Dartmouth would have supplied a unified disciplinary training, and the youthful associations of the two schools would have tended to cement the two branches. But there are no longer two branches, for one has disappeared. The Aaron's rod of the executive has eaten up the engineer. The lion and the lamb have been amalgamated by the lion eating the lamb. The so-called "common" entry is the old entry of nomination with a new doorplate. There is the same old watchdog with a new collar. No one passes the narrow portal who cannot obtain a nomination or cannot afford £80 a year for four years and £50 a year for the subsequent three years at sea.

The present system would be admirable (though expensive) if it was turning the old Keyham students into executive officers. But it is not. We can never revert to the old system, but the new system must be modified so as to keep the two branches distinct and to enter officers from a much wider circle. The new scheme really means that we are drawing nearly twice as many officers annually from a class whose birth-rate is falling, and

which is not superior to the class immediately below it (who can afford, say, £20 to £40 for the education of their sons) in intelligence, energy, or physique. Under these circumstances we must be clearly getting the ore out of lower grade levels, while leaving untouched rich strata merely because they lie a little lower in the social scale. It is in the plea not of that highly deceptive word democracy, but of efficiency that the new scheme requires revision. One of the main objections to it is that it draws officers from too narrow a sphere. Another outstanding defect in the scheme is its lack of economy from an instructional point of view. For eight years all the cadets* spend nearly half of their time at engineering, and yet only some fifteen and a half per cent. will ever be responsible for engineering work. The delusive argument that the executive officer must be an engineer has already been dealt with. It was in tactics, strategy, and staff work, not in engineering, that our executive officers were, and still are, deficient.

Again, for those who intend to make engineering their life study, it is clearly a waste of time to spend the most receptive mental period of their life in learning splicing, navigation, and boat-sailing. And this much-belauded scheme was never in its essentials based on any clear principle. From the first all its bones were out of joint. A misbegotten child of the notorious "policy," it was a creature of compromise from the beginning. It was first determined that specialisation should be permanent, but the logic of circumstances soon forced the Admiralty from this untenable position. The class from which the executive officers were drawn would not send their sons into the Navy to remain permanently in the engine-room, and the Admiralty were therefore forced to give vague promises of reversion to the quarter-deck. But this very essential point was not definitely settled until 1907, when the Douglas Committee sat and came to the same conclusions as the Sea-Lord at Whitehall. And as the executive class of parent would not hear of early specialisation, some eighty per cent. of officers are burdened with a mass of knowledge which they will never put to practical use. At least, let us hope that this will be the case. Otherwise the system will present us with a generation of inventors, not of tacticians, admirals, and strategists. And this is done merely in order that some ten or

fifteen per cent. may specialise in engineering at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two, and yet not specialise either, for they will revert to the bridge after eight or ten years below—and the officers whose business is tactics, gunnery (*i.e.* the art of hitting, not of taking guns to pieces), strategy, and administration are to spend half of their time during an eight years' apprenticeship taking engines to bits, riveting boiler-plates, and filing down castings. The whole thing is an extravagant and uneconomical use of mental energy in order to bolster up an unsound scheme which boasted a lofty motive, but was in reality of mean and ignoble birth.

But even under these conditions it is becoming more and more clear that only a small number will volunteer for the engine-room. Some fifty-four a year, or about fifteen per cent. of the entry, will be required for this work (*vide* Professor Ewing's lecture of 1907). But apparently only about four or five per cent. are going to volunteer. This means compulsory selection by the Admiralty, and it is difficult to see what principles are to be followed. It must be clearly understood that this dislike for engine-room work does not lie in any idea that it is disgraceful or unworthy. It has its tap-roots in the very natural and common-sense reasoning that ten years down below will severely handicap an officer in the race for a flag.

Professor Ewing said that "though the Lieutenant (E) would be employed almost continuously on engineering duty, he would have sufficient opportunity of performing deck work or of keeping watch on the bridge to permit him to maintain his efficiency as an executive officer." This is another of the very weak points in the system. In a ship of 30,000 horse-power, with only three educated engineers on board, there will be very little time for any of them to spend in pacing the bridge. And the advocates of the system evidently never grasped the strain involved in riding two horses at once, in keeping one foot on the bridge and one on the starting platform. If he neglects the bridge he loses his flag; if he neglects the engine-room the E.R.A.s will sooner or later push him out of it.

Can an officer who wants to command a fleet afford to spend ten years away from the bridge?

He may be attracted by the higher pay and

Stoop in the race to catch the speeding gold,

but it is clear that the most ambitious will naturally seek the sphere where they can concentrate their energies on tactics, strategy, and the art of fighting.

It is argued that if you have specialist lieutenants for gunnery and torpedoes, lieutenants (G) and (T), you may just as well have lieutenants (E) for engineering. But this is to confound a profession with a sub-branch of fighting. It is here that the advocates of the scheme were most hopelessly adrift. Just as they had no real conception of how much engineering knowledge an officer required, so they showed themselves lamentably ignorant of the amount of work and labour demanded by modern conditions in these different spheres. The lieutenants (G) and (T) are only possible because there are other men who are nothing but engineers.

The specialisation of executive officers into particular branches is possible only when these branches are correlative to and compatible with the main object of executive work, *i.e.* fighting the enemy. Specialisation is impossible when it tries to sweep whole professions into its net. If it is possible with engineering, why not carry it a little further and have lieutenants (Med.) for medicine, thus dispensing with civilian doctors, not to mention lieutenants (L) for any law cases that may arise? Engineering demands a man's undivided attention, and its work is generally more remote from the upper deck than gunnery or torpedoes.

Another great fallacy underlies the scheme. First the mental receptivity of the average boy was largely over-estimated. If he is to be a competent engineer as well as a competent upper-deck officer, even though the methods of instruction have been modernised so as to permit of a larger mental intake, yet a greater amount of work must necessarily be demanded. It is well known that this standard has only been partially attained. The yearly wastage has amounted to ten per cent., and according to the rumours current amongst well-informed men, there has been a great deal of "fudge" in marking examination papers so that the

deficiencies of cadets in engineering and its cognate subjects might not be too apparent. That a percentage of cadets have purposely defaulted in engineering work lest they might be singled out for it is also evident, for in no other way can one account for cadets obtaining high marks in mathematics and upper-deck work and a bare 10 or 5 per cent. in engineering. The fact has to be faced that the scheme is a purely experimental one, that the so-called upper-class boy's parent does not want him to be an engineer, and that these difficulties are due to the Admiralty refusing to admit a class who were content to live and die engineers. The subjects on which our executive officers were deficient were tactics and strategy, and higher war thought, and these subjects are not learnt in the workshop and laboratory.

Still a lingering impression may lurk in the minds of men hypnotised by the glitter of machinery that an executive officer's work must largely consist of engineering. As a matter of fact, it requires about as much engineering as the old Cooper-Key school imagined it required of mathematics. Most of one's time is spent in keeping the daily wheel revolving, in instructing men, and in keeping watch. Navigation, gunnery, and torpedoes must all be studied. The work of the ship which involves a knowledge of the stowage of stores and the stationment of men for some thirty-six different evolutions, must be conned and learnt by practice and by rote. He must not forget either that his peculiar work is the study of war, and must therefore keep himself in touch with all that is new in the sphere of tactics and strategy. He can always find some one to advise him in engineering, but in strategical questions he must usually trust in himself. It is the same with the engineer. He has no time nor need to study the work of the upper deck, though the artificers will be apparently very pleased that he should do so.

A letter in the *Naval and Military Record* of May 10 is interesting as illustrating their views. The writer praises the Admiralty for recognising the great asset they have in the E.R.A. class, and then, employing the stock argument of patriotism, points out that it would be a good thing for the country if all destroyers were to be officered by engineer lieutenants *drawn only from the*

artificer class. This is the first note of a call which will sound pretty loudly at Whitehall if the scheme of 1902 is not altered. We took some twenty years to evolve our engineer officers and to adapt them to the service, and now we sweep them away with a stroke of the pen. But now the E.R.A. will begin to say that they do all the work in the engine-room and the lieutenants (E) draw all the pay. The old controversy will crop up, and we shall end where we began forty years ago. Our boy artificers are drawn from a class that will not be sat upon. They serve a long apprenticeship in engineering alone, and concentrate their whole attention on it; they will rub up against the lieutenants (E), will demand higher pay and executive rank, and things will begin to revolve again in the same old vicious circle.

And where is the lieutenant (L), the instructional lieutenant who was to go through a special course, and of whom so much was made? He has disappeared from the scheme—vanished into thin air. No one knows what has become of him. None have been trained, though they were much talked of in 1902. And yet reform was necessary, but not reform inspired by a mean and prejudiced motive. What was required was a complete survey of the whole field of naval knowledge and its attendant sciences by men who knew the work of the modern naval officer, and its synthesis into a carefully adjusted whole. Academicians could then have been called in to advise as to the latest methods of instruction. It is not merely monstrous and unintelligible, but it is an ominous thing that a post of such importance as the Directorship of Education should be held by a renowned academician. Not that the present occupant is in any way incompetent to fill the post, such as it is. This is not the objection. The real danger lies in the narrow and academic conception attached to the post itself that it should ever be thought possible to fill it by any but by a very distinguished flag officer conversant with the whole field of naval knowledge. Either the word Director means nothing or the word Education has no naval signification. Just as the nineteenth-century naval educationists were misled by the Cooper-Key fallacy and fell down and worshipped mathematics, so now we are called upon to worship at the shrine of

engineering. These are false gods. The true study of the executive officer is war.

What then is the solution of the problem? It is simple. Just as the Augean stables were cleansed by the apparently simple method of turning the broom round and sweeping with the other end, so the problem will be solved by retaining the present system and reversing its arguments and premises. The engineer must be turned into an executive officer, not the executive officer into an engineer. The old Keyham system need not be re-established. In fact, the whole mechanism of the new system can be retained. The cadets of each branch can be trained together, and early associations will unify and cement them together. But the branches must be kept distinct. There must be association, but not amalgamation. Boys should be entered as engineer cadets, and their instruction should be definitely differentiated at Dartmouth, if not at Osborne.

That is the first requisite. The second is equally important. The door must be reopened to the middle classes who cannot afford more than £30 for the education of their sons. A certain number of nominations should be given to the big dockyards, a few to the big engineering firms, a few to counties and big towns. The present system deserves no credit for getting rid of prejudices, for the prejudice was abolished by abolishing one of the parties. The dispute was settled by kicking one of the disputants out of the door. Osborne and Dartmouth can be retained, but the entry door must be opened to the old class from which we drew the Keyham engineer, and they must be trained to be executive officers, with the same disciplinary training, inspired by the same heritage of precious tradition, with executive authority over their men and rising to the executive command of the great dockyards. The early associations of boyhood, the memories of hard tussles on the football field, or of a long beagle run on some November day, will dissolve into thin air the prejudices which existed in an ever-diminishing degree between the quarter-deck and engine-rooms. Such is the solution of the amalgamated system, falsely so called.

No other nation has followed our example—nor have the Dominions. It was based on a mean motive, for behind the journal-

istic apotheosis of engineering there lay a profound dislike for the engineers and their methods of agitation. The Memorandum of 1902 was worded beautifully, but "behind its fair smiling face there lurked the soul of Satyr." It is uneconomical, for it teaches both branches too much of the other's work. It is unstable, for it is certain to produce favouritism and discontent among those who do not like the engine-room, and will finally result in the same species of agitation among the engine-room artificer class. And therefore, while its structure and mechanism are maintained, the sooner it is modified the better.

ALFRED C. DEWAR.

GERMANS VERSUS SCANDINAVIANS

GRIEVANCES TRIVIAL AND GRIEVANCES SORE

"Do you English think we Swedes are Germans, that you speak to us in German?" an old man asked me one day, soon after my arrival in Stockholm. He was only a door-keeper, but he had been a soldier, as his medals proved; and he might from his bearing have been a poverty-stricken duke. There was a look of lofty scorn mingled with reproach in his eyes as he scanned me over, and a ring of indignation in his voice as he spoke. There could be no mistake in the matter; quite unwittingly I had set all his nerves a-jangling: to hear Teuton gutturals in his much loved Sweden was, evidently, almost more than he could bear.

A few weeks later I chanced to travel in the same railway carriage as an American girl, who was "bright" as well as smart. She was a German-American: she spoke German as well as she spoke English, and she had with her a German aunt who hardly spoke English at all. None the less, when the ticket collector appeared and asked them a question in German, having tried them in vain with Swedish, they both gravely shook their heads, as if they did not understand a word of what he was saying. The American even began to speak to him in English, a language of which he did not understand a word; and she calmly appealed to me to translate into German, for his benefit, what she said.

When the man was gone, I inquired as to the whys and wherefores of this seemingly erratic proceeding, whereupon the American gave a knowing little chuckle. "If one wishes to travel comfortably in this part of the world," she remarked, with the air of one who speaks with authority, "it's best not to let it be thought one is German, I reckon. We have been going about a lot here in Sweden, you see; and there is a bit of a prejudice against

Germans, we find. Now isn't there, auntie?" she added, turning to her companion.

"A bit of a prejudice indeed," the aunt replied grimly, with an emphasis on the word "bit" that told its own tale.

I was surprised; for when in Stockholm I had been much impressed by the quite special consideration with which Germans were treated, by the almost nervous anxiety that was shown sometimes to propitiate them and secure their favour. The only Swede I had come across who had shown signs of animosity against them was the old door-keeper, and he evidently had a bee in his bonnet. I felt fairly sure, therefore, that the American and her aunt were wrong; that they had received an erroneous impression, owing, perhaps, to their having misunderstood something they had seen or heard. I said so, whereupon they both protested vigorously; and they straightway set to work to prove to me, by telling of their personal experiences, that they were right. Unfortunately, before they could establish their case, I had to say good-bye to them, as they were going southward and I was going west.

The very next day, however, as it happened, I came across another German traveller, a male traveller, who continued the tale they had begun. He too had had personal experiences of none too pleasant a nature; he too was sure that in Scandinavia there was a "bit of a prejudice" against Germans, was sure that Scandinavian eyes were quite oddly blind to Teuton merit. He had, in fact, a grievance against the people among whom he was sojourning; and he was by no means the only male German with whom this was the case, I soon discovered. As I went further and further away from Stockholm it seemed, indeed, as if almost all the Germans I met, and their name was legion, had, or thought they had, grievances of some sort against some one. These grievances were not as a rule very serious; it was more often a case of ruffled susceptibility than even of wounded feelings, let alone of material damage done. The impossibility of obtaining, in provincial towns, German newspapers that did not smack of the Ark was a subject of constant complaint. "There is not a Berlin journal here that is not a fortnight old," one Teuton tourist would exclaim indignantly. "The London papers are of more recent date than the Berlin," another would retort more

indignantly still. The pushfulness of the *Daily Mail* more than once raised a storm; for the mere sight of a fairly new English journal seemed to act on certain Teutonic nerves as red rags are supposed to act on bulls.

Another subject of constant complaint was the number of Swedes there are who do not know German. One might think from the tone a certain class of Berlin tourists adopt, when in Sweden, that for a Swede not to know German is the unforgivable sin. These people seem to start with the firm conviction that all Swedes can, if they will, at any rate understand German; when they stumble on one that does not, they therefore at once conclude that he will not, will not through sheer perversity.

I once found a Berliner—his speech betrayed him—sitting all alone at a little table in the dining-room of a railway hotel, in an out-of-the-way district. He was angry, very angry, as a glance at his face was enough to show. It is not often in this our day that one sees a man glare, excepting on the stage; but he was literally glaring at the waitress. Had the fate of Korah overtaken the girl there and then, he would have rejoiced, I feel sure. Not only was he angry, but he was feeling sorely injured, so sorely injured that, although he tried hard, he could not resist the temptation to tell me of his troubles.

"No one understands German in this land," he began wrathfully, "no one wishes to understand German. This Fröken"—he cast a vindictive glance at the waitress—"does not wish to understand it. I have talked to her for fifteen minutes, and she has not helped me at all. She will not give me to eat, and I am famished; I have not had a bite to-day, and my train may come at any moment."

At the word "train" the Fröken fled, and I was glad she did; for the Berliner took to railing against Sweden and all things Swedish, especially Swedish waitresses, in a fashion that might have hurt her feelings. At station after station he had asked for food that morning, he told me, and none had been given to him.

As the district is one in which tourists' visits are rare, I suggested that perhaps there had been no food to give. At this he scoffed; there was plenty, he was sure, and it was only because he was a German that it had not been given to him. "No one

tries to find out what I need, no one tries to understand German," he kept repeating.

In the midst of his lamentations the waitress returned, bringing with her quite a dainty meal, whereupon, although he seized it eagerly, instead of being soothed, he became more angry even than before. "There, you see for yourself: that girl understands English," he cried indignantly, "and she will not understand German. She would never have brought me even a crust had she not heard me speak to you in English." And he continued to rail, the Fröken standing by him the while, looking down on him with a good-humoured, tolerant smile, as who would say, "You can't help it, I see; you are made so."

She did know a little English, I found later, but she knew no German at all; and she had not understood a word of what he had said during the fifteen minutes they had spent together, although she had, as she swore, tried hard to understand. And no doubt she had tried hard; still, I am inclined to think, from an odd little twinkle in her eyes, that she was rather pleased than otherwise that she had failed. Thus although he had, of course, no real grievance, this Berliner had perhaps, after all, the shadow of a grievance. Now the next Berliner I met with, who had a tale of woe to tell, had not even the shadow of a grievance.

This Jeremiah was a lady, and I came across her in the corridor of a sleeping-car. Hers was a very bad case. She was on the verge of a *crise de nerfs* owing, as she protested, to the infamous way in which she was being treated. Swedish railway officials were simply brutal, she declared. She was ill, suffering acutely, her head was all in a whirl, she said; and they had given her no help, nay, they had not even shown her sympathy. And there were, I must confess, no visible signs of sympathy on the face of the conductor, whom I found trying, as he expressed it, to make her listen to reason. On the contrary, he seemed much too sorry for himself to be sorry for any one else. And I did not wonder, for the poor man was certainly very sorely beset. For the lady maintained that she must have a sleeping compartment all to herself, whereas the law said that she must share it with another lady; and she insisted that he must evict from the compartment she claimed the other lady, whereas the law decreed

that the other lady must remain where she was—there was no other compartment, indeed, for her to go to. To make matters worse, the other occupants of the car were up in arms against him, and were threatening to report him to the directors because he did not evict the Berlin lady, whose complaints were preventing them from sleeping. And the train was a "non-stopping" express!

As it was in Sweden, so was it, I found, throughout Scandinavia—in Denmark, in a lesser degree in Norway, and even in Finland, which is only akin to Scandinavia. Wherever I went, and I went from Dan to Beersheba in these four lands, I came across Germans who were feeling themselves aggrieved. More often than not the grievances they were cherishing were, so far as an outsider could judge, not only trivial but imaginary, although they who cherished them no doubt honestly believed them to be real. And some of them actually were real; for the country does not exist where foreign travellers, let their nationality be what it may, do not just now and then experience hardships. What surprised me, however, in Scandinavia was that many of the Germans whom I met there were evidently on the look-out for hardships. They seemed to have come there prepared to find that attempts would be made to put upon them and treat them discourteously. It was as if they took it for granted that they were unwelcome visitors—took it for granted, in fact, that there really was a bit of a prejudice against them. If kindness were shown to them, they appeared to be almost surprised; and if any one went out of his way to render them service, they promptly waxed suspicious. One might have thought, indeed, from the way in which some of them demeaned themselves, that Teutophobia was quite a prevalent disease in Scandinavia.

Now this state of things seemed to me very remarkable, especially as not only in Stockholm, but also in Christiania and Helsingfors, it is the custom to show Germans kindness and render them service; while even in Copenhagen no one ever dreams of putting on them, or treating them with discourtesy. A German friend assured me, however, when I talked the matter over with him, that there was nothing remarkable in it at all, that it was, in fact, the most natural state of things in the world.

"For we are unwelcome visitors here in Scandinavia," he

said. "Your American friend was right: there is a bit of a prejudice against us—more than a touch, indeed, of Teutophobia. One feels it sometimes even in Stockholm, Christiania, and Helsingfors, in spite of the admiration of things German that it is the fashion to profess there; and one feels it elsewhere at every turn, especially down in the country. Among the educated classes there are Teutophils, of course, even in the country; but among the great mass of Scandinavians we Germans are unpopular; no one can deny the fact. It is absurd, of course, to talk of grievances; it is no grievance not to be liked. All that we come in for here is at the worst only what you call pin-pricks, but of them we certainly do come in for more than our fair share."

"It is partly our own fault, I dare say," he continued meditatively. (He prides himself on his all-round impartiality, and scans his fellow-countrymen with critical eyes.) "Perhaps our manners are not so good as they used to be, and perhaps our tempers are more easily ruffled. Still there are folk whose manners are worse than ours, whose tempers are more easily ruffled; and yet who come in for fewer pin-pricks than we do, and have more friends than we have. The truth of the matter is, we are a prosperous nation, and the prosperous are never really popular. We are a pushful nation too—we must be pushful—and the pushful are unpopular all the world over. No one likes them; every one is suspicious of them, on the alert to find out what they are going to do next. In Norway and Sweden, Russia was for centuries the *bête noire par excellence*. I remember the day when Russophobia was rife here. It was not until Japan lay Russia low that we began to be looked on askance—with mistrust. In Denmark it is different, of course, There no one has had a good word for us since the sixties; and quite naturally, too. I for my part really do not see that we have anything to complain about. The Scandinavians do not like us, but it is no crime not to like us; it is no crime even to bring home to us the fact, as some few of them do just now and then, that they do not like us. After all we come here for our own pleasure, not theirs. Still we are not called upon, surely, to pretend that we are welcome visitors, when we know quite well that we are not."

Even after I had heard what my German friend had to say, I felt inclined to be sceptical when his fellow-countrymen told

their tales of woe. There came a day, however, when I had a tale of my own to tell. I too had a grievance, or, rather, I should have had a grievance had I been a German. What happened was this:

I was suddenly called upon one day to give up a comfortable corner seat I had secured for myself in a railway carriage. I hesitated, for the train was crowded; and although my claim on the seat might legally be weak, morally it was very strong. Besides, the tone in which the summons was made was so peremptory that it challenged defiance. I tried to explain matters in German, but in vain: all my fellow-passengers were against me, I found; and, instead of listening, clamoured angrily for me to turn out. I felt sure there was something wrong somewhere, for never before had I experienced anything but kindness in Scandinavia. In my perplexity I began to speak English, whereupon there was a sudden silence and glances of dismay were exchanged. "Are you English?"—the inquiry was made almost shamefacedly; and when I answered "Yes," they who had been hurling reproaches promptly took to tendering apologies. "How stupid of us, we might have known you were no German," one of them remarked, as if in explanation of the change. And not only was I allowed to keep my seat in peace, but kindly attentions were lavished on me during the whole journey.

This little episode, even had it stood alone, would have made me more inclined than I had been before to pay heed to German complaints when I heard them. But it did not stand alone; upon three separate occasions, while in Scandinavia, I was treated, not rudely, but with less courtesy than usual, less kindliness; and upon each of the three, as it happened, I was speaking German, and those to whom I was speaking thought I was a German. Evidently the American girl was right: in Scandinavia, if one wishes to travel comfortably, it is best not to let it be thought one is German. Evidently my German friend was right, too: Germans are unwelcome visitors in Scandinavia. This is a point on which the better I learnt to know Scandinavians, the less doubt I had; one on which, indeed, before I had been among them many months, I had no doubt left at all. Why Germans should be unwelcome visitors I was by no means sure; but that they were I knew, for the fact had been brought home to me

in unmistakable fashion again and again. However many grievances Germans may have against Scandinavians, Scandinavians have still more against Germans, I found; and whereas the grievances of the Germans are for the most part but trivial, those of the Scandinavians are very serious. A Swedish Finlander was the first who made this quite clear to me. I was in Finland at the time.

"Welcome visitors, indeed!" he exclaimed angrily when I told him what my German friend had said. "I should think they are not. Why, we never see Germans here unless they are sample-carriers, and we have certainly no wish to see them. For they are just stifling us with their cheap, nasty goods; we cannot compete against them." And he launched forth into a bitter attack on German traders and the methods by which they had, as he maintained, crippled Finnish industry, bound it hand and foot. Incidentally he included in his attack British traders and their methods. The whole foreign trade of Finland might have been in British hands, he seemed to think, had British traders shown more enterprise and more adaptability. "There is not a nation with whom we should so much like to trade as with you English," he assured me. "But we cannot trade with you, for you do not seem to wish to trade with us. We hardly ever see an English commercial traveller here, and when we do he is always in a hurry. Besides, we cannot understand what he says. Now the German sample-carrier is never from under our feet. He speaks our language as well as we do, and he knows better than we do what we need. If only you English had half the energy the Germans have!"

In Finland, if the Germans are unpopular, as a nation, the reason is economic rather than political. It is because the Finnish manufacturer cannot hold his own against the German, not because the Finns as a nation have anything to fear from Germany. In Sweden, however, it is otherwise: what bit of a prejudice there is there against Germans is due to causes political rather than economic. The Swedish manufacturer can hold his own against the German if he tries; but the Swedish nation could not, let it try as it would, hold its own against Germany, were it to come to a struggle; no, not even if it spent every penny it has on its army. This every Swede knows; he knows,

too, that the chances are it will come to a struggle, nay, that it must almost inevitably come to a struggle some day.

"Sooner or later we shall fall into Germany's clutches, and without ever a shot being fired, I believe," a patriotic Swede once said to me very bitterly and very sadly. "Do you not see how German we are becoming in everything here? And we shall become more and more German until we actually are Germans. There is no escape for us. Already Germany has her tentacles on us and is drawing us toward her with irresistible force, nearer and nearer every year. Already she is forging fetters for us. We shall soon be within her tariff zone; and once there, it will not be long before we are within her empire, held as fast as Bavaria is held to-day, and as Holland may perhaps be held to-morrow. This we know, of course, although most of us pretend that we do not. We used to think that she would be content with Denmark, and leave us to fall a prey to Russia; but we know now that she has set her heart on taking us herself. We have known it ever since your King Edward died; and we might have known it sooner—from the day, indeed, on which Russia was crippled by Japan. And the Germans know it too, even the Berlin tourists who come here for their summer outing. You can see it in their faces, in the very way they look around them as they walk about—some of them look as if our land belonged to them already. I wonder sometimes that we do not fall on the lot and strangle them. For we do not wish to become German. Even our Teutophils in their hearts loathe the idea of our becoming German, I verily believe. But what can we do? We stand alone. There is no country on which we can count to fight with us against Germany; and we cannot fight against her single-handed. Could we count on England it would be different, of course, but we cannot."

As I listened to this Swede I understood, as I had never understood before, the whys and wherefores of much that I had seen in Sweden, and of still more that I had heard. If what he had said was even partially true, it explained why there the irresponsible masses should give so many pin-pricks to Germans; and why the responsible classes should show them, if somewhat grudgingly, so much deference. And that he honestly believed it to be not only partially, but wholly, true it was impossible to listen to him and doubt. Whether it really was true is another question, one which it is, of course, not for me, a mere wayfarer,

to decide. At the time my own impression was strong that he allowed his fervent patriotism to lead his judgment astray; that he, in fact, quite unwittingly exaggerated in his mind the danger to which his country is exposed owing to its having so powerful a neighbour as Germany. As month followed month, however, I began to have doubts on this point; for I found that what he said aloud others said in whispers; and others, again, evidently thought, although they did not say. If Swedes have a bit of a prejudice against Germans—if they take exception to their manners, scoff at the way they eat, and wax scornful at their doings—it may seem a matter of no importance; and so it would be, were it not proof that, for the time being, Scandinavians have Germans on their nerves. And if they have them on their nerves, it is because they are convinced that that way danger for their country lies. With most of them it is a mere question of instinct; they have no reason to give for the fear that is within them; but the fear is none the less real for that.

In Norway, too, Germans are unpopular, although, thanks perhaps to Kaiser Wilhelm's frequent visits, by no means so unpopular as in Sweden. The Norwegians do not like them personally, and they show it; but, curiously enough, they are not one whit afraid of them as a nation. The nation does not exist, indeed, of which they are afraid, so intense is their patriotism, so firm their faith in themselves, now that they have a King and a Queen of their own, and above all a Crown Prince. They know that even against Germany they can hold their own commercially; for were any Norwegian industry in danger through German competition, all Norwegians would unite in giving it a helping hand. They are a thrifty race, with a keen appreciation of the value of money; none the less there are but few among them who would not more gladly give two kroner for a thing made in Norway than one kroner for the same thing made in Germany, if sure that by so doing they would confer some benefit on their own land.

Then they seem to have just as little fear of Germany's soldiers as they have of her traders. They are lacking neither in prudence nor yet in common sense; they therefore know, of course, that in case of a fight they could not hold their own alone against Germany. Unlike Sweden, however, they take it for granted that they never would be left to hold it alone; take it for granted, in

[illegible] that were Germany ever to attack them, England would come to their help with all possible speed. "We do not think, nothing would ever make us think," I was assured when in Norway, "that England would stand aside with folded hands while our little Crown Prince, King Edward's own grandchild, was being robbed of his inheritance." This does not prevent them, however, from furbishing up their own arms. Thrifty though they be, they are spending money lavishly and ungrudgingly on their national defences, on army and navy alike.

In Denmark German tourists have no pin-pricks to fear; there is no talk there of a bit of a prejudice against them. If they ask a question they receive a civil answer; if they desire that something may be done, done it is, if done it can be. None the less, most Germans would rather travel anywhere than in Denmark; for nowhere do they know so well that they are unwelcome visitors; nowhere do they feel so sure that every man's hand is against them, and still more every woman's.

The feeling against Germany is stronger, much stronger, in Denmark than elsewhere in Scandinavia; for there the memory of wrongs done in the days that are past is added to the fear of wrongs that may be done in the days to come. Schleswig-Holstein is still mourned for almost as bitterly as in the sixties; that Germany should hold rule there is still a heart-breaking matter to Danes. They are touched to the quick when tales of oppression come to them from South Jutland; when they hear—as they did quite recently—that their kith and kin are driven forth for lecturing, lecturing on how babies should be washed and fed! And it makes some of them quite wild to think that, let what may be done there, they are helpless.

Nor is it only what is done in Jutland that stirs up their resentment against Germany. It is hard for English folk to realise what Danes feel when they see German gunboats hovering around their coasts, taking soundings in their harbours, making measurements for charts. To them these are proofs, it must be remembered, that Germany, weary of just biding her time, has at length set to work to make her preparations for drawing all Denmark within her Imperial fold, as she has already drawn Schleswig-Holstein. Little wonder, then, that they are very cautious in their dealings with her people, very suspicious of them and their doings. The mere fact that the German Minister in Copenhagen

has taken to living in unwonted state, in these latter days, has set all their nerves ajar. In their eyes it is high treason for Danes even to think kindly of their powerful and aggressive neighbour. There was a rumour afloat, some little time ago, that their own King entertained friendly feelings towards Germany, that he was inclined, indeed, to regard with favour an alliance with her; and this rumour has done more to undermine their loyalty than any official announcement that his Majesty had broken every law of God and man could have done.

Should Germany ever obtain possession of Denmark, it will assuredly not be "without ever a shot being fired."

I once heard a Dane rail for a good hour against the Danish Socialists. He denounced them within and he denounced them without; there was no crime of which they were not capable, he seemed to think; and hanging was too good a fate for them by far. He wound up by declaring that they were, one and all, traitors.

"Do you mean that if the Germans were to invade Denmark, the Socialists would not fight against them?" I inquired.

He looked at me in horrified amazement.

"Not fight against the Germans!" he exclaimed indignantly. "Why of course they would. They are Danes, even if they are Socialists; and they would become staunch Nationalists to a man if Germany landed a soldier."

He was right: Danes of all parties and all classes will undoubtedly fight if Germany ever attacks their land; but, as every Dane knows, they will fight in vain unless England sends her fleet to help them. And they are by no means sure that England will send her fleet; for, let them try as they will, they cannot forget that she stood aloof in the sixties. Besides, of late they have begun to be haunted by the heart-breaking fear lest the day may come when she will have no fleet to send, when she will need for her own defence all the ships she has, and will have none wherewith to defend them.

For English wayfarers wandering about in Scandinavia is depressing work in this our day. There is so much England might do there to set anxious minds at rest, adding to her own prestige the while; and it is so very little that she does.

WAYFARER.

A PLEA FOR ENGLISH SONG

SINCE, in spite of powerful advocacy and much admirable enterprise, the progress of "Opera in English" seems still to drag somewhat heavily, it may be well to investigate a certain unsatisfactory element which has undoubtedly done much to retard the success of the movement. If we have decided that all operas are in the future to be sung in English, it is high time for us to set up a higher standard of definition, and to insist that the "English book" shall justify its name.

For a glance at the English version used in the performance of many an opera at the present day is sufficient to show us that here is no ordinary English, but a peculiar jargon which entirely fails to commend itself either by beauty or by fitness. The truth is that these "books," if not actual survivals, are directly influenced by the bad traditions of the time—from 1840 to 1850—when the demand for English versions of opera first became considerable. In an age that could tolerate the drivelling jingle of Bunn and Fitzball, when audiences could listen to—

> When the fair land of Poland was plough'd by the hoof
> Of the ruthless invader and might,

or

> When hollow hearts shall wear a mask
> 'Twill break your own to see,

without laughter, and with no tears but those of sensibility—at a time when this was the standard of "poetry" in original librettos, we must not expect to find excellence in the field of translation. Opera-goers in those days were not troubled by the obscurity of such verses as the following, sung by Cherubino in *Figaro*:

> Light yields their blooming
> Eloquent love,
> Grateful perfuming
> Breathes they approve.

Thus should affection
With early fears
Sigh its selection
In trembling tears.

When they listened to *La Sonnambula* they were melted by

Do not mingle one human feeling
With this rapture o'er each sense stealing;
See these tributes, to me revealing
My Elvino true to love;

and they accepted

Still so gently o'er me stealing

as quite suitable to the impassioned crescendo in which Bellini expresses the original line:

Ah! perchè non posso odiarti?

Such was the state of things in the forties of the last century; and though doubtless we have progressed since then, our progress has not been great. The most difficult task of translation has rarely been placed in competent hands, and few indeed are the honourable exceptions that emerge from the mass of unqualified workers in this field.

The name of H. F. Chorley should probably head the list of those who have been at the same time conscientious and successful adaptors. Mr. F. E. Weatherley has done so well as to make us wish for more work of the same kind from his pen. Mr. Corder's translations of the Wagner Music Dramas are worthy of all praise as a *tour de force*, but a too scrupulous endeavour to reproduce not only the sense but even the sound of the German text detracts much from their usefulness as performing versions. Mr. F. Jameson, covering the same ground, has used far greater discretion in this matter, and shown such skill and fitness for his task that if we find the result still unsatisfactory, it may be because such a text as, say, that of *Die Meistersinger* is beyond the scope of translation. Finally it should be said that Miss Constance Bache's version of *Hänsel und Gretel* is of quite unique excellence.

But of the majority of operas done into English it is impossible to speak in any terms but those of sorrowful wonder. Their words are often an insult to the audience and a sore trouble to the singer; indeed, it often happens that an artist who is

particular about the words he sings will find it necessary to get his part re-written for him, or is even driven to re-write it himself.

Let it be admitted at once that the task of translating for music is one of enormous difficulty. Heavy is the responsibility of the literary translator if he would escape being branded as traitor; but what are his difficulties in comparison with those of the man who attempts a similar task, fettered and cramped by the exigencies of musical form and accent? To make your line soar and bend and fall with the sway of the singing phrase, to place your emphatic word or the climax of your meaning exactly where it stands in the original, to discover and economise the very few English equivalents to the dissyllabic rhymes which occur so constantly in Italian, French, and German—these are formidable problems; yet not one can be avoided, and all in turn must be made subordinate to the two great aims the translator must keep in view—to produce a "book" which shall appeal to the reader or hearer as fluent, natural English, and to write words which the singer shall find singable. There are translations which answer all requirements except that of being singable, and we have had the ingenious, over-faithful version which is everything but English; neither of these will help to hasten the day of full acceptance for opera in our own language. If opera is ever to take in England the place it has long held in Italy, France, and Germany, as a necessary artistic enjoyment, not for the few but for all, and consequently is to be sung in the only language which all can understand, we must take infinitely greater pains than we have yet done to see that the words shall be worthy of the music and of the intelligence of the audience.

Whether the opera-goers of to-day are better judges of music, or of singing, than those of fifty years ago may be open to question; but there can be no doubt that they are far more critical, far more exacting in the matter of dramatic propriety and the quality of the "book." Until a few years ago it was universally held that opera sung in English must necessarily be a *pis-aller*, an inferior affair. That this feeling still exists in great measure among both singers and audience is due in no small degree to the unhelpful uninspiring nature of the English librettos. What was formerly another great hindrance to the triumph of the cause

the scarcity of English operatic artists of the first class, is rapidly disappearing; if the extraordinary improvement shown in the last twenty years continues, this obstacle must soon vanish altogether. If at the same time we can redeem our librettos from their present reproach, there would seem to be no artistic reason why in a very few years opera in London should not be sung as it is in Paris, Vienna, and Milan, by native artists in their own language.

But if this is to be so, the provider of the English text will have to occupy a far more responsible position in the scheme than he has done hitherto. In Mr. Hewlett's *Life of H. F. Chorley*, he speaks of the musical translator's task in the following words: "The conditions under which such a writer labours exempt his work from ordinary criticism and relegate it to a province of technical literature governed by laws of its own. If it conform to these—whatever be its worth in other respects—he may be held to have achieved success." This is reasonable enough on the whole; but the truth is that this sort of work has never received sufficient criticism of the right kind: and, furthermore, it is time that the workers should realise that some of the conditions under which they have hitherto laboured can and should be abolished if success is to be achieved.

To attempt an absolutely literal translation of a lyric, even when unhampered by the exigencies of music, is a thing that the skilled literary workman will carefully avoid; yet many a librettist has made shipwreck upon this absurd misconception of his duties. The wiser man will forget, as far as possible, the actual words of the original, but will endeavour to absorb their essential meaning and to reproduce it in such English as may be moulded to the musical phrase. This, of course, requires a high degree of literary skill, allied to a close acquaintance with the singer's art: but, given these qualifications, the translator should be allowed a far greater freedom than he has ever yet ventured to claim.

An excellent and stimulating example of what can be done by a wise neglect of the letter combined with a true understanding of the spirit is to be found in a translation of Figaro's famous song in Act I. of Mozart's opera. The first four lines of the Italian are as follows:—

Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso,
Notte e giorno d'interno girando,
Delle belle turbando il riposo,
Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor—

and this is the English version:

So, Sir Page, your vagaries are over,
Far too long you've been living in clover,
Till at last they've begun to discover
That you're turning the house out of doors.

Here there is not one hint of the actual words of the original—the "amorous butterfly," "Narcissus," "Adonis," have all disappeared: so has the original rhyme-system: and there is a false rhyme introduced: nevertheless success, almost perfect, is achieved in these four lines. For the singer they are delightful and inspiring; they have a real lyric impulse, exactly in accord with the nature of the music; they do not read in the least like a translation, and the spirit of the situation is perfectly reserved, distilled from the original by a process almost alchemic.

Rarely indeed do we find so happy a combination of excellences, though H. F. Chorley occasionally employed a similar method with good results, as in Siebel's second air in *Faust* where

Se ricopri l'amante un nero velo
Io ti sarò fedel amico ognor

is well changed to

What though the storm the autumn garden rifle,
Still on the bough is left a leaf of gold,

lines admirable for their lyric, singable quality, attained doubtless by the writer's courage in disregarding the actual work of the original, while doing no injustice to the idea conveyed.

Of course the desire to write easily flowing phrases, if indulged in without proper regard for the situation, can lead to ludicrous results, as in the case where the line already quoted—

Still so gently o'er me stealing,

is made to stand in the place of "Ah! why can I not hate thee?" the literal meaning of the Italian. Perhaps the most shameless instance of licence of this kind is to be found in the French version of *Der Freischütz*. In the last act, where the Hermit

appears from his cave, Ottokar advances towards him with the solemn greeting:

> Sei mir gegrüsst, Gesegneter des Herrn!
> (I bid thee hail, thou blessed of the Lord!)

which in the French becomes:

> Bonjour, Monsieur, comment vous portez-vous?

But these examples only serve to show to what base and irresponsible workmen this most difficult and delicate of tasks has too often been entrusted. To the skilful and conscientious librettist, who could be relied upon not to abuse it, every possible licence should be given, not only in the matter just dealt with, but in many other directions. He must be excused from the absurd attempt (though success in this has been a favourite reason for boasting in the past) to follow slavishly the musical notation in exact accordance with the syllabic distribution of the original text. The composer here must make concessions, allowing the librettist to alter at discretion the time-value of the notes in all inessential places, and not grudging him the addition or omission of many a note, provided the actual rhythm be not broken. In the matter of rhymes, no more should be expected of him than are absolutely necessary; especially should those fatal dissyllables, which lead so surely to "stealing," "feeling," and "revealing," be thrown overboard without remorse wherever there is the smallest opportunity for doing so. Lastly, whenever the libretto is printed apart from the music, either in front of the score, or separately, it should be open to the translator to offer a distinct version, for the benefit of the reader, in which the many weaknesses and irregularities of rhythm, inevitable in conjunction with the music, need not appear.

But with every allowance and advantage, the task of the translator for music must always remain one of unique difficulty, calling, as it does, for so many qualifications rarely combined in the same person. To enumerate all of them would be too long a business, but generally it may be said that to attain a complete success in work of this kind, a man must be a skilful versifier, an intelligent singer, and, as we have hinted elsewhere, a practical alchemist. If such a combination of talents is too much to hope for in one person, let the singer and the versifier collaborate;

better still, let our young army of excellent verse-writers go to the singing-schools, and so help to revive that union between poetry and music the breaking of which has led to such deplorable results. Until some such expedient is adopted, the supporters of opera in English must not be surprised to find their enterprise still coldly regarded by large numbers whom the reforms here suggested might go far to conciliate.

If, however, we are to conquer the justly-founded distrust of English words applied to music composed for another language, it is not in opera, but upon the concert platforms that the first effort must be made. And here the problem assumes a rather different aspect; here it is the singers whose sympathies must first be gained, and it is not to be wondered at should this task prove formidable.

For more than sixty years the leading English music publishers, followed in later years by countless Continental firms, have poured out "English versions" of songs by the thousand, of which it is no exaggeration to say that not more than one in two hundred could possibly be sung by a person of average intelligence. What purpose can be served by this immense output of useless jingle it is difficult to imagine—unless perhaps it is designed expressly for the American market. This ugly work has been carried on partly by foreigners imperfectly acquainted with English, largely by English men and women scarcely less incompetent, and in some cases by persons apparently ignorant of both the languages with which they have to deal. No one who has not been obliged to specialise in this lamentable branch of "musical literature" is likely to have any idea of the folly and ineptitude which here prevail. To quote at length would be too tedious; but one example, in high places, is so remarkable that it almost deserves to be rescued from oblivion.

Schubert's well-known "Lied des gefangenen Jägers" is a setting of Herder's German translation of Scott's lyric, "My hawk is tired of perch and hood," the second line of which—

My idle greyhound loathes his food,

runs in the German as follows:

Mein müssiger Windhorn sein Futter verschmäht.

In by far the largest collection of Schubert's songs published

with English words this line appears with the following English text:

My musical woodhorn its flutter hath stilled,

which could only have been perpetrated by some one to whom English and German were equally unknown.

"Versions" little better than this are to be found in volume after volume of "classical" songs, and are in many cases the only English words available. The professional singer, discouraged by the evil and long-lived tradition, has ceased to hope for any good from them, and leaves them severely alone; the amateur still buys them—only to find them worse than useless; they disfigure the word-books of innumerable song-recitals, to fill the more sensible among the audience with contemptuous amusement, or set them wondering at the standard of intelligence that can tolerate such nonsense.

If any reform is to be hoped for in this direction, it must come through our best public singers; they must be brought to recognise the fact that the English language is as fine a medium for song as any other, and must conquer their very pardonable incredulousness as to the existence of any English song-translation which an artist might sing with comfort and a clear conscience. This latter difficulty could easily be removed. During the past twenty-five years which have witnessed the birth and development of the polyglot song-recital, there have appeared a few workers in the field of translation who have had a lyrical gift, combined with a musicianly knowledge of the singer's art, sufficient to enable them to achieve results to which there can be no legitimate artistic objection. Unfortunately these first-fruits of a better state of things have so far had little effect—partly because of the mass of rubbish which still swamps the market, partly on account of the reluctance of the singers to credit their existence. Still, this small body of good translation is accessible to all who will take the trouble to investigate it; it proves conclusively that the thing can be done; and there is little doubt that should any real demand arise, there are more persons at the present time able and willing to undertake this difficult work in the right spirit than has ever been the case before.

So far our finest singers have been obdurate in preferring to sing the original words in every case—rather than the best transla-

tions. It is impossible to quarrel with them for this preference, but it is a question whether they should not allow themselves the alternative in certain circumstances. Before special audiences, with whom it is safe to assume an international acquaintance with music, there can be no reason why the original text should not be sung, provided always that the singer has really mastered the pronunciation of the various languages. But with a larger, more promiscuous audience the case is different. The greater public who take a genuine pleasure in good singing have an unconquerable prejudice against songs in a foreign tongue; the consequence is that our leading singers, who would scorn to give any but the best music at their own more intimate recitals, are often led to contribute the poorest specimens of the "popular" song to the programme of the larger concerts from the mistaken idea that thus only can they give pleasure. But it is not necessary at the present day to make any such concession. It is not the music of Schubert and Löwe and Brahms that the public object to, but the foreign words, which they cannot understand. If the singers would only bring forward the more obvious songs from the treasure-houses of Germany, France, and Italy in really good English translations, they would find their immediate reward in the responsiveness of their hearers, and the difficulty of selecting songs for even the most promiscuous occasion would disappear. With the music of all the different schools thus available for general use, in addition to the ever-increasing number of excellent songs by our own composers, the most "popular" programme need no longer be a reproach to our musical taste, while we should be many steps nearer to the overthrow of the iniquity of the Royalty System, and the imbecile orgy of the Ballad Concert. Let those, then, who wish to forward the cause of opera in English begin with the concert platform. Let our skilful verse-writers not disdain the wholesome exercise of fitting musical words to set musical rhythms; let our singers recognise that if the English words are good it is not derogatory to their art to sing them; let them realise what an infinitely wider field they command by so doing; and in a measurable distance of time we shall have the operas of every country sung in English by English men and women.

PAUL ENGLAND.

THE LITTLE RIVER

AND SOME REMINISCENCES

THOSE who have read the delightful idyll *News from Nowhere* will recall that it was by the title of the "Little River" that William Morris affectionately referred to the Thames above Oxford, and no man has known and loved the beauties of our river better than he. Though it lacks the broad reaches and thickly wooded slopes of the valley, the Little River is very fair, fringed with the tallest of rushes and profusely gay with meadowsweet, wild rose and the great white water lilies which the predatory cockney has banished nearer London. This is a champaign country, the valley of the Thames has been left far behind, and the crisp, clear air rushes to us over miles of downland. The diminished stream has many quiet backwaters and sandy bays where the cattle come to drink, or ruminate knee-deep in the cool water. In those unfrequented reaches one becomes in imagination a pioneer. There is a feeling of adventure, fancy is at play, and one may lapse in thought to the days when the old stone bridges, famous places to loiter on, were built, and visualise the transpontine travellers of other days. An old bridge draws the idler like a charm, and even moderates the momentum of the busy man; the attraction is indefinable but insistent, and we make a point of succumbing without resistance to the influence, envying those fortunate folks who in bygone times had their homes on the bridges of London and other great cities.

There is a Gothic bridge not far from Oxford (long may it escape the hand of the spoiler) which we have often been pleased to people with some of the characters heterogeneously associated in the mental companionship of idle hours. Among

others, the poor scholar Gypsey of Glanvill's quaint and fascinating tale may have rested there after his exodus from Oxford, and leaned over the moss-grown parapet idly to watch the flitting fish. The old life of the scholar was henceforth to be a dream. To Oxford and his friends he came no more. The intention of leaving the company of his nomadic companions when he had compassed their secrets was never to be fulfilled. Where did his wanderings end? How did he meet the inevitable hour? To what quiet churchyard was he brought—

> to lie
> Beneath the surging grass
> Nor hear the lapwing's plaintive cry,
> Nor see the swallows pass?

Perhaps, also, it were not to consider too curiously to assume that two of Love's most romantic victims, Fair Rosamond and Amy Robsart, may have passed hereby from Woodstock and from Cumnor. What charming tender names they are! How the heart goes out and back over the years to those wronged ones and contemns the churlish chronicler who perpetuated the pious pun:

> Hic Jacet in tumba, Rosa Mundi, non Rosa munda
> Non redolet, sed olet, que redolere solet.

Sweet Amy, how pathetic an end was hers! Well might the stern old Puritan cry to the villain Varney:

"Thou hast destroyed her by means of her best affection; it is a seething of the kid in the mother's milk."

There is but little left of the scene of the tragedy now, but when the moon shines, and the white owl drifts by, the romance of it all returns, together with the haunting lines of the ballad by which Sir Walter Scott set such store:

> The shades of night did softly fall,
> The Moon, sweet Regent of the sky,
> Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
> And many an oak that grew thereby.

A tradition is still current among the old folks of the neighbourhood to the effect that Madam Dudley's ghost walked so persistently in Cumnor Park that no less than nine parsons from Oxford were required to lay it, and that the laying was ultimately

effected in a pond, the waters of which were never afterwards known to freeze. But even to-day—

> The village maids, with fearful glance
> Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall.

And it is asserted that the efforts of the nine were not entirely successful, and that the unquiet spirit still occasionally appears.

The "irritable race" have somewhat neglected our upper Thames. Matthew Arnold has told of the scholar Gypsey—

> Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-hithe,
> Trailing in the cool stream his fingers wet,
> As the punt's rope chops round,

and how—

> Maidens from the distant hamlets come
> To dance around the Fyfield elm in May.

Do they come nowadays, do they dance in these prosaic times? Drayton describes the rushing down of the little streams anxious

> to guide
> Queen Isis on her way, ere she receives her traine.
> Clear Colne and lively Leech have down from Cotswold's plain,
> At Lechlade linking hands, come likewise to support
> The mother of great Thames.

Morris, also, has in *News from Nowhere* drawn for us a charming picture of the "Little River," contrasted with the cockney vulgarity and ostentation which have so sadly marred the beauty of the Thames at Maidenhead, Marlow and elsewhere.

The Thames Conservancy may be forgiven many shortcomings by reason of their excellent by-law which forbids all shooting on the river. Thanks to this enactment, the birds, almost exterminated by reckless gunners, have returned. The kingfisher is no longer rare. We often see him drop like a plummet from some willow which grows "askaunt the brook." Herons are to be seen in the backwaters, the kestrel hovers over the fields bordering the lock cuttings, and the beautiful barn owl is a welcome visitor on shiny nights.

We occasionally surprise the plover's fluffy babies in the tufts of coarse grass; sharp eyes are needed to detect the squabby

little creatures crouching like toads among the bents. The tern frequents these uplands and song birds abound; all day long one hears by the river the chuckling of the reed warblers and the "little bit of bread and no cheese" song of the yellow-hammer. The otter is rare—I have met with but one in six years. The hand of every one is against him, though the damage he does is slight; the river is full of coarse fish, and the toll taken by an occasional otter is not sufficient to warrant the extermination of one of our few remaining wild animals. Even the angler, and we are all fishermen here, may well say with that tolerant old sportsman, Izaak Walton, who, in writing of otters, herons and kingfishers, remarks: "I will leave them to be quarrelled with and killed by others, for I am not of a cruel nature; I love to kill nothing but fish."

Anglers, millers, and other riverside folks are usually a quiet and deliberate people, even as they were in Walton's time; the professional fisherman the most so of all; even when a big fish is "on," there is always the suggestion that he could move much faster if it were necessary. Apropos of professional fishermen, a reminiscence of one of the old school, whom we knew well, may not unaptly enter here. Ah! Neal, in what Elysian streams do you ply now the gentle craft? You who were our patient mentor in it at Henley many a year ago. It was a custom in those days for our mother to be of the party in Neal's roomy old punt, and our parent was well content to sit and read *Cranford* or *Our Village* while we fished under the shadow of Hambledon Weir in the quiet summer evenings. Now, as Neal possessed, like to most watermen, an ample and varied vocabulary of a quite unprintable character, a compact was entered into between us to the effect that when our dear parent, whose most forcible adjectives were "botheration" or "oddsbodkins," was present, a severe check was to be imposed on the unruly member. Faithfully was the compact kept until that unlucky day on which we, then a novice in the gentle craft, hooked the pike of the season. Three times did the giant circle the punt threatening us with Hiawatha's fate. At last, in the excitement of the contest, the novice committed the unpardonable sin of omitting to keep a tight line. Reeling in again, no resistance was to be felt, the mauled bait came

limply up, and in the agony of that moment Neal forgot the compact: "S'welp me—sir," cried he, "I'm—if you ain't—well bin and lorst 'im!" Those dear old Henley days. Twenty-five years have passed since then, and the choice spirits who kept the old town in an uproar at regatta time are now sedate and senescent. What Homeric deeds were done! How was it no laureate arose to chronicle them? They were worthy of more than a prose setting.

Many will delight to recall with me the herculean L——, he whose proud boast it was to have held three Henley "bobbies" in his giant arms with comprehensive embrace. And well must you, L——, remember the day of reckoning when in Henley Police Court were arrayed against you Sergeants Janaway and Coates together with their myrmidons. How would the verdict go? Was it to be a fine or imprisonment? We had heard that an example was to be made and feared where the blow would fall. How breathless we hung on the damning evidence of the members of the Force and of the "boy Coates," until that over-zealous youth, in reply to an adroit query by your counsel, stated with an air of satisfaction, "Of course, I knows 'im, he always 'saults p'licemen, saw him 'saultin' of one last regatta." The animus thus displayed and the fortunate circumstance that a nonogenarian member of the Bench fell asleep at a critical stage of the proceedings just turned the scale in favour of a fine, but it was a heavy one. Is that constabulary helmet still pendent on thy study wall, Roger M——? Small, but active and wiry you were, and how scientifically delivered was that blow in the "bread basket" which lowered Robert's crest and secured the coveted trophy. The Police Station is no more besieged, so I am told, by eager bands intent on the rescue of imprisoned comrades, no humble hero is now to be found to withstand with dauntless breast the whole of the Henley police force (then a peace establishment of a sergeant and three constables) as the redoubtable "Tinney" did for the whole of one long summer evening, an exploit which cost that champion three months in Reading jail.

Ah well! things are probably much better now, but many a stout and staid middle-aged gentleman may smile over a record of the old times, "quorum pars magna fuit," and recall, not

without a touch of proper pride, the period when there was a difference of nine inches on the right side between his chest and waist measurement, and he could keep going from the island to the bridge with never a sob or a gasping breath. Many of those whom one remembers years ago at Boulter's, Medmenham and the Red Lion, folks who loved the river for its own sake, have slowly been driven further and further up in order to escape the influx of a new and less desirable generation.

The present generation are, though able to punt or scull well enough, usually poor watermen. The old school knew every inch of the river and were authorities on all the written and unwritten laws relating to it. They were never known to bring a boat in with her nose down stream, or to ship their sculls with the blades aft, or to hitch boathooks into lock gates, or chains, or other folks and their craft. The old school are, eheu! dying out, their haunts know them no more, and their traditions will perish with them. Another race disappearing on the Thames and its tributaries are the millers. Many of the mills have been working so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, now they are derelict, and the old wheels turn no more in their dark cool caverns.

The miller was ever a keen but genial fellow, slow and deliberate, on sunny days usually to be found leaning over the half hatch which gives on that delightful chamber in which the air, "made misty by the floating meal," vibrates with the hum of unseen wheels. He was apt to invite one to stroll up the path by the mill pool where the big trout lie. On the subject of mills and milling he could, if in the humour and the listener eductive, impart much curious information, of the proverbial strength of millers in general and of his own, when a young man, in particular. Perhaps he might be an expert with the mill-peck and demonstrate the use of that tool and the testing of the work by the mill-staff, and how in turn that was gauged by the mill-staff prover.

In conclusion, the Little River has few attractions, fortunately, for those gregarious people who are happiest in a crowd; it is appreciated only by such as study to be quiet—its peaceful beauty is "too good for any but Anglers or very honest men," as Walton

said of his pike stuffed with oysters and anchovies. To such quiet folk we commend a trip from Oxford to Lechlade, beyond which place the river is no longer navigable. There will be much to interest the voyager: Godstow and its nunnery, where Fair Rosamond was buried, a place of picnic and pilgrimage to generations of Oxonians; Eynsham and Bablock Hithe, where at the ferry the Oxford riders blithe encountered the pensive scholar Gipsey; so on to Hart's Weir, New Bridge, Kelmscott and Lechlade. In the quiet little churchyard at Kelmscott lies the great craftsman whose dream of *News from Nowhere* suggested the title of this article—

> Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
> The circuit of the summer hills,
> Is that his grave is green.

EDGAR SYERS.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, *November* 9, 1911.

NOTHING is more extraordinary than American politics. An extreme statement this, perhaps, and yet justified. Nothing more defies calculation; nothing is so full of such bewildering surprises. You may bet on a horserace, a football game, the direction of the wind the day after to-morrow, or even—the biggest gamble in the world, bar one—on the latest change in a Liberal Cabinet with more certainty than what the trend of politics will be in the United States next week. It is a game that defies all calculation.

Nothing is more curious than to read, as a serious statement, that Wall Street will raise a million pounds if necessary to defeat President Taft's re-election next year. This, mark you, is the same Wall Street that hung banners and made holiday and rejoiced on the day Mr. Taft was elected a short three years ago. Wall Street on that day was in a jubilant mood. The trials and tribulations of the past were to be forgotten; the reign of sanity was re-established; Conservatism had come into its own. There were to be no more panics, no more convulsions, no more disturbance of trade. Wall Street could bend itself undisturbed to its congenial task of making money.

Theoretically Mr. Taft ought to be a Conservative. Physically and mentally he suggests extreme Conservatism. The lean, wiry man who smiles in the corner of his mouth is usually ready to take up with any new scheme for the betterment of society; the big man who stands squarely on his feet and laughs all over his face is less influenced by every new device. Mr. Taft's training, one would think, was in favour of his adhesion to the old-established and well-tried. His life had been that of a lawyer and a judge; he had solved problems philosophically and judicially;

unswayed by passion or other influences, he had dealt with questions on their merits, and his judgment had been unaffected by prejudice or other considerations. Wall Street was justified in believing that a Conservative had come into the White House and that it could with confidence look forward to a Conservative *régime*.

It was the confidence of Wall Street and the belief in Mr. Taft's Conservatism that aroused the bitter hostility of the Insurgents of the Republican Party. The Insurgents were under a cloud; they had been badly trounced by Mr. Taft's nomination; the future, for the next four years at least, was dark for them. But they were resourceful, pugnacious and full of spite. Mr. Taft came into the White House with the respect, confidence and affection of the Conservative wing of his Party; even more than that, his political opponents had the same feeling for him. It looked like another era of good feeling. Personally the Democrats liked Mr. Taft, and while politics is always politics, the Democrats were disposed to make things as easy as possible for him without violating the rules of the game. Because Republican Conservatives and Democrats were friendly to and liked Mr. Taft was all the more reason the Insurgents should be more certain than ever they were right in opposing him. It is no recommendation to friendship that a man is a friend of your sworn enemy.

If Mr. Taft were a politician, knowing the conditions then existing, he would have announced his political code in half a dozen succinct sentences. "To the devil with all insurgents and their works," he would have said. "They may do as they blessed please. They don't like me, and I reciprocate their sentiments. I am a Conservative, and on the Conservatives I will rely."

Mr. Taft is either no politician, or he was very badly advised, or he is the most superlatively honest man who has sat in the chair of the Chief Magistracy for a great many years. He began by making a mistake, by trying to cultivate the friendship of the Insurgents. "If Mr. Taft were to recite the Lord's Prayer," a cynical observer once remarked, "the Insurgents would find in it the cloven hoof." Having damned Mr. Taft, the Insurgents had no intention of leading him to salvation. Nothing that Mr. Taft could do would find favour in Insurgent eyes. It was a

hopeless task from the beginning; nobody but an honest, conscientious man of high aspirations would have undertaken it.

The Insurgents began their attack by a demonstration in force against the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill that Mr. Taft insisted must be passed. It was a betrayal of Party pledges, said the Insurgents; the most shameful, disreputable, disgraceful surrender to the vested interests, privileges and monopoly that any man had ever been guilty of. When Mr. Taft signed the Bill of Abominations he wrote his own infamy.

This was shrewd tactics. The tariff was excellent fighting ground. The Bill might have been the most perfect, scientific and disinterested the mind of man had conceived and yet it would have been possible for the Insurgents to find cause for attack and to convince the public of their sincerity; for the public has no comprehension of the science of tariff making, and while it is willing to share in the benefits of the tariff it is always in a mood to protest against having to help sustain it. It was not a difficult thing to convince a dissatisfied, restless public that Mr. Taft had given his approval to a very bad Bill.

Quite undisturbed, Mr. Taft went on diligently about his business. Since the day of Mr. Cleveland, when a Democratic Congress passed an Income Tax Bill and the Supreme Court nullified it by a decision of unconstitutionality, there has been a growing sentiment in favour of that form of taxation. To have given his sanction to another Income Tax measure would have been foolish and dishonest—patently the trick of the demagogue who hopes to curry favour by his advocacy of the impossible—and Mr. Taft has no sympathy with tricks of that kind, but he could stand sponsor for something nearly, if not quite, as good, and that was a tax to be paid by joint stock companies, the so-called "Corporation Tax," which his legal knowledge enabled him to see the Supreme Court would hold constitutional. Here one would think Mr. Taft had come to the parting of the ways, and that the way would be made easy for him. He had thrown the gage to the Conservatives, for the Conservatives had always opposed the Income Tax, and the Corporation Tax was only one degree less obnoxious, and, from their point of view, no less indefensible; the Insurgents—that is, the Radicals—had been the strong supporters

of an Income Tax, and would, one might naturally think, take the Corporation Tax as a foretaste of better things. The Corporation Tax alienated the Conservatives without winning the Insurgents. They had heard Mr. Taft recite the Lord's Prayer and saw the cloven hoof.

Mr. Taft was beginning to find out that his way led him to cross a bridge that ended nowhere, and whose supports were being undermined at both ends. An element that had resented the imposition of the Corporation Tax (parenthetically, it may be added that the Supreme Court sustained the validity of this law, thereby affirming Mr. Taft's decision) was now to become more resentful because Mr. Taft enforced the anti-trust law. With this law I have no sympathy; it is a ridiculous enactment passed in a time of hysteria to satisfy a clamorous and unintelligent demand; the law is as senseless as the equally senseless mob-cry against the trusts, which have been for the benefit of the consumer by cheapening and improving products and substituting an almost perfect organisation for the disorganised methods that hitherto prevailed. But although the law may be ridiculous and destructive it remains on the statute books, and it was Mr. Taft's duty to enforce it in the same way that it was his sworn obligation to see that all other laws were strictly observed. An executive officer may not set up his own Supreme Court of moral conscience and arrogate to himself the right to say whether one law shall be respected and another treated with contempt. If the law was bad or dangerous it was within the power of Congress to repeal it or strip it of its harmful clauses. This Congress did not do. The law was there, and Mr. Taft as an honest man, and mindful of his oath of office, was bound by every moral and legal consideration to see that it was observed.

By so doing he made enemies of his former friends and did not succeed in turning his enemies into friends. Conservatives denounced Mr. Taft for his enforcement of the law; the Insurgents remained unconvinced that Mr. Taft was worthy to sit among them. Then Mr. Taft sent the last dart quivering in the Insurgent hide. He sponsored Reciprocity. Here the Insurgents should have met Mr. Taft on common ground, for Reciprocity was a step in the direction of correcting some of the iniquities of that most iniquitous Tariff Bill that had disturbed the sleep

of the Insurgents. Instead of giving Mr. Taft their support the Insurgents took the lead in attempting to defeat the Bill. Mr. Taft carried his Bill with the Insurgents more hostile than they had been at the beginning, and the Conservatives in a mad fury.

On whom can Mr. Taft rely when he goes to the polls in November a year hence? It is not easy to see. The Insurgents are now openly and avowedly his enemies, and have perfected an organisation to do two things, one of which is frankly admitted, the other is less publicly proclaimed, but is equally well known. Mr. Taft is to end his political career with the end of his term in March 1913. To bring that about he is to be denied a renomination when the Republican Convention meets next June, but if there is a majority in the Convention favourable to his renomination then he is to be defeated at the polls. The significance of this let the reader understand. The Insurgents call themselves Republicans, and profess to be Republicans, but rather than see Mr. Taft re-elected they are prepared to throw the election to the Democrats.

The Insurgents, who began by fighting Mr. Taft on the tariff, have dropped that issue and have taken another, much more dangerous and more likely to appeal to crude intellects that have fed on Radicalism and demagoguery for several years. Before the Insurgents put themselves in the embarrassing position of fighting Reciprocity the reform of the tariff was the cure for all evils, but now they find a panacea compounded of three simple elements—the initiative, referendum and recall—and a single dose is warranted to cure; it will cure everything, from poverty to plutocracy. Never was anything equal to it ever compounded in the political laboratory. The great and only difficulty is to induce people to take it, for the public, like little children, is apt to be shy about gulping medicine; but just as children can be coaxed or bribed or threatened into swallowing the most nauseous draught, so the dear people may be cajoled into imbibing the Insurgent concoction.

The agitation now in progress for the adoption of the initiative, referendum and recall is not to be dismissed lightly. It is worth the attention of the serious student not alone of American politics, but of great sociological movements. In a sense it is revolution;

how it will end no one can predict at the present time, for there is now pending in the Supreme Court a suit which involves the validity of this form of legislation. Should the Court decide that it is unconstitutional, the last will have been heard of the matter for some time, but if the decision of the Court is affirmative, a great encouragement will have been given to the supporters of the attempt to change the American political system.

That is what is aimed at. A representative system of government exists in this country. Absolute democracy, students of governments have generally believed, is impossible, especially in a country so vast as this and with a population of a hundred millions. The representative system is the nearest approach to the ideal of democracy. The advocates of real democracy propose to make that possible by giving to the people of the various States the power to control their legislatures; on their own motion they can initiate legislation, and if a sufficient number of the enrolled voters approve—the percentage varying in various States and ranging from eight to twenty-five—the legislature must enact the law demanded. In the same way it is the people and not the legislature who finally pass a law, for after a law has received the approval of the legislative assembly it must then be submitted to the people for acceptance or rejection. And finally, the recall is a club in the hands of the people to keep their servants straight. Every elective official, governors, judges, mayors and other officers, may, before the expiration of his term, be removed by the people with or without cause. If a governor offends by his doing or not doing, if the sentences of a judge give cause for complaint—and some there will always be to make complaint—if a mayor displeases, a sufficient number of persons need simply present a petition for his "recall," his office is declared vacant, and a new election is ordered. Already eleven States have adopted the initiative and referendum, and several more will incorporate them into their constitutions if the Supreme Court consents. The State of Oregon, which has made the initiative and referendum part of its constitution, imposed taxes on a joint stock company under an "initiated" law. The company contested payment on the ground that the law was passed in violation of the Federal Constitution, which "guarantees to every State in the Union a Republican form of Government," and that the exercise of law-making authority in Oregon has

ceased to be Republican in form. The Supreme Court of Oregon upheld the validity of the law, but on questions of constitutionality there is an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, the court of last resort.

If the initiative and referendum are sustained not only will representative government cease to exist, but government will be a government by minority. In Oregon the power to initiate is based upon a petition of eight per cent. of the voters. The recall can be invoked upon a petition of the minority of the electorate. With legislators receiving their instructions from a minority of their constituents almost daily, and judges and governors in danger of dismissal because they may have given offence to a comparatively small number of persons, only confusion, uncertainty and constant truckling to the agitator and the loud-mouthed would be the result. Yet the Insurgents cite Oregon as the model State of the Union, and contend that the adoption of the Oregon system is the only way by which politics can be purified.

The causes of this movement are apparent [counsel for the State says in his brief filed in the Supreme Court]. Political organizations have not been responsive to the popular will. The effort to obtain good government by the selection of "good men" has failed. Legislators have become the people's masters in the exercise of unlimited power. Party platforms are not regarded as pledges. The people are unable to trust their servants. A power has developed which dominates politicians, parties and public servants. Evidences of repeating bribery, corruption and perversion of delegates, representatives and officials in cities and states have persisted, and even the judiciary has at times been found subject to influences hostile to the people's interests. The average citizen has abandoned efforts to regulate party machinery and to participate in party caucuses.

The new political movement aims to clear the avenues between the people and their institutions.

This is a pretty savage indictment, and it makes better campaign material than the tariff, which has become a trifle shopworn from too much handling. The tariff is an old story and never inspires a thrill, although it often arouses growls; an audience told of the power "which dominates politicians, parties, and public servants," and of the bribery and corruption of the servants of the people can always be made to thrill with righteous indignation. So the Insurgents have dropped the tariff and have concentrated all their efforts on the initiative and referendum, and are preaching them as the doctrine of salvation. Like everything

else the Insurgents champion, they have no solution to offer to end present evils; all they suggest is a new fangled device that would perpetuate present evils in a more dangerous form. If the people of a State elect dishonest men to their legislature, or set the stamp of their approval upon vicious laws, what hope is there that they will show any more wisdom or morality if they are given the power to initiate or to withhold their approval?

A careful student of American history and politics said to me recently that this demand for the initiative was the greatest political revolution since the Colonies declared their independence of the Crown; a bloodless revolution, he added, but a revolution fraught with greater consequences than that momentous uprising of a people determined to preserve their liberties. The question that every one asks whose interest is deeper than the mere fluctuations of politics is whether the present "revolution" is simply a hysterical outburst or a phase in political evolution. The United States has known similar frenzied attempts to seek the short cut to perfection. Greenbackerism, Grangerism, Populism and Mr. Bryan's sixteen-to-one Silverism were the same disease in different forms; there was always a quack with a nostrum to make the body whole. It was the question I asked of the man who believes a revolution has been in progress of which the world is mostly ignorant, and his answer was startling.

> The history of the Anglo-Saxon people [he said] is the history of a people who have never relinquished a jot of political power once they have obtained possession of it. What they have obtained, whether by force or craft, they have tenaciously held, but never once have they made a surrender. English history bears me out, so does American. Whether you approve or condemn the initiative and referendum the fact remains that it is giving the people political power which they never had before. They believed that it was necessary to delegate their power to representatives, they now find that they can retain that power in their own hands, and unless all precedents are to be defied the initiative and referendum in some form or other will be engrafted on the political system of the United States. That is what makes this movement so different and of such greater importance than any other this country has known.

If this man's prediction is correct there are interesting times ahead in the United States.

To defeat Mr. Taft the Insurgents propose to offer Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, as a candidate, and they hope to have

control of the Convention; failing this, they will either "bolt" and put up Senator La Follette as an Independent Republican or Progressive candidate, or if they do not formally nominate him there will be a tacit understanding among the Insurgents that they shall remain away from the polls on election day or vote for the Democratic candidate. In either case the result will be the same; the division in the Republican ranks makes Democratic success certain; in fact, there is only one thing that can save the Republicans from smashing defeat next year, and that is Democratic stupidity. The Republicans cannot save themselves, the split in the Party is too wide for harmony to be restored, and the differences are irreconcilable. To recreate the Republican Party it will have to go through the purifying fire of defeat or, which is not at all unlikely, the Republican Party will cease to exist, and on its ruins there will be built a Conservative Party to which Conservatives of all shades of opinion will gravitate as opposed to the Radicals. Mr. Taft will be nominated by the "regular" wing of the Party, and he will enter on the campaign with the opposition, of course, of the Insurgents, and in all probability the opposition no less active of the great business interests; at best he can count only upon their lukewarm support. Whether he has even this will depend entirely upon the candidate whom the Democrats nominate.

Mr. Taft's vigorous enforcement of the Trust Law is the reason why the newspapers talk of Wall Street subscribing a million pounds to defeat his election, but Wall Street will not deliberately jump from the frying-pan into the fire. Taft, the Radical, from the Wall Street point of view, is bad enough, but a Radical Democrat would be ten times worse; for it is an American political axiom that Democratic Radicalism is always a trifle more dangerous than Republican. Let the Democrats put up an extremist, and Wall Street may conclude that of the two evils Mr. Taft is the lesser, and throw its influence in his behalf; on the other hand, if the Democrats nominate a Conservative they risk the loss of a Radical vote not only of their own party but also of that of the Republicans. Still there is more to be gained from the Radicals than there is from Wall Street in the present state of public feeling, and for that reason I look to see the Democrats nominate a Radical.

Is the negro gradually, very slowly, dying out in the United States? That is the conclusion to be derived from an examination of the latest Census reports, and offers hope that the Negro Problem, one of the greatest with which America has to contend, will eventually settle itself through natural causes. The Census taken last year showed, in round figures, a population of 82,000,000 whites and 10,000,000 blacks, respectively eighty-eight and ten per cent. of the whole. The whites increase faster than the blacks, and this is especially noticeable in the last decade. South Carolina was one of the typical slave States, and before the Civil War cotton was practically its sole wealth, which was produced by enslaved black labour. So recently as 1890 the blacks heavily outnumbered the whites, of whom there were 462,000 as against 688,000 negroes. About that year the State turned its attention to manufacturing as well as growing cotton, which gave employment to white labour, hitherto eking out a precarious existence in the fields. In the ten years following the white element had increased to 557,000, or twenty per cent., and the negroes to 782,000, or thirteen per cent. In the last ten years the disparity has been even more marked, for while the white increase has been twenty-one per cent., that of the negro has been only six per cent. In Mississippi, also at one time overwhelmingly black, the whites are still in the minority, but in the last decade the whites have increased twenty-two per cent. as against the negroes eleven, and neither race is affected by immigration, as practically no white immigrants go to Mississippi, and of course there are no black immigrants. In three southern States, Maryland, Kentucky, and Tennessee, there has been since 1900 an actual decrease in the number of negroes, and only in two States, South Carolina and Mississippi, do the blacks still outnumber their former masters.

The Naval Review held in New York Harbour last week has profoundly impressed the American people and brought home to them perhaps for the first time their rank as a naval power and the progress that has been made since Cervera's fleet was wreck-strewn off the coast of Santiago. At that time four battleships of about 10,000 tons, the battleship *Texas*, of doubtful military value, and two armoured cruisers, the *New York* and *Brooklyn*,

the flagships of Rear-Admirals Sampson and Schley, were the American Navy. Now, thirteen years later, the first line consists of thirty-seven vessels, the latest of which are nearly three times as large as those under Sampson's command, as well as armoured cruisers, destroyers, submarines and auxiliaries. For the first time in their lives a great many Americans last week saw a battleship. "A battleship is a curiosity to most of them," the New York *Sun* remarked, "and the country is so vast that millions of Americans will never see one." Before last week's review, the *Sun* adds, the five million people of New York never saw a fleet of real American warships. The newspapers agree that only the Coronation Review was a spectacle greater than this, and they do not forget to point out that there the American battleship *Delaware* was the most powerful vessel in line, while in New York the *Delaware* was overshadowed by the *Utah* and *Florida*, the latest ships to be commissioned.

It is maintained by the Americans that their Navy is now second, inferior only to that of England, and superior to the German and French in capital ships, but deficient in ocean-going destroyers, and still lamentably weak in colliers and other auxiliaries. The purpose of Secretary Meyer in ordering the review was to arouse interest in the Navy, in which he has succeeded. Some years ago, after a bitter contest between the big and little Navy men in Congress, a compromise was reached by which it was agreed that two battleships should be added to the naval strength every year, a programme which has since been carried out. But the advocates of a big Navy are now insisting that the increase must be greater to keep pace with other nations, while the little Navy men assert the time has come to reduce the naval programme, and one ship a year will be sufficient for the country's needs. A reduction of naval expenditure is in line with the Democratic programme of economy, and Mr. Meyer, who has been the great Cabinet success of this Administration, has put his ships on parade to obtain the support of the country against the Democratic programme. The Navy is now so popular that it is doubtful if the Democrats will dare to run counter to public opinion by being niggardly with supplies at this session.

A. MAURICE LOW.

DEMOCRACY AND CONSOLS

TIME was when National Finance was looked upon as the dreariest of all political subjects, enlivened only at times by the brilliance —perhaps a little legendary—of a Gladstone. But now we are living in days when business is the very soul of politics, and everything revolves around the cheapness or dearness of commodities, the incidence of taxation on different classes of men, and the spending of an enormous revenue. Finance is no longer a dry and dusty dummy, but a living and breathing body.

Vast schemes of social reform are before us already, and vaster schemes still will follow; but where is the money to come from? The normal expansion of our revenue will go some way towards providing what is wanted, but not all the way. Heavier taxation of the rich will also help for a time, but only for a time, as, if carried too far, it can only result in the destruction of the rich, and the ruin of the Capital Funds which supply the material for taxation. Tariff Reform will do a great deal, but we have to wait until the people in whose interest it is primarily planned—the working classes—see fit to sanction its introduction. Economy remains as a pious aspiration, and a perfectly possible remedy within certain bounds. But economy in what direction? Unfortunately, the only economies seriously proposed at the present moment are in the shape of a reduction of the Army and Navy—"economies" which would affect our national safety, and would increase the number of our unemployed. Ideas of this sort are about as practical as for a private individual to reduce his expenditure and balance his accounts by cutting down the Fire Insurance of his house or office—and at a moment when the value of his premises ought to be automatically on the rise.

There is, however, one huge economy which can be effected with perfect safety and advantage, and that is the reduction (to a

relatively nominal figure) of the Sinking Fund. I am well aware that this suggestion will be greeted at first with derisive laughter; but I make it with all seriousness, and I propose to prove its soundness, first from the political, and secondly from the business point of view.

Politically speaking, the Sinking Fund is an absolute absurdity. Curiously enough, both parties support it with a pious and antiquarian orthodoxy; both boast of the magnitude of the sums which they apply in this way; and each rates the other soundly for any trivial temporary reduction in the millions thus allocated. But this unanimity proves nothing; and the fact remains that both sides, without in the least being aware of it, are engaged in bolstering up the most undemocratic scheme of finance which could possibly be invented. And the irony of it is that they do not know it. "Privilege" is a thing of the past, and Democracy is the order of the day with both parties; but the annual millions of Sinking Fund are in reality nothing more nor less than a bonus to what used to be called the "Privileged Classes," and the taxation of the many for the benefit of the few.

Ostensibly it is not so, but in reality it is. Theoretically the reduction of the debt is partly in order to benefit posterity—with which point I shall deal later; partly to sustain the credit of Government Stocks—which it most signally fails to do, as witness the series of falls culminating in 76⅝ in the early autumn of this year; partly to make it possible for Government to raise new loans at a good price—which is futile, as the present price is bad, and as our Governments are generally too nervous to venture on any new loan at all; and partly to make it possible to raise a big loan in war time without additional taxation by the mere process of suspending the Sinking Fund and applying it to the payment of interest on the new loan. This last idea is of so topsy-turvy a nature that one is tempted to ascribe it to a financier of the traditional Irish character rather than to a solid John Bullish man of affairs. It may be compared to the gentleman—also Irish perhaps—who says, "I will indulge in the extravagance of a motor car now, *in order that* I may drop it out when my other expenses increase." Furthermore, the wars of the future are almost as likely to be business and Tariff wars as Military or Naval combats; and, whichever they are, our best financial

preparation for them is not to over-tax and impoverish ourselves, but to keep our powder dry, and plenty of it.

Well, the above is in brief the theory of the Sinking Fund. In practice it is, as I have said above, the taxation of the many for the benefit of the few. For the great mass of Consols is in the hands of powerful banks and insurance companies, and similar corporations; of very rich firms; and of trustees whose trust funds are so large that they can afford to invest in stocks with a low yield. So the Sinking Fund goes mainly into the hands of these, and such as these. Not that that is in itself wrong, but it is surely to the last degree undemocratic, and none of us can afford nowadays to support an aristocratic, or plutocratic, ascendancy. One day the "People" will awake to the fact that its money—its tea duty, its beer tax and tobacco tax—is being applied, to the tune of many millions a year, to buying the rich man's Consols, and to maintaining (or trying vainly to maintain) the banker's reserve at the price at which it stands in the banker's books. As things are now, I have actually heard working-men hecklers at open-air meetings claiming it as a merit that the Radical Government has redeemed so many millions of debt! Sooner or later, however, the working man will understand that this is nothing to boast of from his point of view, but quite the contrary; and then the "People" will revolt against the idea that they are being taxed to support the rich man's market. That is the moment when our Parliamentary financiers will also awake to the fact—unless they will listen now, and change their policy of their own free will, instead of under electoral compulsion. And if they will do so now they will not merely effect a good stroke of political business, but also one which in itself will be enormously beneficial to the nation. For the many millions of annual burden lie heavy on us, and we shall be the lighter and the better for their reduction.

I have referred above to the argument about posterity. Personally, I have never attached much force to this point. A father must of necessity make some provision for his own old age and for his children; but to tax us now so heavily as to make it possible to blot out the debt altogether in some forty or fifty years (as it works out at present figures) is altogether overdoing it. Forty to fifty years hence, if all goes well, our population

will be greater than now, and our total wealth greater, so that the burden will grow automatically lighter per head, or proportionately to the future state of things. £600,000,000, for example, forty-five years hence should be a flea-bite compared with £600,000,000 now. Moreover, if our sons and grandsons do inherit our National Debt, they will inherit the assets as well as the liabilities—the Crown Lands, the barracks, the ships, the State itself, and, let us hope, Colonies like South Africa, which represent the equivalent of War Debts.* And again, is it not a farce for us to pour our money into the lap of other States—Brazil, Chili, Argentina, for instance—and by vigorous competition among ourselves in our own Money Market to encourage them to borrow, whilst at the same time we are forbidding our own Mother State to borrow, and egging her on to cancel her existing loans ?

But putting aside all these old reasons, there are now two new and powerful ones, in the shape of Old-Age Pensions and the National Insurance Bill.

The connection between these and the Sinking Fund may not be very obvious at first sight, but it becomes perfectly plain on a little consideration. The Sinking Fund is intended to lighten the burdens of posterity. Well, nobody is thinking of attempting to ease that part of the burden which lies on the back of the capitalist; the lightening is to be that of the poor man's load. But the poor man now has his pension; his old age is provided for in some measure, and his sons will have less to do to maintain him themselves. Is it necessary, therefore, to continue this ruinous taxation as well, in order that the poor man may find that in 1960, for example, there is no more National Debt, and, therefore, no contribution to pay to its service ? We are providing him with an old-age income, and we need not try as well to cancel his small share in the national liability in the far future, especially when the effort to do so lays so heavy a burden on his back now.

As regards the National Insurance Bill, the connection is

* Talking of this, I have noticed the violent feeling amongst Socialist and Radical working men at the mere mention of the Transvaal War. It is time that the working man recognised that, although the war increased our debt, it has saved South Africa for our trade, and for his consequent benefit; as, without the war, South African trade would undoubtedly have drifted into German and other Continental hands.

very similar. The working man's contribution to the Sinking Fund, as stated above, is in the nature of a premium paid now in order to secure the lightening of his burden in say forty to fifty years' time. That is one premium; but there is now to be added to it another premium in the shape of the working man's weekly pence for sickness insurance—not to mention his share of the State's weekly addition to the Insurance Fund. Granted that the working man will gain a more or less corresponding benefit if, and when, he falls ill; but the fact remains that he is paying a substantial premium for it. Indeed, lumping this question with that of Old-Age Pensions, we may say that the working man is paying:

(1) His share of the cost of Old-Age Pensions.

(2) His share of the State's contribution to insurance against sickness; and

(3) His own premium of insurance against sickness.

So that with all these new loads on his back he may claim some relief from the existing Sinking Fund burden. In which, indeed, the more prosperous classes have a fairly parallel claim, for they are paying:

(1) Their share of the cost of Old-Age Pensions;

(2) Their share of the State's contribution to insurance against sickness; and

(3) Their own share of insurance against sickness in cases where they are employers.

It is true that they can afford all these extra burdens better than the poor man can do; but *per contra* they do not receive the resulting benefits which the poor man receives. So that they have a strong claim also for the lightening of the Sinking Fund burden. Indeed, we may sum it up by saying that there is such a thing as paying too many premiums of insurance, or over-providing for the future; that for several generations we have made provision very heavily in the shape of Sinking Fund moneys; and that we may well relax this provision considerably now that we are ensuring the well-being of the nation by two new and enormously large annual premiums, viz., those of Old-Age Pensions and of National Insurance. And the case becomes even stronger if we are to have the promised further insurance scheme against unemployment.

It is very clear to me that a big reduction of the Sinking Fund would be a most beneficial step to the country; but it must be

done on business-like lines, and accompanied by certain necessary measures. To my mind these should be:

(1) The fixing of a small Sinking Fund, say not more than £2,000,000 per annum at the outside.

(2) The application of this Sinking Fund to *drawings of Consols at par*.

(3) The conversion of the 2½ per cent. debt to a 3 per cent. debt. (At the moment that I am writing, Consols are only recently recovered from 76⅝, but I will not base any calculations on this figure, which is really too low to take as normal. Of course, the price may be still lower by the time this article sees the light, but I prefer to assume that there will be some recovery, and to base my argument on 80 as a kind of normal figure at the present moment. This would mean the conversion of say £100 of the existing 2½ per cent. debt, worth 80, into £83 6*s.* 8*d.* of 3 per cent. debt, which on a parity of reckoning would be quoted at 96 per £100.)

(4) The clear separation in the future of expenditure of an annual nature from expenditure of a capital nature, and the free and unhesitating adoption for the latter of a policy of loans (preferably short term) on the lines approximately of the late War Loan.

I do not wish to be taxed with inconsistency for describing the Sinking Fund as anti-democratic, and then proceeding to advocate its maintenance in a reduced form. There is no inconsistency in this, as, apart from the fact that there is a great difference in degree as apart from principle, it must be remembered that Consols at 80 or less are not a credit to British statesmanship, and that some remedy must be applied; also that the Sinking Fund does not go entirely into the rich man's pocket, but partly into that of the saver of small sums among the poorer classes. Also, the *total* removal of the Sinking Fund would probably depress Consols many points lower than at present.

The conversion of say £700,000,000 of 2½ per cent. Consols into approximately £580,000,000, for example, of 3 per cent. stock is an old and familiar idea which has met already with a good deal of acceptance. Standing by itself, however, it would not necessarily have the effect of maintaining Consols at a decent price; but a Sinking Fund, even though only as small as £2,000,000, applied

to redemption at par, would, as far as one can foresee, keep the price at, or within very close touch of, par. As regards the holders' standpoint, it is clear that by exchanging their present holdings from a 2¾ per cent. to a 3 per cent. basis they would keep the same annual interest as they now receive, and would stand to gain in price enough to raise their new stock from 96 (arguing from the parity of 80) to 100. It is true that they would thus forgo any chance of a greater rise than that; but as against this, they would gain immunity from a fall below present values—a likely enough event as things stand now.

It must be fully evident by now that the Sinking Fund, as administered and applied in recent times, has been a very monument of inefficiency and harmfulness. At first it drove up Consols far too high, and the absurd spectacle was seen of Government providing a premium of 14 points for the wealthy by redeeming 2¾ per cent. Consols at the wasteful figure of 114. So much for the Sinking Fund in the days of cheap money and before the war. Since then, with dearer money and changed conditions, the Sinking Fund has entirely failed to keep the national credit at a decent level, and although applied in over-plentiful millions, it has not prevented 2½ per cent. Consols from falling as low as the outrageous figure of 76⅝. How long is it to go on in this haphazard way? From the point of view of keeping credit high, we got too much out of it in the nineties; we are not getting enough out of it now. On the other hand, the value of a fixed price of redemption was shown in the case of the War Loan, which held its own manfully while Consols were "all over the place." The application of the Sinking Fund at par is, therefore, an obvious remedy for the existing state of things; and this is one of the reasons which argues for a conversion to a 3 per cent. basis. The reasoning is simple. We cannot fix anything below par as the permanent Sinking Fund price, for that would be perpetuating the scandal of the present low figure of Consols, and would be trading on the discredit of the nation. Par is the only dignified and proper figure; but, of course, to fix 100 when Consols are at 80, or less, would be a grotesque bonus to give to the purchaser at present figures, and would turn Consols into a species of lottery bond. Therefore, a Sinking Fund applicable at 100 necessarily involves a Consols price in the nineties at least; and this can only be attained at short notice by

the conversion from 2½ per cent. to 3 per cent. Granted these premises, and it will be seen that the operation of the Sinking Fund would tend to raise the value of Consols in their new form from say 96 to something nearer par, and in due course of time to par itself; that it would prevent anything like an appreciable fall; and further, that it would prevent the possibility of a scandal such as the old purchases at prices ranging up to 114. It would render it impossible to pay off the new Consols either above or below 100, and that would have a wonderfully steadying effect. (Incidentally there would not be so much need for bankers to write their holdings down so strictly to market price, as their ultimate assured redemption at par would make this less necessary to insist upon.) And finally, by strictly limiting the Sinking Fund to a specified figure—say £2,000,000 per annum—we should do away with the present illogical system of devoting all yearly surpluses to redemption of debt, and should be free to carry them forward in aid, or relief, of the taxation of the ensuing year.

As regards the technical side of the question of drawings, it would not be necessary to register Consols in numbered bonds, or anything of that sort, in order to effect the drawings; these could be done in alphabetical blocks from the Bank of England's books in a very simple manner, which I can very easily explain, if so desired. And as regards the other technical question—whether £2,000,000, for example, would be sufficient to keep Consols at a steady price and near enough to par—I have little doubt on this point. £2,000,000 would be of little avail, as we see now, in lifting Consols from 77 or from 80; but from 96 to, or towards, 100 would be an infinitely easier task.

The above proposals, I am confident, would be highly efficacious, and would show a huge saving to the nation. At the same time our rulers must really try to conquer their shyness of further borrowings. It is only thus that we can hope to compete with Germany, who is equipping herself by capital expenditure for the struggle for supremacy, whilst we are trying to do so out of income—an almost hopeless handicap for us. Nobody wishes to see reckless loans, or a huge National Debt, but the other extreme is almost as bad. At present we are engaged year after year in a frantic effort to pay capital charges out of income, which forces us to screw a bigger

revenue out of the taxpayer than ought to be exacted. For example, the Graving Dock at Rosyth, which ought to serve for centuries—why must this be paid for entirely out of current income? A Conservative Government once raised the money for permanent barracks by means of a loan, and very rightly too; but subsequent Governments have turned righteous backs on this appalling heresy. Sooner or later, however, it will become evident that such things must be done again without fear by the doers, and without reproach from the Party in opposition. And in general it must be recognised that, with a growing population and a growing gross amount of wealth, in such circumstances National Loans are not merely harmless, but are actually good policy. Great nations, from India to Argentina, from Canada to Brazil, have thriven on a proper policy of loans, properly applied to their development. Great banks and great railways have never hesitated to raise fresh capital for their legitimate expansion—and without burdening themselves to arrange for the repayment in feverish and unequal rushes. But we as a nation taboo the borrowing of capital which is actually anxious to lend itself, and waste millions of money in fruitlessly repaying what nobody wants repaid. It is time for us to recognise that judicious borrowing, which can show corresponding assets in the shape of docks, ships, and so forth, is frequently advisable. And it need not even be all in the shape of new Funded Loans, for there is no reason why the Post Office Savings Bank funds should not to some extent be invested in Government requirements, instead of all being poured in and out of Consols.

Talking of this, by the by, reminds me to refer to the particularly fatuous nature of the latest proceeding in connection with the "popularising" of Consols by the Post Office. The expedient in itself is not likely to do much good, and *is* likely to do some harm, by taking business out of the hands of jobbers and brokers, who can do so much to maintain the price if properly encouraged. But if this proceeding is ill-advised as a positive step, there is a still greater fatuity from the negative point of view. For Government has omitted to point out just the one thing that might benefit Consols to some small extent without any radical change of policy, if properly brought before the notice of the small investor. I refer to the fact that Accumulative

Consols are a fine investment at the present low level of prices, and the consequent low level for re-investment of the accumulating dividends.

I am very much alive to the fact that my proposals will meet with much opposition, and even with a certain amount of ridicule. But I would ask critics to pause before committing themselves too freely to a root-and-branch condemnation, for I am sure that something very much on the above lines will ultimately come to pass. The days are numbered in which National Finance is to be governed by a cold and rigid orthodoxy of phrase and doctrine, and instead thereof we are going to see business matters judged from the standpoint of men of the world. The present Sinking Fund has stamped itself as useless and inefficient, and the policy of taxing the many to pay off in a hurry the Consols of the few is doomed to death as soon as the Democracy realises what it means. I do not believe that the voice of the people is at all necessarily the voice of God, but in this case we can sacrifice to Democracy without doing wrong to anybody, and indeed with signal benefit to the nation at large.

D. L. B. S.

BARBAROUS BOYHOOD

Though civilisation and convention may rule the rest of the household with an iron hand, their undisputed sway stops short upon the threshold of the nursery, for the upbringing and development of a small boy are comparable to the progress of the race in its journey from the chaos of dark ages to the ordered existence of to-day. In the long run he must adapt himself to the conditions that obtain, he must leave behind his war-paint and the primitive habits and customs of his tribe, and clothe himself and "learn to behave," and the day comes when he must begin to calculate, to consider, to look ahead. But for the years when he is still able to hold his own against the forces that are to shape his course he has many things in common with certain kindred souls in prehistoric forest where the white man is unknown. Such are his attitude towards the Ordeal of Battle, which he accepts as obvious and straightforward; his willing agreement with the principle that might is right; his faculty, not, indeed, for worshipping, but at least for endowing with human attributes all manner of impressive inanimate objects—ships, locomotives, and the like. For I well remember a time when an Atlantic liner was quite as much alive to me as an elephant, and had a vastly more interesting personality. No one could read the thoughts or imagine the sensations of an elephant, but one knew very well what a ship felt like, as she moved among the lesser craft with a slow and easy swagger up the tideway, or dragged her tired limbs to dock after a stormy crossing.

I am told—I had myself forgotten it; it is the sort of thing one does forget—that I was presented at a very early age to a fellow pupil for the first time. We shook hands—under pressure—and as soon as we were left alone, "I'm bigger than you,"

said I. "Yes," said he, "but I can knock you down"—which he proceeded to do. That is an essentially prehistoric form of introduction; and I have little doubt that such a beginning is the shortest cut to good-fellowship between small boys who are to be much thrown together. For they cannot be expected to settle down into any sort of friendly relation until it has been made clear which of them is the better man.

Many other savage customs flourish in the nursery—slavery most obviously, unless it be put down by a superior power. Strangest of all is that callous and barbaric cruelty which seems to crop up sporadically in boys by no means heartless or unfeeling. Once let him get his enemy in his power and a boy will often startle and distress those in authority over him, and even amaze himself, when he comes to reflect upon it, by an action of instinctive brutality. I knew well a merry infant without, one would say, a grain of genuine cruelty in his composition who was once discovered flying in the very face of our common humanity. His younger brother had been climbing for sparrows' nests in the old holm-oak on the lawn, had slipped and fallen off a branch and come to rest, suspended head downwards, in an evil predicament. And he had answered the urgent call for aid. "Get hold of my legs," cried the younger brother. The elder surveyed him for a moment. "Will you lend me your paint-box?" he demanded calmly. "Be quick!" panted the younger. The other made no move. "Well," he observed, "will you lend me your paint-box?" And I know not what would have been the outcome had not One in Authority also heard the call for help and appeared upon the scene. One might almost contemplate with despair that little monster who was capable in the presence of helplessness and distress of quietly taking his stand beneath the tree and propounding his unholy bargain. But the paint-box, it should be explained, had been for some weeks a sore point between the brothers, and why should one forgo a fortuitous advantage? And had the bargain been consummated without interference, the paint-box lent, and the sufferer rescued, I do not believe that the incident would have greatly disturbed the friendly relations between the two contracting parties. The younger

would have hardly resented reprisals which could only be regarded as the fair spoils of war.

The boy maintains the same primitive and barbaric attitude in his dealings with the Goddess of Fortune, his traffic with luck and chances. Luck is a vital element in his life, and to him most startling happenings, especially of an unpleasant nature, are a "fluke." He is surrounded by unseen forces, ordering and controlling the events of every day. It is hardly too much to say that it is an unshaken faith in his luck that supplies the motive power in half his escapades. Whether he be trying to capture blackbirds with a gardener's riddle and a string, or searching for starlings' nests in the gutter, or fishing for tadpoles in the pit, it is his luck that counts. There is a special virtue in it. One of his purest delights is in "finding things"—not, of course, things that he has lost, but things that have been lost by other people, mysterious treasure picked up in sundry places. In this pursuit he will display the most extraordinary patience and ingenuity, and a knife encountered in the street, a pencil, or best of all a coin, has for him a significance far beyond its mere face value. He will husband it with a splendid exultation, rejoicing in its ownership, proud beyond words of his luck.

He dearly loves taking chances. In his fine craving for the whole flavour and vividness and intensity of existence he must have his fill of surprises, of startling incidents—of risks. But he does not gamble, as do those of riper years, in any hope of gain; generally speaking, he has everything to lose. Rather his is the attitude of the savage who will stake his head upon a wager. In truth he is often far nearer to staking his head than he quite realises, and many of us can look back upon dizzy and insensate adventures undertaken for no better reason than that we were "dared to do it." There was a rotten trellis that I remember well, surmounting a high wall and accessible from the bathroom window, where in the days of long ago valuable lives might well have been lost in no better cause than this. Nor was the stimulus of being "dared" by any means a necessity. Any precarious pathway, any dangerous and forbidden neighbourhood was in itself an invitation to adventure.

But the risk to life and limb was not the only outcome of this

one-sided, gambling spirit. One had a strong partiality—in the Golden Age—for the Ordeal, in divers forms. One was continually subjecting oneself to meaningless tests, pitting oneself against all manner of invisible antagonists. One would throw one's whole soul into the endeavour to take off a shoe and stocking while standing on one leg. One would freely bind oneself not to open one's eyes in the morning till one had groped one's way to the bathroom. And if success attended these earnest exploits one was not without a worthy sense of achievement, but when they failed it meant "bad luck." Further, one took a sinister satisfaction in risking one's material possessions which is passing strange now to look back upon. It is probable that in my own case these eccentricities were more fully developed than is usual, for ours was a nursery full of boys with no restraining influence from a wiser, saner sex. It was not that we were for a moment indifferent to our private property. Rather we clung to it with a fervid desire. It was terrible to lose it in some reckless enterprise, though even then one had a feeling that it had been sacrificed in a worthy cause. But it had an added value and a new prestige when it had tempted Providence in some desperate predicament and been gloriously retrieved.

This strange necessity by which one's goods must go forth to seek their fortune, as it were, led us into the queerest transactions. I have left my jack-knife—my dearest companion—hidden from sight in a hole in a wall beside a crowded thoroughfare for an entire day, till under cover of darkness I sought it again, with nervous fingers, revelling in fearful misgivings. I have freighted a toy boat with all my worldly wealth in pennies and pushed it forth from the shore of the lake. I have listened at night with a quaking heart to the rain upon the window, conscious that my new bow and arrows were lying unprotected in an angle of the roof to which I had surreptitiously conveyed them. I have laboriously fished with a line and a hook from the top of the garden wall in the endeavour to recover my first tennis-racquet, cast into jeopardy by my own hand. Indeed, this practice of fishing was responsible for a veritable orgy of temporary renunciation of our belongings. It must be explained that beyond the twelve-foot wall was a deep and narrow cañon,

bounded on the far side by the wall of the adjoining house; and here, lying flat in the ivy, it was our custom to fish for the assorted rubbish among the stones below. A broken carriage-lamp, an old umbrella-stick, and many tins and ancient boots came safely to hand, and took their place in the museum we had established in the summer-house. We even, by changing the bait to a tennis-ball lavishly smeared with bird-lime, succeeded in landing a teaspoon and a seven of spades. At last we were forced to desist for want of prey, for our waters were exhausted. It was then that we set to work to re-stock them, and by degrees there grew upon us a very fever of abandonment, in which we strove to outvie each other in casting down our precious goods and chattels. In those days one hardly cared to possess a birthday present, let us say, till it had been through the ordeal of the garden wall. A heavy thunderstorm on an afternoon when a particularly rich consignment had been compromised brought that pursuit to an untimely close.

Those in Authority did not understand this attitude. We were not fit, it appeared to them, we were not old enough as yet to have such things as tennis-racquets, if we valued them so little as this. But that was a colossal misjudgment of the case. It was just because we valued them, just because they were the best and dearest that we had, that they were subjected to the ordeal. It was when my brother and I were given watches for the first time that we had to submit to the greatest indignities in this connection—had even to hear a favourite uncle blamed for his misguided generosity. And yet I am convinced that no one ever loved a watch more passionately than I loved mine. Admittedly it was a little difficult for grown-ups to understand, for, on the face of it, it was a wanton folly. But at the time it appealed to us as a worthy and necessary test, and quite in harmony with the high importance of the occasion. The ordeal in this case was complicated and embittered by a keen spirit of competition. Incidentally we were trying to find out which was the better watch. We were discovered, then, seated on the bank above the lawn, throwing the watches each in its turn across the turf, and increasing the distance after every round. Even now I can recall the thrill with which one cast them in the air; the dreadful

thud with which they dropped among the daisies, striking terror to the owner's heart. One in Authority intervened, searching questions were asked, confiscation even was contemplated. It was not the sort of thing that is easily explained, but we confessed the truth at last, resentfully and in no expectation of sympathetic judgment. We were simply finding out which of us could throw his watch furthest without stopping it. That was all. We never meant to break them. But did we recognise the risk? *Of course* we recognised the risk. The risk was the reason, the motive, the heart of the whole affair. As well throw turnips if there had been no risk. We had to promise not to repeat that experiment, and I have always regretted that the thing was never fought to the finish.

It was ever thus. Luck played a part in every transaction. Nothing could be well decided without tossing up or drawing lots. And for myself I loved to consult by occult means some vague and arbitrary oracle. I would tell myself that if the number of flies upon the ceiling was divisible by seven we should have a fine day for our picnic; if I could hit a certain tree with a certain stone I would not after all be kept in for neglected sums; if the first man I met had on brown boots I should be in time for my train. I cannot now remember if the results ever vindicated these methods of inquiry, but I doubt not that where they failed me I found others to take their place.

Indeed, I must have lived for some years in a world of dark and pagan superstition of my own creation. At the same time toward the stock superstitions of the world at large I maintained a swaggering attitude of adamant superiority and contemptuous scorn. I looked down with amazement and despair upon the intellectual level of the old woman in the ice-cream shop who drew down the blind lest she should see the new moon inadvertently through glass. For a time I regarded it as a duty, I almost regarded it as a special mission, to protest, to fly in the face of all such impious beliefs. I would smash a mirror with glee and inward satisfaction where opportunity offered. I would spill salt with ostentation, and cross knives deliberately, impervious to the horror of the under-nurse. I would go far out of my way to walk beneath a ladder; and if on any high occasion there were thirteen at table I had no mercy on the

misgivings of the fearful, and only exasperation for the miserable shifts that were resorted to to adjust the number that sat down. Yet all the time, locked deep in my own heart, I had my superstitions, invented by myself, not even backed by usage and tradition, far less defensible than these.

Seventeen was ever my lucky number—I am not at all sure that it is not so still. In a multitude of different ways I drew from it encouragement and support. Were I loth to get out of bed, my eyes as I lay would search the room for a sum of seventeen units that would bring to me the necessary stimulus. Seventeen rings upon the curtain, or books upon the shelf, seventeen flowers from one given point to another on the wall-paper—any of these would do; and I would start the day the better for them. But as my number was an unusual one, not easily to be met with, I must needs resort to all manner of expedients to arrive at it. As I was setting forth on some important enterprise I would perhaps stop before an apple-tree and gravely count the apples. If there were seventeen, well and good—I could continue on my way in the happy certainty of success. But I cannot remember that I ever encountered so fortunate a circumstance. Rather I must needs sit down and work the matter out, taking the actual number as my starting-point and embarking upon the most elaborate and curious calculations, in which all my small store of mathematics came into play if so be that I might twist and bully and adapt my sum—by multiplication or addition of its separate digits, by square root or rule of three—into the total that I sought for. Many of my decisive actions or important statements were timed to the seventeenth tick of the clock, the seventeenth swing of a hammock or quack of a duck.

And finally—lest something of the pagan attitude be lacking—there was an element of propitiation in our dealings with fortune, by incantations, charms, and sacrifice. This was only employed to humour and persuade the elements to come to our aid. When snow was falling an atmosphere of keen excitement ruled in the nursery. Eagerly we watched for the moment when it began to "lie," with glorious promise of snow-men, snow-houses, and snowballs. And if it was like to stop much could be done, we felt, by a certain incantation, chanted unremittingly from

the windows. And one's intense desire for "bearing ice" found its expression in a curious invitation to the Unseen Powers to grant a lasting frost. There was, I think, a certain artistic charm about this procedure, and it is matter for satisfaction to me that it was invented by myself. As soon as the lake was skinned over with ice I would take my stand upon the bank at nightfall and cast forth a penny upon it as a sign of faith and confidence. I knew well that silver would have been much more effective, but there were, after all, limits to the risks one ran. If the frost held till the lake would bear my weight—such was the theory—I could walk out and claim my coin from where it lay on the broad surface. But if the thaw came it was lost for ever in the depths. On the following day I would hover round watching my offering from the bank, so near and yet so far; but I cannot remember a single occasion on which I got my penny back.

BERTRAM SMITH.

PICTORIAL ART IN SOUTH LONDON

A FRIEND of mine told me a few days ago that I might find material in certain wall-paintings in a class-room of the Borough Polytechnic where "higher" education is instilled. Taking passive as well as some active interest in graphic art as an instructive and pleasing factor in the education of young people of the industrial class, I left my desk to see and learn. I was informed that the subject was "The Amusements of London," the most prominent being "The Beast Garden," "Bathing in the Serpentine," "Swimming," "Football," "Hampstead Heath," and a Punch and Judy show.

During my walk thither these subjects were before such imagination as may be mine. I thought what an excellent idea it is to present subjects pictorially which may interest, not only one section, but all that enjoy the characteristic and innocent pleasures of London life! Stimulated by the exceptionally beautiful weather, which threw a glamour of strange beauty over our *città oscura* of which Dante might have written, and which in all its suggestions has yet to be painted, I made visions for myself.

Full of a great struggle, so various, so opposite, concealed in a measure, on that autumn afternoon the river and city were bathed in an atmosphere the colour of pale copper and silver; and a strange purple one sees only in London wrought a veil of mystery like the veil of Isis. Under the din of traffic, the hidden pulsation of the hearts of a multitude—who knows of what genius, of what force, perhaps terrible?—seemed to merge, almost overcome the sound and tumult of commerce.

As I passed over London Bridge I paused and looked back, wondering after all if that side had not developed enough into luxurious and easy complacency, and if there were not signs

of decadence in progress. The severe, haphazard, almost sinister appearance of the wharves and factories has somewhat a mediæval attraction—something serious, businesslike, and more impressive than the north side suggests. A great democracy of labour lives here, silent, patient, perchance seething, proud and independent as the Transtiberines were under luxurious Imperial Rome. I pictured to myself what the gifts of Art might be to this almost foreign district.

Not only in impressionable childhood, but in the duller days of middle life, how often have I watched London children, poor and rich, enjoying the enchanted Garden of Beasts: the joy of children, their rapt, sometimes apprehensive interest making them the more attractive in that garden where all kinds of Nature's brilliant gifts find a meeting-place; the gay tints of their summer frocks contrasting with the burnt, dry earth colour of the gentle captive whose forbears were denizens of crackling forests in the far East. The glitter, colour, mystery, and distinctness of the scene, shaped into various silhouettes but merged in one great conception, formed picture after picture, and suggested for the painter's craft endless beauties to a receptive mind and swift hand.

Not at the time, but afterwards, I was reminded of the fable of Æsop, "The Ass in the Lion's Skin"!

"Bathing in the Serpentine." What an admirable subject! For washing, notwithstanding Mr. Bernard Shaw's brilliant remarks on ablutions, is much encouraged by our municipal governors; at the same time we hope they are equally eager for mental stimulus. The scene on a summer evening might inspire a Japanese painter, it is so decorative, so full of light, life, colour, and joyousness; the tawny lake, diamond-besprinkled, responding to boyish merriment, splashing and iridescent, abundant in light, half-concealing spray. Most delicious the gaiety of boys in the element of purity. Their perhaps meagre bodies, half revealed in a radiant mystery, and their garments, perchance rags, scattered in groups on the grass edging, made a note in various dark tints that a great painter would see and arrest. May a real artist paint it in all its beauty and suggest the inner meaning of such a joyous scene!

Looking to the north, the hills of Hampstead being slightly

veiled by an opalescent haze, touched by the sun, rendering them as a crown of pearl behind a pale violet film, I remembered the pleasure of wanderings there, and on Bank Holidays in summer, and these I enjoy. I like the heath, the northern *agora* of vast London; I like Bank Holidays, when mirth, sometimes boisterous, explodes, pent up during long hours of monotonous labour, of chilling sterility. Then and there is freedom for a time, and who can wonder if men and women on those days of relaxation do become a trifle corybantic? Boisterous, yes! So would all of us be if the chains of mechanical labour bound us for perhaps three hundred days in the year! But a poet—and what is a painter if not a poet?—sees through some Anglo-Saxon vulgarity to the inner meaning of such a scene more joyous than viceful: the perhaps sometimes coarseness on the surface of it is not the point of interest, but the freedom for a while of the hardest worked and most patient members of the community; that is the enchantment.

To an artist the scene on a Bank Holiday is not revolting; it is often extremely beautiful, almost Oriental in charms of colour. The gay frocks create a field of spent colour harmonised by atmosphere. Notes of bright red and blue tell as jewels among the brown green, the bracken, and black and yellow gorse. Every item of tints is brought into sober harmony by a pale sky, perhaps grey, blue, or golden, so characteristic of our northern climate. All that may be ugly in detail, seems to be accidental. It is the beauty which the true artist enjoys. The sewers which a city inevitably possesses can be dealt with by sanitary inspectors and Blue-books; the artist need not and should not be the recorder of facts best forgotten or to be remedied by social systems. The victory for Art is the record of beauty, not of the seamy side of life, which is transient or should be and which every decade should seek to mitigate, not to stereotype by Art.

The other scenes, "Swimming," "Football," "Punch and Judy Show," are likewise capital subjects for the painter. Each is very representative of our national life. The dear old tragedy of Mr. Punch, the short, concise drama of his adventures, the intense humour of them also, and above all the rapt audience of children who take it all so seriously, give to a painter of character

chances indeed of intelligent observation, and truthful as well as æsthetic opportunities for the diverse instruments of his art and craftsmanship.

With such pleasant, perhaps, as they turned out to be, Utopian, visions which had grown almost to be real, I arrived unduly expectant. So, it was only a dream, not perhaps of my own, which an idealistic temperament enjoys, too often to be smashed and disappointed. A ghastly nightmare took its place, and a scornful bit of me asked, "Is the pursuit of Art one of the lowest forms of labour to which man can lend his intelligence and hand?" This unworthy cynicism was only momentary; for I knew that all the generations were with me, and not with "egoists." And it was consoling to know the majority is sane, that only a very small minority courts prominence at any cost of good sense, moderation, and modesty. It is well to remember that these inefficient diagrams have been placed in a class-room of instruction for boys and girls of the working classes, and that they must be there by the consent of the Council of the Borough Polytechnic, which tells us it promotes Higher Education? Higher we remember, not lower!! They have admitted "Argo," slang of the Quartier Latin in Paris, badly spoken with a Cockney accent. Not in the least "Primitive," not even sincere, the form of Art presented is "decadent," meaningless, silly, and affected. Hyper-cultured in no sense is it; it is just hideous and ineffectual. As Art it is related to London hooligans, and "Apaches" in Paris.

From every point of view the result is clumsy; it is entirely lacking in humour, in character and beauty; it is three times watered caricature. It is *not* instructive and bears no relation whatever to "Higher Education," and it fails to provide "amusement" except in the form of derision; the journeymen have failed in what they set out to provide. Let us hear some comments from the people for whose instruction these impotent productions have been presented.

"Did you ever see a elephant?" asked a girl of her companion. "Oftentimes up at the Zoo!" "Ever see him frown?" "No, never." "It is meant for a elephant by the tusks, but it's more like a bundle of blue lining hung over a clothes-horse in mother's back-yard."

"What's the girl got in her hand?—the girl that's toppling over with legs like a poor cripple?" "It's a brick!" "Go on! Elephants don't eat bricks. If you was to offer 'im one he'd soon give you a souse of water that 'ud make you

hold your breath." "It's meant for a bun!" "Well, I never!" "Bill Chalk, who draws on the pavement, can picture a bun fit to make your mouth water." "P'r'aps the chap that drew the bun never saw one." "It looks like that." "If I'd known this mister was going to draw animals, I'd lent him Tommy's Noah's Ark father gave him last Bank Holiday."

Another group of boys and girls joins in:

"What's those pink bricks?" "Father, who's a boat-builder," said a boy, "says, 'They are the inside of Noah's Ark,' he says. 'In those climes wood's dear, and floats down the river like it does here, so Mr. Noah made up with a bad lot, and stuffed the pieces together with tow what keeps out the water.'"

"Mr. Noah was a bit of a science chap, though there was no Polytechnics in his time." "That's right!"

Another sharp-looking boy to his mate:

"There was two 'toffs' in here the other day when we were having dinner; we thought they was 'coppers'; one a tall bloke, t'other a little 'un, and my wig! didn't they scribble along in books, p'r'aps for the *Pleece News* or *Reynolds's Weekly*. Didn't 'em write quick, as if they was afraid of losing their job! Jack and me was standing near. One toff says to the other, 'Sin'* something, he says, and he did look serious. Jack was laughing; he whispers to me: 'There ain't no "sin" about the job, it's a lark!' And the little 'un turns round and says, 'Prim'† something Italians." "I never heard tell of them, but I knows a Italian what isn't prim; he is as handy with his knife as his paints; he is a handy man with his paints, a lot better than these chaps." "There ain't no harm in these artist chaps what did these pictures p'r'aps; they enjoy bad health and ain't up to their job!"

"Tom Chalk and his blind friend the fiddler came in one day and he says: 'Let these 'ere artists come to me, I'll give 'em a lesson in drawring. Buns, coco-nuts, water, and faces too. My picture of the King, what I done opposite Westminster Church, draws a crowd of mornings, and my bit of streaky-bacon, why the cats comes and licks it! No! these 'ere blokes wants trainin' to the job. They's what you call "hammertours."'"

"What's them fellers in the water? they're more like maggots wriggling in a can what 'Arry takes out when he goes a-fishing, than men."

"Go on, that ain't water; it's coloured lollypops what's been melted by the heat." "Mother, who's a washerwoman, says, she says, 'I what has my hands in water day and night, and chapped too winter and summer, ought to know. 'Tain't water neither fresh or dirty, 'tain't soapsuds, 'tain't nothink like it.'"

"That's a boat up in the corner?" "Yes!" "Father says to me, and he knows. 'Bill,' he says, 'if ever I catches you a-drawring a boat like that bloke's drawed I'll give you what for. 'Tain't respectful to the trade. Boats is made to swim like men, not to duck as if they was 'arf seas over. That 'ere boat's got no stability.'" "'Tain't a long way from the water 'ere; the hartist might 'ave looked at a boat afore he drawed it; 'tisn't fair to make game of the trade by hignorence!"

* Synthetic. † Primitive.

A slim, nice-looking girl:

"What, that dancing on Hampstead Heath? Well, I never!" "We don't dance like that, we dance the double shuffle and the polka, keeping our knees together and looking at our feet, holding up our frocks respectful like." "The hartist must be a Frenchie; he's seen the 'kan-kan,' a vulgar dance that never took on here much; it's too vulgar."

"We never raise our legs like that, man or girl, leastways not the sober; in drink the dollies do it to kick a copper that wrestles with 'em." "And the frocks and hats! I'd be ashamed to be seen in such garments."

"Where's the donkeys? I never saw 'Appy 'Ampstead without donkeys!" "You silly! Don't you see the donkeys is painting of the pictures!" "Of course, Jane's 'it the coco-nut; she always do; she's prime with her tongue!"

"Football match, ain't it?" "Yes, so they say, but the painter chap never saw one." "Why! they're all tumbling to pieces. Ever see such a picture?" "'Tain't finished." "Good luck. Him as painted got in a mix." "Chaps put together with twine couldn't hold a ball, much less kick it."

"If a chap wants to paint a football match why don't he go and see one; he's only got to pay sixpence to the gate at Lilley Bridge, and I bet he'll learn some'ot!"

"Bathing in the Serpentine." "Poor little wretches, they look half starved and vicious-like. They don't like washing—look at their faces." "Ain't got much faces." "Ever see such ugly little brats! No sense in 'em. But the water looks a bit better than the lollypops does."

Well, these "market-place" critics are right! They are not Philistines a bit. The general criticism of these straightforward folk is, "It ain't vicious, it's only silly," and that is true!

The weakest of these preposterous diagrams is "The Zoo." It is a very moderate performance, ill-designed and ill-drawn; it is hardly worth mentioning. The least feeble in intention is "Swimming," done by a boy or man, I do not know which, who, if he shook off his attachment to his "ego" and would learn to draw and paint with some reverence and modesty, might in time do interesting work. The most repellent and fruitless attempt is "Hampstead Heath," which does not contain one quality or possibility of distinction. Not in the least humorous, it is entirely inadequate; not vicious, there is not backbone enough in it even for that objectionable quality. The least unpleasant in colour is "Bathing in the Serpentine." There is just a glimmer of perception for effect of light on the water; otherwise it is childish. The journeyman of it might do better things if he shed "Folly."

"The Football Match" is composed of a jumble of shapes, I suppose human, but which bear no relation to one another. The journeyman of it wisely arrested his work, possibly being

modest enough to see he was entirely beaten very early in the progress of his undertaking. "Punch and Judy"—well, is not worth the trouble of more than mentioning that it is there, among the others.

This, then, is what we are asked to accept as the last word of "Higher"? "Amusing" decoration. One can only hope it is the last word. The canvases are nailed upon the wall apparently. They should be taken down, rolled up, and sent to the Quartier Latin in Paris, where it is doubtful if they would be welcome, for our gay neighbours, however manfully they bear with decadent art among themselves, don't like it to be badly caricatured by heavy-handed maladroit Saxons. The spaces which have been occupied by these unhappy attempts at decoration should be covered with new hot lime; it always dries a beautiful pure white, and can never be aggressive.

The perpetrators of these travesties on decoration are more to be pitied than blamed. Their proper place is in the nursery, not in the full blaze of healthy public opinion. Let them retire quietly to the nearest nursery and learn a little wisdom and modesty, and come out of it purged of their self-deception. The serious part of this would-be "instruction" and "entertainment"—and it is a very serious one—is that the Council or Board of the Polytechnic which claims to foster and advance "Higher" Education should have so far forgotten its cause, and their own dignity, as to have permitted these ill-considered products to disfigure the walls of a class-room: a room, be it remembered, where all day long sensitive and growing young people, children most of them, are engaged in learning, and, let us hope, learning something that is useful, and the best.

These young people, sons and daughters of the working classes, are educated by the State, and with money collected by rates, surely, not only that they may earn a living and do good work in their generation, but that their minds may become refined, intelligent, and discriminating; not only that they may know the difference between good and evil, but having been directed by the best obtainable examples, in trade products, science, and the arts, the level of their outlook on life may become purified and elevated. Hence advance. Hence progress may be maintained and degeneracy defeated.

It is not in the industrial class that the Philistine prevails who is pretentious as well as ignorant. The industrial class is intelligent, sincere, abundant in good sense, and of an unsophisticated nature: Socrates knew that. They see through pretensions and affectations as children do, for their minds are not corrupted by sophism and paradox; being too straightforward to flatter, and having a lively sense of humour, they quickly weigh in the balance the relative value of truth and falsehood. This is their strength, and this is why the industrial class is the backbone of England; let them be degenerated by bad examples and false ideals, and their pith and fibre will dissolve like butter. They need the best, they want it, and shall have it! It cannot be for one moment imagined that the hard workers in the cause of Higher Education for the industrial class will be put back or disheartened by the mistake the Governors of the Borough Polytechnic have made in this single, and we hope never-again-to-be-repeated, blunder. Quite as logical it would have been if the Council had authorised a band of street fiddlers, cornet and trombone performers outside public-houses to expound the art of music in the class-room; they would not have created more terrible discords and inharmonic motives than another art has perpetrated in the unfortunate room. Quite as logical would it be if the Council taught science by an exhibition of toys, and astronomy by pin-holes through a blue skirt-lining.

These pictures, or "decoration," from which indeed they are hopelessly removed, would not be suffered on the walls of a third-class restaurant, and yet they have been permitted in a class-room for "Higher Education." That is a serious point, and one which all who respect the working classes have a right to emphasise. It is an insult to the children of an intelligent majority to offer for their guidance, or even to amuse them, things which should not pass as works of art or as possessing any educational value.

To treat *de haut en bas* an unaffected and straightforward class is to insult it. To practically say to them, "We give you what you can understand," to dub them coarse by giving them what is coarse, and stupid by giving them what is stupid, is another insult. Better far no art than bad in a class-room. Clean white-washed walls cannot lower the taste of young people, but bad Art can, and indisputably must do so. Let it be remembered that

walls are not as shifting scenes of a theatre, or the swiftly moving episodes of a cinematograph; they may be permanent, and what they teach from what they present must do one of two things, elevate or deteriorate young and sensitive minds, constantly, finally, automatically absorbing refinement and beauty on the one hand, or inefficiency and ugliness on the other. Children far more than grown-ups feed on their environment, which must be a factor which moulds an after-career, and for that governors of all kinds of educational establishments, private or public, are responsible.

May the Council of the South London Polytechnic see the mistake made before it is too late, and cause the removal of these diagrams, which can reflect no honour on their makers or their promoters.

A POST-IMPRESSIONIST SCRIBBLER.

IRELAND WILL BE RIGHT

An article appeared in this Review some months ago from the pen of Mr. William Moore, K.C., M.P., entitled "And Ulster will be Right."* Those acquainted with that gentleman's political views have not found anything new in the contribution. It only affords one more proof of Mr. Moore's master passion of dragging the religious question into Irish politics. In view of the prominence just now of the Irish question, and as English readers may not be so familiar with Mr. Moore's views, the writer proposes to avail himself of the courteous hospitality afforded him by the Editor of this Review to deal with some of the statements in the article referred to. It is sometimes difficult to ascertain what, exactly, Mr. Moore sets out to prove. He deals with a variety of topics, from the Rebellion of 1641 down to Mr. John Redmond's speeches in the present year. To attempt to discuss adequately all these points within a limited space would be not only impossible, but unprofitable, inasmuch as it would compel one to treat so many and such serious subjects in a superficial manner. It is therefore proposed to examine Mr. Moore's principal assertions. Several careful perusals incline one to think that Mr. Moore's main proposition may be not unfairly stated thus. Ireland must not get Home Rule because the Catholic majority would tyrannise over the Protestant minority. Therefore, Ulster, which Mr. Moore always insists upon calling Protestant Ulster, should resist by force of arms a Home Rule Act. As an Irish Nationalist with intimate personal knowledge of his fellow Catholic countrymen, I deny the assertion that Irish Catholics would use their power to injure their non-Catholic neighbours. Readers must, how-

* February, 1911.

ever, have something more than mere personal assurance on the point. Even Mr. Moore will not deny the eminence and impartiality as an historian of the late Mr. Lecky, who, it is well to remember, was a Protestant and a Unionist in politics. Many will remember a familiar passage of Mr. Lecky's, wherein he writes:

Among the Catholics at least religious intolerance has not been a prevailing vice, and those who have studied closely the history and the character of the Irish people can hardly fail to be struck with the deep respect for sincere religion in every form which they have commonly evinced. Their original conversion to Christianity was probably accompanied by less violence and bloodshed than that of any equally considerable nation in Europe; and in spite of the fearful calamities that followed the Reformation, it is a memorable fact that not a single Protestant suffered for his religion in Ireland during all the periods of the Marian persecution in England. The treatment of Bedell during the savage outbreak of 1641, and the Act establishing liberty of conscience passed by the Irish Parliament of 1689 in the full flush of the brief Catholic Ascendancy under James II., exhibit very remarkably this aspect of the Irish character, and it was displayed in another form scarcely less vividly during the Quaker missions which began towards the close of the Commonwealth and continued with little intermission for two generations.*

The above passage is specially relevant in view of Mr. Moore's reference to the massacre of 1641 and the Catholic Irish Parliament of James II. It is no part of the purport of this article to enter into a long examination of the merits of the question of the massacre of 1641. Mr. Moore, however, like most prejudiced writers on this subject, overlooks a fact which must be borne in mind whenever one considers that deplorable event. Assuming that Irish Catholics behaved with cruelty in 1641, it must be always remembered that they embraced an opportunity of getting back their lands and property, of which they were deprived one generation before by an English Government, who drove out the Irish inhabitants to replace them by English and Scotch settlers. As Sir Charles Gavan Duffy puts it:

To seize the hereditary lands of the Irish race, and drive out the inhabitants from the pastoral valleys and alluvial plains which they and theirs had enjoyed since the dawn of history, was a wise stroke of statesmanship, it seems: but to

* *History of Ireland in the 18th Century* (1906 Edition, Vol. I., p. 408).

[illegible] occupied for a single generation by English settlers, and drive out the inhabitants in order to place the original population in their own possessions, was a crime of incredible greed and cruelty.*

To pass, however, from these historical questions to those of to-day, the writer proposes to examine a few of the statements made by Mr. Moore in connection with more recent events. The first point he makes is that Mr. Birrell "repealed" in 1908, under "Nationalist pressure," the Arms Act. The Peace Preservation (Ireland) Act was not re-enacted in 1906. Mr. Bryce was the Chief Secretary, not Mr. Birrell, and as the Government had a working majority of over 250 without Nationalist support, it is nonsense to talk of "Nationalist pressure." Here Mr. Moore is wrong in the date, the Minister, and the motive. The Arms Act, as it was popularly called, was dropped because of the almost complete crimelessness of Ireland. Every Irish judge of Assize, and most of them were active political supporters of Mr Moore's party, year after year testifies to this. At the last Summer Assizes the judges in nearly every case were in the happy position of congratulating the people on the crimelessness of Ireland. When isolated cases of so-called "agrarian crime" occur they are of the most trivial character, and sometimes the result of practical jokes. If Mr. Moore moves for the latest returns of crime in England and Ireland he certainly won't be thanked by his English Unionist friends.

If I rightly understand Mr. Moore's next point it is that if Home Rule should come Unionists must arm. Doubtless an outsider cannot pretend to a knowledge of the secrets of the Irish Unionist party, but if Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Moore and their friends are serious in their warlike intentions, it is to be hoped that we shall hear nothing more of their claim to be regarded as the Party of "Law and Order." Mr. Moore seeks to justify this attitude by instancing similar declarations by Nationalist public men. Two wrongs don't make a right, and the English people, or those of them who are hostile to Irish Nationalists' aspirations, will not be more closely drawn to Mr. Moore's support by the boast of himself and his followers, that they will take up arms to resist an Act of the Imperial Parliament. In justice, however, to Irish Unionists who

* Preface to *The Patriot Parliament of* 1689, by Thos. Davis.

indulge in this bravado, one must look back to similar utterances when the proposals to disestablish the Irish Church were first made. A clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Flanagan, who was one of the most stalwart of the militant opponents of the measure, said: "If they ever dare to lay unholy hands upon the Church, 200,000 Orangemen will tell them it shall never be." *

Mr. Falkiner, K.C., said on April 5, 1869: "We must tell Mr. Gladstone that if they could not valiantly succeed, they could nobly die." As Mr. McVeagh, M.P., points out,* Mr. Falkiner died, but not until many years after his Church was disestablished in Ireland, and not until he had adorned for over forty years the Irish Bench as Recorder of Dublin. The writer, who has no personal ill-will to Mr. Moore, hopes that for many long years after a Parliament is established in Dublin he will be spared to assist his fellow-countrymen in working an Irish Parliament for the common good of Irishmen of all shades of religious and political belief.

Consideration is next invited to the charge on which Mr. Moore brings all his guns to bear, namely, Catholic intolerance, and here Mr. Moore assumes responsibility for a statement which fairly took the writer's breath away. He writes: "And even round the capital itself in South Dublin a metropolitan constable posted outside services of the Church of Ireland on Sundays to prevent disturbance, *as I have seen this year*, could tell a different story as to Irish Roman Catholic toleration." But one interpretation can be placed on this statement, namely, that policemen are placed outside Protestant churches in apprehension of disturbance by Roman Catholics.

When the writer read this passage in amazement, he believed it to be without a shadow of foundation. As one born and reared in Dublin, he felt certain that his Catholic fellow-citizens had never interfered with their Protestant neighbours in the freest exercise of their belief.

A question† was put to the Chief Secretary for Ireland in the House of Commons, referring to the assertion, and an unqualified contradiction was given to it on behalf of the Irish Government.

* *Home Rule in a Nutshell*, by J. McVeagh, M.P.

† Hansard, February 16, 1911.

Mr. Birrell took the opportunity of stating to the House that there had been disturbances in a Protestant church in Dublin, but that the matter was one in which Catholics were not in any sense interested. Later on in the article this particular Protestant church will be dealt with, but, meanwhile, to place this matter beyond all doubt, the writer communicated with Lieut.-Colonel Sir John Ross of Bladensberg, the Chief Commissioner of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, who wrote the following letter in reply :

Rostrevor House,
Rostrevor, Ireland,
November 9, 1911.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your letter of the 7th inst., which was forwarded to me here, I can tell you at once that no constable has been placed outside a Protestant place of worship in any part of the Dublin Metropolitan area, in apprehension of any disturbance by Roman Catholics.

A constable has for many years been stationed outside *all* places of worship in Dublin while the principal service is being conducted ; but this has not been done to secure them from molestation by persons who hold another form of Faith. It is rather done to preserve order generally, to regulate traffic, and also to prevent persons from needlessly and unintentionally disturbing a congregation. For instance, bands approaching a church are warned that service is going on, and the constable outside sees that they do not play as they pass by the church. As a constable is outside *all* churches, it can, I think, hardly be inferred that his presence outside Protestant churches is due to apprehension of disturbance by Roman Catholics.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
(Signed) JOHN ROSS OF BLADENSBERG.

Patrick J. Brady, Esq., M.P.,
House of Commons, S.W.

Mr. Moore's professional experience has doubtless taught him the value of testing a witness's credit. The reader will be left to judge for himself what credence can be given to statements made by Mr. Moore when he put his name to an article containing so groundless an assertion and casting so offensive a stigma on the people of Dublin, in whose midst he resides. Anybody with the least acquaintance with Dublin knows that the people of Ireland's capital are amongst the most tolerant and kindly people of a nation which has always been renowned for its kindness of disposition and utter absence of sectarian bitterness. Apart altogether from the testimony of the

inhabitants, English people, whether in military or Government service, whose duty entails residence in Dublin for a long or short period, invariably testify to the tolerance and goodwill that exist amongst all classes of the Dublin community, irrespective of the religious belief.

As Mr. Moore has made this outrageous assertion, it may be well to take this opportunity of referring to the glaring instance of religious intolerance in Dublin to which Mr. Birrell was referring in the answer which he gave to the House of Commons above-mentioned. In Sandymount, in the writer's constituency, there is a Protestant church known as St. John's. For some years past what are popularly known as "Ritualistic practices" have been observed in this church in accordance, as it is believed, with the views of the majority of the parishioners. About two years ago a combination of Orangemen determined to put an end to these practices, and for that purpose, although not residing in the parish, they went Sunday after Sunday to St. John's Church, and there created during the service very serious disturbance. The assistance of the Dublin Metropolitan Police had to be invoked, and it was quite an ordinary sight on Sundays to see many members of that gallant force assembled outside St. John's Church in apprehension of breaches of the peace. Finally the law had to be invoked, and proceedings were taken in the Dublin Police Court. Fines of forty shillings were imposed on the principal delinquents. An appeal was taken, but on defendants' counsel undertaking that there would be no further disturbance the matter was allowed to drop.

Such has been the only occasion within living memory on which the aid of policemen was ever invoked in connection with services in Protestant churches in Dublin, and the reader will see that, as Mr. Birrell put it, it was a matter which had no interest whatever for Roman Catholics. What reliance is to be placed on the gloomy prophecies of Mr. Moore as to Catholic intolerance under an Irish Government when he is so grossly inaccurate and misleading about recent public facts connected with his own religion in the city in which he lives?

Mr. Moore's contention that a Protestant Sovereign "implies a Protestant Constitution and a Protestant Government" will

not bear examination. This is a return with a vengeance to the days of the old penal laws. If Mr. Moore is right in his view, nobody to-day, unless he is a Protestant, can take any share in the government of any part of the British Empire. Not only Catholics, but Nonconformists of all shades and our Mohammedan fellow subjects, must have no hand, act, or part in the working of the Constitution or government of these realms. The statement is a bold one, even for a gentleman of Mr. Moore's audacity, and it is a problem which requires the grave consideration of constitutional authorities.

Curiously enough, Mr. Moore, in the very next sentence, contradicts himself when he points out that Lower Canada secured for itself a "Roman Catholic Constitution." Even this description of the Canadian Constitution is inaccurate. No "Constitution" within the British Empire is sectarian.

Mr. Moore is very apprehensive that Home Rule will mean oppression of the minority. Mr. Moore affects to think that the insertion in the Home Rule Bill of safeguards to prevent any possibility of religious intolerance will not be worth the paper on which they are written. He founds this belief on his experience of the working of the Local Government Act of 1898, which, he suggests, has worked to the prejudice of Irish Protestants.

A colleague of the writer, Mr. McVeagh, M.P., has recently published a pamphlet dealing with the alleged intolerance of Irish Catholics. The pamphlet consists of a series of opinions expressed by leading Irishmen of all non-Catholic denominations, testifying to the tolerance of their Catholic neighbours. Any Englishman who has the least doubt on this subject would do well to read Mr. McVeagh's pamphlet, and he will come to the conclusion that these bogeys of Irish Catholic intolerance are merely the phantoms of a disordered Unionist brain.

What Unionists really fear is that if Irishmen get Home Rule the ascendancy and privilege which Unionists have enjoyed from time immemorial will disappear, and that for the first time in Irish history Irishmen will obtain appointments—not because they are Orangemen and Unionists, but because they are efficient and capable—irrespective of their religious beliefs. It is untrue to say that the record of the Irish Local Government

administration supports the view that Irish Catholics are intolerant.

A brief analysis of facts and figures relating to public appointments under the County Councils will dissipate this view. For instance, in the county of Monaghan the population is 74,611, of which 54,757 are Catholics. The committees appointed by the County Council consist of eighty-three Catholics and thirty-six Protestants, and the officers include thirty-four Catholics and twenty-three Protestants. In other words, Protestants hold two-fifths of all the public positions. County Antrim, a Protestant county, furnishes a remarkable contrast to this. The total population is 196,000; of these Catholics form 40,301. Of the appointments on Council and Committees, five are in the hands of Catholics, whilst Protestants hold sixty. In Armagh, Mr. Moore's own county, there are 56,652 Catholics, and the Protestants only number 68,740. The County Council and Committees have given salaried positions to forty-seven Protestants and three Catholics, so that, although the Catholics number 56,652, ninety-four per cent. of the appointments are given to Protestants. Still more instructive are the figures in the southern counties, which are predominantly Catholic. Cork has a population of 365,742 Catholics and only 38,857 Protestants. The Cork County Council have appointed 119 Catholic and twenty-four Protestant officials. The Cavan and Monaghan Asylum Board, composed of nineteen Catholics and two Protestants, elected a Protestant doctor as resident medical superintendent in 1907, although a fully qualified Catholic doctor, connected with the institution, was a candidate.

Figures and percentages for twenty-one counties were some time since compiled by Mr. William J. Flynn, and printed in the *Freeman's Journal*, and offer the most conclusive answer to the charge that Catholics use their power in local government or otherwise to exclude Protestants from their fair share of representative and salaried positions.

Catholics have nothing to fear from the most minute examination of their record in this respect, and it requires no prophet to foretell that under a Home Rule Parliament they will not be only willing, but anxious, to prove their desire that their Protestant fellow-countrymen should obtain a most generous

proportion of appointments open to competition, whether salaried or otherwise.

Mr. Moore, and those who think with him, do their Catholic fellow-countrymen a grave injustice in imputing intolerance to them. They would be far better employed in giving their help as Irishmen towards obliterating for all time these sectarian animosities and differences so unworthy of a Christian people in the twentieth century. They ought to bear in mind the noble words of that great Irish national poet, Thomas Davis, himself a Protestant, who wrote:

What matter that at different shrines we pray unto one God?
What matter that at different times our fathers won this sod?
In fortune and in fame we're bound by stronger links than steel;
And neither can be safe nor sound but in the other's weal.
So start not, Irish born man, if you're to Ireland true,
We heed not race, nor creed, nor clan, we've hearts and hands for you.

PATRICK J. BRADY.

GREATER BRITAIN

CANADIAN AFFAIRS

1

The selection of Mr. Bonar Law as Leader of the Unionist Party in the House of Commons has been enthusiastically received in all parts of Canada not only because he is a "canny Canuck" by birth, but also because he is known to be an uncompromising supporter of the complete policy of Tariff Reform. The past services of Mr. Balfour have not been ignored by those who have commented on a change which seems to many Canadians a logical result of the return to power in their own country of the party of convinced Imperialists. Canada has only the beginnings of a leisured class, and there are no country houses there—so that the "country-house party" which has hitherto been the core of Conservatism in the Motherland is very much of a mystery to the stay-at-home Canadian. The time will come, it may be, when territorial aristocracies will come into being in North America; indeed, something of the kind already exists in California, Kentucky, and other portions of the United States, where there are signs of a tendency for the American plutocrat to get back to the land and Nature's milder amenities. Meanwhile the vast majority of Canadians—in their ignorance—look upon the English landlord as a tyrannical personage, whose methods of Feudalism would not be tolerated for a moment in Canada. Only the other day one of the French-Canadian journals suggested that the Duke of Sutherland was visiting Quebec in order to see if the feudal *régime*, supposed to have been destroyed in the Mother Country as a result of the attack on the constitutional powers of the House of Lords, could be built up anew among the *habitants*, who might be tempted

to welcome a company of self-exported *grands seigneurs*. The suggestion was as absurd as previous indictments of Lord Northcliffe as corruptor-in-chief to the Tariff Reform movement, always on the look-out to convert a Canadian Free-Trader to Chamberlainism by the inexpensive process of asking him to dinner, but a good many people seem to have taken it *au grand sérieux*. Tell the average Canadian that an English squire or a Scottish laird is content with one per cent. interest more or less (often enough less) on the capital sunk in his estate, and that his multifarious functions are almost always exercised for the good of the community of which he is an historical part, and he receives your statement with a look of polite incredulity and a reference, if he is a student of British politics, to one of Mr. Lloyd George's patter-speeches, or the latest utterance of some other Socialistic cheap-jack. It is difficult indeed—though not impossible by any means since he is a fair-minded person with a great respect for economic facts—to convince him that the Welsh demagogue's plan of penalising the ownership of land must, if persisted in, add to the number of the unemployed just as the suppression of the Monasteries in the days of Henry VIII. flooded the land with beggars who had formerly been either the Prior's pensioners or had their names on the Sub-Prior's labour-lists. Even the Canadian who visits the Mother Country periodically seldom knows anything about the land-owning class there because, much more often than not, his observations are confined to the "City" (where he seeks capital and finds it readily enough), and to that portion of London which exists to supply a vain world with vanities.

In the circumstances it is not surprising that the average Canadian, even if he be a Conservative, looks askance at the old-fashioned type of Unionist Leader whose stake in the country earned him a seat in the House and an opportunity of taking a hand in the "great game" of politics in which honours, especially when inherited, count for so many points. If, however, the forces of Unionism are to become a vital factor in the Imperialist movement, the Canadian point of view (which does not essentially differ from that of the typical Australian, or South African, or New Zealander) must always be duly considered when a question of its leadership is considered. In the past it was

sufficient if the leader of a party could fulfil his Parliamentary functions effectively. To-day he must be able to convince not only his own people, but also the younger nations, that he has a policy and a personality, and that he is sincere and straightforward in all his words and works. Years ago the late Raymond Prefontaine, then Minister of Marine and Fisheries in the Canadian Cabinet, spoke of Sir Wilfrid Laurier as a "great statement" in a conversation with the writer of these notes. His English was not altogether perfect at times; he intended, of course, to call his chief a "great statesman," and it was the merest accident that he uttered an uncomplimentary truth in the form of an unrehearsed epigram. The ex-Prime Minister of Canada often made the mistake of imagining that an eloquent form of words would enable him to avoid a plain action; and in the end, since the habit of rhetorical evasion grows upon a man, he lost his pristine faculty of anticipating the trend of public opinion in a country where, more obviously than any other, what a man does counts for more than what he says, however cleverly he says it. It has not escaped the notice of the people of Canada that, whenever Mr. Balfour was compelled to touch on the fiscal controversy, he ceased to be a statesman and became a statement, a formula of evasion devised to please the Tariff Reformer without offending the Free-Trader. Rightly or wrongly, they believed, and still believe, that he did not care about the matter one way or the other, that he was willing to follow public opinion in either direction, that his personal conviction was that the best form of political offence and defence for the time being (until some other question cropped up) was to sit on a fence. As to his "smartness," there was never any doubt in their observant minds; they would admit that even Sir Wilfrid was his inferior in the art of dialectical manœuvring. But the plain Canadian, like the plain Englishman, distrusts cleverness, and much prefers a party leader of the Borden or Bonar Law type (the two men are more like than unlike), who says what he means and means what he says. There will, of course, be no overt interference in other people's politics either by Mr. Borden or by his fellow-countryman in charge of the destinies of Imperialism on the other side of the Atlantic. But it will be rather surprising if a pair of Canadians, born in adjoining

borders (Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are next door to one another), do not discover that they have ideas in common. Canadians will be much disappointed if Mr. Bonar Law does not pay them a visit some day. They are prepared to give him a good time and to listen to him as carefully as they listened to the famous speeches of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, whose words had the weight and driving power of actualities and actions.

2

The first session of the Twelfth Parliament of the Dominion of Canada was opened by the Duke of Connaught on November 16, and it is generally agreed that the brilliancy of the scene in the beautiful Senate Chamber has never been equalled in Canada. A fine wintry day, with a sky of Italian azure and a silver veil of newly fallen snow over all below, added to the attractiveness of the military pageant. The chief portions of the speech from the Throne, which was, of course, read both in English and French, were as follow:

It is with much satisfaction that I meet for the first time the Parliament of Canada and avail myself of your advice and assistance in fulfilment of the important charge which has been entrusted to me by his Majesty the King. I can assure you that I esteem it a privilege to be called upon to administer the affairs of this prosperous and growing Dominion, and to associate myself with you in the important duties which you are about to approach. It affords me great pleasure to congratulate you upon the continued and increasing prosperity of the country. Our trade, both with British and foreign countries, is rapidly expanding, and there is every prospect that its volume in the present year will be largely in excess of that attained at any time in the past.

It is essential to recognise that in a country possessing so great an area of fertile land as that with which the Dominion is happily endowed, the great basic industry is agriculture. My advisers are convinced that the time has come when greater aid and encouragement should be given to those who are engaged in the cultivation of the land. To this end a measure will be introduced under which it is hoped that there may be co-operation between the Dominion and the various provinces for the purpose of assisting and encouraging farmers to secure the best results in production, and at the same time to preserve the fertility of the soil. A measure will be introduced revising and consolidating the Acts relating to the inspection of grain, and providing means by which the Government can secure through a Commission the control and operation of terminal elevators upon the Great Lakes.

A Bill will be introduced to establish a permanent Tariff Commission, whose duty it will be to obtain by investigations and inquiry such information as will

[illegible] a more stable and satisfactory basis for tariff legislation than has hitherto been available.

The selection of the best route for the Hudson Bay Railway is engaging the attention of my advisers, and an announcement will be made of the result of their inquiry.

Thus it will be seen that no controversial business is entered on the official programme for the session. The measure providing means by which the Government may obtain control of the terminal elevators on the Great Lakes will be cordially welcomed in the prairie provinces. So also will the announcement that the "emergency exit" of the Hudson Bay Railway and sea-route is to receive prompt attention. The Opposition is prepared to co-operate cordially with Mr. Borden and his Cabinet in carrying out those good intentions. Nor can the creation of a permanent Tariff Commission (which had been promised by the late Government) be called a contentious measure, though it will give the Opposition a chance of talking about the "Red Parlour" and other old unhappy far-off things.

But the Opposition will be more occupied in defending themselves than in criticising their successors at the Ministerialist desks. There are the accounts of the National Transcontinental Railway to be cleared up, and the summary thereof is likely to prove unpleasant reading. The refusal to submit them to the House was lead in the shoes of Liberal candidates at the last General Election; the obvious deduction was that a knowledge of the plain truth would have utterly ruined the party prospects of success. Let nobody (except the Radical journals of the Mother Country) think there is the remotest chance of a Liberal victory in 1915 or 1916. The fortunes of the Americanising party have yet to reach the *nadir* of impotence.

E. B. O.